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VOLUME XXXIII.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXXIV.

		PAGE
A Catholic Mother to the A. P. A.	*Mary Elizabeth Blake*	109
A Celtic Chair at Washington	*Edward Gerard*	51
A Chapter on Words		711
A Double Victory	*John J. Cantwell*	197
Afoot through European By-Ways	*Mary Elizabeth Blake*	552
Among the Loom-Workers. A Survey of Life in a Factory Town	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	135
A Roman Catholic High School	*Patrick J. Coleman*	181
A Roman University	*B. Morgan*	675
A Village Danton	*P. G. Smyth*	321
A Winter Visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupré	*G. M. Ward (Mrs. Pennée)*	444
Beyond the Alps	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	564
Building and Loan Associations	*David Mitchell*	623
Catholic Points for Protestant Thought	*A Non-Catholic*	652
Catholic Progress in the Quaker City	*George Barton*	80
Columbus and the Viking Bishop. A Legend of the North	*W. F. Sands*	204
Conservatories of Music. American *vs.* European	*Emma Forbes Cary*	537
Cremation in the Past	*S. Baring-Gould*	631
Departments—		
Editorial		121, 239, 362, 468
Women's		114, 225, 348, 475, 605
Children's		118, 232, 357, 483, 613
Book Reviews		127, 247, 369, 620
Catholic Question Box		129, 252, 372, 488, 617
Eminent American Prelates IV.— James, Cardinal Gibbons	*John Talbot Smith*	17
Foreign Critics of American Manners	*Michael J. Dwyer*	381
Frances Power Cobbe	*Emma Forbes Cary*	225
Frederick Douglass		551
From Love to Martyrdom. A Tale of Old and New France	*Laure Conan*	404, 584, 681
From Slavery to the Cloister	*L. W. Reilly*	346

Heart Faces	*D. O'Kelly Branden*	76
Hints for Vacation	*Frank H. Sweet*	708
History as Told in Coins	*George P. Upton*	384
Home-Seeking in South Florida	*Frank H. Sweet*	267
If Bendaoeed Returns	*W. H. O'Connell*	174
In the Spring. Fashions	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	348
Irish Plays. The Bad and the Good	*Thomas Gaffney Taaffe*	156
Is Ruskin a Poet?	*John Conway, A. M.*	644
Is Science Bankrupt? From the French of Ferdinand Brunetière	*James Clarkson*	433
Loading a Great Ocean Steamer	*Edward Gerard*	548
Mademoiselle St. Ange	*Arthur Lyman Greene*	7, 161
Miracles	*Asa L. Colton*	531
New Problems of Civilization	*Hon. W. B. Rice*	225
Old Papal Palaces	*F. A. Cunningham*	26
On Campeachy Banks	*Harry Lawrence*	391
One More	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	234
Pepita	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	269
Points from the Encyclical	*Michael J. Dwyer*	263
Prohibition in Kansas	*A Kansas Lawyer*	440
Prospects of the Democratic Party	*Hon. Charles S. Hamlin*	131
Religion the Safeguard of American Liberty	*Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte*	143
Religious Women and their Pupils	*Thomas Hughes, S. J.*	104
Senators of the Catholic Faith	*A. J. Faust, Ph. D.*	298
Should a Priest be a Scientist	*Joseph Selinger, D. D.*	315
Sir Henry Sidney and the Connaught Chiefs. A Picture of Elizabethan Ireland	*P. G. Smyth*	698
Sir John J. D. Thompson	*G. M. Ward (Mrs. Pennée)*	462
Spanish Days	*Joseph Gordian Daley*	43, 146, 279
Staging a Shakesperian Play	*Augustin Daly*	508
Storm Island	*Frank H. Sweet*	451
Sylvester Night	*Allan Gray*	38
The American Catholic Historical Society	*Lawrence F. Flick*	420
The Ancient Order of Hibernians		55
The Chevalier of the Barrel	*Emily S. Windsor*	429
The Conquering Banner	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	526
The Democratic Defeat	*Gamaliel Bradford*	1
The Execution of Mary E. Surratt	*Charles S. O'Neill*	660
The Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams	*Mortimer E. Twomey*	491
The Irish Race in American Politics	*C. E. Franklin*	191
The "K" Troop Convert. An Army Sketch	*Mary G. Bonesteel*	68
The Late Tsar and His Empire	*Edmund Noble*	34
The Lilies' Easter Offering	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	380
The Men and Movement of '48	*James Stephens*	289
The Model's Story. From the French of Jules Claretie in Le Monde Moderne	*G. M. Ward (Mrs. Pennée)*	633
The Money Question in a Nutshell. Why Wall Street should not Rule the Country	*Michael Corcoran*	169

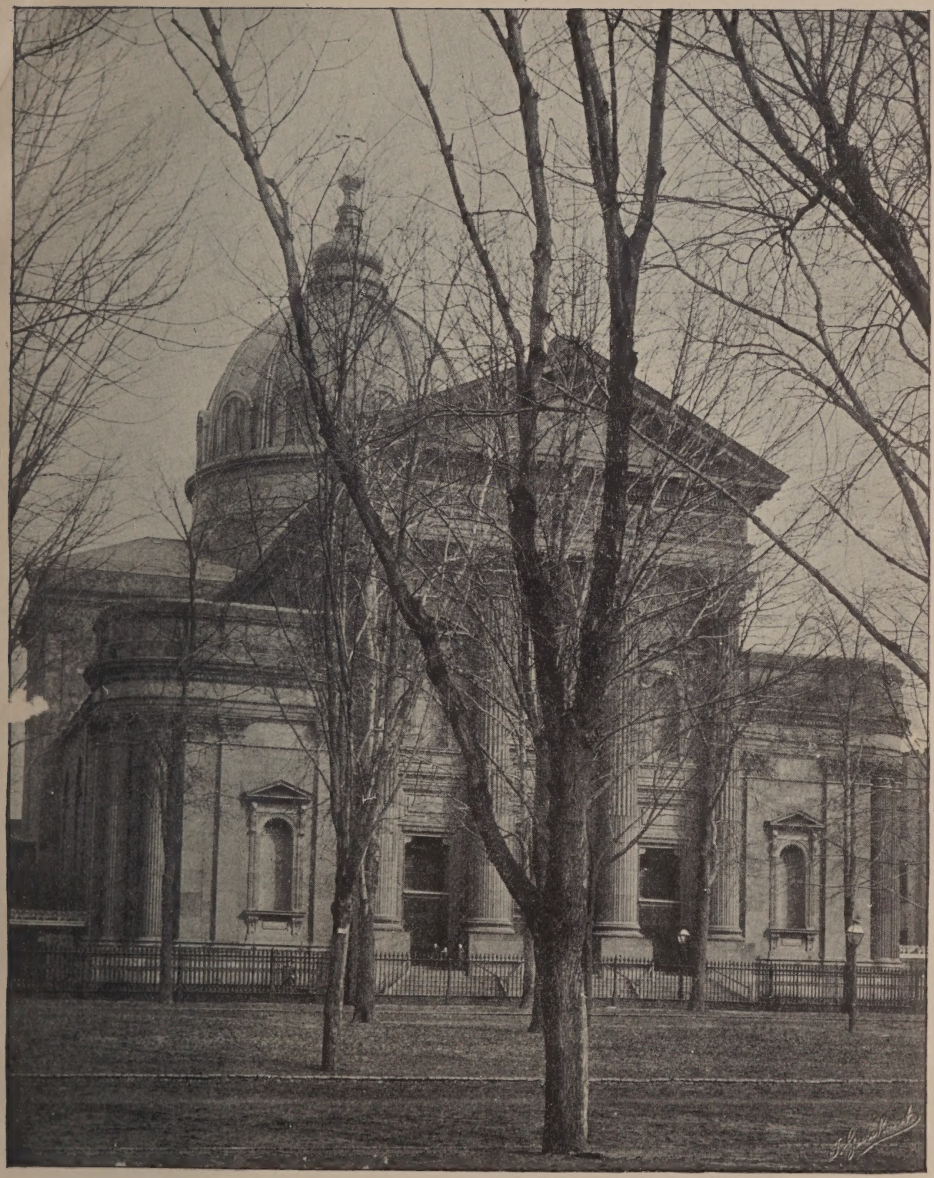
The Old Norridgewock Bell	*George J. Varney*	416
The Present Political Chaos	*Mason Arnold*	258
The Reaction in Europe. From the French of Ferdinand Brunetière	*James Clarkson*	539
The Resurrection Flower	*M. E. Dodge*	534
The Social Aspects of Religion	*J. Hogan, S. S.*	283
The Temperance Glass	*S. Jesse Block*	99
The Training of a Redemptorist	*William Licking, C. SS. R.*	516
The Youngest New England Diocese	*M. C.*	206
Three Artist Monks of Florence	*Julie Caroline O Hara*	691
Trusts and the Way Out	*James E. Wright*	71
Two Montana Cities. Religious and Material Growth of Butte and Anaconda	*J. M. Kennedy*	331
Wanted: A New Historian for New Mexico	*James Madison Foley*	668
Wendell Phillips — A Reminiscence	*John Talbot Smith*	375
What is Minority Representation ?	*Edward Gerard*	457
What the Children Wear	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	475
Whom God hath Joined. The Story of a Wronged Wife	*Laura F. Hinsdale*	61
Woman and the New Tariff	*Margaret Henley*	229
Woman Then and Now	*Emma Forbes Cary*	114

POETRY.

A Dreamer	*Robert Loveman*	313
A Storm Lyric	*Edgarda Williams*	450
A Working Woman	*Will Carleton*	77
Bereft	*Gilbert L. Eberhart*	651
Conscience	*W. D. Howells*	282
Discernment	*Albert Doyle*	659
Discord	*Emma Playter Seabury*	134
Faith	*Frances A. K. Butler*	205
Farewell to Killarney	*J. H. Kelly*	666
Fate	*E. Scott O'Connor*	167
Flower Tints	*Edith Willis Linn*	179
Good-Bye	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	320
Harmony	*Rufus C. Hopkins*	228
Indirection	*Clarence Hawkes*	643

INDEX.

Le Roi Est Mort — Vive Le Roi	*Eleanor C. Donnelly*	6
Love's Index	*Clarence Hawkes*	432
Love's Prophecy	*Marie M. Pursel*	70
Love's Secret. From the French of Felix d'Arvers.	*Arthur Lyman Greene*	461
May-Day Morning	*M. Rock*	567
May Song	*Julian E. Johnstone*	532
New Year Chimes	*J. Torrey Connor*	74
On Good Friday	*P. A. Wright, S. M.*	415
On Hearing a Corn-Crake at Night	*Outis*	550
Recognition	*John B. Tabb*	297
Resignation	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	25
Rhymed Prose	*Outis*	113
Sonnet. Written in a copy of Endymion	*John Woolley*	196
Soul Stirrings	*D. O'Kelly Branden*	595
The Alleluia of the Pasch	*Eleanor C. Donnelly*	403
The Circumcision	*P. A. Wright, S. M.*	108
The Coming of Spring	*Thomas J. Kernan*	439
The Compromise. A Lesson in Chinese Etiquette.	*Thomas F. Ryan*	596
The Dead Laborer	*Franklin E. Denton*	287
The Diver	*E. R. Latta*	98
The Dog of Aughrim	*J. T. Gallagher*	288
The Drunkard's Wife	*Rufus Cyrene McDonald*	103
The Forfeit	*Albert Doyle*	189
The Heroic Stag	*J. Audley Maxwell*	153
The Ould Plaid Shawl	*Francis A. Fahy*	48
The Poet's Lyre	*E. R. Latta*	680
The Rock-a-By Lady	*Eugene Field*	235
The Song of Life	*Will Irving Finch*	37
The Sunflower	*P. A. Wright, S. M.*	630
Thomas William Parsons	*Richard Hovey*	418
To Apollo. Horace, Book I., Ode XXXI.	*B. C.*	67
To Aristius Fuscus. Horace, Book I., Ode XXII. Integer Vitæ	*B. C.*	268
To G. H. H.	*Francis A. Fahy* ("*Dreolin*")	142
To My Lady Sleeping	*Clarence Hawkes*	565
To the Cross	*Olla Perkins Toph*	402
When First We Met	*John Myers O'Hara*	525
Why the Elms Droop	*Albert Doyle*	547
Winter Song	*Maurice W. Casey*	344



CATHEDRAL OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, PHILADELPHIA.

See p. 80.

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THE DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

ITS CAUSES AND LESSONS.

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE question which is to serve as the text of this article is this: Why has the Democratic party, which achieved such an overwhelming victory in 1892, securing a president and a majority in both houses, met with an equally, if not more ignominious defeat only two years later? There can hardly be a more interesting question in political psychology, irrespective of party. If any party ever was responsible for a course of government, it is the Republican party during the 25 years in which they have had pretty much their own way. It is no valid plea that some bad measures were carried by the aid of Democrats. If the party in power is not to be held responsible, there is an end of popular, or, at all events, of representative government. The McKinley bill was confessedly a Republican measure, and the cause of the defeat of that party in 1892. The large surplus in gold, which the treasury has held since the war, formed our great safeguard against financial panic. The Republican party, by the passage of the pension bills, which were carried by as corrupt jobbery as any measure since the government was formed, drained that gold from the treasury, and converted that surplus into a deficit. The panic of 1893 followed as directly as ever an effect did from a cause. The Democratic congress was elected in November, 1892, but did not enter into power till December, 1893. Of the financial crisis, therefore, which took place four and five months earlier, the Democrats, as a party, were as innocent as the babe unborn. There is something sublime in the audacity, not to say the impudence, with which the Republican leaders have shifted the burden from their own shoulders to those of their opponents. The whole silver legislation of the last 20 years has been made by Republican majorities in congress. The force bills are their work. The despotic and dangerous precedents set by Speaker Reed met with Republican support.

On the other hand, the Democrats have been in power but a single year. In that time they have repealed the law for the coinage of silver, which threatened such imminent disaster to the country; and they have passed, if after long delay, a tariff bill which offers, at least, an instalment of relief from the absurdities of extreme protection.

No doubt a spectacle far from edifying has been presented by certain Democratic senators; but if leaders of the type of Hill and Gorman were

placed in one scale, and of Quay and Wanamaker in the other, it is doubtful which end would kick the beam. As to President Cleveland, it can hardly be denied that he has made a distinct advance in the respect and confidence of the country.

Whence, then, the Democratic defeat? The cause seems to lie in the want of organization, of party discipline and subordination, and in indefiniteness of purpose. That lesson, at least, the Republicans have learned in their 30 years of rule. The war melted the rank and file into a solid mass, and they march onward in firm phalanx with locked step. Their leaders go before, blowing trumpets and waving banners, and standing manfully together. They never admit any faults or errors, but glorify themselves and heap scorn upon their opponents. Having established close relations with the moneyed interests, they are well supplied with funds, and have acquired the art of identifying the interest of their clients with that of the nation. The Democrats, on the other hand, are hesitating and uncertain. Having been soundly abused for a quarter of a century, they have come to accept the position. They have no leaders, because they have had no occasion for any, having been steadily out-manœuvred and out-voted by their opponents. They did not even know how to stand by their own executive. Instead of carrying the war into the enemy's country, and hurling back the burden of Republican sins, they faltered and went down. I do not know that the Democrats can fairly be typified by the Publican of Scripture; but the Republican leaders, at all events, play the part of the Pharisee to perfection. To be ridiculous in politics is more fatal than to be wrong, and we may accept this new revolution in public opinion without charging it with either ignorance or folly.

At the same time, this wholesale endorsement of methods and practices in government like those of the Republican managers in the last ten years, furnishes matter for serious reflection. Finding their misdeeds not only condoned but stamped by the country with the seal of approbation, they will rush boldly on to new achievements. The tariff seems at present hardly available. The warning received in 1892 was sharp enough to close that avenue for a time. Among the fresh fields and pastures new the currency seems the most promising, and there are signs of its coming to the front. If we consider what a sensitive instrument the currency is, how enormously the welfare and prosperity of the whole people are bound up with it, in what a complicated, though far from unsound, condition our currency is at this moment, what a disastrous history is connected with bank currency before the war, and how difficult for popular comprehension are the principles which underlie it; if we consider what tremendous private profit could be secured by the transfer of management from the government to banks, and what copious campaign funds would pour into the coffers of a party which would undertake to make it appear that such a transfer is for the national interest, it seems frightful to think of this, the very staff of life, being converted into a pure instrument of party supremacy.

It is not at all to be assumed that the Democratic party, even supposing its intentions to be of the best, would do any better. The probability is, that two or three years hence another scandal of the rule of private interests will break out even worse than the McKinley tariff; that the country will again revolt from the Republicans, and put the Democrats in power; that the Democrats will prove themselves to be as disorganized, as demoralized, and as helpless as they have been during the past year; and that we shall again go over the same dreary round.

This is not an encouraging picture. Is there no other lesson to be learned from recent events? Certainly there is another, if we are ready to receive it, and one which threatens to enforce itself, at no distant day, with a severity

which will compel public attention. It is, that relief is not to be found in any mere alternation of parties, nor in bringing forward particular legislative issues as stepping-stones for the different parties to climb into power. The reform of most pressing urgency, is that of the working machinery in our government. The most threatening danger is the absorption of all the powers of our government by one branch, Congress. The late General Sherman, when asked to become a candidate for the presidency refused, saying that he did not want to be a president without any power, and that it is congress which runs this government. Experience had taught the keen old soldier, what the country seems not to understand at all, that positive executive power is as necessary in civil as in military administration.

If a government which depends for the initiative of legislation upon any one of 356 members in one house, and 88 in an other; which leaves the selection between the many thousands of measures thus introduced — all, whether public or private, standing upon the same footing — and the treatment of those selected, to standing committees made up by a presiding officer elected for the purpose in one house, and by a party majority in the other, said committees being in no way responsible for the effect of legislation when applied in practice, but being actuated only by motives of party supremacy; in which the executive has absolutely no voice in the guidance of legislation beyond that of any private interest which presses its claims upon the committees through the lobby: if such a government does not sink into the lowest depths, both of inefficiency and corruption, it must be owing to some extraordinary redeeming qualities either in its people or its public men.

In every representative government in the world but one, the chief executive officials have a direct voice in the shaping of legislation. The strength of the British government, that which has made it for all civil purposes during the last century the first in the world, lies in the fact that the initiative of legislation rests wholly with the executive ministry, and that the parliament, while reserving its right of urging action upon the ministers, retains for itself only a negative, or, in other words, the veto. In the Swiss government, also, which is so much held up as a model, while the principles of legislation are laid down by the Assembly, the preparation and the public advocacy of measures rest with the Federal Council. The manifest weakness of the French and Italian governments to-day appears plainly to arise from this cause, that while the ministers have a nominal guidance of legislation, the groups in the Chamber by setting up and pulling down ministries at their pleasure, have reduced the executive to complete subservience to its committees, made up on the same principle as ours though by a different process.

In the United States alone, the executive is entirely excluded from any voice in the formation of laws, except by a process of intrigue with the committees, such as is equally open to any private interest. During the last session, Mr. Cleveland, desiring to express his views upon the tariff bill, addressed a letter, which was at once made public, to the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. His action was almost as much resented by the Democratic as by the Republican side of Congress, and this feeling found expression in the saying of a member, that he wished the President "would attend to his end of the avenue, and leave us to attend to ours." Thus it appears that the President, entrusted with and nominally responsible for the whole administration of the country, and representing a constituency as large as that of the whole house or the whole senate put together, is not allowed to express an opinion upon laws which seriously affect executive administration, unless by a message to congress in general terms, which is at once got rid of by reference to a committee.

Apart from this the President, with his staff of administrators, has to sit and wait till laws are wrought out by the wrangling of party combinations, aided by the speaker, and when the resultant, of which the main object is to satisfy the largest, and to offend the smallest possible number of local and private interests, is presented in its completed form, he can only say whether it shall or shall not go into operation, being fortunate in the latter case if he is not over-ridden by votes from his own party. Does not the most ordinary common sense require that the President, the agent of the whole country, and responsible for the effect of laws in operation, should have as much right through his cabinet, to share in the proposal, and the public discussion of laws, as the representatives of fractional districts or of single states, who have no responsibility whatever for the practical working of the laws which they pass?

On the 4th of February, 1881, a committee of eight senators of both parties unanimously recommended that the members of the cabinet should have seats in both houses on different days, with the right of joining in debate, and the duty of answering questions. Such a measure might form the entering wedge for a most beneficent revolution in the conduct of our government, the character of the men engaged in it and the influence of public opinion.

Supposing such a movement to be of sufficient importance to be made a political issue, how is it to be brought forward and promoted? Because the Republican party owed its existence and its long rule to slavery, the first idea of all promoters of a new political principle is to form a new party, and the ephemeral character of the many which have made their appearance seems to act as no discouragement. In the present instance this resort is not at all available. The issue proposed is not definite or exciting enough to arouse the multitude to sufficiently united action. If it is to have any force at all, it must work through its adoption by one of the great parties, and avail itself of the strength of existing organization. For this purpose the Democratic party is peculiarly suited. It is the one party which has retained a continuous existence almost from the beginning of the government. It stands sorely in need of a strong and clear issue as against the Republicans. A large section of the Republican party which revolted from its ranks in 1884, has shown every disposition to work with the Democrats, and the number could be indefinitely increased if the Democrats could show a definite and honest purpose in public affairs. By its very name the Democratic party is fitted for a policy which aims to give to the voice of the people a large influence in the conduct of government, and to take politics out of the hands of groups of individuals, a condition which is the very essence of Republican rule.

If the great mass of the people is to make itself felt in the government, it must do so by putting power in the hands of a leader whom the people can trust, taking security that this power is not abused, and making provision that candidates for public office shall be thoroughly and publicly tested in advance. This is precisely the effect of strong executive power held to strict and constant responsibility by a legislature. The policy of the Republicans has always been in its effect a distrust of the people. Their plan is to provide for bodies or groups of individuals, whether called legislatures or boards or commissions, and then to hand over all power to them, out of sight or touch with the people, and freed from all responsibility to anybody but themselves. It is just this practice, which, by its inefficiency and its opposition to the fundamental principles of human nature, has fastened upon us the "boss" system in our great cities, and has enabled Tammany to build up its rule in New York. One man power is a thoroughly Democratic idea, because it is the only means of securing one man responsibility, and of informing and concentrating the mass of public opinion.

Another difficulty confronts us. The extent of territory, and the numbers of the population of the United States are so vast, that only the most exciting and sensational ideas can be expected to reach them. The tariff and the currency directly affect the interest of every man, and the multitude, however little they may understand such questions, and however incompetent they may be to deal with them, can be stirred by them to a high degree of excitement. But it is hardly possible, at least in the present state of our politics, to reach the populations of the south and west with a principle so indirect in its operation as "executive responsibility," even though it is more important than, and, in fact, includes all the others.

The first attempts must be local in their character. When Napoleon overran Prussia, in the beginning of this century, he imposed upon that kingdom the restriction of not having more than 40,000 men under arms. General Scharnhorst contrived to evade this restriction by taking one body of 40,000 men, drilling and organizing them thoroughly, and then dismissing them and taking 40,000 more. By this means, when the great struggle of 1814 came, he had an army of a half million of men to aid in driving the invader back to Paris. The political problem is precisely the same in Massachusetts, in fact in all the states, as in the Federal government, including the weakness of the executive, the absorption of all power by the legislature, the control of legislation by standing committees, and therefore by the lobby, the excessive and dangerous power of the speaker, with other features of the same kind, from which the government at Washington is happily free, such as the separate popular election of the executive officials corresponding to the president's cabinet, the diffusion of responsibility by an executive council, and the government of the state by commissions. If the Democratic party can show itself competent for the work of political reform in Massachusetts, it will set the example to other states, and pave the road to national achievements on a firm and solid basis.

We hear so much about the national government on the one hand, and municipal government on the other, that we are apt to forget that the state government is really the most important of the three. To appreciate this, we need only to compare the limited functions of the Federal government with the very extensive ones of the state. By state authority is regulated our whole system of direct taxation, our laws of marriage, property, and inheritance, our school system, the care of the poor and the insane, prisons, highways, the laws of corporations, trustees, executors, and guardians, the relation of capital and labor, election laws not only for the state, but for the nation; in short, the whole internal structure of society. Even the government of cities belongs to the state, which makes and can take away or modify charters at its pleasure; can prescribe the mode either of election or appointment of officials; can, in fact, govern the cities, as we know in Boston, by its own officers without any regard to the authorities or the inhabitants of the city itself. There can be no effective reform in city government till that of the state is in better working order.

Nor does the state government offer in any less degree an available point of attack. Benjamin F. Butler tried for the governorship upon various issues, — labor, greenbacks etc., but was defeated on all. His final success came by putting forward that of the government of the state by commissions. I he was defeated the next year, it was owing to his offensive methods of following up his charges, and then abandoning the idea altogether and falling back upon personal egotism. Hon. William E. Russell was three times triumphantly elected a Democratic governor, surrounded almost exclusively by Republican officials, and with an overwhelming Republican majority in both houses of the legislature. Vari-

ous explanations have been given of this. I have never doubted that it was because he asserted the dignity of his office, protested against the domination of the council, against government by commissions, and the operations of the lobby.*

The Young Men's Democratic Club of Boston consists of some hundreds of members scattered all over the state, and animated by high political purpose. In their declaration of principles, under the heading, "In State Affairs" stands the following article:—

> The state constitution should be so amended as to secure responsible government. The governor of the state should be in fact as well as in name, its chief executive, responsible only to the people. He should be given full power to appoint all executive officers, subject only to confirmation by the Senate, and entire power of removal. A method of coöperation should be established between the executive departments and the Legislature, to secure prompt and judicious legislation.

There is the stepping-stone to the best political work which has been done in this country since the war, and, it is hardly an exaggeration to say of importance equal to anything then achieved. What is needed to bring it to the front, is one or more leaders, thoroughly impressed with the importance of the principle, and resolved not to shrink from any honorable means of carrying it into effect. Looking to the future welfare of my country, the most ardent wish that I can form is, that sooner or later the situation may produce the man.

*The present incumbent has certainly advanced no such revolutionary doctrines, but contented himself with the Republican tradition of ornamental appearance on public and private occasions.

LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI!

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The night hath waned,
  The chimes have rung;
The cup is drained,
  The song is sung.

The harp is hush'd,
  The viol still;
Where blooms once blush'd,
  The snows lie chill.

The story's told —
  Is this the dawn?
The fire grows cold,
  The guests are gone.

The book is read.
  A new one bring!
The King is dead —
  Long live the King!

MADEMOISELLE ST. ANGE.

BY ARTHUR LYMAN GREENE.

I.

THE conductor rapped sharply with his bâton; to the noisy altercations of the ouvreuses, the rattling of foot-stools, and the buzz of conversation, there succeeded a profound hush. Once more he looked about him, paused an instant, then nodded his head, and immediately the violins took up the majestic opening theme of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. The haunting sadness of the strings gradually melted into the more cheerful harmony of the flutes and oboes; one by one, the brass and other instruments took up the air; and at last, in mighty unison, the entire orchestra swept into the brilliant and rapid measures of the allegro.

It was the last concert of the season at the Conservatoire, and although he had but just reached Paris, George Lorimer, through the courtesy of his friend Des Plans, with whom he had chummed, in the old days at the Beaux Arts, was privileged to attend. When the first movement came to an end, and the conductor paused to sip his glass of eau sucrée, Lorimer drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and turned to his companion with sparkling eyes.

"I tell you, Gaston, this is a treat," he exclaimed. "I don't often hear such playing as that in New York. Wasn't the phrasing of the violins simply exquisite?"

And then his eyes went roaming about the hall, if, perchance, they might descry some single visage he had known in the happy student days so long ago, and his memory strove to leap the chasm which eight years had made. He thought with what mingled yearning and regret he had looked forward to this very time, when, with the keener vision of experience, he would see once more the Paris of his boyish hopes and illusions. How often he had pictured to himself the dear old streets and quays, and asked himself if they would really look the same again, and if the skies would seem as blue, and the birds sing as sweetly as before. Then, indeed, he was a careless youngster of 22, living with no thought of the morrow, and enjoying, as none but youth can enjoy, the gay camaraderie, the endless variety and picturesqueness of glad, spring-like Paris. Then had come his father's failure, the sudden summons back to America, and the long, patient struggle to win himself a name in his chosen calling of architecture. For though his friends at the Beaux Arts had predicted for him a brilliant future, his compatriots in America did not show that instant appreciation of his skill and confidence in his talent which he had fondly expected. It was only in the last four or five years, in fact, that his name had become prominent in his profession, after his design for the new State Capitol at R—— was accepted in the open competition. Since the successful completion of

this work, he had had his hands full to execute the orders which had flown in on all sides, and his fame had steadily grown. At last, feeling that he had well earned a rest, he had made such arrangements as he could, and crossed the water for a few months, intending to make a sketching tour in Normandy and Brittany, in search of new ideas, and thereby combine business with pleasure.

But though Paris looked as radiant as ever, as he drove past the Tuileries, in the brilliant April sunshine, and the pink-ribboned bonnes were walking with their charges under the orange trees as naturally as of old, he was forced to admit to himself that something was lacking, that the old flavor was gone, and that while this might be the same Paris which he had known, yet he himself was no longer the same; and when the driver drew up at the shabby little hotel in the rue Monsieur-le-Prince, and he saw the gravelled courtyard, with the high iron fence enclosing it, and the small green tables where he had so often sat and sipped his after-dinner coffee in the growing dusk, he breathed a sigh of relief that time had spared this ancient landmark. To be sure, he found that M. Bonnard, that prince of genial landlords, who had more than once advanced him money out of his own pocket, when the expected remittance had failed to arrive from home, had gone to his long rest, and Mademoiselle Suzanne, who had bravely assumed her father's obligations, seemed to him prematurely aged and wan, as he took her by the hand, remembering her fresh young beauty. He missed, too, Manon, the magnificent Angora cat that used to come purring about him, and brushing between his legs, and Volapük, the knowing little spaniel that he had been wont to feed with bonbons. Little M. Petitjean, also, who had earned a precarious livelihood with his old violin, and taught him his first lessons in French, was gone forever from the place which had known him so long, and smiling Gustave, favorite waiter at the Café Biot, had served his last bock. Ah well! if the years had wrought changes, what right had he to murmur? The weary world stands still for none, and if the feelings which he was now experiencing were not altogether pleasant ones, after all, life is but a series of sensations, and one must take the bitter with the sweet.

He had almost ceased to listen to the music, as his thoughts ran back over the vanished years, and, indeed, the orchestra was now playing a composition of somewhat technical character which he failed to appreciate. The concert was drawing to an end, and but two numbers remained at the conclusion of the suite to which he had accorded so vague an attention; but now, a sort of expectant murmur seemed to run through the house, as the conductor reappeared, leading on the soloist of the day. Lorimer looked and saw a tall, fair girl, in a robe of pale, orange-colored satin, who took her stand modestly at the conductor's side, and waited for her signal to begin. He glanced hastily down at his programme, and read the name of Mlle. Jeanne St. Ange. A soft prelude by the orchestra, and a voice of extreme sweetness and delicacy began one of those dreamy and pensive ballads of Augusta Holmés. It was not a powerful voice, the timbre was exceedingly slight, but never before had Lorimer heard such passionate warmth and

She took her stand modestly at the conductor's side.

tenderness of expression, such a wealth of feeling, as in those throbbing accents. When, at last, the song died away in a far-off cadence which seemed almost a sob, there was an instant of silence; then cries of "Brava!" and "Bis!" rang out from all parts of the house. Elderly Frenchmen jumped up on their seats and waved their hats, and women

leaned forward excitedly in their boxes to join in the applause.

"Heavens, what a voice!" exclaimed Lorimer. "Who is she, Gaston?" But his query was lost in the noise which broke out afresh as the soloist reappeared and bowed repeatedly her thanks. Not until the concert was over, and the two men were walking arm in arm down the boulevard towards the Madeleine, did Lorimer find an opportunity to repeat his question.

"She is partly a compatriot of yours," said Des Plans, "though she is more French than American. Her father was Edouard St. Ange, who was obliged to leave Paris after the coup d'état, and went to America, where he married a Miss Cavendish, of Baltimore, I believe, and a noted beauty in her day. After the fall of the Empire, he entered Tissot's Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction, but died shortly after. The mother has continued to reside in Paris, and has brought up her daughter partly on the French and partly on the American plan. Jeanne really has a remarkable voice, though it is more suited to the concert-room than the stage, and when she carried off a first prize at the Conservatoire, last year, Tagnard at once offered her an engagement in 'Le Roi d'Ys.' The girl, who is very ambitious, jumped at the idea; but her mother, who is also ambitious for her in another way, would not hear of such a thing, and she has only been allowed to sing privately, or at an occasional concert."

"I am glad of that," said Lorimer. "I should hate to think of her as being on the stage."

"Oh, as for that," said Des Plans, "I fear she may have a worse fate in store for her."

"What do you mean?" said Lorimer, nervously.

"I understand they are trying to fix up a marriage between her and the Comte de Lumeau, who, between ourselves, is the most unsavory nobleman of my acquaintance. It is true that the girl has no dowry to speak of; but the Comte is believed to be willing to overlook this objection, for the sake of so amiable a consort in his declining years, especially as the late Comtesse, whom he is thought to have worried out of existence, brought him a very handsome fortune which he has not yet succeeded in running through. In short, though his reputation is not of the best, he is still a prize in the matrimonial market."

"But surely," exclaimed Lorimer, "if his character is such as you say, Mlle. St. Ange does not care for him?"

"Care for him, my dear fellow! certainly not; but what would you have? You know how those things are managed here. It is my candid opinion she would rather go into a convent, or run off to America; but as her French docility is more pronounced than her American spirit, she will, probably, fall in with her mother's plans, and consent to immolate herself on the family altar."

They had reached the Madeleine, where their paths diverged, and after engaging to meet him on the morrow, Lorimer left his friend to mount the boulevard Malesherbes alone, while he himself turned into the rue Royale, and crossing the Seine, pursued his way along the quays in the direction of his rooms. An indefinable sense of gloom crept over him which deepened with the gathering darkness; and as he sat smoking by his open fire, that night, somehow his thoughts reverted to

the sweet, sad face of the singer, and he seemed to hear the dreamy far-off echo of her song.

II.

Lorimer had promised to meet Des Plans at the "Vernissage," of the Salon, which came off the next day. When he arrived there, his friend had not yet appeared; so he passed in alone, and began to wander somewhat aimlessly through the big rooms, bestowing rather more attention upon the brilliant gathering of painters, actors, academicians, and various celebrities of the Parisian world, than upon the pictures; but though he saw here and there faces which he recognized from having seen their photographs in the shop windows, and admired, with an artist's eye, the exquisite toilets of the ladies, he soon wearied of contemplating the gay throng in which his own isolation seemed to reproach him, and turned more seriously to the paintings.

He seemed to hear the dreamy, far-off echo of her song.

At the farther end of one of the smaller rooms, he presently found himself standing before a certain canvas, and surveying it with an ever-growing admiration. It was a full-length portrait of a woman, seated in an antique, high-backed chair, against whose quaintly carved top the delicate head lay lightly back. One hand caressed a Persian cat slumbering peacefully in her lap, the other rested on the broad arm of the chair. The dress was of black velvet, with no ornamentation save a lace fichu gathered at the snowy throat, and there was nothing to relieve the sombre coloring with the exception of two blushing tea-roses which peeped out of the corsage. The whole treatment was daring and unconventional, the shading broad and vigorous, and in every stroke the master's hand was visible. Yet it was not these qualities which struck Lorimer so profoundly, and gave so strong a fascination to the picture. It was rather an indefinable something in the face, which the artist had caught and transferred to the canvas, a subtle mystery in the big gray eyes which looked out at you so wistfully, a fleeting expression which seemed to elude you if you gazed too long, yet only to reappear when you looked again, and haunt you with an evanescent charm. There was, too, something strangely reminiscent to Lorimer in the delicate, fine-cut features of the fair, girlish face. "Portrait of Mlle. St.

A.," he read, looking down at his catalogue, and as he did so, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"So, my boy! You are renewing already your acquaintance with the Circe who sang so sweetly in your ears. Did you dream about her all night?"

Lorimer turned from Des Plans and looked once more at the picture.

"Then it is — it is really Mlle. St. Ange?" he said slowly.

"Mais oui!" replied Des Plans, "and you have been gazing at it for the last ten minutes, ever since I came into the room, and have been trying to get near you. I forgot to speak of it, when you asked me about her yesterday, but they say it is one of the best things this year, and in Carolus' best vein. Ma foi! it isn't bad, is it?"

"Bad!" exclaimed Lorimer, earnestly; "it is magnificent! it is superb! it makes me wish that I were an artist myself."

"For the sake of painting the portrait of Mlle. St. Ange; I understand," said Gaston, smiling at his friend's enthusiasm. "After all this, I don't know that I should dare present you to the goddess herself."

"What, is she here? and do you know her?" said Lorimer, with a strange sense of excitement.

"Even so, mon ami. I caught a glimpse of her and her mother, with the Comte de Lumeau in their train,

Found himself standing before a certain canvas.

as I passed through the last room. Tenez, there they are at this moment, just coming through the door. If you wish, I will go and ask the mother, if I may introduce you as one of her own countrymen."

Lorimer looked after his friend as he made his way to the other end of the room, but the crowd closed between them, and he lost sight of him. A moment later, however, by some unexplained process, he found himself standing by the side of a fair complexioned, mild-mannered lady, of agreeable presence, and responding somewhat absently to her profuse expressions of civility. He had a dim sense of exchanging greetings, also, with a highly scented, cadaverous little Frenchman, who gave him two fingers of a limp hand and a profound stare through his eye-glass. But he was hardly conscious of these things in the presence of the tall, fair woman of the picture, who stood before him in actual flesh and blood, and looked at him calmly out of those wonderful gray eyes, — eyes so frank and clear and pure that the young man dropped his own abashed before them. She stood there, silently, for the most part, listening to Gaston's gay wit with only a faint smile on her lips. But Mme. St. Ange was in excellent spirits, and finding Lorimer a good listener, favored him with an extended account of her pre-matrimonial exploits in New York and Baltimore. She spoke in English, turning occasionally toward the Comte, who stood with somewhat forced politeness at her side, as if to include him in the conversation.

"I have just been admiring your daughter's portrait," said Lorimer, when she paused presently for breath, "and I am glad of the opportunity to compare it with the young lady herself. She is very beautiful."

"And she is as good as she is beautiful. Is it not so, Comte?" cried Mme. St. Ange, repeating her remark in French.

"All the world knows Mlle. Jeanne's goodness and beauty, and from whom she derives those amiable qualities," responded the Frenchman, bowing stiffly, and Lorimer felt a chill creep through him as he noted the unpleasant smile with which the Comte accompanied his words, and the significant look which he directed toward the young girl. Lorimer followed the look, and fancied that Mlle. St. Ange shivered as it fell upon her. For the space of a second, her eyes looked into his with the same fleeting sadness which he had remarked in the picture. In an instant she had turned away, but Lorimer felt that in that single glance she had uttered a confidence too deep for words.

"You are English, Monsieur?" asked the Comte.

"American," replied Lorimer.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Comte with easy nonchalance; "but I never make any difference."

"That is kind of you, certainly," said Lorimer, dryly. He had had this impertinence addressed to him so often, and in such a variety of ways, that it no longer served to arouse his temper, and he even extracted a certain amount of amusement from seeing with what perfect good faith his ironical expression of gratitude was accepted.

Mme. St. Ange's attention had been diverted by the approach of several friends, and Lorimer was presently obliged to take his leave without having exchanged a word with her daughter. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that he had evidently made a favorable impression on the mother.

"I shall hope to see you at my

Wednesday evenings, Monsieur, while you are in Paris," she had said, giving him her hand, in parting. "Now promise me that you will come, for I am sure that I can make it pleasant for you. As for M. Des Plans, he is almost one of us, and needs no invitation."

III.

Lorimer left his cards on the ladies shortly after, without finding them at home. The image of Mlle. St. Ange had fastened itself strongly

The ride on the Bois.

in his mind, and he had gone severa times to the Salon to study more leisurely her portrait. He came upon her, suddenly, one morning, as he was riding on horseback through one of the shaded by-paths of the Bois. At first he did not recognize the fair equestrienne, whose graceful seat and tight-fitting habit he had been admiring in the distance. But she turned presently in the saddle, and, seeing him, drew rein, and waited for him to come up.

"We were very sorry, mamma and I, to miss your call, Mr. Lorimer," she said, adjusting her pace to his own, while the groom who accompanied her fell discreetly behind. "But there is so much to do now, and the weather is so delicious, that we are almost never at home in the daytime."

"Do you ride, then, every day?" asked Lorimer.

"Every morning, Räoul and I have a canter in the Bois. We wouldn't miss it for worlds. We love each other dearly, Räoul and I," and she laid her hand caressingly on the glossy neck of the horse, who whined joyously in response.

"You ride uncommonly well," said the young man. "Most of the women whom one sees on horseback look so desperately uncomfortable, but you are as much at ease as the queen of the Amazons. And what a superb mount you have there!"

"Räoul, do you hear what Mr. Lorimer says?" cried the girl, gaily.

The sunbeams glinted down upon them through the rustling boughs of

the overhanging chestnuts ; and the soft May air was heavy with the breath of lilacs.

"It seems to me that I have never seen such a wealth of verdure so early in the season," said Lorimer, thinking, as he spoke, of the cold east winds at home, where, as yet, the trees had scarce begun to flower. "Is there anything in the world, I wonder, so charming as springtime in Paris?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said Mlle. St. Ange. "And yet I sometimes think that I am very tired of Paris, and that I would gladly exchange it for my native land. For, you know, I like to call myself an American, though I have lived here ever since I was a little girl; but my earliest recollections are of America. I seem to see the old white house on the hill, with the tall pine trees, and the statues in front, and the sunny fields where I picked daisies and buttercups, and the little brook that plashed so merrily between the tall bushes ; and the music of the wind in the pines — ah, I can hear it now! The memory of it haunts me like a dream. If I could only see it all once more ! I think I am a little homesick at times."

She stopped abruptly, as though ashamed of the impulse which had led her to speak with such intensity of feeling to one who was, after all, a stranger ; but her voice was trembling with passionate longing and desire, and her hands twitched the reins nervously. She turned her head quickly away to hide her emotion, but not before Lorimer had seen the tears starting in the gray eyes. He looked behind ; there was no one in sight. With a sudden impulse, he reached out and took her hand.

"My poor child, what is it that troubles you?" he said, softly. "Will you not let me help you?"

She seemed to hesitate for an instant ; then, withdrawing her hand, "No, no ! it is nothing ; only I am so childish that I want to be a little girl all the time, and never grow up, and I feel that I am growing old very fast, don't you see?"

She smiled bravely at him through her wet eyelashes ; but Lorimer was not deceived.

"Promise me, at least," he said, earnestly, "that if you are ever in need of a friend, you will come to me. You promise do you not?"

"Ah, that I do!" she answered, warmly. "You have such a good face that I am sure I can trust you, and though I have known you for so short a time, I could confide in you more easily than in many whom I have known much longer. There is a candor and sincerity in the American character that seems almost wholly lacking in the French."

"And yet, they tell me that you are going to marry a Parisian of the Parisians," said Lorimer. "It seems so strange to me that you should marry that man."

Mlle. St. Ange turned her head away. "It is mamma's wish," she said simply.

Lorimer felt his heart throbbing violently. "Then you do not care for him?" he said boldly.

The girl flushed visibly, and he feared that he had gone too far ; but, in a moment, she answered gently : —

"No, I should not be sincere, if I said that I loved him ; but I feel that it is my duty to marry him, as it has long been understood that I should do so."

"Ah ! believe me, it is a sad mistake to marry without love," said Lorimer.

Mlle. St. Ange was silent; but the color deepened on her face, as the young man went on, hastily: —

"I know that I have no right to speak to you in this way, but from the moment that I first saw you, I conceived a peculiar interest in you. You will pardon me, then, I hope, for what would otherwise seem an impertinence, and believe that I desire nothing but your happiness."

The girl gathered the bridle more tightly in her hand.

"Let us say no more about it," she said briefly. "Come, I will race you as far as the Cascade."

She urged her horse into a gallop, and Lorimer, following her example, kept at her side, without trying to resume the interrupted conversation.

At the turn of the road, as they came in sight of the restaurant near the Cascade, he perceived an open carriage, in the back seat of which he recognized Mme. St. Ange.

"It is your mother," he said, to his companion, who had pulled in her horse.

"Yes," she replied; "she was to meet me here at eleven."

Mme. St. Ange's greeting seemed to Lorimer a trifle reserved.

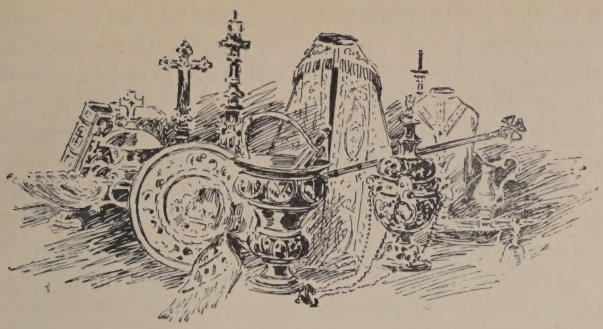
"She doesn't like my riding alone with her daughter," he thought to himself. "After all, I forgot I was in the Bois and not Central Park."

Mlle. St. Ange dismounted, and, giving her horse in care of the groom, seated herself beside her mother in the carriage.

"I shall have to carry Jeanne off to the photographer's, Mr. Lorimer," said the elder lady; "and after that, we are to lunch at Ledoyen's, with the Comte de Lumeau; but if you will come this evening, we shall be at home, and can give you a little music."

Lorimer bit his lip at the mention of the Comte's name, and glanced at the young girl with a slight sense of embarrassment. Mlle. St. Ange, however, looked straight before her, and did not seem to have heard her mother's remark. At the Place de l'Etoile, he reined in his horse, and lifted his hat in sign of adieu. There was a faint smile on Jeanne's lips, as her eyes met his for an instant; then the carriage rolled away, and was lost in the throng.

Conclusion next month.



EMINENT AMERICAN PRELATES.

IV. — JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IN the popular regard Cardinal Gibbons holds an enviable position. Considered eminent as a churchman, capable as a man of affairs, successful as a leader, he is practically without enemies. No American leader has so few. Having reached the topmost rank without the aid of partisans, solely by merit and the force of circumstances, he has never been under obligations, and has, therefore, escaped the fate of most men who ascend to eminence, — bitter condemnation from unrewarded friends, or unsparing criticism for too great fidelity to party obligations. Ruling a diocese where public opinion is of the quiescent sort, where agitation is unknown, where popular feeling has never burst into tumult since the war, he has enjoyed a leisure and routine which enable leaders to think out social problems without anxiety, and to present the solutions to society at the right moment, and in the most taking fashion. The Cardinal has, in consequence, fewer mistakes to his credit than most churchmen. With a shining record in public life, and no enemies in the political sense of the word, he may be considered fortunate, except in the fact that this same good fortune has its own disadvantages. To have made no enemies means that the summit has not been attained; to have escaped large mistakes suggests an overcautious career. It is safe to say that the Cardinal will pass to his reward with the same honor which has attended him in the episcopate. He is not personally ambitious, but he will not allow the brilliancy of his past to be tarnished by taking any risks in the future. The one disadvantage of his present fame and influence is that they may prevent him from initiatives, and induce him to leave to younger men the strife of the arena. He has undoubtedly earned his retirement, which does not, however, mean that his career is ended; on the contrary, his activity may be greater than before, but it will be directed both by taste and

circumstances to the preservation of what has been achieved, and not to new undertakings.

What he is at this moment to church and country is the happy result of fifty years of study, training, observation, and experience on American soil. To know precisely the elements that make up his personality and explain it, one has only to read his own account of missionary life in Virginia and the Carolinas. He travelled through these states as priest and bishop, carrying his own gripsack, progressing in any fashion that the law allowed, living among the people, accepting hospitality from pagan, Protestant, infidel, and Catholic, preaching wherever he might in halls, churches of any creed, schools, shanties, and private dwellings, with as little money as an apostle, without the health or ruggedness of constitution so necessary to a missionary, learning the thoughts of the common people, getting close to their hearts, and securing all that lore which makes him to-day the truest representative of the American people. Among our eminent citizens, in any grade of life, I do not know of one whose early training can in any way compare with his, not merely in its novelty, but in its thoroughness and results, for the glory of the cardinalate in him has its roots in the missions of the Carolinas; nor would that glory signify half so much were it not worn by one who had earned the right to lead his people before the purple was conferred upon him. The ideas which have directed his public life received in great part their development during this stage of his career. Whatever theories he brought away with him from the seminary received their modification from a study of the circumstances in which they would finally have to be applied. His method in dealing with all the great questions that have stirred the Church in these times prove how well he learned the lessons of the mission.

His Eminence is now past sixty, and his personal appearance indicates a delicate constitution. His body has little flesh, his face is pale and drawn, but lighted up with large and expressive eyes. Evidently his physical strength has no reserve fund upon which to draw in times of need, and he has been compelled to husband it all his life in order to answer the demands of his position. His natural temper is therefore equable, his manners are quiet to the last degree, his life is one of exact routine. As the leading or ranking prelate of the land, the Roman authorities look to him for the maintenance of order in the Church in America, and, to a certain degree, hold him responsible for the continuance of harmonious relations among the different interests. It is he whom they call upon for explanations in time of trouble, and for reasons in making advance. Time does not hang heavily on his hands, nor is anxiety a stranger in his house. In fact, he might easily have a more extensive jurisdiction with less anxiety, since it is not pleasant to hold direct responsibility without direct control over the circumstances. He is a clever speaker, possessing a voice of peculiar strength in its penetrating power, and can be listened to with interest; he deals little in sentiment, and has no power to express deep emotion, presenting his opinions to his hearers upon their merits rather than upon his own. His knowledge and skill in the Latin language are considered superior. But above all accomplishments of

mind or position, students of his career place his tact in dealing with men, his dexterity in steering clear

CARDINAL GIBBONS, AS A PRIEST.

of the rocks that lie in wait for reputation. Comparing his success and his years with his frail form and retiring manners, men wonder that he has achieved so great and enduring fame.

He entered the episcopate as Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina in 1868, succeeded to the See of Richmond in 1872, was chosen coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore in 1877, and by the death of that prelate shortly after the appointment became Archbishop before he had the opportunity to act as coadjutor. At that time he was not well known, for a man is easily lost in the barrens of a southern diocese. Nor is the position of Primate in itself one that will add lustre to a name. It provides opportunities however, as the

Cardinal's history shows, and his first opportunity came with the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. He was chosen to preside at its deliberations as the Pope's representative, and he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his brother prelates. It was not a small task to preside over the Council just at that moment, because for the first time perhaps in the history of our provincial councils local interests found themselves at variance, and aggressive minorities were able to retard and frighten the majority of the bishops. Even after the scheme of legislation had been adopted and sent on to Rome for inspection, a stiff contest took place in the Curia, in order to get it approved in its entirety. Whatever difficulties the Primate overcame in the Council, he impressed his colleagues pleasantly, and convinced them of his shrewdness and tact. It was taken for granted by many that the honors of the purple would speedily find their way to Baltimore when next the Pope decided to send a red hat to America.

The red hat came, and after fluttering over one or two eminent heads found a perfect fit in Baltimore. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to call attention to the success which has ever attended the Primate's appeal to public sentiment, whether directly or unconsciously made. The ceremonies following the conferring of the purple attracted public notice to him almost as strongly as similar ceremonies had done for the first American cardinal; yet the scene was Baltimore, not New York, and the honor was no longer a novelty in the country. From that moment Cardinal Gibbons has never lost his hold on the public mind; when he speaks the greatest listen with respect or curiosity, and every public appearance which he has since made seems to have been accompanied by an increase of public interest. The secret of this power over the multitude is precisely the same as is found in the power of a popular author. He has pleased the people whether in rebuking their sins, correcting their faults, or praising their virtues. It is an unconscious power with such men; they cannot analyze it or explain it; it is simply themselves, and its elements lie deep down in their natures in such a way that they seem unable to destroy their own popularity. Cardinal Gibbons has used it with great effect, particularly in those special moments which brought him into direct contact with the people as their representative or their teacher and apologist; for instance, in the publication of his two books, in his memorial to the Holy See on the Knights of Labor, in his first visit to Rome as Cardinal, in the share he took in founding the new University, and in his careful relations with the Holy See, the American hierarchy, and the government. These public appearances may not have commended themselves to the praise of all classes, but they are known and understood of the people, and afford a comprehensive view into his character.

His first book, "The Faith of Our Fathers," was born in the mission field of Carolina. It is the happiest explanation of Catholic belief and practice that has been printed in the English language. It rejoices in every quality that can recommend a book to those for whom it is intended. No other man could write it, and it is doubtful if the author will ever repeat it; simply because it is the sum and substance, the heart, brain, soul, and devotion of the missionary who tramped his way

over the southern country, with earnest purpose, deeply in love with his work, loving the people he sought, thinking of nothing but the one way to bring the truth home to them. Critics, savants, professors, may analyze and wonder and even sneer, but the book is simply beyond them. It has the grace of simple diction, of clearness and brevity; but its one great charm is that it fitted the people, the nation, for whom it was written, as the skin fits the body. The second book, "Our Christian Heritage," was more consciously written, and therefore, lacks the charm of the first. It was a Cardinal who wrote it, and we expect much from a member of the Sacred College; but in this instance the Cardinal did not achieve what seemed easy to the missionary. Yet the spirit of the book is the same as that which illumines its companion, and the point of view taken by the author renders it worthy of notice. It was written with strict regard to the environment. It deserves more attention than it has received. The two books are said to have enjoyed a good sale; but it is entirely the fault of the publishers that a million copies are not at this moment circulating through the land; the rank

CARDINAL GIBBONS, AS BISHOP.

and popularity of the author and the merit of the books ought to have made the fortune of any publisher.

The qualities which made these volumes successful are the qualities which have made James Gibbons eminent. He thoroughly understands his people, his time, and country. His sympathy with their needs is deep. Guided by love and knowledge in his dealings with them he could with difficulty make mistakes, could not fail to represent them well before the princes of the world. When he presented to the Holy See his memorial on the special form of the labor movement then popular, the Knights of Labor, and the Herald stole the document from the Roman printers to publish it in America, men recognized at a glance the spirit which dictated that fine state paper. Many bishops did not approve of it; the cautious bishops of Quebec had just condemned the Knights as disturbers of public order; some officials in Rome looked on all forms of organized labor as revolutionary; but the Carolina missionary knew his ground, and Pope Leo had faith in him and his advisers and supporters. The document was accepted, and the result more than justified the advice and the prediction of the American Cardinal. The policy then initiated has been adopted by the Holy See in relation to other suspected organizations, and a really liberal spirit is beginning to prevail over the harshness of earlier days. Perhaps the Cardinal wholly appreciated the good work he did on this occasion. There is a doubt of it, because to a man of deep common sense the one right way of doing things is, in his thought, as clear and demonstrable to others as to himself. In great performances he alone is conscious of the shortcomings.

Following out the ideas which had inspired his past career the Cardinal carried to Rome the daring simplicity of the American abroad. His speech on taking possession of his titular Church in Rome aroused the deepest admiration of Father Hecker, who, in his time, for lack of understanding in the leaders, was the loneliest of clerics in this country. The Cardinal spoke simply on this occasion in the way Americans are accustomed to talk among themselves. In substance he said that the Church is not committed to any particular form of government; that she flourishes best in the atmosphere of liberty; in America she enjoyed that liberty to the utmost, owing to the beauty and simplicity of our form of government; the United States was not only a liberal but a strong nation; and in all the coming difficulties with which the nations were threatened there was not a doubt that she would deal with them as ably and successfully as the most absolute of monarchies. Father Hecker seemed to be at a loss to find words rich enough to praise this address. Here are some of his sentences: "The convictions he has expressed have doubtless animated his whole life as a Catholic and a citizen, and all his countrymen will rejoice that he has uttered them with so much emphasis and bravery, . . . in the centre of Christendom. . . . He is fitted by his thorough-going American spirit to interpret us to the peoples and powers of the Old World. . . . He has been able to express the American idea in such terms as not to be misunderstood, and this was not the triumph of diplomatic cunning, but rather that of sincerity and frankness, the true cunning of honest souls. . . . There is often more in the courage of saying the thing than in

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

the thing itself; there is both in Cardinal Gibbons' address. . . . It took courage to say what he did. It was needed to be said long ago, but others did not say it. . . . In such cases courage is genius. . . . It was fitting that the best expression of the good of civil freedom as a favorable human environment for the development of the religious character should be left to be made by an American cardinal in the centre of Christendom." The qualities indicated by the address, and Father Hecker's praise of it, are the very warp and woof of the Cardinal's

character. The significance of his speech was felt more by others than by himself, since he had been saying and acting the self-same ideas a lifetime. It was the first time, however, that they had been proclaimed by a member of the Sacred College from the throne of his Roman basilica to his cousins, the royalties of Europe; therein lay their full meaning and power. The concluding words of the address show the Carolina missionary through and through. After thanking the Pope for the honor conferred on him and the nation he said: —

"I presume also to thank him in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our faith, have shown that they are not insensible — indeed, that they are deeply sensible — of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their warm admiration for the enlightened statesmanship, apostolic virtues and benevolent character of the illustrious Pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter." These words in particular describe the idea which may be said to have dominated the life of James Gibbons. The art of reaching our brethren outside the fold he has practised to an extreme degree, and if it has been finally made a feature of Church policy in America, the credit can be equally divided, so far as I can judge, between the Cardinal on the one side and the remaining claimants on the other. It is not forgotten that in his great work he has not stood alone, and that in every struggle he has had the assistance and sympathy of accomplished and earnest men. His rank never seems to have diminished his courage, and if in these latter days of struggle and complexity he has moved more cautiously and spoken more rarely, the old spirit and the old fidelity to the new order remain.

In the last ten years events have crowded upon us. The founding of a university, the rise of race troubles, the change in educational theories, the arrival of Monsignor Satolli, the renewed activity of bigots, and many minor problems have presented themselves for solution. It has been a time for the leaders to talk little and act often. The Cardinal has followed this policy and seems to have gained by it. In some questions he has followed the middle course; in a few his sentiments have been promptly made known; in many he has been silent through fear of being misunderstood; but at no time have prelates or people been ignorant of his sympathies. He has developed into a diplomat. No man could hold his position at the present moment without diplomacy. In his public utterances we miss the frankness of earlier days, while unable to find fault with its absence. A Cardinal cannot talk as freely as a laborer, unless the subject be ditches.

He is approaching the winter of his years very gracefully. Though frail of body he has not the appearance of a man of sixty. He has preserved his simplicity of manners as well as of spirit. He has played his part with something akin to genius. Arriving at eminence just when America began to shine in the eyes of Europeans, he has not only attracted them by his rank, he has held them by his utterances and his actions. The national greatness grew no faster to their astonished eyes than his ability, and men connected his name with highest position in the Church. European critics admitted that the Church and the country gained much by the character and tact of the Cardinal.

RESIGNATION.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Dear God! I thank Thee that Thy hand of love,
With joy has made my life complete;
That I have tasted of the bliss above,
Where angel choirs make music sweet;
And, since Thy hand has given, let it take,
My cherished joy has gone from me,
Yet will I not one single murmur make,
My sorrow also comes from Thee.

And if my happiness was sent by Thee
To be a factor in my life,
No less this fearful anguish needs must be
To strengthen my weak soul for strife;
And though Thou knowest how I suffer, Lord,
Thou sayest to my soul, "Be still."
E'en so; in faith I lean upon Thy word,
My God! At any cost, Thy will!

OLD PAPAL PALACES.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

S we stand in the marble halls of the Vatican, in the midst of surroundings which art and generosity have made glorious, the mind is carried back to the days when the Church was in her infancy; when her first Pope, hunted from place to place, scarce found whereon to lay his head. His first homes were in the Catacombs, deep down under the earth, or in the houses of those wealthy Romans whom the grace of God called early to the faith. Such was the palace of St. Pudenziana, at the foot of the Viminal Hill, which was given as a residence to St. Peter by the patrician and senator Pudiens.

In this place, as also in the house now called St. Mary in Via Lata, the Papal Court had its first humble beginnings. How long the Popes retained these residences it would be difficult to say. Doubtless the ever-changing fortunes of the Church made the Catacombs a more permanent, as they were a safer, abode.

About the year 224, St. Calixtus I. built the Church of St. Mary, in Trastavere, now Cardinal Gibbons' titular Church, and made his hereditary mansion contiguous to the first public residence of a Pope. Thence to the time of Constantine, the Holy Father, deprived again of the right of public existence, was obliged to find shelter wherever he might. It was the extraordinary enthusiasm of Constantine which first put the stamp of imperial approval upon the Holy See, lodging it in quarters somewhat worthy of its high significance, and establishing for it a place in Rome that thousands of years have not been able altogether to destroy.

The Palace and Basilica of St. John Lateran stand at the south-eastern extremity of the city, and those of the Vatican at the north-western end. The present structures comprise, besides the vast, square edifice of the Palace, the noble Basilica, the cloisters and the Baptistery, all of which are connected, so as to form one vast pile. A little farther away to the northward stands the Chapel of the Holy of Holies with its precious relic of the Holy Stairs.

The whole establishment has had a history as remarkable as its remains are magnificent. Tradition tells us that in the days of Nero there arose upon the Cœlian Hill the sumptuous residence of one of Rome's most illustrious families, that of Plautius Lateranus. Saved from the fury of Claudius through the intervention of his uncle, Aulus, the unfortunate Plautius entered into a conspiracy against Nero. The crime was detected and he was condemned to death. The executioner, who was to strike the fatal blow, was himself secretly one of the conspirators, whom a mere word from his victim could, in a moment, condemn to a like punishment. Plautius, however, preserved his secret even under the fatal axe; the executioner performed his work, and

SANTA MARIA IN TRASTAVERE.

the noble victim was ushered into eternity. His great palace and gardens were then confiscated, and added to the imperial domains.

Who could have foreseen the consequences of such an act? Who could have thought that the crime of a tyrannical persecutor of the Christians would be the indirect cause and origin of the first great gift made by imperial Rome to the Church? Two centuries later the palace became the residence of Fausta, the unfortunate wife of Constantine, and it was this monarch who in the ardor of conquest and conversion established St. Sylvester in this place and built the contiguous basilica, which from its age and importance has earned the title of "the Mother and Head of Churches." First official residence of the Popes, it was also the last official residence of the Roman Emperors. If we can say that the Vatican is the crown of the majestic edifice of the Papacy, we may as truly affirm that the Lateran was its foundation and beginning.

There are some points in its history that might be enumerated; an adequate description would require volumes. You cannot, even to-day, view the massive pile of masonry, with its modern treasures, without being carried back to the important events of its history. Here and there you see vestiges of the long galleries where, in the days of Adrian I., the poor came daily to receive alms; there stood the basilica of Pope Zacchary wherein the popes and cardinals celebrated on Holy Thursday, the memorials of the Last Supper; there again, the oratory of St. Sylvester, built in the seventh century by Pope Theodore, with its two porphyry columns and its antique image of our Saviour; the chapel of the Holy of Holies, built by St. Gregory in the sixth century, wherein you may see, even to-day, that celebrated portrait of Christ which has received the veneration of ages. The Lateran also contained the Triclinium of Leo III., as also the great hall of the Council, with its three marble doors taken from the palace of Pontius Pilate, the Podium, constructed by Boniface VIII, with its admirable paintings of Giotto. The Public Library stood near by, established by Pope Hilary in the fifth century.

It was in this palace that, in the tenth century, Pope Gerbert, better known as Sylvester II., took up the idea of the Crusades which was ardently embraced and prosecuted by Gregory VII. In this palace and the adjoining basilica were held 33 councils, five of which were ecumenical, in the last of which was abolished the Pragmatic Sanction. Thus, from the fourth to the fourteenth century almost the whole

government of the Christian Church went forth from the halls of the Lateran, and it was only the unhappy events that drove the Papacy to Avignon that finally closed its existence as a permanent papal residence.

But nothing in this world is eternal. The grand old patriarchate, the ancient habitation of the Lateran family, the house of Fausta and then, for ten centuries the seat of papal residence and government, illustrious in ecclesiastical history for its councils and celebrated events, sanctified by noble relics, rich in works of old masters, in statuary and mosaics, was so weakened by conflagrations, crumbling in many parts of its walls, that neither art nor genius could save it from total ruin. It was abandoned to its fate in the beginning of the fourteenth century just as the Vatican was rising in its first glories and offering more suitable habitation for the Popes. It fell into greater abandonment during the period in which seven Popes resided at Avignon and on their return preferred the Vatican to its abandoned halls. The sight of its venerable ruins incited Sixtus V. to demolish the little that remained from the ferocity of the Barbarians, from the fires of the Normans, and from the consuming hand of Time. He then conceived the idea of reconstructing it and with such magnificence that it might in some manner be worthy of its old history. Thus, in 1585, he committed the construction of the new palace to Fontana, who left nothing of the old structure but the Holy of Holies, the Scala Sancta, and the Triclinium. Sixtus V., moreover, erected

CLOISTERS OF THE LATERAN PALACE.

the noble obelisk that adorns the square in front of the palace.

The Lateran retained for a time its new glory, but yielded ere long to the destroying effects of carelessness and abandonment. In the beginning of the present century it had almost entirely fallen into decay. It remained for Gregory XVI. to hasten to the rescue of the noble pile. No longer a fit residence for papal power, the great pontiff determined to insure its future by converting its vast halls and galleries into a museum of fine arts, and there, to-day, the tourist is lost in the intricate mazes of corridors and chambers loaded down with treasures of inestimable value. Its buildings comprise, at present, the palace, or Gregorian Museum, as it is now called, the great basilica, which has lately been restored by Leo XIII., the Baptistery of Constantine, and the building of the Holy of Holies with the Scala Sancta.

In the basilica many ceremonies, interesting alike to tourist and native, take place during the year. Here it is that Cardinal Parrochi, the Vicegerent of the Holy Father, performs on ember days, the numerous ordinations of Rome, a ceremony of which the cardinal is extremely jealous, and the performance of which he will entrust to no other hand than his own. The ceremonies of the Tenebræ on Holy Thursday afternoon, draw thither large crowds who invariably pronounce its Miserere even grander and more inspiring than the celebrated Allegri of the Sistine Chapel. It is a curious sight to behold, at the services of this basilica, the numerous crowds of Episcopalians, who, prayer-book in hand, follow the ceremonies as devoutly as the most fervent Catholic. The small chapel over the side altar contains, among other precious relics, the table upon which the apostles partook of the Last Supper.

Near the basilica is the Baptistery of Constantine, wherein, it is believed that great emperor received the saving waters of baptism. A curious historical event is connected with this little building. Rienzi, in his quality as tribune, unable to aspire to the royal diadem, and yet determined that his power should be consecrated by religious ceremony, made use of this place to give greater eclat to his importance. He had already proclaimed himself the Elect of the Holy Ghost — candidatus Spiritus Sancti — upon which title he clothed himself in a white mantle upon all solemn functions; but title and mantle were not sufficient to satisfy his desires. Son of a water-carrier, he wished to be created a royal knight by the voice of the people. The Lateran was chosen as the place for the ceremony, and, as the dubbing of knighthood was usually preceded by a bath, to purify the candidate from all stain, Rienzi had the hardihood to bathe himself in the baptismal font which had served for the baptism of Constantine. The next day solemn mass was celebrated in the basilica, and Rienzi, after having strapped on his spurs and sword, proclaimed his new power to the people. The halls of the Lateran were then converted into banquet halls and ball-rooms, and during the whole festivity of the day the great tribune caused wine and water to flow abundantly from the nostrils of the brazen horse of Marcus Aurelius on the Campidoglio. This was on Aug. 1, 1347. A few months later, the tribune, after wearying the people with his royal pretensions, was obliged to fly to Naples. He was finally put to death in 1354.

THE VATICAN PALACE WITH A PORTION OF ST. PETER'S.

Not the least interesting feature connected with this palace, is the Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs, a flight of 28 steps which, tradition says, belonged primarily to the palace of Pontius Pilate, and was that upon which our Saviour ascended and descended during his sacred Passion. It was brought from Jerusalem to Rome by the empress, St. Helena. One of its steps is broken, the effect, it is said, of the fall of Christ upon it; two others are said to bear traces of his Precious Blood. On Good Friday the faithful of every rank and condition assemble in the vestibule of this chapel and await their turn for ascending the Holy Stairs. This is to be performed strictly upon the knees, no one being permitted wilfully to put the sole of his foot upon the sacred relics. The stair itself is, of course, covered by exterior planks both for the sake of preservation and also out of reverence. It would require too much space even to mention all the parts of this illustrious palace. We go into it as one enters into a mighty forest charmed at the profusion of its attractions. The thoughts of the visitor weave themselves dreamily around the glory of its shrines, and call up pictures of pope and emperor in splendid apparel, of councils filled with long lines of sainted prelates, of cloisters wherein monks walked, in the days of monastic life, of ermine clothed canons chanting the divine office, and as he leaves its sacred precincts to go out into the modern world, the words of its sweetest singer ring in his ears : " Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus,"—" There is no holier place in the whole world."

If the Lateran calls up the old

traditions of the Church, its struggles and sufferings in the Catacombs, the austere supremacy of the Popes of the Middle Ages ; if the Vatican attests the spiritual power of the successors of St. Peter; if it sends forth over the world the brilliant rays of Catholic truth and life ; if it is the depository and garden of faith, of science and of art ; if, in a word, it recalls the victories of the soul over Paganism and materialism,— yet the Quirinal also is not without its distinct and marked role in the history of the Papacy. For it was in this palace that for a century the conclaves gathered to accomplish the supreme act of papal election ; from it went forth the solemn words announcing to the world the promotion of a new pontiff to the See of Peter. The palace of the Quirinal, now the residence of the king of Italy, is situated in that elevated part of Rome where, from the beginning, was concentrated all the force and grandeur of the Eternal City. First sojourn of the Sabines, who there established their fortress and kingdom, with their virile habits and austere virtues, the mount takes its name from the little town of Quirium, as its Sabine warriors also bore the names of Quirites. Here was the habitation of Sabinus, god of the Sabines ; here ruled their chieftains, Tatius and Marmurius, the god Mars, and Numa the king of the Romans ; here lived the great families of Sabine origin,— the Fabii, the Cornelii, the Scipios ; here, too, were established the sanctuaries of their divinities, Quirinus, Salus, Fidius.

The palace is of comparatively recent date ; Gregory XIII. was the first to conceive the idea of establishing there a pontifical residence upon the site of the ancient Baths of Constantine. The building was begun in 1574, and continued up

THE QUIRINAL.

to the present day to receive new improvements and additions, until it ranks to-day second only to the Vatican. Among its attractions are its apartments, galleries, and paintings. The Royal Hall is a vast chamber paved with rich marbles; it was the hall of honor of pontifical royalty. You pass thence into the Pauline Chapel, so called from Paul V. It was the chapel of the papacy at the Quirinal as the Sistine now is at the Vatican. Near by are the three halls of the Consistory, of Audiences, and of Congregations. Benedict XIV. placed in these galleries the porcelain vases from China, testimonials of the conquests of French missionaries over the half civilization of the East. In the Hall of Receptions, as in many of the private apartments of the palace, you would pause to admire the rich Gobelin tapestries. The most celebrated are those which hang from the walls of the Consistorial Hall, representing the marriage of Louis XIV. and which were presented to the Holy Father by the same monarch. The rest were taken from the Tuileries whence Napoleon sent them as an offering to Pius VII.

PAPAL PALACE AT AVIGNON, FRANCE.

The walls contain many celebrated paintings. Jean François de Boulongue, Jean Miele, and Chiari have placed scriptural subjects on some of the upper walls. Among the most remarkable paintings, we should enumerate a "Saul and David," by Guerchen, the "St. Jerome," of Espagnolet, an "Ecce Homo," of Dominichino, a "Madonna," of Guido. Guido Reni is seen in a little chapel; the "Annunciation" of this same chapel is justly considered the gem of the Quirinal. We can only conjecture what the glory of this queenly

palace must have been in the days of the papacy; to-day it stands alone in the midst of Christian monuments, the banner of desecration waving proudly over its doors, the guardians of usurpation treading proudly over its balconies, even over that one beneath which were held the solemn scenes of the conclave. It was in this palace that Pius VII. was arrested by order of the great dictator. Around it the mobs of 1848 howled their insults upon the saintly Pius IX.; at one of its windows fell Mgr. Palma, stricken by a ball from the street, and it was from this same palace, that, in that same year, the pontiff escaped to take refuge at Gaeta. The Pope returned again to the Quirinal, but his stay therein was brief indeed; the year 1870 marked the end of its old ecclesiastical glory. The invaders looked upon its splendors as but fitting for the surroundings of Victor Emmanuel; they placed the usurper upon the throne in its Royal Hall; they accepted the interdict placed upon its walls, and although statues of Christ and his Virgin Mother adorn its great door-ways, their guardianship seems rather a warning to the faithful lest they sully their good name by stepping across thresholds that lead into what has now become the house of interdict, where the abomination of desolation is seen sitting in the holy place.

There are other palaces of the papacy scattered here and there in Rome and France, having, however, but a temporary importance. At Avignon, in Provence, there is still to be seen the gigantic palace of the Popes. It was begun in 1339, by John XXII. in the very midst of the troublous epoch of the Western Schism. The celebrated pile, half palace and half fortress, stands on the rock of the Doms, and with its huge, heavy, square towers, its naked, yellowish, colossal walls, five yards in thickness, and broken irregularly by a few pointed windows, is one of the most imposing creations of mediæval architecture. In its strange combination of castle and cloister, prison and palace, this temporary residence of the Popes reflects both the deterioration and fate of the papacy in France. Other palaces of the Popes were those of St. Mark's, at Rome, now known as the palace of the Venezia, the headquarters of the Austrian Legation to Rome. A small but exquisitely cosey palace on the banks of Lake Albano at Castel Gandolpho, served until recently as a country villa for the Holy Father. But all of these palaces have grown old. Built for the Popes, the reason for their existence ceased as soon as the papal power ceased to govern them. Nevertheless they exist yet, some as imposing monuments of the grandest efforts of the Papacy, seeming to defy time and rust, yet insensibly crumbling away in abandonment; all of them wreathed around with the glory of the days of old when the Holy Father ruled over a Church that comprised the whole Christian world.

THE LATE TSAR AND HIS EMPIRE.

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

DECADES have elapsed since Tutchev declared that Russia was to be known, not by reason, but by faith; was not to be comprehended, but to be believed; and for decades since then, with here and there a rare exception, the old world has gone on following the dictum of the Slav poet, until ignorance regarding Russian things has come to be, not only extensive, but even fashionable. It is only now, and largely in the new world, that we are beginning to understand several things about the Russians — not only, for example, that they are human beings, like ourselves, but also that, in spite of extreme youth, and adverse conditions to which none of the western nations have been subjected, they have attained to an advanced stage of culture and produced a high type of individual genius; and that, though still under a despotic government, they form a tolerably compact, if complex, people whose economic and political need of taxation with representation must some day, in the not remote future, have fullest satisfaction.

But in another way we still lack knowledge of Russia. We do not quite appreciate the relation in which she stands to the rest of the world. Even in this, the most cosmopolitan republic ever founded, the Slav problem still seems of remote and dubious value. True, it was the diplomats in the time of Catherine who really discovered Russia for Americans, and since then — to say nothing of the Alaska purchase — there has grown up, out of international courtesies, what has been called in court language the "historic friendship" between the two countries; and yet for 15 years or more, unaided and unhindered by diplomacy, Russia has been affecting us in ways the most vital and profound. It is not merely that her literature has come like a fresh, new force into our life, or that her art, her music, even her science, have appealed to us with a power that has robbed Pushkin's sneer about the "modern Scythian" of all its point. Russia touches us economically. She hatches, not plots against the common weal of nations, but great famines whose deficiencies we are called upon to help to make up; and though she does not brandish the weapon of free trade over our "infant industries," she complicates our labor question by sending to these shores shiploads of unoffending people whom her government has expatriated.

Just now the political interest in Russia is uppermost, and it may be worth while for Americans to cast a glance over the salient events of the reign of Alexandria III. It will be admitted, I think, at the outset, that the late Tsar, while not intellectually brilliant, did his best to avoid going to war, and to this extent helped to keep the peace of Europe. It is also true that, in a rude, spasmodic, though utterly inadequate, way, he put forth efforts to reform some of the abuses of his administration; but when history comes to deal with his policy as a whole, it will not award him high rank, either as a statesman or as a humanitarian. If he did not resort to arms in the Balkans, the diplomacies which he engineered in Bulgaria were not of a high order in point of honorableness, while the kidnapping of Loutsky in the neutral territory of European Turkey was an outrage worthy of international protest; and if it was not at all to be expected that he should allow the assassins of his father to go unpunished, it is none the less fair to ask why he condoned the theft of 1,358,148 acres of the national land by Count Lieven and his co-conspirators. Internally, the

late reign was, from the beginning, a reactionary one: before its close it had not only introduced some of the worst features of the iron rule of Nicholas, but, in some directions, had gone beyond anything Nicholas ever dreamt of in the way of persecution. That in a certain way it had the welfare of Russia at heart there is little reason to doubt, and yet its energies were mainly expended in strengthening the autocratic regime. This it sought to accomplish — first, by promoting, as means to the administrative unification of Russia, the denationalization of all non-Slav populations; second, by suppressing all manifestations of dissent from the Orthodox faith; and, third, by the discouraging of liberal tendencies in the press, in the schools, in society, and the punishing of such tendencies with the knout, the prison, and the mines.

In the carrying out of these ends, the late Tsar proved himself an adept pupil of the gloomy, fanatical, and inhuman procurer of the Holy Synod, Pobyedonostsev. Scarcely had the festivities of the coronation ended before the effort to root out every vestige of individual, racial, and institutional independence began. The Russian language was forcibly imposed upon the natives of Little Russia, the residents of Poland, and the Germans of the East Sea Provinces. In many of the courts of the empire the native languages were displaced by Great Russian, to the loss and hardship of helpless litigants. But the most notorious feature of the reign was the religious persecutions that disgraced it. The officials of the Tsar literally ran amuck among the Catholics of Poland, the Lutherans of the Baltic Provinces, and the Protestants of Finland. Catholic clergy were forbidden to repair their churches in order that an excuse might be had for closing them. In Poland people were whipped — women for endeavoring to migrate, and priests for holding open-air services. The atrocities perpetrated on the Stundists, an evangelical type of religionists, sent a shudder through Christendom; and yet the crusade against the Stundists was only part of the general movement against over 10,000,000 dissenters, who, in various territories of the empire, are now deprived by law of the right to worship in their own way. The Jews suffered most terribly of all, 30,000 of them being expelled from Moscow alone, under circumstances of almost incredible brutality; and yet when a remonstrance reached the Tsar from one of his own officials, the imperial hand, after writing that he had been deeply impressed and touched by what he had read, added: "But we must never forget that it was the Jews who crucified our Lord and spilled His precious blood." That the spirit which enforced the May laws against the Jews survived up to the very end of the reign, was sufficiently shown by the recent massacre of Catholics at Krozhe.

Another feature of the late administration was the suppression of local autonomies, the wiping out of the liberal characteristics of existing institutions. Nor were the Poles and Little Russians the only sufferers. The races of the Caucasus have had their local privileges restricted, and Armenian rights have been materially curtailed. The separate police system of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, is now replaced by a Russian system of administration. The Calmucks of the southeast have lost the last traces of their former autonomy. Most important of all, the late government succeeded in bringing about the complete destruction of the legislative and executive independence of the Grand Duchy of Finland. Purely Russian institutions have also been modified in the interest of the autocracy. The zemstvos (provincial assemblies) have been shorn of their privileges, and the once autonomous commune is autonomous no longer. Meanwhile, the burdens of the peasant have grown more and more irksome, while the artisan of the cities, already handicapped by long hours, must eke out his existence under a system that makes the organization of workmen for self-protection a crime.

In legislative matters the course of the late government was distinctly retrograde. In his zeal to stamp out disaffection, Alexander III. re-introduced the knout, discontinued in a previous reign, and practically abolished trial by jury. In 1888 he sanctioned an order, signed by Galkin Vrasskoi, head of the Central Prison Department, declaring that henceforth "no difference shall be admitted in favor of political prisoners in respect of punishment," and that "flogging with the rod and with the whip shall be admitted." This annihilated the distinction, up to then maintained between political offenders and ordinary criminals, since it gave to the executive officer of prisons the right to flog "politicals" in his charge; and it was under this order, sanctioned by the Tsar, that Madame Sigida received the brutal beating that ended in her death. Another reactionary feature of prison administration, for which the government of Alexander III. was responsible, is the introduction of imprisonment by administrative order. Previous to 1886 the administrative exile of political suspects to various places of residence in the provinces and to Siberia was common enough; but in that year was begun the practice of committing these suspects to gaol, and holding them there without trial as "a preventive measure," at the will and caprice of the executive. A new prison in St. Petersburg, known as "The Cross," has been designated to meet the case of this kind of offenders — that is, of people who have not committed any crime, but are simply suspected of being about to become "politically untrustworthy."

In the realm of education the policy of the late government was no less reactionary. The parish schools have been brought under ecclesiastical administration, while learning among the peasantry has been overtly, as well as secretly, discouraged. In 1884, the universities were reorganized under a system of rigid military discipline, irksome alike to students and teachers. The press suffered heavily all through the reign. High-class organs, of liberal tendencies, like the Golos, the Annals of the Fatherland, the Zemstvo, and the Dielo, were either suppressed outright, or ruined by successive prohibitions and suspensions; scores of other journals were more or less crippled by the stoppage of their street sales, the prohibition of their advertisements, or the suspension of their issues for longer or shorter periods. Many books of scientific character and liberal tendency were made literary contraband, and the same sapiency that condemned Lyell, Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Lubbock, and Bagehot, impartially ruled out the rhymed writings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Among the inanities of the censorship was the prohibition of the word "intelligentsia,"— intelligent classes— and of the epithet "great," as applied to the French Revolution of 1793; among its imbecilities was the burning of a translation of the first volume of Professor Lester F. Ward's "Social Dynamics," in the belief that "dynamics" had something to do with dynamite.

Extreme reaction has thus been the prevailing tendency of the government of Alexander III., and the question now comes, What does it mean? Does it signify that a policy begun in the hour of terror is the policy which is to lead Russia through the wilderness into the promised land? Manifestly not. There is no thoughtful student of Russian development who does not recognize that, whatever may have been the past of Russia, the forces at work within and without the nation are drawing her more and more to Europe. She is to become, not more Asiatic, but more European. In this view, it is difficult to regard the tendency of the last reign as otherwise than as a mistake; first, because whatever its motive, it was really an attempt to arrest Russian development, and next, because the results due to the reaction cannot be maintained. It meant, not only more despotism, but more militarism; its ultimate significance

was not peace, but war. It may be difficult for any one who regards a federative grouping of the different races of the Russian empire as the final solution of the Slav problem, to say how much or how little of the work of administrative centralization accomplished by Alexander III. will be left intact during the present reign; but that the reactionary policy of that monarch will have to be undone by his successor seems beyond doubt, and those who believe in using an autocracy as long as they cannot abolish it, may fairly look to Nicholas II. to help Russia some considerable steps along the road towards constitutional freedom. The conditions, quite apart from the rather favorable personal element, are unquestionably propitious. Even Alexander II. regarded Russia as ripe for a modified form of representative institutions, and, since his time, the nation has advanced by leaps and bounds in its demand for reforms. What is more, the period of violent radicalism is gone, let us hope, forever. The time of the dagger and the dynamite bomb is felt, even by revolutionists themselves, to be over. The new generation of reformers, adopting peaceful methods, are seeking to set up — so far as this is possible in a country like Russia — a legal as distinguished from the illegal propaganda of former periods. From being acute, the reform movement has become chronic; from being confined to comparatively a few, it is enlisting the sympathies of the educated classes all over the empire. The reactionary policy has thus lost its raison d'être. There may be a little preliminary hesitation on the part of the new ruler; but the strain of the conditions created by Alexander III. cannot be maintained. The question whether the new emperor, like his father, will be a man of strong, domestic virtues is thus dominated by the question whether he will be virtuous in his public character; and the question, whether he will favor a warlike or a pacific policy abroad is of far less importance, in the long run, than the question whether his policy at home will relax or increase the despotism of a government which, so long as it is established over a people without representative institutions, must remain a menace to the peace of Europe and an obstacle in the path of human advance.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

BY WILL IRVING FINCH.

"LIFE is dreary, life is long!"
Sang the minstrel, and his song
Ringing through the hearts of men,
Lingered there in echo. Then —

"Life is happy, life is brief,
Life's a treasure, Death's a thief!"
Sang another, and his strain
Echoed in men's hearts again.

SYLVESTER NIGHT.

BY ALLAN GRAY.

SYLVESTER night. Millions of cheerful, light-hearted mortals lift their well-filled, steaming glasses, and bring them together in a musical clink, which rings adieu to the old, as it welcomes in the new, year; and the souls of men to-night sound in living harmony, spreading a glad chord of joyful music abroad o'er all the earth. For to-night, the eye of mankind turns no glance backward to the past, but seeks the future, and the future spreads out broad and boundless, as though each new year must bring forth a new ring, to set to the stem of man's life.

One lonely wanderer strays through the streets, over the fields, and through the woods, till at last he comes to the place where legends and fairy-tales grow; and what happened to him there, you shall hear, faithfully and truly, as it really fell out, for "mankind should be true," said the Baron of Münchausen, as often as he told a lie.

The wanderer stood on a mountain plateau; endless and boundlessly large. He saw not where it ceased, and he thought all the people in the world might very easily take a walk there without bumping into each other; but the plateau was deserted, and such a stillness reigned over it, that the wanderer could hear, quite plainly, the beats of his own heart. A silent, solemn night! Only the stars above twinkled and shone as clear and bright, as though they had just been produced, fresh and sparkling from God's great work-shop. Not as though they had served already, for such a long, long time, — so long, indeed, I don't think I could possibly put it in figures.

The wanderer was quite awake, and yet he dreamt. But whether his dream told him of his youth or disappointed hopes; of glowing love, of unspeakable sorrow, — I dare not say. For he who writes stories, must know something, too, about keeping silent.

In a moment the great plain became animated.

The bells toll twelve.

And there, as if he had sprung from the earth, stood a child in the middle of the plain. It was a beautiful, laughing little child, all covered with a rosy bloom, and little dimples were nestling in his cheeks and chin. His eyes were filled with bright, sunny life, and his hair was black as night; and he shone with a brightness that almost dazzled one.

"How thou shinest!" cried the wanderer.

"It is the light of hope," answered the child. "For the rest," continued he, bowing very politely, as though he were really in full dress, while, truth to tell, he had neither jacket nor trousers, not even the least little bit of a shirt, "for the rest, I have not yet been introduced to you; but that could hardly have happened so soon, because, you see, I'm only just this minute born. Please excuse me!"

"Who art thou?"

"Nay, that may be guessed without much thinking. I am the year 1895;" and with a wonderful self-consciousness, the youngster (it was a boy, by the way, as one might tell, in spite of the lack of jacket and trousers) continued: "Yes, I am the year 1895, the best of all years, the real true year of prosperity. I shall excel all my predecessors, and bring the fulfilment of all hopes, prayers, and expectations. I will bring happiness for all sorrow, and content to every heart. I invite your confidence, ladies and gentlemen, for you shall meet with no disappointment in me. If any of my ancestors have not kept their promises, be sure that I shall redeem and compensate for all."

So spoke the child, in spite of the fact that he stood there alone on the height, so far from the homes of men; but they must have heard him, for the moon has told me in confidence, that on Sylvester night, as the clocks strike 12, everybody feels quite sure that the new year will make good everything that the old by-gone years have failed in.

The words above, coming from childish lips, were understood, therefore, in every place where man, with his hopes and fears, has made a dwelling.

Still further, the child speaks: "I bring all happiness, I bring peace. Other years have been but promises. I am the fulfilment. What will you, what wish you for yourself? Laurels, love, wealth, or pleasure? Every desire shall now be granted. The horn of prosperity, overflowing with priceless gifts, will I outpour over all."

And after the child had spoken, he began to sing; his voice was tender and vibrating, and the song seemed like a lullaby — to soothe, to rest the souls of men. Softly persuasive it sounded.

"Ah, sing on!" begged the wanderer, as the child paused.

But at that moment a strange sound arose. The plain became fairly alive; teeming with hundreds and hundreds of little forms, each exactly as large, and exactly as old as the other, while they all looked disappointingly alike.

The wanderer began to count them; 100, 200, 300, till he reached 1800 — then to 90, and still four more which brought him to the end. There on the plain were 1894 little childish forms moving restlessly around.

They chattered, whispered, teased, and bantered each other, and then all in a moment, each took up his position and stood perfectly still. One of the little forms stepped forward, turned towards the new-born 1895, and began to speak:—

"I am thy immediate predecessor, and for that reason I take to myself the right of giving thee a few words of advice and instruction. Make mankind happy!

"Thou hast no time to lose, for as soon as thy 12 months are passed, must thou be gathered to us, thy forefathers. Regrets will then be too late, for no mistakes may be corrected, no new resolves undertaken.

"Look to it, then, for on next Sylvester night we meet again."

"May thou, then, feel no shame; wish nothing erased in the book of thy credit.

"Without the least vanity, and entirely free from self conceit, I call to thee and say: 'be thou no worse than I was.' Yes! take me for an example; for I may well say I was an exemplary year."

A soft, ironical little laugh might have been heard behind him.

Little 1894 continued: "I brought

nothing but happiness and blessings to humanity. None suffered wrong through me. To all mankind, to every people, and each individual, I continued to bring happy hours and pleasant days. Always and ever delight; no suffering, no bitter experience."

By this time it was no more a suppressed laugh, but a howling, yelling gale of scornful laughter, as though a united chorus of little devils had broken loose.

And the 1894 children clenched their fists, gnashed their teeth, stamped with their little feet, and, as soon as they could control their laughter, they burst forth into indignant cries of resentment.

"Silence!" shouted one of the little ones. "Silence! if all speak at once, how can we understand each other? Have some order about you, and speak one after the other."

"An audacious, impertinent fellow, this year 1895," cried one of the children; "why! he's hardly full-fledged yet.

"Just be so kind, gentlemen, as to look at me for a moment! I am the year 323; in my time, Christianity was decreed the state religion of the Roman empire. Now, I ask you, is there anything more glorious than I?"

"Oho! Oho!" roared and shouted the rest of the years, and then a confused babel of voices, filled the air, so that it was only with great trouble, that one could distinguish here and there what they wished to say.

"I am the year 425. I founded Venice."

"I am 496. Under my regime, the Franks recognized the Catholic faith."

"Unbelievers, down with you!" shouted one of the children, whose head was adorned with an eastern turban. "Before me must all fade. I bear the name 622; with me began the era of Islam. Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

"Flay him alive! A plague upon him!" so it sounded in a noisy medley; till again several voices rose distinct above the clamor.

"I am 755, and to me the pontifical state owes its birth."

"And I bear the device 800 on my shield, and have to tell of the coronation of Charlemagne, as Roman emperor."

"And I, 1059, created the College of Cardinals."

"Shut up, everybody! I was the first crusade. My name is 1096."

"I conquered and took Jerusalem," cried 1099.

Again a wild chorus of chattering broke loose, out of which the wanderer could just distinguish several dates. Each year, as he announced himself, wished to show how very, very much, his lifetime had excelled all predecessors and followers.

Year 1147 prided himself on the second crusade; 1190, on the third. While amid the self-praise of these worthy youngsters, might be heard the voices of the respective years, in which gunpowder, printing, the steam-engine, and steam-boat were invented. And several other crusade years, magnified impressively their own superior merits.

"But I discovered the Carlsbad Springs, and the healing of the sick is worth all the crusades put together;" cried several voices at once.

"But I," replied 1729, "brought Gotthold Ephraim Lessing into the world."

"I allowed Columbus to discover America," cried 1492, at the same time striking himself lustily on the chest.

"My date bears witness to the 'undeniable rights of man,'" vaunted forth 1792.

"But mine shows the birth of Joseph II," cried the clear voice of 1741.

"And mine," said the voice of 1870, "proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope."

No year could possibly allow the superiority of another. The excitement became quite prodigious, until at last the several years, not content to simply spread the loud rumor of their own particular deeds, began to amuse themselves by an exchange of jeers and sarcasms, not always unaccompanied by blows.

As the years 1870 and 1871 stepped forward, hand in hand, praising themselves as having fulfilled the ideal of many generations, they were taunted and jeered by several hundred others; and one old year, with wrinkles in his little face, hummed ironically to himself: "Freedom's home is on the mountains."

No year would allow to the other the smallest grain of good; each swung to himself the censer of praise. At last, a year bearing a cross in the right hand, stepped forward and said: "I am the year One," which effected a calm and solemn stillness.

"I am the year One; the ancestor of you all. You should not wrangle the one with the other. Each of you has his merits, each also has his failings. But bethink you; in unity is strength. One alone is weak. We together, we 1894, form a grand whole. We support the world, and upon our shoulders rests the weight of civilization. Our reign will never end, and before us was naught but night and gloom."

"Oho! Oho! Lies! Falsehood! Take it back!" and a new stock of little folks crowded into the assembly. The wanderer counted 2,500 of them. They all shouted together and made such a fearful noise, that it was impossible for an honest Christian year to understand what his own talk was about.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that the wanderer could catch a few of the words as they flew about. "Noah's ark — the art of writing from the alphabet in Greece — founding of Rome — Solon — — Lycurgus — Buddha — Anacreon — Confucius — Socrates — Punic War — Julius Cæsar."

These and a thousand other cries went whirling confusedly about, until finally the assembled centuries actually came to blows in a regular scuffle. None would give ground nor would any accept defeat, not even the year "One," who went about cracking his adversaries over the head with his little cross till he actually drew blood.

But the scene changes. The plateau is filled with fresh comers. The wanderer tries to count. But it was no use; he could never reach the end; he counts to a million, and then gives it up. One could never count the number that was here represented.

There were years with bronze, others with iron, and still others with stone implements in their hands. Years whose features were strange and singular, more nearly resembling animals then men. The wanderer felt the presence of so many beings like a nightmare; his breath came hard, he gasped for air.

"Enough! enough!" he cried and tried to break away; but he

was held by a charm. While every moment the suffocating, ghost-like, spectral multitude throngs and crowds around.

Suddenly all was still.

The wanderer rubs his astonished eyes. The pride-puffed 1894 had disappeared. The prouder 2,500 had become invisible; driven and crowded from sight by millions and millions. What had become of them?

Vanished, passed as in a dream, crumbled away to nothing.

Alone on the plain stands 1895, a new-born, laughing child, and throws a friendly glance on the wanderer.

Sylvester night. The bells have just ceased to strike.

A Hymn of Thanks.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

SPANISH DAYS.

BY JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

CHAPTER I.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

I WAS dozing away calmly in the soft heat of a southern valley, my eyes opening ever and anon and roaming off to the blue tops of the Pyrenees beyond. I was alive — it was merely an attack of suspended animation; in the case of fire, or other serious emergency, my dormant vitality would doubtless have asserted itself. Suddenly, the sound of a song permeated my languor like a dream, and a moment later the postman, perennially as chipper as a bird in berrying-time, came in through Hippolyte's open threshold. He was chirping a sprightly ballad:—

"O, tout est bien, tout est bien dans ce monde!
Moi, je ne blamerais rien,
Hormis celui qui me gronde:
O, dans ce monde, tout est bien!"

While singing, he handed Hippolyte the morning Nouvelliste from Bordeaux, bowing, as he did so, with the grace of a natural courtier.

"Where is Rosalie?" he demanded, pausing in the melody.

"I think she is up stairs," her father replied.

The postman walked to a window at the rear, and looked up toward a latticed alcove a stone's toss above.

"Polichinelle!" he sang out in his purest tenor.

"Monsieur La Pipe!" came ringing back from up stairs; and a joyous little brunette peered out through the shutters. The postman's countenance darkened with a look of mock ferocity, and clenching his muscular hand, he shook a threatening fist toward the maiden face in the casement. There was no terror for her in the gesture, however, as she saw that in the clenched hand

he held a letter, and she understood it at once. It must be from Tiste, her faithful conscript, who was off in the caserne, winding up his last year of military service in the artillery of Rambouillet. A smile lit her countenance as she shot away from the hanging laces ; and she came bounding down the stairs into the apartment where we stood.

" Allez donc ! " she cried, with a look of disappointment, as she glanced at the missive the postman handed her. Then, with a grimace of indignation : " Farceur ! pourquoi me tromper comme ça ? " Here she turned towards me, and with girlish gracefulness handed me the letter. " C'est pour vous, Monsieur," she said.

The carrier threw back his head and laughed tantalizingly.

" If scolding is any sign of true womanhood," he remarked, " your daughter, Hippolyte, has in her the makings of a queen." She pouted coquettishly and turned away to the staircase.

" Wait ! " he called again ; but she did not heed him. " Rosalie, I'm serious — look here ! " True enough, there was a genuine missive for her after all. A ripple of gladness softened her countenance, and, generously forgiving her tormentor, she murmured her thanks, and went up stairs with a merry heart.

My letter was from Charlie — of course.

" Old boy " it began, — I have told Charlie 80 different times never to call me by any such name. But you might just as well talk to a Pyrenean rock as to Charlie. But here is his letter exactly in his own words :—

Old Boy : — I've found you out at last, and we are not so very far apart, are we? Am I chasing you, or is it a case of vice versa? At any rate, you will catch me next Sunday afternoon. There is to be a big bull fight at San Sebastian on that day. It's only a step for you to come down, so be there. I'll meet you at the Arrese. Be on hand sure, or you'll spoil my fun. Remember now; without fail. CHARLIE.

P. S. You will not be expected to enter the ring, but merely sit as a spectator.

By Jove ! this was effrontery. The cool, northwestern nerve of Charlie, ordering me around like a nobleman's lackey ! " Only a step ! " In reality, it was a winding railway-jog of a hundred and some odd miles. No sooner were you out of one tunnel than you were whirled into another. But I was foolish enough, as I generally am, to risk my anatomy to the wearisome torture of the underground journey, and, accordingly, I rolled into San Sebastian late on Saturday. The city was tremendously crowded. Visitors loitered along the avenues, and thronged the lounging parlors of the brilliant hotels. The best I could do, was to accept a corridor " shakedown " in the Arrese, for eight francs. Charlie, I found next day, was installed in an elegant room on the Plaza, and was paying only a daily pittance of five pesetas.

I was up promptly in the morning, and, on looking out, descried the beach already peopled with bathers. Commend the Spanish for a Sunday morning dip ! They were there in hundreds, plunging in the delicious surf ; while in the neighboring river, the foamy Urumea, a troop of horse and their riders were battling with the exhilarating currents.

Spain is a newly discovered country to every stranger who crosses its sunny borders. I was prepared to see great sights, but I was hardly prepared to behold the miraculous. My destiny upon this morning, however, made me eye-witness to an unquestioned miracle — for when I

went over to Charlie's quarters, expecting, of course, to pull him out of bed, I found him already up and dressed. It was no later than seven o'clock. To really understand the overpowering awe with which this extraordinary fact impressed me, you would have to be at least slightly acquainted with Charlie.

San Sebastian is a beautiful city, shapely, new, and neat. It is quite as advanced in every essential respect as our own Newport, and its fame as a summer rendezvous for the nobility of Spain is classic. High up on a beautiful terrace surmounting the bay is the princely villa of the royal family whither the Alfonzos of the past were glad to flee from the heat of the Spanish capital, and, where even now the Regent Christina is fond of sojourning regularly every year.

Charlie could tell you a great deal more about these balconies than I; for it often happened that, helping himself generously to my cigars, he would push out a luxurious arm-chair and, lolling in mid-air, in an attitude of baronial laziness, take supreme comfort in both. Señoritas, fair as the sultan's bride, hover long and often in these balconies. You would see them in the early morning, sitting tailor fashion on the floor, arranging the details of their toilet. Mirrors, brushes, and cosmetics were everywhere in evidence. In the later hours of the day, they would hang picturesquely over the railing, and peer down coquettishly at passers-by from behind the fluffy palisade of arching fans.

The town is built along an isthmus, a level neck which terminates

La Concha, San Sebastian.

The city is laid out mostly in squares. The houses are tall and commodious; stanch iron balconies hang out at every window, subserving for beauty as well as for use. in a broad, circular headland. The neck is washed on its two sides by the sea; and the headland is crowned with a towering mountainous rock, upon the top of which a historic

fortress has stood on guard for ages. When Wellington's men took the citadel during the Peninsular war, the atrocities to which the city was subjected reached the very darkest of infamy. No historian has ever attempted to palliate it.

We went into a café and had an exquisite cup of chocolate, prepared in a manner that made it as yellow as a quarantine flag. I had already been familiar with many varieties of the beverage; the oily chocolate of Zealand, the milky chocolate of Paris, the watery (!) chocolate of Boston. Now I tasted, for the first time, the egg-rich decoction of the Spanish. It proved a princely drink; the Hollander's chocolate, the Parisian's, and the New Englander's, are commonplace in comparison.

"Come," said Charlie, picking up his cane, "light your cigar, and I'll take you over to the beach. I want to show you the Queen's villa."

"You do, eh! What about church?"

"Oh, that's so! It's Sunday, isn't it? Well, we shall go to Mass, and after that we can walk over to the Queen's place. I saw her majesty driving out yesterday."

When we reached the Romanesque porch of the Church of the Santa Maria, civilians were streaming out. The fine church was fairly empty when the clank of boot heels again resounded on its pavement. A troop of soldiers marched in and filled the interior to the very altar step. They remained standing all through to the last Deo Gratias; and some of them served as the priest's attendants. There was no organ, no gong, no bell. A line of buglers was drawn up upon the altar's platform, and the clarion signal from their trumpets announced each varying portion of the missal service. It was a moment, indeed, thrillingly impressive, when at the elevation, the long, ringing blasts broke out, thrill after thrill. I never shall forget it.

After Mass we started down a curving avenue to the bay shore, and on our route we met many evidences of the pleasure which was to signalize the day. A band of musicians passed us playing as they went; and Venetian banners dangled gayly from poles, all along the way. At the shore itself, La Concha, as it is called, the repose was ravishing. San Sebastian has fine sand; and bathers in hundreds were out enjoying the luxury of the sea and the breeze. Numerous bathing-machines, in the style of gypsy-wagons waited at the edge of the beach. It was into these that the bathers entered to disrobe: the bathing-machine was then drawn by oxen down to the water's brink. There is a decency about continental bathing which Uncle Sam has not yet tried to imitate. A rope divided the beach into two equal portions, one of which was allotted to the bathing multitude, while the other was reserved for the Queen.

"That's royalty for you!" I exclaimed.

"Nonsense!" said Charlie. "It's nothing of the kind. The Queen takes half, the people take the other half. If that isn't equality I'll ask you what is? and if equality is anything else than democracy I'd like to have you prove it."

Ignoring Charlie's logic we were soon lost among a thousand idlers on the plage. Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd, and after a lapse it dawned upon us that the Queen Regent herself had come down from

PLAZA DE TOROS, SAN SEBASTIAN.

her palatial villa, and was about to take the young King Alfonzo XIII. and his sister, Mercedes, out for a plunge. They were preceded by a small platoon of military. The canopy-top carriage was a very ordinary one, the worse for wear. Here in the United States of America, as I told Charlie, one can hire a more elegant turnout from a rural liveryman for $1.75. It was drawn by four spirited mules, dead black, and beautifully groomed. They were beauties. Charlie told me that it was traditional for the royal family of Spain to drive out with such an equipage. He said the mules were all blooded stock from Andalusia.

The Queen, a robust woman, left her equipage at once, and with the sacred youngster entered her own bathing pavilion. A little railway had been constructed upon the sands and a tiny locomotive, saucily puffing, drew the royal party down to the edge of the breakers. Some moments later the door opened, and the Queen, wrapped in the folds of a long, blue cloak, waded with firm step into the sea. At elbow depth she halted, then handed her blue cloak to an attendant. Another attendant followed with the young King. For some eight or 10 minutes the queen dabbled the youngster in the water, playfully, yet with a tenderness which was very touching. It revealed the mother rather than the queen.

When she had ducked the little fellow to her heart's content, he was given over to an individual of her suite, and the Queen plunged in for herself. She is a splendid swimmer; and the multitude of her subjects who saw her bold, tireless figure careening in the waves were proud of her. A patrol-yacht, manned by marines, steamed neighborly near, in readiness to guard against casualty.

At this juncture, by felicitous chance, we fell in with our valuable friend, the runner for Charlie's hotel. He came down expressly to find us, and he handed us our tickets for the afternoon's bull-fight.

Continued next month.

"A little Irish Cailin in an ould plaid shawl."

By permission of Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey, Philadelphia.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm,
And O her face! and O her grace! the soul of saint would charm.
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her — "God save you, miss," says I,
"God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by,
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
"The grace of God about you, and your ould plaid shawl."

I've heard of highway robbers that with pistols and with knives
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives;
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
To a simple little cailin, in an ould plaid shawl!

O graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair;
But never cloak, or hood, or robe in palace, bower, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty, as that ould plaid shawl.

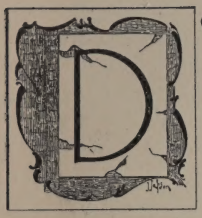
O some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on History's pages hope to win a glorious name;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small,
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through Clare,
I'll search for tales, or tidings of my traveller everywhere;
For peace of mind I'll never find, until my own I call,
That little Irish cailin, in an ould plaid shawl.

MALEDICTIONS.

A CELTIC CHAIR AT WASHINGTON.

BY EDWARD GERARD.



OUBTLESS no movement among Irishmen and their descendants on American soil, looking to the honor of the hallowed land and history of their forefathers, is more worthy of the commendation and support of representatives of the Irish race the world over than the present purpose of the American branches of the Ancient Order of Hiberians to endow a chair at the Catholic University at Washington for the teaching of the Irish language and literature. The desire for the preservation and study of the noble tongue of Desmond and Geraldine, of McCarthy and O'Neill, which during a good many years past has been agitated in the press and among Celtic bodies, and has found practical expression in privately organized classes in several of the great cities of the United States and Canada, is, through the disinterested loyalty of this society, about to reach permanent fruition in the leading educational institution of the faith in America. At its two last national conventions the A. O. H. pledged its undying devotion to the cause, and clinched its pledge by voting the sum of $50,000 to carry the project to a successful result.

If anything were needed to stimulate the enthusiasm of the Order to this undertaking, or to prove its claim upon the united efforts of members in its behalf, the eloquent address of Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan of the University at the Omaha Convention in May last, would have abundantly supplied the incentive. The address, now published in the form of a brochure, is a convincing argument in favor of the movement. After a brilliant exordium reviewing the Gael's ages of martyrdom for the sacred cause of nationality, the speaker broached the point of his address in the following words:—

"But what was it that preserved this spirit, this white ray of the consciousness of national dignity in the dark and desolate centuries of oppression, when every other light of the past was quenched in thickest gloom? Need I tell you what it was that sheltered the love of country beneath the rags of the peasant, within the lonely shieling on the moors and rocks of Connaught, and on the mountains and bogs of Kerry? Need I say what power, stronger than love or death cast over the Irish nation its magical protection, from the hut of the schoolmaster and the steps of the altar, and nursed in lonely forest and distant glen, and on the savage, inaccessible hills, the sore-oppressed spirit of the fatherland? It was—

The language of old Erin, her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes, her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs as their bodies in the tomb,
The time-wrought shell where murmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom, in annal and in song.

"It was the tongue of the great chief as he harangued his men on the eve of battle; the tongue of Desmond and Geraldine; of McCarthy and O'Neill and Donnell, as they recounted their wrongs to the brave tribesmen who held with them the narrow pass, or stood within the bloody ford, or led some wild, sweeping, forlorn hope against their hereditary foe.

"It was the tongue of the bard as he painted in burning thoughts and picturesque verse the ancient glories and the long, splendid line of Irish heroes; the sweetness and tenderness and unsullied purity of Irish women, and the generosity, the bravery, the chivalry, and the warm, full friendship of the ancient Irish leaders. The hunted priest from the rude altar of turf or stone breathed its holy consoling accents upon the broken hearts of the aged and the widowed and the fatherless, and it was the saving ark by which the Catholic religion was maintained in Ireland; for there was a day when the hated sound of the Sassenach's tongue would have turned the Irish even against that beloved faith for which they have let go all those treasures of earth that other nations apostatized to save."

Then Dr. Shahan dwelt upon the native charm of the Gaelic tongue, its venerable antiquity, the pure, humane

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RIGHT REV. JOHN S. FOLEY, D. D. Bishop of Detroit, National Chaplain, A. O. H.

and reverential sentiment of its great literature, the rich lore of its ancient students, its mighty influence upon English literature, and its wealth of song and of legend relating to the chivalry of the Middle Ages. Referring to the present status of the Gaelic tongue, and the movement for its perpetuation, he next said:—

"The Gaelic tongue is yet spoken by about three and one fourth millions of people, many of whom can speak no other. In Munster alone, according to the last census, 307,000 can speak both Irish and English. In Cork county 119,000 know yet the old tongue. In Kerry there are yet about 5,000 who cannot speak any other, while on the western seaboard the proportion until lately was much greater. There may be a million of Gaelic-speaking souls in the highlands and the isles, while among the Welsh and the Bretons there are about two more millions. Without giving up the English tongue all these may preserve the old and beautiful mother tongue, rich laden, heavy-dripping with the history and the spirit of the Gael. The beautiful literature is at their hand, and they have only to adapt it to the English ear to produce a marked effect upon English literary taste. Already within 10 or 15 years a new Irish literary revival has sprung up, and to-day no writers are better known in England than Todhunter, Rolleston, Yeats, Douglass Hyde, D. J. O'Donoghue, the Sigersons, Standish O'Grady, Stopford Brooke, William O'Brien, and a host of others who are drawing from the rich treasures of the old tongue, and exercising on the English mind a marked influence for good."

. . . . . .

"Already the movement is afoot. The Gaelic language, chiefly the Irish Gaelic, is now regularly taught at Oxford and Edinburgh, at Leipsic, Göttingen, and Paris, not to speak of the labors of minor schools on

the continent, and of individual teachers. Out of pure admiration for its transcendent charms, its beauty and its wealth, foreigners have provided that our mother tongue shall not entirely die, and that whatever the apathy of the Irish, the world shall not lose one of the oldest and richest of its linguistic treasures. All over Ireland the movement is spreading like wildfire among the studious and the thoughtful; only the intense political struggle prevents it from becoming thoroughly national. In Maynooth College there is an active professor of Irish, and after a hundred years of apathy the Irish clergy have taken up again the cultivation of that holy tongue in which your ancestors and mine learned the faith for thirteen hundred years, and which, until only one short century ago, every Irish bishop and priest knew as well as his Latin and his Greek.

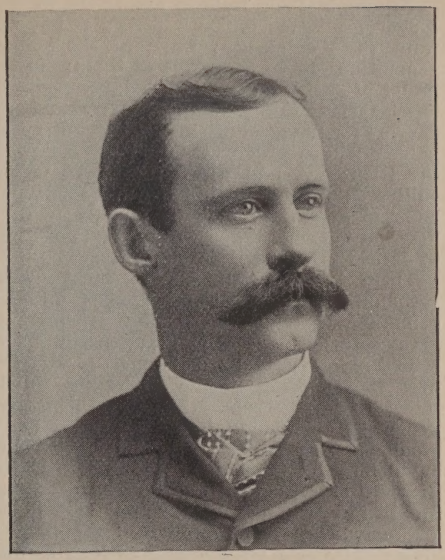
"Must we be alien to this movement? . . . It is a common interest of the whole race, since their tongue and their literature are our common inheritance, as they were for fourteen centuries our common bond, and are to-day our common pride. We have not the slightest idea of making the Irish speak no tongue in this country, but we desire to coöperate with our brethren in Ireland for that purpose; for ourselves we desire to propagate the respect of that ancient idiom; to translate and study its rich and varied literature; to help Gaelic thought and imagination and style, and faith and ardor and spirituality, to their proper place among the moulding influences of the new world. Above all, we desire to enrich the English language in the coming centuries as it has been enriched in the past by the contributions of a Goldsmith, a Swift, a Grattan, a Burke, and a Shiel — in a word, to contribute many deathless elements out of the ancient Gaelic world to that English tongue which, in God's providence, is soon destined to be sovereign over more millions than the Greek and the Latin ever ruled in their palmiest days."

It would be a pleasure to give to our readers in full, the address of Dr. Shahan, so imperfectly summarized in the foregoing synopsis. This would have been done had not Dr. Shahan himself so well crystallized its meaning and its force in the following letter, issued to the brethren of the A .O. H. in further advocacy of the project: —

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14, 1894.

DEAR BROTHER:

At the suggestion of some prominent members of our Ancient Order, I take the liberty of addressing you a few words concerning the resolution, unanimously adopted at Omaha, to establish in the Catholic University



P. J. O'CONNOR, Savannah Ga.
National President, A. O. H.

at Washington a Chair for the perpetual teaching of the language, literature, culture, and history of the Gaelic race.

True it is, that politically we are the most loyal and affectionate sons of this mighty commonwealth, and that we cleave forever with the most enlightened devotion to the fundamental compacts of the nation and the states, and to the common institutions of the land. True, also, that multitudes of us rejoice that this is not only our adopted but our native country, and that we first saw the light on a soil as yet unblighted by religious or social persecution.

Nevertheless, we cannot forget that, in God's providence, we descend from the most ancient of the western races, one which has wandered over many seas and in many climes, and which has gathered in the long centuries of its development a common fund of experiences, qualities, traits, feelings, tendencies, and ideals, peculiar and distinctive, and which differentiate from other races the men of Gaelic origin.

Now, all this is the common property of every one of us in whose veins flows the ardent blood of the Gael, and all this is embedded in the grand old tongue and the admirable literature of our fathers. High sentiments of veneration and gratitude, no less befitting to races than to individuals, ought to move us to save this perishing tongue and literature, through which the greatest of spiritual legacies were handed down to us for nearly fourteen centuries: our nationality, our religion, and the splendid unbroken spirit of the Gael.

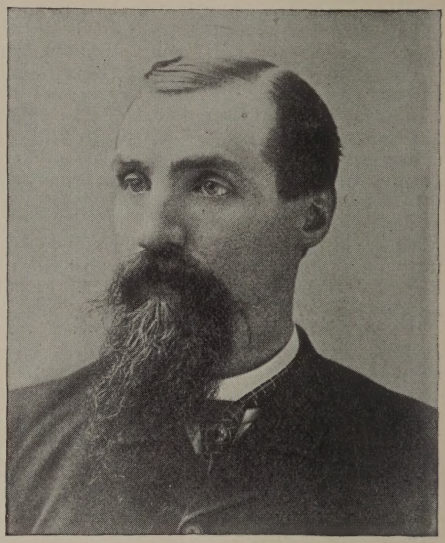
No doubt such feelings are latent in the blood of all men of Irish descent; but we want them quickened; we want the young generations to be conscious of them; to be proud of their ancestry of scholars, teachers, missionaries, saints, and martyrs, and to develop for the good of this great country the noble qualities with which God has endowed the Irish race, and which they have richly cultivated in the historic past, — fortitude, endurance, daring, chivalry, manly tenderness, love of science and culture, and devotion to Jesus Christ and His Holy Church.

There is an inspiration in great deeds accomplished that works for ages on the communities which have done them. A great cathedral, a splendid parish church, a school or other public monument recall forever the sacrifices of the generation which toiled to uplift them. Nay, in them that generation is immortal, for every stone is eloquent with praise of the generosity and intelligence of the builders. But this Chair of the Celtic tongue, literature, civilization, and history, will be more than any monument of stone or bronze. From it will resound the living voice of a teacher, and as long as our country lasts it will be the solid centre about which may gather all those who love the story, the tongue, the writings, the poetry, and the spirit of the Gael. Whatever teaching is established in universites partakes at once

HON. JOHN C. WEADOCK, Bay City, Mich.
National Vice President, A. O. H.

of the nature of these universal schools. It shares their dignity, and its results are sure to be as widespread as their influence and the fields whence they draw their students.

This Chair, when established, will do an ever-increasing honor to the Irish name and cause. It will help to unite us all on the common ground of literature and learning. It will tend to make us follow the highest



M. J. SLATTERY, Albany, N. Y.
National Secretary, A. O. H.

ideals, intellectual and moral. The great scholars of this land will learn through it what the Gael was and is in the world's history, and what the scholars have once grasped as the truth, very quickly makes its way into the books and newspapers of the day. Moreover, this Chair will furnish a full and accurate knowledge of our literature and history to the Catholic press of this country, a power that is growing in numbers and influence; to Catholic journalists of the public press; to lecturers and special students; to writers of romance and poetry, and to a vast body of readers who eagerly grasp at all that is new and entrancing.

Men are governed by ideas. When a pregnant thought is cast into the public mind it germinates rapidly, especially if the circumstances be suitable. Never was there a better time for this great deed. In France, Germany, and Italy, the Gaelic tongue is attracting, without any exaggeration, hundreds of scholars. Its professors easily find students and admiring audiences. What a shame for us that races totally foreign should devote so much attention to our ancestral tongue and writings, while we remain utterly ignorant of both!

The Gael is multiplying the world over at an enormous rate; hence it is high time that this good work were undertaken. His s already a powerful influence in English litera-

ture, and therefore there was never a better time nor a broader channel for the thought and the ideals which the Gael has so long cherished, and to preserve which he let go everything that other peoples held dear.

The Catholic Church has a profound interest in the preservation of this noble tongue. Her bishops, priests, and monks nurtured and fashioned it, and made it the richest and greatest of the European vernaculars. Millions of our forefathers went to their last rest with its pious accents on their lips. For nearly fourteen hundred years its sweet consoling tones were heard in the confessional, and its grave, sublime poetry was chanted from ten thousand altars. It echoed along the roads of Europe, and in her impenetrable forests from the mouths of a thousand missionaries, and it mingled its lyric strength with the majestic Latin at the Tombs of the Apostles, long before the modern nations of Europe had emerged from barbarism.

It has been a mighty channel of sacerdotal labors for fourteen centuries. It was the tongue of Patrick, Bridget, and Columba, and has been sanctified by long use in the mouths of the most eminent saints, and the most learned doctors. It is saturated in its structure, and in its monuments, with the purest and most spiritual Catholicism, and for these reasons alone deserves a place in an institution destined to be the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church in America.

For a little individual sacrifice a great work can now be firmly established, and placed under the solemn protection of the entire Catholic Church in this country. Its results will go on, ever multiplying in the future, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians will reap forever the reputation of having performed the highest possible act of enlightened generosity, and done a deed that will greatly help to unite and elevate our race and remove the false stigma of illiteracy. I can assure you that all the great Gaelic scholars of Europe are speaking of this matter and rejoicing over it.

We may believe, therefore, that the teaching of the Celtic Chair will be, from the beginning, a fruitful one, and a benefit at once to the ancient Gaelic race, the Catholic Church, and the modern sciences.

Trusting that you will do all in your power to make the endowment a success,

I remain, fraternally yours in Christ,

THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.
Professor of Early Church History.

It is fitting that a sketch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, through whose characteristic liberality the Catholic University is to be endowed with this means of perpetuating the language and literature of the Gael, should accompany Dr. Shahan's memorable setting forth of the plan. The appended account of the order, comprising its patriotic history in the mother country, and its noble aims and marvellous development in the land of its adoption, is contributed by Mr. J. B. O'Higgins.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

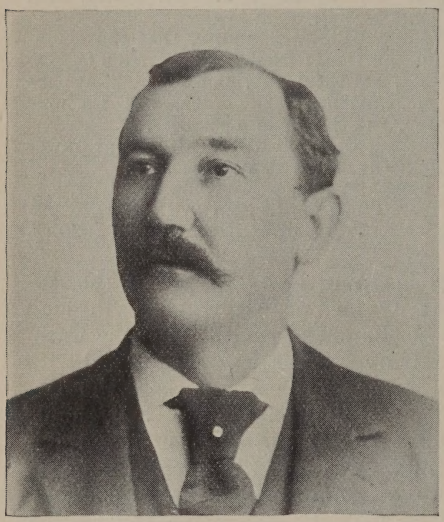
It is a well-known fact that orders of knighthood and chivalry existed in Ireland long before the birth of Christ. History tells us of the Gamhanraidhe* of Irrius Domhnann, under Oillioll Finn, ard Right† of Ireland A. M. 4405. Of the g-Clanna Deaghaidh (Deagadians) of West Munster under Daire and his son, Curoigh MacDaire, who flourished about A. M. 5050. Coexistent with these were Curaidhthe Na g-Craoibhe Ruaidh, or Knights of the Red Branch of Eamhain Macha (now Navan). To these may be added, the Feinne Eireann (or Fenian Militia), under Fionn Mac Cumhall (commonly spelled Finn Mc Cool) who lived in the reign of Cormac Mac Airt A. D. 294.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was first organized in Ireland when the infamous penal laws were in operation, and but little documentary evidence of its early history is obtainable. This is due to the danger, at that time, of carrying any papers, the possession of which would entail loss of life, and also to the fact that education among the Irish Catholics was proscribed. When it is remembered that long before 1570, the "Statute of Kilkenny" enacted that the Irish language was a "felony," and placed the teaching

*Pronounced Gowanree.

†Chief Monarch.

thereof under a ban, the reason will be apparent for the lack of written history regarding the organization's infancy, and show why we have to rely, to a large extent, upon tradition,



THOMAS J. DUNDON, Columbus, O.
National Treasurer, A. O. H.

and the oral evidence of the Bard, and Seanchuidhe (shannachie).

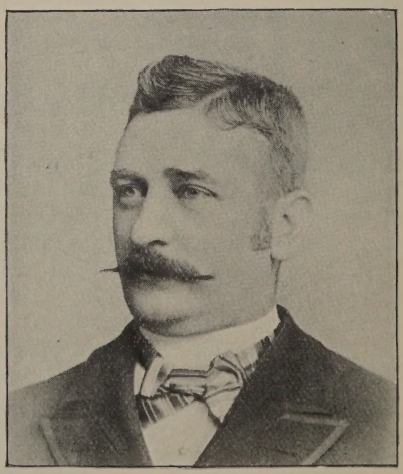
It has been alleged that the Ancient Order of Hibernians was established by two women after the siege of Limerick — in that city of the "Violated Treaty," — but the accuracy of the statement may be doubted. We are assured that the Order must have been in existence during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though it may have lapsed to a considerable extent during the reign of James II., and have been revived after Sarsfield's gallant sortie at Ballyneety, and the glorious defence of Limerick.

The purpose which inspired its founders was to keep alive the spirit of Irish nationality, so dear to the heart of the Gael, under the most trying circumstances, to rectify the wrongs of the poor and oppressed, and also to protect the Irish priests in the exercise of their sacred functions. Those were the days, when to be a Hibernian was to be ready at a moment's notice to lay down life itself, in defence of the faith, and of its priests; the days when the sacrifice of the Mass could be offered only on the mountain top, in some secluded glen, or in some gloomy cavern far from the haunts of men.

Even to the present day the people who still use the vernacular will point out to the tourist in Ireland, Cnoc-an-Aifrinn (the Mass hill), or Gleann an Aifrinn (the Glen of the Mass). These names tell the story of dreary penal days more eloquently than words, and forcibly recall the men whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over the beloved Sagairt Arun (Sogarth Aroon), and his faithful flock, and to warn them of the approach of the red-coats and priest hunters. The Hibernians were ever true to faith and motherland in those trying times, when English gold and English rulers,—

> "Bribed the son to rob the sire,
> And dogs were taught alike to run,
> Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

It is said, that the Rapparees were



EDWARD SWEENEY, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Member of the National Directory, A. O. H.

also a branch of the old Hibernians; but the truth of the statement I have

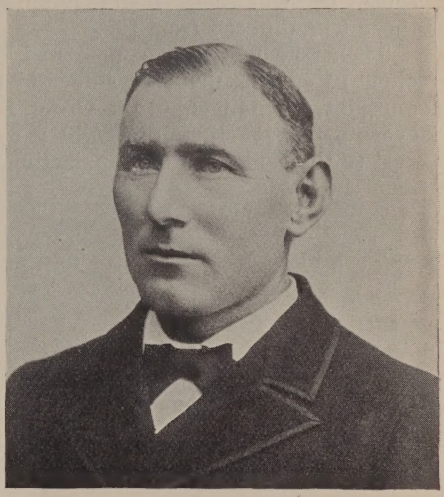
at present no means of ascertaining. We know that many of the Rapparees were Irish gentlemen, who, through religious and political persecution, were deprived of their ancestral patrimony, and, having been outlawed, had to fly to the mountains for refuge.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians struggled against fearful odds to be faithful to their avowed purposes; but, with all the forces arrayed against them, they kept the enemy in check, and foiled him upon many an occasion, when almost sure of his prey.

Since that period of bigotry and proscription, the scope and work of the Order, have changed. Unfortunately, later on, in the hands of ignorant or designing men, its noble objects were, on several occasions, frustrated, and the Catholic clergy were frequently compelled to denounce it; but when it is remembered that the Irish peasant had no redress for injustice, it is not to be wondered at, that he tried to induce the brotherhood to aid him in his efforts for retaliation upon his oppressors. To-day, and for many years past, both in this country, and in the Old Land, the Order's banner bears the motto of Friendship, Unity, and True Christian Charity, to its members, and peace and good will to all men.

This is the doctrine taught by the Order the world over, and no true Hibernian fosters any spirit of proscription against his neighbor, no matter what his race or religious belief. In this republic, the principles of the Society are fully in accord with American institutions, and its growth and prosperity bear the strongest testimony of its great and noble work.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was transplanted to the United States about 60 years ago, although it is said to have existed in Maryland and other states previous to that time. It absorbed a great many of the older Irish societies existing here for years previous to its coming. However, outside a few large centres of Irish population, such as the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and a few others, very little was known of it for a number of years. When the Irish people settled in the other large cities and towns, the Order



JOHN P. MURPHY, Norwich, Conn.
Ex-Member of the National Directory, A. O. H.

took root and flourished among them, until, to-day, it extends to every state and territory on this continent as well as to the Dominion of Canada and Australasia. In the United States there is scarcely a city or town that has not one or more divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

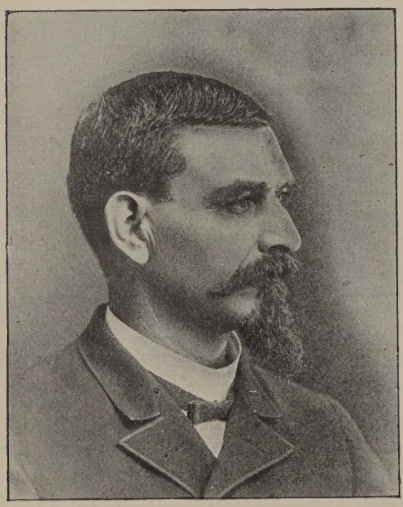
Everywhere it has been established it has carried aid and comfort to the sick and helpless, hope and consolation to the widow and orphan, and social and moral elevation to its adherents.

With such a mission its pathway might be considered easy; yet it has had its struggles. It was misrepresented and maligned; it had to bear the most determined onslaughts from open foes and false friends. Yet to-day it stands preëminent among Irish societies for its membership, its wealth, and its usefulness, and many of those who stood by it in its darkest hour have lived to witness its vindication and triumph.

It can be said in truth that the growth of the Order is due to the wise

and able men, who guided its progress with prudence and moderation, neither stopping in their course to hurl invective at their opponents or belittle their cause by wholesale denunciation of those who differed from them.

Their true Christian course had the effect of causing many to stop and inquire into the objects of the Order, and every personal research brought a convert to the ranks of the organization.



JOHN M. CLARKE, Milwaukee, Wis.
Member National Directory, A. O. H.

To the lover and believer in the cause of Irish nationality, the Order has its attractions, because in every struggle made for Ireland's liberty, the Ancient Order of Hibernians took a prominent part. Not only did they connect themselves with the Land League and National League, and, later still, the Irish National Federation, and other societies of a stronger mould, to give them moral, material, and financial support, but they also generously voted money out of their treasuries when the exigencies of the occasion required it.

The amount of money contributed by Hibernians for the Irish cause can never be estimated, because it was given without ostentation on many an occasion, and with no other motive than the tribute of love and affection from the expatriated Celt to the land of his sires.

Nor should the social features of the organization be lost sight of. There is a bond of brotherhood among its members which unites them at all times. Wherever a Hibernian goes in this country, or in any clime where the Celt has obtained a foothold, he can visit a brother member with the confidence that he is always welcome, and that he will be treated with kindness and consideration. This is one of the cardinal principles of the Order, and is practised by the Hibernian of to-day in the same hospitable way exercised by his fathers over 1,000 years ago. It will continue to grow and be cherished in the fullest sense by those who compose this powerful organization, until its influence and example will inspire others with the same spirit of love and fraternity.

The benevolent feature of the Order marks its strongest point. "To care for the sick and bury the dead" is a motto which the Ancient Order of Hibernians can claim as being peculiarly its own. The statistics of the Order, in this country alone, afford an indication of its generous charity in this direction. It amounts to many thousand dollars every year, and the money value is doubly enhanced to its members by the consoling thought that in the hour of direst need and sorrow, they have friends that are always true and loyal. Not only to its own members is this spirit of benevolence exhibited, but to all suffering humanity. This has been attested at various times, when great public calamities called forth the sympathy of the Order.

It has contributed to churches, schools, orphans' homes, and convents, both here and in Ireland, and many an Irish priest has had reason to bless its charity and benevolence. It may be truly said that the Order has never been appealed to in vain to aid any good cause.

In recent years, besides its beneficent

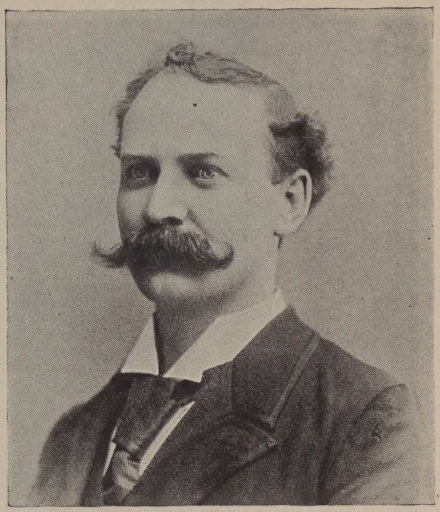
objects, an insurance feature, called the "Widows' and Orphans' fund," has been established in connection with the Order for the families of deceased members.

Each division has an employment bureau for the purpose of providing work for any Hibernian who may happen to come into the district. It is provided also with a Literary Committee, whose duty it is to make the meetings interesting with song, speech, and story.

The Order is in no sense of the word a political organization. Individually the members vote as they think proper; but the Order is always ready to defend itself against injury, or injustice to its members.

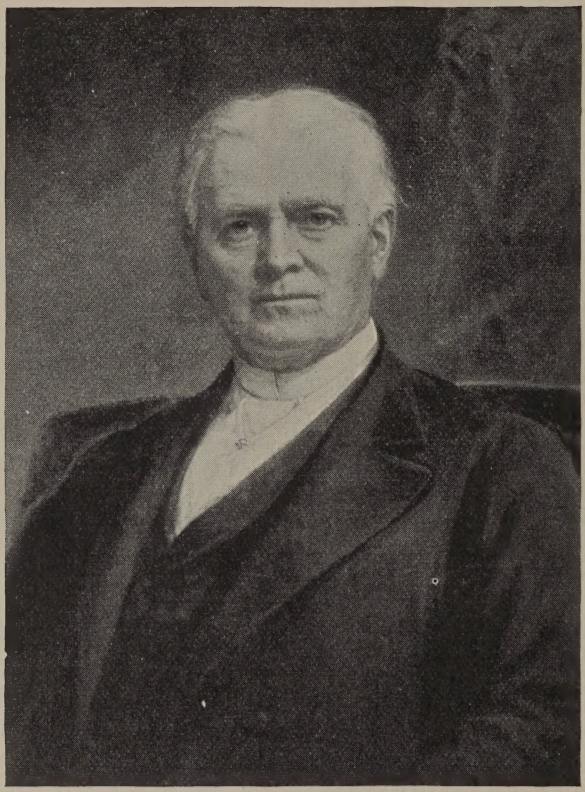
The head of the organization in the United States is styled the National President, with whom are associated three other officers, called respectively the National Vice-President, National Secretary, and National Treasurer. These officials, with four others, constitute what is termed the National Directory; there is also a National Chaplain.

Appended are the names of the National Officers who, since, 1892, and for many years previously, have presided over and directed the interests of the Order, and were again unanimously re-elected at the biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held in New Orleans, La., on May 10, 1892: Maurice Francis Wilhere, National Delegate, Philadelphia, Penn.; Michael J. Slattery, National Secretary, Albany, N. Y.; Thomas J. Dundon, National Treasurer, Columbus, Ohio; and the Nati nal Directory as follows: John P. Murphy, Norwich, Conn.: P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga.; Edward Sweeney, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. M. Clarke, Milwaukee, Wis.; Thomas P. O'Brien, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; National Chaplain, the Right Rev. John S. Foley, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, Mich. The officers and directory are elected at the biennial convention of the Order from among the representatives present from the different counties, territories, states, and provinces of the United States and Canada.



THOMAS O'BRIEN, Hamilton, Ont.
Ex-Member National Directory, A. O. H.

At the late National Convention of the society held at Omaha, Neb., May 10, 1894, considerable changes were made in the constitution of the Order, as well as a change in the titles of the Officers. A change was also made in the Directory by the creation of the office of National Vice-President. The new officers are as follows: Patrick J. O'Connor, National President; Hon. J. C. Weadock, National Vice-President; Michael J. Slattery, National Secretary, and Thomas J. Dundon, National Treasurer. The members of the National Directory are Maurice F. Wilhere, National Chairman; Edward Sweeney, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. M. Clarke, Milwaukee, Wis.; and James Jackson, Philadelphia, Penn.; Right Rev. John S. Foley was again reëlected National Chaplain.



THE LATE EUGENE KELLY.

THE late Eugene Kelly of New York city was a son of John Boyne O'Kelly, of Mullaghmore, Ireland, and was born in County Tyrone, in 1808. The family had once been very wealthy, and one of its members served in the Irish Parliament, in 1585. Eugene Kelly was fairly well provided for when he came to this country over sixty years ago, and took a clerkship in the store of Donnelly & Co., in New York city. He married one of the sisters of his employers, but soon afterwards became a widower. When the gold fever broke out in California, he joined the gold-seekers, made a great deal of money in that state, and assisted in establishing at San Francisco the banking house of Donohoe & Kelly, a firm that still exists.

In 1856 he started the celebrated New York firm of Eugene Kelly & Co., and a year later married Miss Margaret Hughes, a niece of Archbishop Hughes. All of Mr. Kelly's business ventures were prosperous, and when he retired a few years ago his fortune was estimated at several million dollars. Mr. Kelly was an earnest Catholic, and a few years ago Pope Leo XIII. appointed his son Eugene, Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, an honor which has been conferred on but two Americans. For many years Mr. Kelly was a liberal philanthropist and a promoter of the cause of Irish Home Rule. He once contributed $20,000 to the Parliamentary fund, and was active in securing contributions from others. He was one of the largest owners of stock in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and took a most active and kind interest in its progress.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

THE STORY OF A WRONGED WIFE.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

PIERRE LESCAUT looked with merry eyes into the face of the Governor.

"If the fates are propitious," he said, "I will take the maiden with dark brown eyes, who plays the harp at evening. I saw her face for a moment, when she lifted her veil at vespers. She sang the evening hymn to the Virgin. I will choose her for my wife; but if you have already promised her elsewhere, I will take the one with blue eyes and yellow hair, they call Angèle."

"The maiden you have chosen is Ottilie de Montigny," the Governor answered. "She is the daughter of an ancient house, and has been reared all her life in convent seclusion."

Only the month previous a ship had come to the Gulf Coast, bearing young girls from France, sent by His Majesty Louis XIV., to become the wives of such colonists as were able to provide them with homes.

Gayarré, the historian, says that they were taken to the house of the Governor, and at the Mass the colonists were told that these girls, from the convents of France, had received pious teaching, and that much was hoped from their influence, which would lead the Indian women to Christianity.

Already a band of young men of the tribes of the Natchez and Biloxi Indians had been induced to come under Christian instruction, and one of them named Javita was winning distinction as a student.

Among the young girls was one who did not lift her veil when the Mass was ended, and with her companions went out from the chapel to the house of the Governor.

She was dreaming of the Valley of the Loire. There were the graves of her household; the broad sea lay between.

Many a time she had prayed for that peace which they had won; but her instructors told her that life was a duty, and we must take it as God wills.

That very morning her advisers had recommended her marriage to Pierre Lescaut, and enjoined upon her a wife's duty of love and obedience. The priest desired her answer another day.

In the solitude of her room, Ottilie knelt before her crucifix, and closing her eyes, tried to determine what she ought to do. She had not then seen Pierre Lescaut. Those haunting dreams that had companioned her, whispering of a love which is heaven-born and never dies — were they to be realized in him? Perhaps that something did not exist, which for the moment tinged her cheek with the rose hue of her fancies, or if it did exist, it might only come to happy hearts unlike her own. Ought she not to put her dreams away, and be grateful that so experienced a man as Lescaut wished her for his wife? These queries were the result of her meditations.

Lescaut came that evening; he addressed her in the language of gallantry; he placed a betrothal ring upon her finger, but his words caused on shadow of emotion to appear on the face of Ottilie. She had been taught obedience all her life. As she came from the presence of Lescaut, the priest gave her his blessing. "Is it as you wish?" he said.

Ottilie gave him a startled look. "As I wish?" she answered, repeating his words as one under a spell. "I

used to think that love and marriage were different, but," she continued, with drooping eyes, "it was only a dream."

Just then the Indian student, Javita, approached the priest as the latter answered:

"Daughter, you will learn that the truest joy comes from forgetting one's dreams and seeking the happiness of others. Do not forget the word duty!"

Ottilie passed on, and the youth came nearer.

"Father," he said, "what is the meaning of duty? Is it possible that there is still another kind of sin? I thought my catechism had taught them all?"

That evening the guests assembled for the ceremony of marriage. Ottilie, arrayed in white robes, with jasmine flowers in her hair, stood before the altar.

There came a pause in the ceremony; the priest, in the language of his faith, said: "If there be any here who knows just cause why this marriage should not be, let him now speak."

From a remote part of the chapel, a figure rose and approached the altar. It was Javita. His great dark eyes flashed with emotion; his hand was upraised like to one who would fell some unseen foe. He spoke in French, but his speech betrayed him to be of the Biloxi race.

"She does not belong to him," he said. "She is innocent; there is no youth in his heart. She has the nature of a bird; he has no song, no flight. You are mistaken, good Father, about that word duty; it may mean a sin! You cannot make her his own in the eyes of the Great Spirit."

The priest spoke in gentle remonstrance; the Governor gave an order to the smiling guardsman, and the young Biloxian was led away.

A pallor overswept the face of the bride, but the ceremony of marriage went on.

"Whom God hath joined together.." said the priest, and pronounced them "man and wife."

Lescaut's home for his bride faced the sea, and was built under the shadow of one of those great live-oaks that stand like giant sentinels along the shores of the Gulf. There, when the moonlight silvered the waters of the sea, Ottilie brought her harp and sang the songs she had learned on the Loire.

Other music blended in the tones. Innumerable mocking-birds seemed to gain fresh incentive to song from her voice, and from the surrounding forest came liquid notes of witching melody, as if through the medium of music, Ottilie and the birds had found a common language which needed no interpreter.

To these songs Pierre Lescaut listened for a time, but he soon went back to the companionship of his old friends among the colonists. There were times when he was long absent. On his return he would not speak of his adventures; in fact, he rarely spoke of anything, having drank deeply, and not wishing to betray his habits to Ottilie.

He brought with him strange fabrics from the looms of far countries, odorous woods, wines from tropic lands, jewels which he carefully hid from sight, and forbade Ottilie to reveal even to the priest. He would not tell her how he had gained them.

Once when she spoke of her fear, in his absence, of the bands of rovers and wreckers of the sea, he laughed at her in a way that did not calm her fears.

"I have heard," said Ottilie, "that there are men so sinful they put false lights on these shores to allure strange vessels, which they plunder, even killing for such booty."

Lescaut approached with an anger terrible to witness. His eyes blazed upon her, his hand was upraised.

"Never speak to me of such men again," said Lescaut in a hoarse whisper. "You are a child, who listens to old nurses' tales."

At this time Angèle came to stay with Ottilie, for Pierre's absences had grown more and more frequent. Angèle would take no husband; she laughed when she talked to Ottilie, but

the smile was not for Ottilie; her face turned to Lescaut.

Among the people who sometimes came to the house were those whose names are associated with the early settlement of the coast, Bienville, Lasalle, and others. An officer of the court of Louis XIV. sometimes joined the party. He bore a name which is distinguished in history, and his manners indicated his high birth and culture. He had come from France to learn the last will and all that might be told of the death of Sauvolle. It was known in the colony that this officer was a kinsman of her from whom Sauvolle was separated by the decrees of state and the shadow of his destiny.

On those occasions when they met, Lasalle's stream of talk seemed perpetual. Bienville, it is said, never indicated a desire for display, but his words seemed to flow from a richly informed understanding. Angèle joined freely in the conversation, but Ottilie felt that if it were possible Lescaut would prefer her to be absent, and therefore she spoke but rarely.

Her soft brown eyes were bent on her embroidery. It was a piece of tapestry work, begun in her convent life in France. The figures were those of the Fates, Klotho, Lachesis, Atropos.

As the conversation of the gentlemen continued, Ottilie wove threads of silver and gold along her antique picture, where Klotho wound the wool on the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and Atropos cut it off. It seemed to Ottilie that the Fates regarded her with mournful, almost reproachful eyes. The threads broke in her hands. Her eyes felt dim. Had she, in a moment of weakness and kindness, broken the threads which might have led her to a happier destiny?

A longing possessed her to flee away. Oh, that she might once more seek consolation by the grave of her mother!

What strange power had united her to this man, whose eyes never sought her own in sympathy? Was this the utmost joy the heart might know? Love, that could come only in heaven, when one became worthy the Divine guest!

She went quietly out of the house down the white sandy beach, where the waves were breaking on the bar. Soon she heard a quick step approaching, and, turning, recognized Javita.

"I am directed," he said, "to act as guard for this house until further orders. The Governor requires the presence of his colonists in the quelling of an outbreak among the Chickasaws on the Tchoucatabuffa river."

Ottilie was reminded by his voice of Javita's words on her marriage day, and in order to regain composure returned slowly to the house by an unfrequented path. The way led under a group of cedars. By the light of the full-orbed moon she saw Pierre Lescaut in the shadow of one of the trees. He held the hand of Angèle. She heard him say, "I always loved you!"

This did not add to Ottilie's unhappiness. She felt no dislike of Angèle. She only wished herself away, out of the world, that they might be happy. To her surprise she saw that Javita had followed her.

His face glowed with indignation. "What do you wish me to do?" he said, with untold depths of energy in his voice.

"Carry your message to whom it was addressed," Ottilie answered.

She went quietly into the house, and thinking to conceal her emotion, took her harp and began to touch its strings. Her fingers had little power, the tones she evoked were plaintive; the theme, inexpressibly mournful, was from one of those European folk-songs born in solitude and the outgrowth of loneliness. It may have been this undertone which brought the French officer to her side. When her song ended he began speaking to her, and among his words of wisdom Ottilie remembered: "I am certain there is a Power that rules our lives, and will not permit us to suffer more than we are able." He told her of the life of Sauvolle; how he loved and was loved in return by one of the most beautiful daughters of a noble house of

France, but, separated from her, he had died at the old fort of Biloxi, he believed, of grief. He spoke as to one who understood his mood, as though they two were apart from the world.

Ottilie forgot herself. "How good God was to him!" she said. "I will carry a garland of flowers to his grave to-morrow. He has found rest." Her friend replied: "I have a book of his which he wished me to return to her keeping. It was her gift to him. There is her name. I wish that you would gather some of these coast flowers, which must have become familiar to his eyes during his lonely walks, and put them between the leaves of this book for her. It would require a more delicate hand than mine to do such a service."

This occupation of love was a great solace to Ottilie. Her affections, denied their natural channels, turned full of sweetness and sympathy to the sorrows of her whom she desired to comfort; and by a compensating law of our being, the more willingly she bore that sorrow the easier became her own cross.

This unknown friend became more real to her than even Javita, who would not permit her to venture into the forest alone.

The book proved to be a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and was of antique make, with broad margins. Ottilie, in placing the flowers, came to find many mysterious relations between them and the words.

"Which of the saints of the world was without crosses or tribulations?" the book questioned her.

Over the chapter of "The Inner Life," she fastened the white lily which blossoms on the dark surface of the bayou, so ethereal that it seems the spirit friend of the water-lily. A golden rose marked "The Remembrance of God's Benefits;" and the jasmine flower, which gives its sweetest odors at night, marked the chapter on "Affection." Over "The Way of the Holy Cross" she placed the purple blossoms of the passion flower.

Ottilie's guide rarely addressed her, but one day, as she bent her face close to the page on which she read, although her eyes were dim, he came and glanced at the name of the chapter: "Calmness under Trial."

"Madame Lescaut," he said, "what do Christians understand by a marriage vow? How dare you promise to love until death, what might prove unlovely To honor that which may not be honorable?"

As Ottilie did not answer, he continued: "You are bound with a ring;" and his face seemed to say: "she does not dare to take it off;" but Ottilie did not see his countenance.

That evening she felt weary, and, reclining in her hammock, dropped asleep. Javita, seeing her, stole softly through the door, and with much precaution took the marriage ring from her finger. Ottilie did not stir.

The pattern of her embroidery had woven itself in her dreams. The three weird sisters led her on, on, until she found herself in the vast labyrinth of Dædalos, from whose intricate, winding passages, she could not find the way out. The thread was broken in her hands. She had lost the clew.

For one moment only, Javita looked on the sad, sleeping face. Then he went quickly down the beach, and followed the tide far out. He took a shell, and loosening the white sand, buried the ring. When he reached the house, a wave had covered the spot. "She is free at last!" he said.

The next day Javita was surprised that Ottilie did not seem happier.

"I remember," she said to Angèle, "that I looked at the ring before I went to sleep. I . . . must have taken it off in a dream."

"If you never find it," said Javita, "then the bond is broken and you are no longer married."

"That makes no difference," said Ottilie, with a sigh.

"But if one breaks the vow, is the other one still bound? If one of them ceases to love, to be honorable, what is it makes the union, the marriage?"

"The vow is for worse as for better," Ottilie answered. Her eyes were dry, but their mournful expression did not escape Javita.

"If he was a very wicked man, say one who would take another's life, would she still be his wife? Would she still belong to him?"

"She would still be his wife, however unfortunate," said Ottilie. Her voice had for Javita a chill sound, like the wind among dead leaves.

Just then the French officer came through the door, and said he had come for the book.

"It is beautiful, and seems divinely inspired," said Ottilie. "I have gained comfort from its words of heavenly wisdom."

"I will bring you a copy of it when I return," he replied.

"Then you are going away?" said Ottilie.

"Yes, to France."

The name of her country filled her with that mal du pays, known only to an exile.

The stranger, touched perhaps with compassion for her life, addressed her with courtesy and kindness.

"What," thought Ottilie, "might life be, with such companionship!" A dream of her girlhood seemed to rise before her; a new rapture stirred within her to fall like lead into a grave.

Javita stood in the doorway, and watched the face of Ottilie, from which the color faded with her words of farewell to the officer.

"Javita," she said, "it is the hour for Monsieur Lescaut's return. Will you go and kindle the signal-light for his welcome? It is a wild night at sea!"

Javita walked down the shore with an unsteady gait. He felt distracted and bewildered. His ideas of right and wrong became perplexed.

"Ah," he said, "the religion of the pale-face is not always good teaching. There is only one way to free her, and that she would call a sin, never to be forgiven!"

Javita knew of Lescaut's relation with the wrecking crews whose names at that time were the terror of the sea Lescaut would return laden with booty.

If Javita built the signal-fire there where he stood, Lescaut's boat would come safe to shore. A little way farther on, just at the point where he buried the ring, the sea ran high. No boat could live on such a sea.

On approaching this point, Javita was surprised to find a red glow among the charred remains of a pine tree. This must have been a fire kindled by Lescaut's own order. Some mysterious salute to his companions, the wreckers of the sea. As Javita drew near, the fire seemed to gain new vigor as though some fresh fuel had been added, and a swift flame swept up into a dry cedar tree, which burned with a broad glare.

By its light Javita saw, struggling with the waves, a boat whose occupants had but one oar.

Javita had never heard of that vestal fire, which consecrated hands may keep burning in purity in the temples of deity. Nor of that Promethean spark which came from Heaven to make men godlike. Nor of that phœnix fire from which man may rise and keep his youthful spirit forever. He had but one thought — the happiness of the woman he adored.

An old sail lay as if drying by the fire. He had only to pick it up, deluge it with sea water, throw it over the flames, and then by lighting the signal-fire a stone's throw away, Lescaut, the wrecker, might come ashore.

Javita turned away. "The Great Spirit may do with him as he wishes," he said. "I will not put out the fire! The white man's God must know better than I whether it is right that he lives to be the death of his fellowmen, and what he is to her!"

"The light is already burning," said Ottilie, looking out far up the coast; "Javita has been faithful to his trust." She glanced at the clock. "Truly, it is time for Pierre's return! If he had not forbidden me I would go along the beach and watch for him. Let us pray, Angèle, that he may be kept from the dangers of the sea."

As Ottilie offered her petition Javita came to the door. He listened unmoved, as one possessing some higher wisdom than that of the pleader.

"I seem to hear a ship beating on the bar," said Ottilie.

"It is only the rain," Angèle answered.

"I hear the sound of some one calling in distress," said Ottilie.

"It is the wind through the pine trees," said Angèle.

The next morning when the tide came in they found that which had been Pierre Lescaut, on the sands. He had been dead since midnight, and, strange freak of the sea! Ottilie's marriage ring, tangled amid the sea moss at his feet, seemed to witness as with Nature's symbolic device the history of the ring and that desecration which had been in the heart of Lescaut.

Javita lingered all the day and far into the night with the priest, but what was said between them is unknown. If Javita told the reason why he failed to light the signal-fire, the confession reached no other ears; but one night soon afterward, Ottilie, leaning from her window, heard Javita's voice repeating a lesson to himself in these words: "We are never right in doing a wrong act, that good may come thereby, and the sin of omission may be as great as the sin of commission."

One day long afterward he came to the door of Ottilie. The winter was over. He said, without lifting his eyes to hers:—

"I shall return to my own people when you have gone. I can never learn that which is right and wrong among my white brothers. The struggle kills me! The religion of my fathers is plainer to me. The boat is ready which will bear you to your own country. Will you sing for me once before you go? May I bring the harp?"

"I cannot sing any more," said Ottilie. "I shall never touch the harp again. I will leave it with you, Javita."

Ottilie returned to her friends in France, and found consolation for a troubled heart in a life of benevolence, in acts of tender mercy. While youth-time still lingered in her heart, a messenger came to her one day with a book. It was a copy of "Thomas à Kempis." It bore the name of her friend, the French officer.

Ottilie turned the leaves with trembling fingers until she came to the words:

"He that loveth giveth all for all, and hath all in all; because he resteth in Our Highest above all things, from whom all that is good flows and proceeds." Forget-me-nots were gathered in a cluster, encircling the words and tinging them with heaven's own blue.

The messenger told her that he who sent the book waited on the threshold to see her.

. . . . . .

Javita, for many a summer time, brought the harp on still nights under the shadow of the oak-tree and tried to teach it to repeat the songs of Ottilie, until the trees of the pine forest caught the tones and the old tree bent down to listen.

Javita grew old and gray, and the harp lost many a string. One day the sounds in the forest seemed all to cease. Javita at that hour was found like one asleep at the foot of the tree. His hands were folded over the harp. The last string was broken. They could not waken him. There they buried him, the harp clasped over his breast. From that time the tree grew in wondrous stature and beauty, and became famed as one of the great trees of the Mexican Gulf Coast, telling, in hues of living green, of the warmth and beauty of that which fills its roots with life.

When the breeze blows from the sea, bearing the sound of that mysterious music which never ceases, when summer comes to haunt the waters of the Coast, when the rain falls among the pine trees to the north, they who listen know that the old tree dreams of Ottilie. In unnumbered sweet and mournful sounds its whispering leaves tell to the winds the story of the three spinners of destiny, and the course of faithful love; and they who understand the music say, "Javita plays the harp of Ottilie."

TO APOLLO.

Horace, Book I., Ode XXXI.

BY B. C.

What asks the seer in this new shrine
To Phœbus consecrate?
When pouring out the new-made wine,
What hopes his mind elate?

Not harvests bountiful that grow
On rich Sardinia's mead;
Not goodly kine that in the glow
Of hot Calabria feed;

Not India's gold or ivory;
Not fields which Liris gnaws
In silent flow, as dreamily
Its brooding length it draws.

Let whosoe'er by fate is blest
Prune his Calenian vines;
And merchant rich quaff off with zest
From golden cups the wines

Exchanged for Syrian wares. 'Tis plain,
The gods hold this man dear —
Thrice, four times, the Atlantic main
He crosses every year.

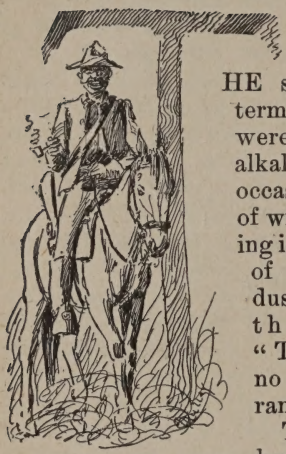
Sweet food for me is olive mild,
Mallows and endives rare.
Ah, hear me, fair Latona's child,
And grant me all my prayer.

Enjoyment of my modest wealth,
A mind without decay;
A stainless, ripe old age, and health,
And song alway.

THE "K" TROOP CONVERT.

AN ARMY SKETCH.

BY MARY G. BONESTEEL.



THE seemingly interminable plains were white with alkali, which an occasional flurry of wind sent whirling in thick clouds of fine, white dust straight through the "Troop" with no respect for rank.

The old-troop horses bore it patiently, but pricked up their ears. In their experience, alkali and Indians usually accompanied each other.

The "lead" horses, mostly recruits, snorted and sniffed, the irritating dust filling their eyes and nostrils, simply because they were too young and foolish to listen to, and follow the advice of their elders.

As with the horses, so with their riders; the old soldiers with eyes and mouths shut tight left the growling to the "cruities." A fine-looking, gray-haired old colored sergeant turned slowly around from the front of the column and opened his mouth just long enough to deliver this bit of wisdom: —

"Alkali is like mos' o' de ebils in dis heah life, ef yaah only hab de sence ter keep yaah eyes and moufs shet, t'aint gwine ter hurt you."

The troop of "Buffalo sogers," as the Indians call the few regiments of colored soldiers in our army, presented rather a ghostly appearance in the rapidly deepening twilight. The faded yellow linings of their cavalry capes flapped weirdly in the evening breeze, having the appearance of rather soiled white wings. Canteens were empty. There had been no fragrant hot coffee at the noonday "halt," as they were in an Indian country and smoke was dangerous. The men were hungry, tired, and sullen, and not even the freshest of raw "recruits" dared crack a joke.

"Cheer up, Uncle Mose," suddenly sang out Mr. Davis the second lieutenant of the "Troop," a merry, whole-souled "Youngster," not long from the "Point." "Plum Creek is just over the 'Divide.' Start a hymn, Uncle, and lead your people into the promised land, as your namesake did in the Old Testament."

"But Moses nebber got dar, sah," objected the old fellow, saluting punctiliously, yet not allowing the ghost of a smile to enliven the gloom of his dusky countenance, though shining rows of ivories showed that the whole troop were enjoying "de Lootenant's fun." "To tell de Lootenant de truff," continued the old sergeant respectfully, "I just doan b'lieve in Moses and de rest of dat gang, sah, an' in none of dem old foolish tales o' de Bible."

"I see, Sergeant, you are a disciple and believer in the views of the 'Higher Critics,'" responded the young officer gravely.

"I doan know nuffin 'bout de high critters, Lootenant, but it stan's to reason dat de whole o' de Bible can't be true, sah. Why, Moses he done writ de whole ob it on a slate, sah; and its growed into mos' a hundred books, now how you gwine tell what's true? I was brung up in de Mefodist religion Lootenant; den I was 'mersed wid de Baptists; den de United Bruddern dey kind a roped me in. Lastly, sah, wen I was head barber at de Riggs House, I

done jined de Piscopals, cause dey was de mos' fashionable. Now, I jest doan b'lieve in any ob dem; I's jest a plain afeist."

The young officer's hearty, boyish laugh rang out infectiously, bringing a fleeting response to the grim, care-worn face of the Troop Commander, who was trying to decipher by the brief flame of commissary matches, the laconic dispatch just brought in by a weary, travel-stained "courier." "Hear that boy laugh," muttered the captain. "He fears not the treacherous foe in our rear, and knows not of the grim one ahead."

The message from Fort Wisseton read, "Malignant small-pox broken out here. Go into camp at the Water Holes, and enforce strict quarantine."

. . . . . .

As ordered, "K" Troop went into camp some miles from the Post, but, all precautions were useless. The very air seemed to carry the dread disease, and one after another the stalwart, colored troopers were laid low. The little old wizened-up colored chaplain, an official institution in all our colored regiments, as the days went on, almost turned white with fear; and his clerical uniform hung upon his spare figure in limp folds. What the poor little chaplain would have done if the small-pox patients had insisted upon having his services, for anything more than the last service of all, the burying of them, it is impossible to say; but, fortunately for him, none of the men seemed to have "'sperienced religion," so he was spared all sick-calls.

One day the young post surgeon stopped Mr. Davis, as he was marching off guard: "Uncle Mose is down, bad case too; I think the old fellow's done for; he asked me to give de Lootenant his most respectful regards, and to say 'he didn't think much of the afeist religion for dyin' in.'"

"No more do I," thought Mr. Davis. "I saw Father Harris drive in a while ago, I will send him to the rescue."

Good-natured Molly McGinnis, one of the last survivors of the typical old army laundress, was nurse for the small pox patients, her warm Irish heart, big enough for the black boys in blue, as well as the white ones. The old sergeant's loud protestation of unbelief had terribly distressed her, but finally, after days of argument and persuasion, he had given her permission to send for the chaplain to come and pray with him.

Poor Chaplain Jones! At last the dreaded summons had come, and must be obeyed; he followed Molly cautiously and at some distance, stopping at the hospital for a big bottle of disinfectant, but when they reached the long two-story barrack building, which had been converted into a temporary hospital, he declined to enter, and pausing outside the window, near which the old sergeant's bunk was placed, commenced to pray loudly and fervently for the old sinner inside, plying vigorously all the while a huge palm-leaf fan to keep off contagion. Between wrath and amusement at this exhibition of cowardice, Molly was rendered speechless. But not so the dying sinner.

"Come inside, Brudder Jones, sholy, yoah ain't afeerd; de debbil ain't askeered ob de small-pox, so de saint ought not be; come in, Brudder, come in," he cried mockingly.

Suddenly in the distance, Molly caught sight of a tall, white-haired figure in a priestly habit.

"Thanks be to God, it's Father Harris," she cried, as she dashed wildly off in pursuit.

"Here, Uncle," she remarked proudly, a few moments later, as she ushered in the priest, "here's a rale priest; no coward imitation," with a glance of scorn at the praying chaplain. "He'll fight the devil for you, Uncle Mose." Then with a look of dark intent at the chaplain, who was praying louder than ever, Molly seized the water-pitcher and mounted quietly to the second-story window, from which she suddenly emptied the entire contents of the pitcher on the exhorter below.

"Shure, I had to shtop him some-

how," she muttered with an apologetic grin. "Faith, sor, I am just disaffecting you," she explained, as the drenched and angry man threatened her with all sorts of penalties.

Sergeant Johnson recovered, and received conditional baptism in the little old mission chapel, Molly McGinnis standing godmother for him. The old fellow is a fervent Catholic now, and when questioned upon his religious views, replies proudly: —

"I was brung up a Mefodist, I'se tried de Baptist, de United Brudderen, de 'Piscopals and de Afeists; but I larned sence in my ole age, an' I now b'longs in dat Church whar de priests ain't afeerd to tackle de small-pox as well as de debbil."

LOVE'S PROPHECY.

BY MARIE M. PURSEL.

I.

When o'er my grave
The gentle night-wind sighing
Shall chant a dirge above my quiet breast,
Think thou of one
Under the clover lying
Who longed for rest.

II.

Think then of one
Whose hand was ever willing
To serve thee best, who loved and trusted thee,
Then let thy heart
With gentle pity filling
Return to me.

III.

And I shall hear
Your voice my spirit calling
Under the stars, and tho' no eye may see,
I'll come again
When bitter tears are falling
And kneel with thee.

IV.

In that sweet hour
Our souls harmonious blending
Shall perfect be, and love, 'twill matter not
That while I lived
And rendered love unending
I was forgot.

TRUSTS AND THE WAY OUT.

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

"Don't argue with the master of ten legions," was the sound advice given by Cæsar to the ancient Roman. Don't argue with the modern captain of industry, who commands ten or more millions of dollars, is equally sound advice to the workingmen of the United States. The captain of the millions, like the captain of the legions, will certainly get the best of the argument.

Mr. Carnegie's employés tried to argue with his agent, Mr. Frick, at Homestead, Penn., a few years ago, and they were summarily beaten to their knees. Half-starved coal miners argue by a strike, against the miserable pittance they receive from the coal barons of the United States, but they are quickly starved into submission. Colossal indeed is the power of the modern captain of industry, — and this power is not exercised over his own servants merely. Every trust and monopoly is an organized famine, in the supply of the commodity or service which it controls, and every member of society, from the richest to the poorest, is the victim of its oppression. Take the case of the coal barons of Pennsylvania, who not only dictate the wages of miners through their control of all the opportunities in that line of employment, but at monthly meetings of the agents of these monopolies, called for the purpose, they determine exactly how many tons of coal shall be mined for consumption, during the ensuing month, and at what price each ton shall be sold. Since the 1st day of last May, they have raised the price only 40 cents per ton, whereas, during the same time last year, they advanced the price 75 cents per ton, and the year before, $1.25 per ton.

Already there are more than 300 trusts in the United States, controlling most of the necessities and luxuries of life, without mentioning the railways and banks, which have, for a long time, controlled the means of transportation and exchange. The insidious and complex wrong is felt and suffered by all, and is just beginning to be understood. It is revealed in the latest work of some of our leading authors, who serve only art and truth, and who have no ambition to act the missionary or the social savior. It is stirring in the councils of church and of state. The latest and by far the best of all the literature of the warfare against monopoly, is the work, "Wealth against Commonwealth," by Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, a work of a real reformer, who has brought the highest talent, and the most extensive and painstaking investigation to the development of his subject. The principal subject of this remarkable book — the story of the rise and growth of the greatest aggregation of wealth and power on the western continent, if not in the world, — the Standard Oil monopoly, — is an array of facts stranger than fiction, and possessing the dramatic interest and fascination which holds and fixes the attention and the sympathy of the reader.

The prevailing belief or suspicion

that the sudden accumulation of millions cannot be the result of honest acquisition, is established by almost indisputable proof. The growth of such a monopoly is not legitimate business and productive enterprise, but criminal conspiracy, and enterprise of the most predaceous and destructive type. It represents the highest development of Napoleonic genius in the field of industrial warfare, how to destroy competitors, to confiscate their business capital, and prey upon the public. We are told how the South Improvement Company, the nucleus and beginning of the undertaking, began to spin and to extend its web of conspiracy, with the railways, by freight and rebate contracts, by which all other producers and shippers were denied the transportation of oil, except at double or treble the freight rates charged to the trust. The oil of competitors could no longer be delivered in any market except at a loss, and there were no alternatives for these unfortunate producers, but insolvency, or a sale of producing plants to the trust, at a ruinous sacrifice. The later development of the trust, in other sections and territories, as followed by the author, is but the further extension of their control of the policy of the railways. Its methods were merely fraudulent, though entirely peaceful, so far and so long as weak-kneed competitors were content to collapse, sell out, and quietly give up the ghost; but when it met a competitor who stood his ground, and who clamored and fought for his rights, it regarded not the moral law, nor the law of the land, in its fixed resolution to compass his destruction.

Mr. Lloyd tells simply and effectively the long story of the freight rate conspiracy and warfare against George Rice, an independent refiner of Marietta, Ohio. The monopoly found in him an opponent active, vigilant, and full of expedients, resorting to new routes of transportation as the direct lines were blocked, and opening new agencies and markets as rapidly as the old were closed to him, until at last the circle of the enemy was drawn so close that no outlets remained but the common roads and the Ohio river.

Though this plucky competitor was ultimately driven from business, his energy in pursuing his rights in the courts, and in exposing the peculiar methods of the trust, before investigating committees of Congress and of the legislature of Ohio, has furnished to the people of the United States absolute proofs, and indelible public records, of a long series of Standard Oil iniquities.

Another tough antagonist was met by the trust in the person of Charles B. Matthews, of Rochester, N. Y. Failing by ordinary methods to crush him, incendiaries were employed to start fires and explosions in his works. Devoting all his energy and means to the pursuit of his persecutors, he finally secured the conviction of three directors of the oil trust for this work of destruction. The author follows closely the record of the courts and of investigating committees, and by marginal references gives to the reader an index to further evidence, which is too voluminous to incorporate into a popular work. He notes the fact that some public records and evidence have been stolen from the files, and that the trust has succeeded, in many ways, in corrupting the legislatures and the courts.

Though the story of the trusts is mainly the record of rapid and easy success, sweeping away all obstacles, and destroying enemies, in a few of these battles of industry the great monopoly has met signal defeat, and in the careful review which the author has given of these instances of anti-monopoly success, the reformer can find the keynote and inspiration of victory. The battle of Toledo, a fight to a finish between the city and the trust, and the defeat of the trust at the ballot box, in the courts, and in the stock exchanges, is the battle which must be fought sooner or later in Boston, in New York, and in every other municipality, great and small. In the fight of Columbus, Miss., the trust was defeated by a solidarity of the local traders and their patrons.

The author shows the manner in

which the Standard Oil concern and its magnates cultivate public attention and notoriety. Judicious advertisements appear in all the papers of the fact that this or that great Standard Oil millionaire has endowed a gospel car, a theological seminary, or a great Baptist University. They meet the most favorable notice from the religious press, and the all-powerful influence with the clergy that these men possess, is shown in the dramatic incident in which the refiner Matthews is warned and admonished by his own pastor of the wickedness of his conduct in prosecuting the incendiaries who had conspired to destroy his establishment.

In strong contrast with this love of notoriety is the profound concealment of every fact concerning their actual business. The corporation itself is as unsubstantial as a ghost. Its magnates, according to their own testimony, seem, like Daniel Drew, to keep their agreements and accounts in their heads, and their money in wads in their pockets, and when they are brought to a witness stand, they have neither memories nor books. The secretary of the trust was asked for the proper name of the combination.

"The Lord only knows! I don't," was his reply.

A trustee was asked: "What is the capital stock?"

Answer: "I don't know."

"Where are the meetings of the Standard Oil Company held?"

Answer: "I don't know."

"How many directors are there?"

"I don't know."

"Do they own any pipe lines?"

"I don't know," and so on through a string of further interrogatories.

When asked for books, "There are no books to produce," is the answer. "It is a business of faith," one of the ruling four testified.

The same natural instinct of the fox, the criminal, and the conspirator, to conceal and to carefully cover his tracks, is brought to the notice of the people of Massachusetts, in the withholding of the accounts of the sugar trust, in defiance of the law of the Commonwealth, and the prosecution by its Attorney General.

The ambition of the trust to become superior to the law, by establishing itself as a law-making power, is very clearly shown in the account of the election of Henry B. Payne, the Standard Oil Senator, from Ohio. In reaching this, the highest seat of power, the great trust displayed all the genius of a Walpole or a Castlereagh, and far superior resources. The evidence shows the corrupt purchase of a clear majority of the legislature of one of the largest American states. The defeat of candidates whom the legislators were pledged to their constituents to support, and the election of a man who had not even been suggested to the people, as a candidate for the office, the action of this senator in Congress, in opposing every investigation of railway discriminations and unfair charges, in voting against the inter-state commerce law, and in blocking every inquiry into the legislative bribery which accomplished his elevation, clearly outline the policy of this trust, and of trusts in general, in directing the action of national and state legislatures.

The lords and barons of coal and of oil, the kings of the highways, railways, pipes, and wires, are serving commerce and industry, with the tender consideration of a Dick Turpin, or a Jesse James, and their enterprise is as grateful to the people, as were the rapacious forays of the robber barons of the Middle Ages to the peaceful traders of the Rhine. They have their castles, and their hunger towers, also. The magnificent and spacious armories and jails, rising in every great city, are the hospitality they have prepared for the masses of the people, who, according to historical precedent, are expected to act riotously, and perhaps to fight, when they can no longer stand and deliver.

That the author is no mere calamity howler, pessimist, or scold, and that the work is no morbid realism, to merely haunt the mind with "blue

devils" and depression of spirits, is shown in the clear indication of the remedy for the state of things. The "Battle of Toledo" must be fought in every field of industry, until private capital and dominion is hunted and driven out of every field of natural monopoly, and all such undertakings, from town gas works to transcontinental railways, shall be brought under municipal, state, or national ownership and control.

NEW YEAR CHIMES.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

Oh, listen to the chiming bells,
Ye children of the earth;
With promise and with prophecy
They greet the New Year's birth.
Each clamorous tongue a message tells —
Oh, listen to the chiming bells.

There's music in the pealing bells —
A grand, triumphant song;
They ring for noble thoughts and deeds,
For triumph over wrong.
Now loud and clear the chorus swells —
Oh, listen to the pealing bells.

Hark to the bells, the silvery bells,
They bid you doubt no more;
The ships of hope, belated long,
Will yet come safe to shore.
May you whose soul in darkness dwells
List to the message of the bells.

Ring on, ye solemn, midnight bells!
Ring for the good cause won;
Ring pæans for the pilgrims tried
Whose race is almost run.
Sound forth your psalm o'er hills and dells —
Ring on, ring on, ye midnight bells.

STARTING THE NEW YEAR WELL.

HEART FACES.

BY D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

E have all seen them! Faces full of deep meaning. Heart-faces! Heart-mirrors! And there were lines and furrows traced there! And lip-quiverings and eye-wanderings, and features strained and drawn up by mere will-energy, when the heart would paint a far different picture!

We cannot help seeing them. Their magnetism compels our notice. They are everywhere. They rush past us in the busy thoroughfares of the city. We meet them, solitary and spectre-like, in the silent hamlet. They look at us, and the glance burns into our very soul. The last image before our conscious vision as we sink into repose at night, may be some poor heart-face we have seen but for a moment that day.

These faces have for me a strong attraction. I long to look into the soul whose emotions they faintly reflect. There are three of them in yonder throng. My eyes are strangely drawn to them, while mind follows sight in an eager study of their mysterious lessons.

One is the face of a mere child in years, a girl of perhaps sixteen. She is tall, and frail as a reed. Her dark hair and brows give her pure-white skin a deathly pallor. Her large blue eyes have the peculiar brightness often seen in consumptives, and her very soul seems to beam forth in her glance.

There is an expression of peace and calm and unconscious self-sacrifice on her face that lays her heart bare before you. She is a lovely flower, slowly fading just as it blooms into perfect beauty, preserving its loveliness even in its decay. Oh, lovely heart-face! Tender woman's patient, willing suffering! Oh, lovely fading of loveliness! Heart-face with the soul's reflections attracting all to gaze and love!

And there is another face next to this one! A heart-face too! But, oh, how vastly different! It, too, is but the face of a girl, but a girl only in years! It is a handsome face but a restless one, just as the heart it reflects is restless. And the large gray eyes prey upon every face around it! Nor do they find enough for their restlessness there. They prey upon the faces passing by; and, unconsciously, reproduce her heart-workings! And an expression, almost a scowl, passes over the handsome features, like a shadow over a lovely landscape; but it is only a shadow. In a moment it has passed and the face is beauteous again, with its unquiet loveliness, a hankering heart-yearning on it that tells it will be satisfied. Oh, sad heart-face, lovely, but almost certain to be blighted! Oh, frail woman's beauty! Oh, heart-face, may I not see thee when the years have rushed by! May none see thee, as my soul tells me what thy heart-face may say when the golden hours and dreams of youth have flown!

And there is still another face nearby, a heart-face, too! But altogether unlike the others. It is a mother's face, a young mother's face, calm and peacefully joyous! A child is in her arms, with his baby hands clasped around her neck and his laughing eyes looking into hers, while her beaming countenance reflects the deep joy of her spirit. Their lips meet and their souls seem blended into one. There is no shadow there. All is sunshine. And I look forward and see in spirit that mother's face when the child has its own heart-mirror; when care and age and life's strivings have left their tracings upon it deep and unmistakable. But there is peace there still; fixed there by love's beautifying, soul-perfecting process. Oh, lovely, holy face, reflecting the love-giving, love-cheering heart of a mother!

Yea, there are heart-faces everywhere! Some telling of hearts torn and bleeding; some of hearts calm and joyous; some of hearts strong as steel; some of hearts feeble and vacilliating as the stems of fading flowers; and they speak to us, and tell us, in language more eloquent than words, of life's ways and woes, life's joys and cares, life's sin and saintliness.

A WORKING WOMAN.

BY WILL CARLETON.

UPON a silken couch she lies,
In cold and splendid rest;
The coffin-sleep is in her eyes,
The lilies on her breast.

No trace of toil this solemn light
Permits a glance to see;
Her folded hands are trim and white
As waxen flowers could be.

The jewels' graceful golden stems
Have blossomed in her hair;
A gleaming casket full of gems
Was found for her to wear.

The wealth for which another strives
Obeyed her softest breath;
Enough to feed a hundred lives
Adorns the bed of death.

But, Toiler, not with frowning gaze
The stately hearse pursue;
Though reared in dainty words and ways,
This one was one of you.

She toiled, through mingled night and day,
'Mid careless praise and scorn,
To walk erect the lofty way
In which her life was born.

She toiled, with Honor throned above,
And Duty at her side,
To recompense a mother's love
And feed a father's pride.

She toiled, as round her thrilling form
The reckless passions stood,
To scathless keep, through sun and storm,
God's smile, true womanhood.

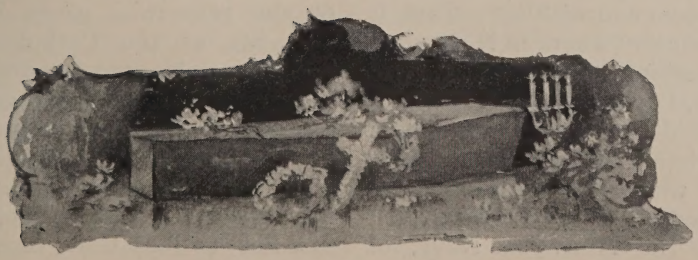
She toiled to reap, as faithful wife,
The harvest Love had sown,
And draw to her another life,
And bend to it her own.

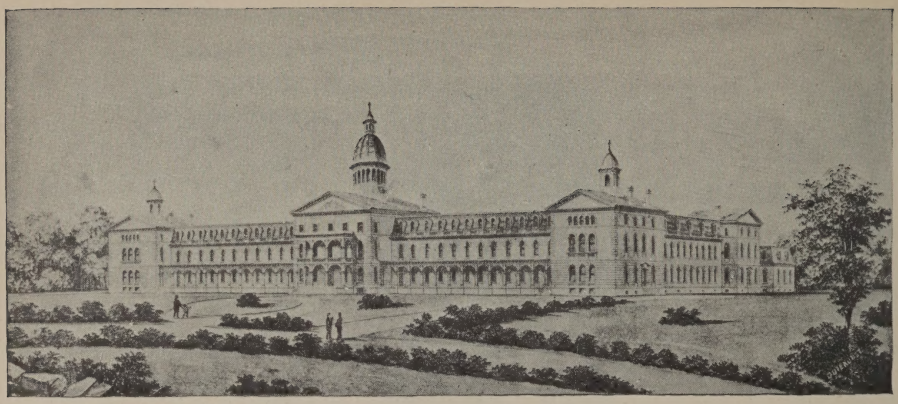
She toiled that all the childhood-blooms
Thrown to her from on high,
Might some day shed their sweet perfumes
In gardens of the sky.

She toiled to kindle Comfort's flame
In garrets of distress;
And oft to gloomy haunts she came,
That sorrow might be less.

She toiled for you, O toiling one,
And all hearts here below —
An hundred thousand ways that none
But God may ever know.

So to entwine the hearts of worth
Be these true words the strands:
Not all the labor of the earth
Is done by hardened hands.





THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO (Overbrook).

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN THE QUAKER CITY.

BY GEORGE BARTON.

THE term "Catholic Philadelphia," although used in a relative sense, has a strange sound, even on the eve of the twentieth century, when the Church flourishes in the City of Brotherly Love as it has never flourished before. The Archdiocese of Philadelphia is rich in historic associations. In the very beginning the Quaker William Penn in Pennsylvania and the Catholic Lord Baltimore in Maryland united in establishing religious tolerance — a principle that has been adhered to, and which has ever been the brightest gem in the crown of these two imperial commonwealths. This is the Archdiocese where in November, 1781, Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse and other patriots attended a mass of thanksgiving for the victory at Yorktown. It is the place where the mortal remains of Commodore "Jack" Barry, the father of the American Navy, of General Stephen Moylan, of Thomas Lloyd, and other brave Catholic soldiers of the Revolutionary period, repose in the sleep of the just.

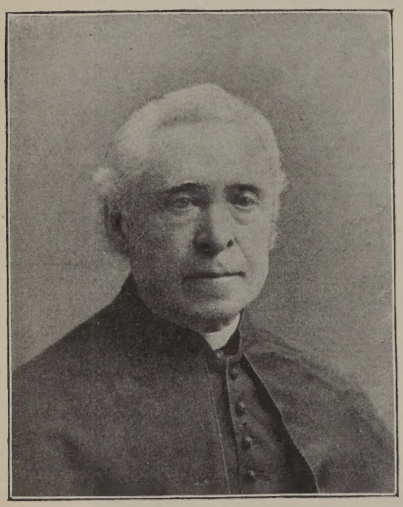
Despite the religious tolerance of Penn there was intolerance among some of the people, and there was no place on the North American continent where the process of planting Catholicity was more difficult. But after it had taken root there was no place on American soil where its growth was more certain. The Church has had its trials and tribulations ; but now, after the lapse of many years, it flourishes with all of the freshness and glory of the proverbial green bay tree. The life of the Catholic Church in Philadelphia can be divided into three periods, — the pioneer period from 1707, when mass was first celebrated by a Jesuit priest, until 1809, when Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., was appointed first bishop of the new See, by Pius VII. ; secondly, the

MOST REV. PATRICK J. RYAN, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia.

constructive period, from 1809 until the time of Bishop Wood; and, finally, the period of fruition which has just begun to dawn upon us.

Some of the anti-Catholics, of the Colonial period, openly accused William Penn of being a "papist." To this he replied: "If the asserting of an impartial liberty of conscience, if doing to others as we would be done by, and an open avowing and steady practising of these things at all times to all parties, will justly lay a man under the reflection of being a Jesuit or papist of any rank, I will not only submit to the character, but embrace it." There have been only two events in the history of the Church in Philadelphia, from its foundation to the present time, that Catholics have any cause to regret. These two episodes were the Hogan Schism in 1820–22 at St. Mary's Church, and the malignant Know-Nothing movement which culminated in the burning and sacking of Catholic churches in 1844. One came from within the Church, the other from without. The Hogan affair was caused largely by the trustee system then in vogue, but now long since abolished. When Bishop

Conwell came to Philadelphia, he suspended Father Hogan from the



MONSIGNOR CANTWELL,
Vicar General of the Archdiocese.

pastorship of St. Mary's. Then ensued the lamentable Schism, through which the Meades, and other prominent families, were lost to the Church. The unfortunate cause of it all left the Church, and devoted most of his remaining years to antagonizing it both with his voice and pen. He died in a small town in New Hampshire, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The Know-Nothing movement which ended with such disastrous effect could scarcely find an apologist among the intelligent members of any religious denomination of the present day, yet, strange to say the unholy cause was fanned into existence mainly through the efforts of non-Catholics who claimed to be ministers of the gospel. The ruin wrought during 1844 included the destruction by fire of two churches; the firing and looting of one church; the burning of one seminary and one convent; the destruction of two parochial residences; the burning of two schools and an orphanage; the destruction of a valuable theological library; the loss of about 40 lives, and the demolition of about 40 dwellings. The total amount of damage to buildings and ecclesiastical property amounted to $83,627.75. The city three years later awarded the church $47,433.87. These un-American riots constitute the only blot on the fair fame of Philadelphia. Such times have happily passed away forever, but their memory is so repugnant to the fairness of American nature that no organization of any kind that would proscribe a man for the manner in which he chooses to worship his God can ever gain a permanent foothold upon the free soil of America. This applies to the modern dark-lantern patriots who are mainly aliens in birth and education. Men that use patriotism as a cloak for bigotry only desecrate the flag as they desecrate religion and humanity.

The diocese of Philadelphia has been most fortunate in its spiritual rulers. Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, D.D., O. S. F., who reigned from 1810 to the time of his death in 1814, and who had the distinction of being the first bishop of the Diocese which was established in 1808, was a pious man, beloved by all who came into contact with him. His remains were interred in old St. Mary's, but were subsequently transferred to the Cathedral graveyard. Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, D.D., who succeeded Bishop Egan, was consecrated in December, 1820. He had the difficulties at St. Mary's to contend with from the start, but impartial writers have never questioned his authority in a matter that was purely one of discipline. While Bishop Conwell was residing at St. Joseph's, he baptized

Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Charles Julien Lawrence Bonaparte and his wife, who was the daughter of Joseph, King of Spain. On that occasion the former King of Spain presented the Bishop with a diamond episcopal ring that had once been the property of the famous Cardinal Ximenes.

Bishop Conwell died in 1842, and was succeeded by his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who, by his force of character, had previously settled the troubles at St. Mary's. The riots of '44, already mentioned, occurred during the episcopate of Bishop Kenrick. There is one episode of this period that deserves to go on record. Dr. Newton, a highly esteemed clergyman, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a sermon at the funeral of Dr. Tyng, at one time a prominent minister of this city, told of the friendship that had always existed between Dr. Tyng and Bishop Kenrick. He related a story of how the Bishop had sought the protection of Dr. Tyng during the riots, saying the Bishop had thrown himself at the feet of Dr. Tyng. The late Judge Campbell, about six months before his death, furnished the writer with his version of the episode in question. He said:

"The relations between Bishop Kenrick, one of the purest of men, and Dr. Tyng, were intimate and their esteem mutual. It was a time of great excitement, and the feeling against the Catholics was absolutely fiendish. St. Augustine's Church and parsonage, and St. Michael's Church and parsonage, had been burned to the ground. St. Mary's Church and St. John's were threatened. In fact, all of the Catholic churches were in danger from the mob. I was then on the Bench, and was personally cognizant of a great deal that was going on, and, I may say, well acquainted with what I did not see. I then lived on Almond street in Southwark. I was in no danger myself. Andy McClain, one of the native American leaders, who knew me from boyhood and who was some years my senior, having issued orders to "let Judge Campbell alone." What did happen to Bishop Kenrick was this: Some of the prominent members of St. John's Church, then the Cathedral, believing the Bishop to be in danger, persuaded him, against his will, to seek shelter with Dr. Tyng, until what they believed to be the Bishop's danger had passed. But the Bishop did not throw himself at Dr Tyng's feet, nor was there any crowd about to attack St. John's Church, or surging towards Dr. Tyng's house, nor did he address the mob, simply because there was no mob to address. Dr. Newton was in error, except that the Bishop did go to Dr. Tyng's house until the excitement had subsided."

Bishop Kenrick was translated to the See of Baltimore in 1851, and died full of honors in 1863. Rt. Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann, D. D., C. SS. R., who succeeded Bishop Kenrick, was a most saintly man. Bishop Neumann was consecrated May 28, 1852, and died Jan. 5, 1860. His exemplary life has always been held up as a model to the priesthood. His remains repose in a crypt adjoining the Redemptorist

REV. GERARD P. COGHLAN.
Rector of Our Lady of Mercy.

Church of St. Peter at Fifth and Girard avenue. A movement to canonize him was started ten or more years ago, as all of the testimony

on his life and work point him out as a saint.

The memory of the Most Rev. James Frederic Wood, who succeeded Dr. Neumann, is still fresh in the minds of all Philadelphians. He was one of the most distinguished converts

REV. WM. A. MCLOUGHLIN,
Pastor of St. Stephen's.

of the Church in the United States. Born in Philadelphia, and leaving there for Cincinnati as a bank clerk, he lived to return to his native city as one of the most illustrious prelates of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1862, at the invitation of His Holiness Pius IX., Bishop Wood went to Rome, and was present at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, and again, in 1867, at the celebration of the 1800th anniversary of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. A great event in the life of the diocese was in 1875, when Dr. Wood was made archbishop of the new ecclesiastical province of Philadelphia. Archbishop Wood possessed business ability of the very highest order, and his skilful financiering, no doubt, pushed the Church in Philadelphia many decades ahead of its time. He died full of honors and with the respect of the community, irrespective of creed, on June 20, 1883.

The present Metropolitan, Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, needs no introduction to the American public. He has very properly been called the "Prince of Pulpit Orators." It is not possible to give a biographical sketch of the Archbishop within the limits of a general article as is the present one, but a few incidents which show the character of the man may be introduced. Recently he was one of the guests of honor at a grand dinner given by the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia. This is composed of prominent men of all religious faiths, but mostly of Irish birth or descent. It would have puzzled some men to select an appropriate theme upon which to address such a mixed gathering, but the Archbishop was equal to the occasion. When called upon he read a poem, a plea for union, entitled the "Orange and the Green," with such pathos as to draw tears from many of those present. On another occasion he was presiding over a mass-meeting of Catholics at the Academy of Music, in honor of the Anniversary of the discovery of America. A magnificent torchlight procession of 25,000 Catholics had taken place the night before. Speaking of this the Archbishop said: "While I looked on that grand pageant the voice of some one I did not see whispered in my ear, 'You are not human if you are not proud of your diocese to-night,' and I replied 'I am human.'" The grandeur and volume that the Archbishop put into those three words cannot be expressed on paper. It came like music from a grand organ, and thrilled the hearts of those present.

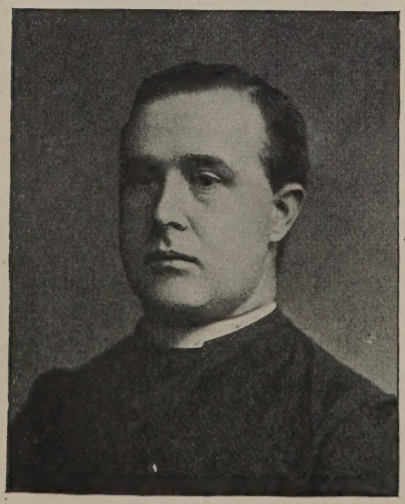
When the Archbishop first came to Philadelphia, a prominent Protestant gentleman, with broad views, came to him and said: "It would be a good thing if you would mingle with the people generally. Take part in public events and come to the front when matters affecting the city as a whole are being discussed." Apropos of this, when the famine in Russia was at its worst, the people of Philadelphia, with that generous instinct for which they are justly celebrated, chartered an ocean steamer and filled it with provisions for the starving subjects of the Czar. On the day appointed for the sailing, religious ceremonies were held at the wharf. A clergyman of every denomination was on hand to participate in the ceremonies. The Methodist preacher, the Presbyterian minister, the Episcopal clergyman, and the Baptist, all went through their forms of prayer. The large crowd was listless and seemed anxious to have the ceremonies end. Archbishop Ryan was standing modestly in the background with a heavy black coat on. He was invited to say something. He walked to the centre of the place assigned to the speakers, threw aside his coat, and was revealed to the great audience arrayed in full pontificals. Raising his right hand solemnly he pointed to the vessel about to sail on its errand of mercy. There was a profound silence for a moment, and then the Archbishop began a beautiful prayer, calling down the blessings of heaven on the vessel, its crew, and its cargo. The impression made by his Grace on that day cannot be estimated; the people were visibly affected. All other words seemed hollow and vain beside his. There was an undefined feeling that here was a true, living faith. As the crowd was dismissed, and the Archbishop started to leave, the Protestant gentleman, before mentioned, came up and grasping his Grace warmly by the hand said sincerely, "Well, you are coming to the front!" The Archbishop lives quietly, plainly, and modestly. His study in the southwest corner of the Archiepiscopal residence, at Eighteenth and Summer streets, is fitted up with simplicity. In the centre is a square desk, at which the Archbishop does most of his work, with the assistance of the Chancellor of

REV. JAMES F. LOUGHLIN, D.D., Chancellor.

the Archdiocese, the Rev. Dr. James F. Loughlin. Pictures of distinguished Catholics, and volumes on all conceivable subjects, from light poetry to heavy theology, line the walls. The Archbishop has a private parlor on the first floor of the Cathedral residence, where he receives callers other than clerical. The most prominent thing in the room is a fine marble bust of Pope Leo XIII., which stands on a pedestal

between two windows. A large picture of the Vatican and of St. Peter's, and oil paintings of former bishops of Philadelphia, help to complete the furnishings of this parlor.

The Archbishop is an early riser. The first duty of the day is the celebration of mass, which generally takes place in the little chapel adjoining the Cathedral. After a light breakfast the business of the Archdiocese is taken up. The first few hours are set aside for the reception of priests and pastors. Two hours following this are accorded to general visitors. Dinner, as a rule, is served at one o'clock. If the weather is fine in the afternoon the prelate generally takes a long walk. He is a great believer in pedestrianism. He frequently walks from the Cathedral to the Lincoln Monument in Fairmount Park and back again. Although a great orator, he has put very few of his thoughts into book form. There is one, however, a re-production of a lecture on "What Catholics do not Believe." This was delivered in St. Louis, and has had a large sale both in this country and in Europe.



REV. JAMES C. MONAHAN,
of the Cathedral.

It would be difficult to estimate in words or figures the great amount of good that Archbishop Ryan has done for humanity and religion in Philadelphia. Scores of handsome new churches, a baker's dozen of parochial schools, the successful inauguration of the magnificent new Catholic High School, the improvement of the Seminary at Overbrook, the ordination of hundreds of young men into the priesthood, and the reception of as many young women into the various sisterhoods, the establishment of St. Joseph's Home for Homeless Boys, the erection of the Industrial School for Boys at Eddington, the establishment of a colored parish at Twelfth and Lombard streets, the purchase of an edifice for Polish Catholics on German street. These form a small part of the good that the prudent Bishop and the wise Counsellor has done in his large field of labor.

The "Cathedral" has been at various times located at St. Joseph's, St. Mary's, and St. John's. The present magnificent Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul on Eighteenth street, facing Logan square, was begun by Bishop Kenrick, finished by Bishop Wood, and consecrated by Archbishop Ryan. The work was started at a time when the diocese was poor, and when money was being raised for St. Joseph's Hospital and the Widow's Asylum. The project had to be temporarily abandoned, owing to the famine in Ireland, in 1847, but the faithful prelates having charge of the work never turned back, and it was finally successfully completed. Since its dedication it has been improved and enriched with many valuable works

of art and memorial altars, that bring its value, in a monetary sense, well up to a million dollars. The main altar and the Blessed Virgin's and Sacred Heart altars, on the north and south sides respectively, were constructed in 1877 at a cost of $22,000, exclusive of the expense of ornamentation, and the cost of statues. These three altars are all of fine Italian marble, and were designed by Napoleon Le Brun, the architect of the Cathedral.

The memorial altars which flank both sides of the Cathedral add greatly to its beauty. One to the memory of Bishop Kenrick is of pure white marble. The memorial to Archbishop Wood is of white and colored marble. The altar to the memory of Francis A. Drexel, the great banker, through whose munificence millions have gone to charity, was placed in position in 1885. It is constructed of white marble, and near the base is the simple inscription, "Pray for the soul of Francis A. Drexel." The altar to the memory of Charles J. Thomas, erected by his mother, has a metallic crucifix which is considered a perfect work of art. It was taken from a painting by Van Dyke at the Vatican, and three months were occupied in its manufacture.

The Cathedral as a whole is modelled after the Church of St. Charles in Rome. The interior is cruciform, and designed in Roman-Corinthian style. The carved oaken pulpit, located in the body of the church, is considered the finest piece of work of its kind in this country. When the grand organ was placed in position in 1868 it was the largest in the city.

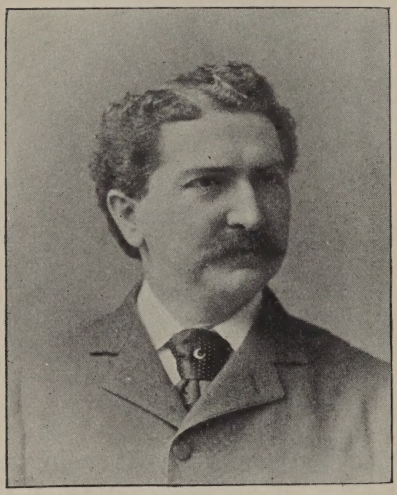
Perhaps one of the greatest features among the rare things in the Cathedral is the Genoese Crucifix,

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

which has a history as being the life-work of a pious monk. The face of the Savior is a study. The sculptor has successfully depicted the triumph of spiritual nature over physical pain. It is said that Carlo Antonio Pesento, whose work the crucifix represents, once visited the monastery of the monks of St. Nicholas Tolentino near Genoa, and while there, he had a realistic dream in which he saw the body of the Savior hanging from the cross. He joined the order, and, obtaining permission of the Prior, secured a block of ivory, and after years of work reproduced the vision. In 1845 the United States Consul at Genoa purchased the crucifix, which was then sold to the Cosmopolitan Art Association for $10,000. It was afterwards presented to Bishop Neumann by a Philadelphian.

The Parish Church of the Gesù, under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, is the largest non-cathedral church in this country. Besides the church there is a free college, a parochial school and other ecclesi

astical property, taking in an entire block, and representing a valuation of not less than a million dollars. The interior of the church is of a



HON. WM. F. HARRITY.

character to fill the worshipper with awe, the ceiling rising 95 feet above the floor, with neither a pillar nor post to obstruct the view. Although the main altar is of wood it cost $12,000. It is shortly to be duplicated in marble at an expense of $110,000. The congregation attached to the church is growing so constantly as to make it almost impossible to give an accurate estimate of its members, although it is agreed that it is between 12,000 and 15,000. The free college of St. Joseph attached to the parish is doing a great work among ambitious young men who would otherwise be deprived of the kind of education thus imparted. It would be impossible to go into details regarding all of the churches of the city. The latest figures taken show that the Archdiocese contains 168 churches in use and 12 in course of erection. Besides this there are 73 chapels and 39 stations, whereby thousands of persons who do not reach the churches are enabled to worship.

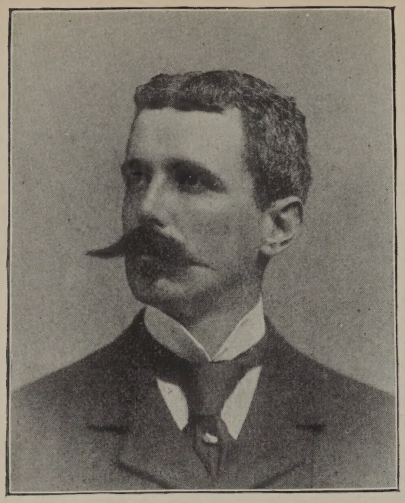
The parochial school system of the Archdiocese is the pride of the Archbishop. With very little stir it has been built up and improved immensely within the last five years. The first parochial school of which history makes any mention, was founded in Bally, Berks county, by Rev. Father Theodore Schneider. The difference between that and the palatial Catholic High School now in existence tells its own story. The great improvement in the schools in the past few years is quite natural. Heretofore struggling pastors with the task of building a church, have been compelled to take a fresh breath, and turn in and erect a parish school besides. As a consequence, their time has been absorbed in getting the schools rather than in running them. The work of construction past, however, they have been able to give more time and attention to the mental needs of the pupils. The schools have been thoroughly organized, and placed in charge of a diocesan board of control, composed of men selected for their practical knowledge of the subject. Systems of grading and methods of teaching have been adopted, and the entire executive management of the schools is placed in the hands of Rev. J. W. Shanahan, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent superintendent. There are three departments, — primary, secondary, and grammar, and these three are subdivided into twelve grades with the senior class at the end of all, and the high school as an incentive for the future. The system includes most of the best features of the public schools, and practical tests

DR. MICHAEL O'HARA. PROFESSOR LA PLACE. EX-JUDGE THOMAS R. ELCOCK. JOHN M. CAMPBELL. JAMES S. MCCARTNEY.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT LAYMEN.

have shown that the parochial schools are not only equal to the public schools in most things, but that they excel them in some particulars. There are between 30,000 and 40,000 pupils in the 90 schools scattered throughout the ten counties of the Archdiocese, and the aggregate value of the school lands and buildings runs well into $3,000,000.

The Catholic High School, at the corner of Broad and Vine streets, is a noble monument to the memory of Thomas E. Cahill. With two exceptions it is the handsomest and costliest white marble structure in the city. It was founded, erected, and endowed through the munificence of Mr. Cahill, who left a half a million dollars for that purpose. The ground cost $70,000, and the building, $20,000. The yearly income amounts to over $35,000. The

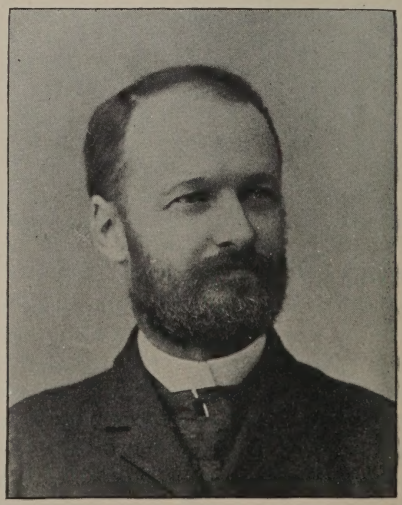


COL. EDWARD MORRELL.

building is a modern adaptation of the Gothic style, with 140 feet on Broad street and 115 feet on Vine street. The tower at the corner, which is to be used as an observatory, is 150 feet high. The first story of the school contains 13 large class rooms and a library room; the second story 15 class rooms and a museum room, and the third story a lecture room, 80 by 30 feet, a drawing room and a gymnasium. In the basement are rooms for manual training and the study of the mechanical arts. The building is illuminated by 650 electric lights, and heated by steam. Each floor has in the rear fire escapes of modern improvement. The school will accommodate over 600 students. The school has 15 professors, and Rev. Father Nevin F. Fisher is the Rector.*

"Catholic Philadelphia" has been modest so far as literature is concerned; but it has, nevertheless, been doing a great work quietly and unobtrusively. The American Catholic Historical Society, which had its inception in this city only a few years ago, now has a library which promises to become one of the most valuable Catholic places of reference in the world, with the exception of the Vatican itself. The society was organized July, 1884, and a charter was granted on Dec. 26, 1885. Pope Leo extended his blessing, and his Grace, Archbishop Ryan, gave it his formal approbation. Ex-Governor John Lee, of Maryland, in an address before the society three years ago, outlined its purposes when he said: —

"Gather up the letters of the past, gather up the traditions, gather up those pamphlets, gather up those records, that are so essential for the fulness of our Catholic history; and surely the Catholic people of Philadelphia have no reason to be ashamed, but every reason to be proud, of their glorious traditions, both as Christians and as citizens. Patriots beyond measure have been nurtured



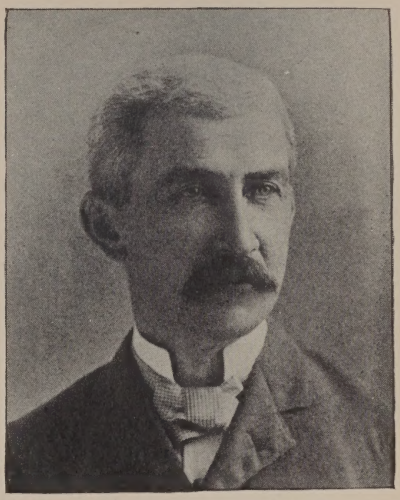
DR. LAWRENCE FLICK,
President American Catholic Historical Society.

* NOTE. A special article by Mr. Patrick J. Coleman, on "The Catholic High School of Philadelphia," which is unique among Catholic educational institutions in the country, will appear in DONAHOE'S next month.

here in the bosom of the Church, but, thanks be to God, a traitor never. Now it may be most important to preserve a single letter. That letter may be an important link in the chain of historical evidence. Therefore the Catholic Historical Society does well in endeavoring to search into past records, and to find out all that is useful for the future history of the Catholic Church of America. This Historical Society, as I take it, will not restrict its labors to Catholic works. No, it will extend itself to all departments of history pertaining to our glorious union of states, for we are proud of our country, of her heroes, of her statesmen, and of her men of letters. * "

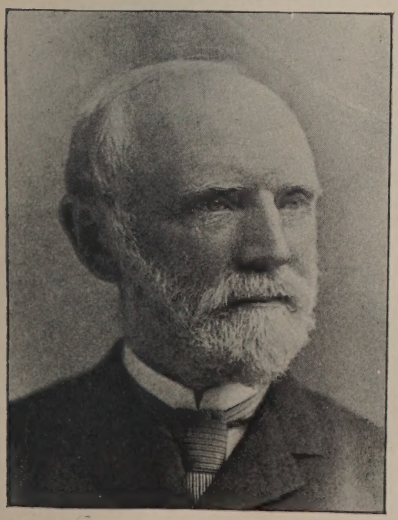
The society has a quarterly publication devoted entirely to original historical matter which alone will be priceless to the historian of the future. Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin is one of the men who has been prominent in this historical movement. He contributed the chapter on "The Catholic Church," in Westcott's History of Philadelphia, and has written other things of a valuable nature.

The "American Catholic Quarterly Review," published under the editorial supervision of the Archbishop, is the greatest publication of its kind



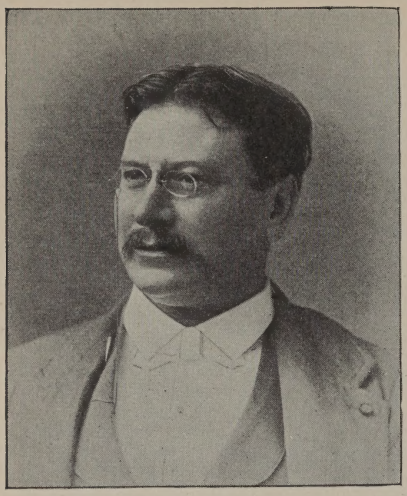
JOHN F. MCMENAMIN.

in existence. It has well been said that it does not infringe upon the ground occupied by any other Catholic magazine. It is one of the mediums, too, by which educated Protestants can learn the latest and best thoughts of cultivated Catholics. In the beginning the Archbishop was assisted by Dr. Horstmann, since the learned Bishop of Cleveland. At present Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D, the Chancellor of the Archdiocese, is his coadjutor in this important work. Philadelphia possesses two excellent weekly Catholic newspapers in the Catholic Standard and the Catholic Times. The Standard was one of the pioneers in Catholic journalism. The Times, although but a few years old, has already stepped to the front rank. The aim of its projectors is to make the Times in America what the Tablet is to England. There



RICHARD P. WHITE.

* An illustrated article on "The American Catholic Historical Society," from the pen of its president, Doctor Lawrence Flick, will be published in the February issue of DONAHOE'S. — ED.

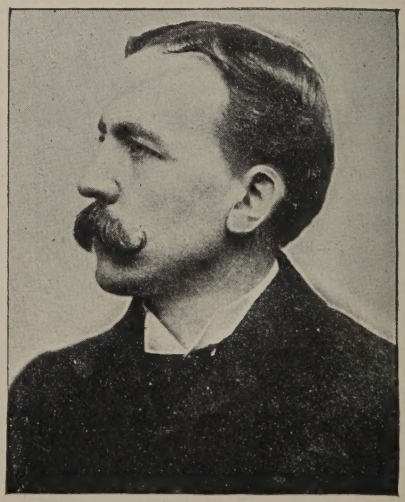


ROBERT M. MCWADE.

are many other meritorious Catholic publications too numerous to speak of in detail. No article on "Catholic Philadelphia," however, would be complete without a reference to Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose literary work, both in prose and poetry, has reflected credit upon herself and her Church. Miss Donnelly is a sister of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who was recently one of the candidates for governor in the state of Minnesota, and whose literary labors have attracted much attention. Miss Donnelly has published several volumes of her poems, and at present is editing a sprightly little magazine for the Augustinians. There are literary societies and reading circles in most of the parishes of the city.

Philadelphia is not deficient in clubs where Catholics of all classes may spend their leisure moments in a very profitable and pleasant manner. The Catholic Club, which has a handsome house near South Broad street, is composed of the best known laymen in the city. The most conspicuous of its public banquets, probably, was the one given to President Cleveland and Cardinal Gibbons during the Bi-Centennial Celebration some years ago. The Philopatrian Literary Institute is another organization with a proud record. It was formed more than 40 years ago, and in the near future hopes to become the possessor of a $100,000 building. On July 4, 1852, the members of the Institute attended in a body the oration of Pierre Soule, United States Senator from Louisiana, in Independence Hall.

The Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, is justly considered one of the finest of its kind in this or any other country. Its benefactors and patrons have included Bishop Neumann and Archbishops Kenrick, Wood, and Ryan. The buildings and their equipments are admirably

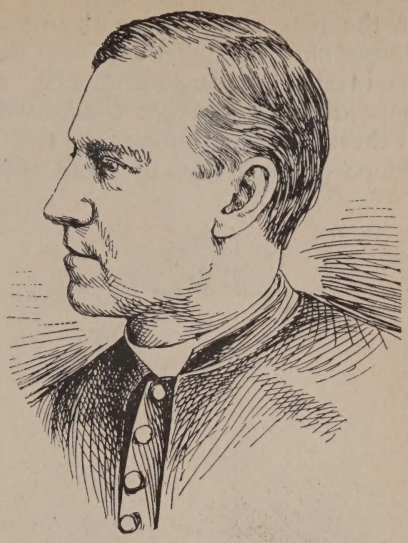


JOHN W. KING,
City Editor, Philadelphia Press.

suited for the purposes of the institution. Mgr. Satolli, who visited the Seminary about a year ago, said:

"Wherever I go I shall hold up the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo as a model institution." Such praise from such a source was naturally very gratifying. Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D.D., the Rector of the Seminary, is one of the most valued priests in the Archdiocese.

The Total Abstinence Societies have been one of the conspicuous features of Catholic life in Philadelphia. To the Archbishop they have been a joy, a crown, and a consolation. The membership is now somewhere in the neighborhood of 20,000. The success of the men's society has led to the formation of societies of women, of boys, and even of girls. During the Centennial year the Philadelphia Union erected a handsome temperance fountain in Fairmount Park, where it conspicuously stands forth among the many fine memorials in that great pleasure ground. The central piece is a high figure of Moses, while surrounding this are life-size statues of such eminent Catholics as Father Mathew, John Carroll, Commodore Barry, and Bishop Carroll. The cost of this appropriate memorial, from which sparkling water gushes forth day and night, was about $50,000. All of the Catholic Temperance Societies throughout the United States participated in the fund, although the Philadelphia Union deserves the credit of having raised the lion's share of the money. In addition to this the Philadelphia Union is now taking a leading part in the gathering of a fund of $50,000, the proceeds of which are to be used in endowing a professorship in memory of Father Mathew at the Catholic University of America in Washington. The total abstainers of Philadelphia owe much of their success to the indefatigable labors of John H. Campbell,



REV. J. J. ELCOCK.
Rector of the Cathedral.

who was president of the local union for many years, and to the untiring zeal of Philip A. Nolan, the General Secretary of the Union in the United States. A significant feature of the recent meeting of the American Archbishops in Philadelphia was the fact that they were pleased to accept a public banquet at the hands of the Total Abstainers of the city.

The Hibernian Society is an organization which claims to be older than the Constitution. It is an outgrowth of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and it is known to have included Washington and other of the Presidents down to Cleveland in its membership. In former years it did much for the relief of emigrants, but is now mainly a social body, with members of all religious beliefs, but natives of Ireland by birth or descent. The Church in Philadelphia has done its full share of charitable work. It possesses in St. Joseph's, St. Mary's, and St. Agnes' three of the best-equipped hospitals in the city, with medical staffs composed of the cream

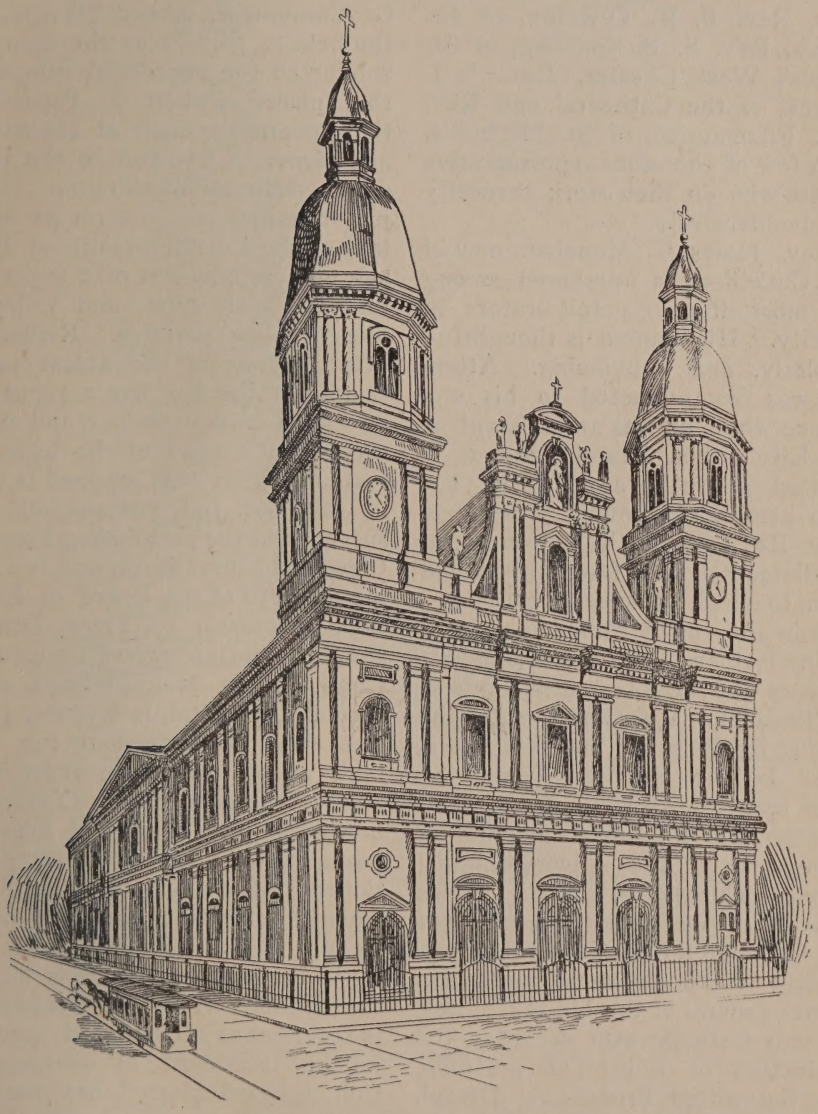
of the profession, and with nurses whose skill in their own line has been tested by actual experience. It is needless to say that the services of these great institutions are free to the people regardless of creed, color,

REV. THOMAS BARRY, St. Ann's Church.

or nationality. Even an A. P. A. could have his wounds bound up by expert practitioners, and his uncharitable heart kept beating by gentle, patient, and devoted Catholic Sisters. Besides this, two homes for the aged poor of both sexes are conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, one in the city at Eighteenth and Jefferson, the other in Germantown. In addition to these there is the House of the Good Shepherd; a mission and home for the deaf and dumb; St. Vincent's Home and Maternity Hospital for Homeless Infants and their abandoned mothers; St. Francis' Industrial School for the training of boys; St. Joseph's Home for Homeless Boys, originally started to care for a handful of poor newsboys and bootblacks, but now an institution with 100 boys; a refuge for widows, and no less than 10 orphan asylums. This in itself must prove to outsiders what insiders already know — that the Catholic Church is the Church of the Poor.

Space prevents more than passing mention of some of the most representative clergymen and laymen of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Rev. Dr. James F. Loughlin, the Chancellor, is a man of considerable literary attainments. He has published a volume of sermons and lectures. Dr. Loughlin has taken a deep interest in the Catholic Summer School of America, in the Catholic Young Men's National Union, and in the Reading Circle movement. Prior to his acceptance of the Chancellorship, he was for many years Professor at Overbrook, and afterwards rector of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary. Mgr. Cantwell is the "grand old man" among the clergy. He is the present Vicar General of the diocese, and the rector emeritus of St. Philip's Church. In January, 1890, he received notice from the Archbishop that he had been made a Monsignor of the first class, and two months later he received the brief, conferring that high honor, and signed by Cardinal Ledochowski. Mgr. Cantwell celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination in 1891. He is now in his 82d year, the pride of his colleagues in the priesthood and the joy of the laity. Rev. Hugh Lane, the venerable Rector of St. Teresa's, was ordained at the same time as Mgr. Cantwell, and has been rector of this one church for many decades. After the battle of Bull Run, St. Teresa's Church was used temporarily as a hospital for the wounded soldiers. Very Rev. Daniel I. McDermott, the Rector of St. Mary's Church, is one of the most learned, eloquent, and earnest

priests in the diocese. He fully keeps up the standard set by the former pastor of the church, who is now the respected Bishop of Cleveland. Rev. Gerald P. Coghlan, the energetic Rector of Our Lady of Mercy, is known as a "church builder," from the number of parishes he has originated and built up. Rev. Thomas Barry, of St. Ann's, is a Philadelphian by birth and education. He is one of the irremovable rectors of the diocese, and has been eminently successful in parochial school work. Rev. William A. McLoughlin, of St. Stephen's, is about

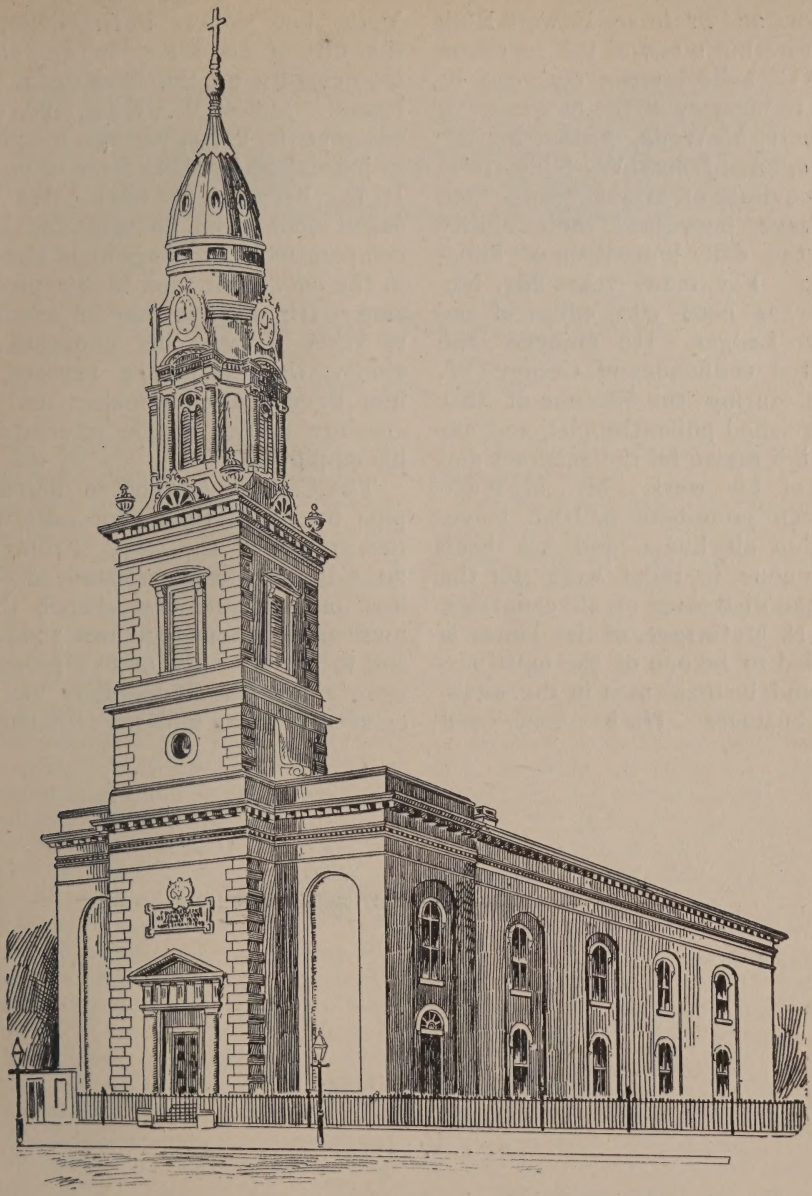


CHURCH OF THE GESU, Philadelphia.

putting the finishing touches on his second church. He was born in Ireland, but his life-work has been done in Philadelphia. Rev. Daniel O'Connor, of St. Agatha's, Rev. Edmond P. Prendergast, of St. Malachi's, Rev. P. R. O'Reilly, of St. John's, Rev. S. B. Spalding, of St. Agnes', West Chester, Rev. J. J. Elcock, of the Cathedral, and Rev. J. J. Fitzmaurice, of St. Michael's, are a few of the other representative priests who do their work earnestly but unobtrusively.

Rev. James C. Monahan, now of the Cathedral, is numbered among the most effective pulpit orators in the city. His manner is thoughtful, scholarly, and convincing. Attention was first attracted to his eloquence while he was an assistant at St. Elizabeth's Church, and it is merited praise to say that he has been steadily improving ever since. Like Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, of St. Clement's, he is frequently called upon to speak on special occasions, both in and out of Philadelphia.

The laymen of the diocese include some of the brightest ornaments at the Philadelphia bar and some of the leading lights in the medical profession. In the last few years the grim reaper has robbed the Church of several of its illustrious children, among them the silvery-tongued Daniel Dougherty, the fearless James Campbell, who was judge of the Common Pleas Court, attorney-general of Pennsylvania, and postmaster-general of the United States, the only Catholic ever accorded the distinction of a cabinet portfolio, and the gifted Francis A. Drexel, one of the founders of the greatest banking house in America, the only rival of the Rothschilds in Europe, and a man whose family has given millions to charity. Those that survive are none the less distinguished. Ex-Judge Thomas R. Elcock is conceded to have been one of the most impartial and learned members of the judiciary. William F. Harrity, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, earned his spurs in the field of politics as the man who conducted the successful campaigns that placed Robert E. Pattison in the governor's chair at Harrisburg and Grover Cleveland in the president's chair at Washington. He is just rounding out a term as Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is president of a successful financial institution, and enjoys a lucrative law practice. Richard P. White is one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, has a reputation as a keen cross examiner, and enjoys the hearty respect of the legal profession. John M. Campbell is a son of the late Judge Campbell, was surveyor of the port during President Cleveland's first term, and is a leading member of the Board of Education. Professor La Place, Dean of the Medico-Chirurgical College and Chief of the Medical Staff at St. Joseph's Hospital, is a young physician who has leaped to the front rank of his profession from sheer ability. Dr. Michael O'Hara, a brother of the Bishop of Scranton, ranks high among the senior practitioners of the city, and is numbered among the original members of the County-Medical Society. Dr. Lawrence Flick has been at the head of the Catholic Historical Society, and is regarded as an eminent specialist in the treatment of consumption. Col. Edward Morrell has made his mark in military, social, and political circles. Besides this he manages the vast charities of the daughters of the late Francis A. Drexel, to one of whom he was wedded a few



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, destroyed by the Knownothings, in 1844.

years ago. John F. McMenamin, Vice President of the Beneficial Savings Fund, is earning distinction in finance, and James S. McCartney, the Treasurer of the Record Publishing Company, is a progressive business man. These, with Frank McLoughlin, the owner of the Times, S. Edwin Megargee, J. W. M. Newlin, Cockroft Thomas, Walter George Smith, Joseph F. Sinnot, Dr. William V. Keating, A. J. Antelo, the

banker and the owner of the Hotel Bellevue, and Professor Edward Roth constitute but a few of the representative Catholic laymen that can be called to memory at the moment.

Robert McWade, Louis N. McGargee, and James W. King form a triumvirate of bright young men who have impressed their ability upon the daily journalism of Philadelphia. For many years Mr. McWade has been city editor of the Public Ledger. He enjoyed the unstinted confidence of George W. Childs, during the lifetime of that distinguished philanthropist, and has won high praise for the accuracy and force of his work. Mr. McWade has been prominent in Irish movements of all kinds, and has been conspicuous in relief work for the poor and distressed of all countries. Louis N. McGargee, of the Times, is conceded to be one of the most versatile and brilliant men in the newspaper business. He has done good work both in Philadelphia and New York, but prefers Philadelphia, as the city of his birth, to any other municipality on the American continent. James W. King, the city editor of the Press, has won his place in journalism by sheer force of merit. It has been his life-work. He has asked odds from no man, and at a comparatively early age finds himself in the very front rank of his profession. His success may be ascribed to three causes: his unquestioned ability, the confidence reposed in him by men of prominence, and his absolute fidelity to the interests of his employers.

The Catholic Church in Philadelphia has more than kept pace with the growth of the city. From the 20 Catholics who assisted at the first mass in the first chapel, their number has grown to almost 500,000, and the value of the church property from a few hundred dollars has increased to many millions of dollars.

THE DIVER.

BY E. R. LATTA.

A poor fellow, of whom I have read,
Sundry callings had fruitlessly tried;
And he ventured, at last, it is said,
On a diver's pursuit to decide.
It was coupled with danger, he knew,
To go down in the waves of the deep;
But he said that he, "something must do,
His 'head above water' to keep."

THE TEMPERANCE GLASS.

BY S. JESSE BLOCK.

WHILE his New Year's sermon was in preparation, Rev. Chauncey Newell, D. D., would have no interruptions whatever. It was his wish to remain entirely undisturbed, so that his train of thought might flow unimpeded, and when about to write out his discourse, he withdrew to his cosey study, leaving strict orders that no one be admitted. It was a bitter cold night even for New Year's Eve, and few pedestrians trod the frozen snow upon the streets. Dr. Newell felt sure that no visitor would break in upon him on such a night, and turning up the drop-light that burned brightly upon his desk, he was soon hard at work.

An hour passed and the sermon was nearing its climax, when suddenly the worthy pastor was disturbed by a loud altercation going on in the hallway. The front door must have been wide open, for the chilling air found its way into the room.

"The doctor is busy; you can't see him to-night," the servant was saying in a loud, angry tone.

"Well, I must see him," came the equally loud answer. "I will see him. I will see him."

Vexed both at the disturbance and the cold draft that blew through the house, the clergyman opened the door of his study and very sharply demanded: —

"What's the matter? Please shut that door and — "

Ere he could finish the sentence, a thin, seedy-looking man, shivering like a leaf, brushed him aside from the door and made a dash for the fireplace. His clothes were so threadbare, and he looked so cold and worn, that the clergyman's sympathetic nature was touched. He at once ordered his servant to fetch a cup of coffee, and when he handed it to his strange intruder who, ignoring all else, was warming himself at the fire, he could not help pitying the starved condition of the man, for he clutched the cup with both hands and drank off the steaming liquid at one gulp.

The intruder now seemed to feel improved. He drew an arm-chair up to the fire and made himself perfectly at home. The clergyman half vexed, half amused, could not restrain a smile at the supreme audacity of the man. And a strange picture he presented. Though his clothes were well worn and faded, with many a patch and rip, his hair long and bushy, his shoes old and torn, there was yet something about him that showed very plainly that he was no ordinary tramp. The dark-gray eyes, fixed so steadily on the clergyman shone somewhat of intelligence. The left pocket of his badly fitting coat appeared to contain an object of which he was particularly watchful, and every now and then his bony hand would

find its way there to see if the precious bundle was still in its place.

"Well," began the clergyman, after a silence during which both men had eyed one another closely, "what is this important business you have with me?"

"Please hear me, sir! I mean no harm!" nervously answered the man, but in a voice so soft it surprised the clergyman. "I have so much wished to see you, I could wait no longer, so I summoned courage to come to-night when I thought you must be at home."

"Summoned courage!" echoed the clergyman dubiously. "I don't understand. Tell me what I can do for you."

The kindly tone seemed to satisfy the man. The anxious, appealing gaze in his eyes gave way to one more confident. He drew his chair nearer.

"Dr. Newell," he began, nervously, again, but more and more earnest as he went on, "I have learned of your great work in the battle against intemperance, against that sin, which is the corner-stone of every vice and crime; which transforms man into a brute and makes him viler than the dust he treads. You, sir, who labor for the noble cause, can give me the assistance I need."

He hesitated, undecided whether or not to continue, and looked inquiringly at the clergyman. Astounded at the sudden outburst, Mr. Newell was staring at his visitor in mute amazement. He had often listened to appeals for pecuniary assistance, and had expected this to be but another. In his surprise he could only tell the man to "go on."

"Dr. Newell," continued the man, "I do not come to you for charity." The clergyman colored. "What I want is coöperation, not money. For a long while I have sought some whole-souled man to whom I could safely divulge a secret, the secret of a life's work" — the chair edged nearer — "and I have come to you because I think you are that man. I have seen the consequences of intemperance and I would wipe that blot off the page of human life. That is my one aim and work. Some men call me crank, fanatic, fool, monomaniac even; others less severe merely shrug their shoulders and say I am eccentric, but" — in his excitement he rose from the chair — "I value neither the words nor opinions of such thoughtless people. You can aid me! Through your powerful influence I can place my invention where its marvellous power will be appreciated, and compel mankind to acknowledge me its benefactor."

He had to pause for breath. The clergyman's surprise had disappeared; the man had aroused his interest. He had undergone a complete metamorphosis. The color came to his sallow cheeks, the nervous, anxious manner vanished, and every feature was infused with vitality and enthusiasm. He quivered with emotion as he hurled invectives against those who had scoffed him and laughed at his work, and he beamed a broad smile of gratification when he realized that his words had impressed his listener and, perhaps, made him his friend.

"An invention?" queried the clergyman, "an invention to cure the liquor habit?"

"Yes, my invention," came the emphatic answer, "my work for years." Then cautiously he took from his pocket the much guarded bundle, and very carefully put it on the table.

The clergyman bent forward. The stranger, taking a penknife from his pocket, cut the cord. Then — his caution increasing with each movement — he took off the wrapper; only, however, to disclose another mass of thread and another wrapper; these in turn enclosed a third wrapper, which was taken off with extreme caution and revealed — a small ordinary flat-bottomed drinking glass.

The clergyman was disappointed. He had watched the removal of the wrappers with no little curiosity, but when a commonplace glass was discovered, he could not refrain from an exclamation of dissatisfaction. Not so, however, his visitor. Either ignoring, or else not hearing the clergyman's exclamation, his eyes danced with delight as he beheld his precious glass.

"Ah, sir," spoke the stranger, noticing the clergyman's disappointed look, "I hope you do not doubt me already and without a hearing? I beg you — "

"Far from it. Yet this is but an ordinary glass, — "

"Ordinary glass!" cried the man; "why, that is my invention!"

"Your invention!" said the clergyman smiling. "I don't understand its wonderful curative properties."

"Yes, yes," cried the man excitedly; "but let me explain." He took the glass from the table and held it tightly in his hand. "This is my invention. Many a dreary day and long night have I toiled for its perfection. It is not a common glass you may well be assured;" he even patted the glass affectionately, then pulling his chair directly up to the clergyman's he resumed: "First, this is not one solid piece of glass as it appears. It is ingeniously constructed, and nothing but a practical test can convince you that its bottom is false. On closer observation you will see that the inner side of the base has a curvature. That inner piece of glass is a lens of intense magnifying power, which power fails to manifest itself unless its secret is known. The outer base is ordinary glass, but between the two there is an air-tight compartment."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the clergyman, taking the glass in his hand and examining it closely.

"Not impossible," answered the stranger, delighted, "true! I knew you would recognize its worth, I knew it, I knew it."

"Between the two bases?" mused the clergyman. "What is the idea and the value of your air-tight compartment?"

"There," said the stranger, "arises the great feature of my invention. In that air-tight compartment are imprisoned a number of molecules, the most minute atoms known to science. These molecules of matter I have separated by a process distinctly my own and known to none other. You see I am somewhat of a physicist."

"But," said the clergyman looking in the glass, "I can see nothing."

"Certainly, certainly," was the feverish retort: "That is the beauty of it all, that is the great secret. This lens is so constructed, that its magnifying power is only shown when intensified by the refraction of a liquid. In other words this lens is of such peculiar power, that although when we look into the empty glass we see nothing, yet when we peer into it through the medium of a liquid, the power of the lens, at once asserts itself and the molecules are magnified a thousand degrees.

The clergyman wishing to witness such a remarkable phenomenon poured some water into the glass, from a tumbler that stood on his desk. Sure enough, though the water was free from taint, bits of matter seemed to float on the bottom. He then poured the water back into the tumbler and the small particles vanished.

"Wonderful," muttered the minister; "it is a great scientific discovery."

"What will you say, then," cried the excited man, "if I tell you that I can produce results even more astonishing? This lens has certain qualities in common with a prism, and to secure its greatest power a colored liquid is necessary, especially one of a reddish tint."

The clergyman seemed suddenly to comprehend the man's meaning. He was in a quandary. In order to obtain conclusive proof, liquor was essential; how was it to be obtained? Besides, though thoroughly interested in this strange adventure, he hesitated whether to credit such astounding statements or to return to his original opinion that the man before him was of unsound mind. Yet the fact of the previous test stood undisputed.

The stranger was quick to observe the hesitation. He urged that some liquor be sent for, using all argument in his power; he pleaded that personal prejudices be overcome for humanity's sake, until at length the clergyman yielded to his entreaties and permitted the servant to go.

A flask of whiskey was brought. This the pastor took and poured out a small portion, looking down into the glass as he did so. About an inch had been poured out, when, with a cry of amazement, the pastor drew back. Hastily corking the flask he laid it on the table and picked up the glass, only to set it down immediately with a shiver of disgust, for there, apparently floating on the bottom, were several hideous little insects of repulsive shapes, little wormy things flying hither and thither, a surging, angry lot, pushing and buffeting one another, a sight to repel and nauseate.

The stranger closely watched this second test and when he saw by the minister's action that the truth of his discovery was proven, he could contain himself no longer. He rung the clergyman's hand fervently, crying, as he did so: —

"Victory! victory! at last! You see I spoke the truth. My invention is sure to succeed. Now for your assistance. You are widely known; your circle of wealthy acquaintances must be vast; introduce me. We will organize a society for the manufacture and sale of my glass, and make them all shapes and sizes. We will drive all competition from the market. No man will dare to drain a glass of liquor with such insects swimming about in it. The glass discloses nothing, the whiskey itself must receive the blame. An inebriate who looked into that glass would fly in terror! The secret will be ours — ours — and before it can be discovered the nefarious traffic will be dead, and my name will go down to posterity as humanity's liberator.

"Not buy it! Who says they'll not buy it?" he raved. "Bah! They mus buy it." He took the glass in his hand and kissed it joyously again and again.

Intoxicated with delight, he danced around the room. From hysterical laughter he would pass to a gush of joyous tears; from tears to laughter again. In his jubilation, his foot caught in the hanging cloth, and he slipped and fell. The glass slid from his hand. With a wild cry he clutched madly for it, but missed it and his precious invention, the work of years and years, fell upon the stone hearth and was shattered to fragments.

With a wail of anguish the poor man sank upon his knees before the ruins and wept like a child. The clergyman strove to console him; but in vain. He refused comfort. He bewailed his folly; cursed his ill-luck and tore his hair in incoherent imprecations against his fate for bringing him so near to fancied success and then ruthlessly snatching it away.

It was an hour ere he calmed down. Then, spasmodically he rose, thrust several of the glass fragments into his pocket and started for the door.

"Good-night, sir," said he sadly, as he turned from the clergyman's offered help; "you have treated me kindly, sir. I shall not forget it. God bless you, sir, and pity me."

. . . . . .

The body of a man was found early next morning near a doorstep in a fashionable street. One hand was frozen to the ground. The other, thrust in his coat pocket, clutched a few papers scribbled over with unintelligible formulæ, and among the papers were several pieces of broken glass.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD.

So it has come! Ah, God, why should it be?
Why should this last great curse be heaped on me;
This last great curse from which I have been free?

A drunkard's wife and slave! God! what disgust
Throttles my soul and bows it to the dust
To think of it! and think of it I must!

How can a god-like man descend so low!
How can that brain, which all things seemed to know,
Bedull itself with self-inflicted blow!

Behold those lips, I almost thought divine,
Those love-tipped lips, so often pressed to mine,
Puffing, and fleckered with the spume of wine!

Behold my lord of lords, my king of kings,
Degraded and abased, most vile of things!
And yet my foolish heart unto him clings!

Yes, I who shuddered with contemptuous dread
At sight of drunkenness, and coldly said,
"'Twere better far if all such men were dead!"

I cling to this beast-idol, though the fane
Where once it stood must ever closed remain;
A holy place it can no more regain!

O sisters sorrowful, I join your band!
With you, abased and sad, I take my stand
Upon the wreck of aspirations grand!

RELIGIOUS WOMEN AND THEIR PUPILS.

BY REV. THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

IN the good old times of mediæval society, the home of religious women, of virgins consecrated to God, was the monastic cloister. Such were the disturbed conditions of society in those times, and so uncertain the protection for the weakness and gentleness of female life, that all Christian traditions and customs regarded the family home or the strongly girded enclosure of religious life as the proper retreat for the maiden and the woman. There were other reasons, too, why the devout female sex, naturally attracted to retirement and piety, should find its native atmosphere amid the charms of privacy, and put forth its flowers of virtue as in a garden enclosed. Such a reason was felt in the example of the Virgin and Mother, who is the pride of the sex, the Queen walking in the beauty of her grace, the Madonna possessed of the hearts of her children. It was seemly that the fragrance of her example should win to imitation those who, by a special right of birth, might claim the heritage of her virtues. And thus was perpetuated the chaste generation of maidens and mothers, who, like a conservatory of purity and faith cultivated these gifts for the ages as they rolled by.

A great movement began to take place in the sixteenth century, when the civilization of Christendom, having been slowly elaborated through the energy and patience of the Church, had fulfilled the conditions for further advances to be safely and wisely made. At that epoch, social contingencies, of a new order, invited new adaptations; chief among which was the more active coöperation of religious women in providing for social necessities. Safety and prudence are indispensable qualifications of any new adjustment, before the Church will sanction an alteration of ecclesiastical discipline; and nowhere are they more indispensable than in a matter which concerns the integrity and sanctity of the cloistered religious life. So, when the practical question arose, whether nuns might not assume a share in the apostolate of mercy, and move about freely among their own sex, it was not with any degree of precipatancy that either bishops or the Holy See began to accord a modified approbation to this new form of consecrated life. We may recall how St. Francis de Sales projected a new institute of this kind, and called it the Order of the Visitation, intending that the religious should visit the poor and the sick; but, having begun his holy work with this intent, he ended by establishing an order which never visited, in spite of its name. As he himself pleasantly remarked, he had founded what he did not intend, and had not founded what he did intend. The sacred traditions of the past, which carried with them the instincts of the faithful at large, were too strong as yet for even such a saint as Francis de Sales.

There was reason why they should be strong. Fifteen centuries had rooted them in Christendom, from the time when the chaste generation of holy souls, who wished to consecrate their virginity to God, had begun to bloom in the Church. At first, it was under the paternal roof, in the very midst of the corruptions of Rome, that a Praxedes, a Pudentiana, or an Agnes, made a dedication of her love and her life. Or, in times and circumstances somewhat

less unpropitious, a Paula and Eustochium would live in the company of choice spirits like themselves, close by the crib of Bethlehem. Neither sanctuary was altogether proof against the invader; and from either one or other she might be dragged forth to the altar of a vile Jupiter, or to the equally vile altar of men's passions; and she would seal with her blood the virginal contract of her heart and love with Christ. Otherwise she spent her life in peaceful seclusion till He, who had cultivated her among the lilies, transplanted her to a better Paradise. As time went on, the gardens of religious life were seen to flourish exceedingly, with many varieties of surpassing richness, whether the type was that of a Scholastica or a Gertrude, a Clare or a Brigid, in the sunny climes of Italy and Spain, amid the unreclaimed forests of Germany, or within the sea-girt borders of the northern Isles of Saints. During all these ages, the nun was chiefly a contemplative. When she mounted the hill of a Carmel or Assisi, she entered a region of unbroken prayer; and, leaving behind her even the name which she had inherited of men, she contemplated God and the eternal years.

A change creeps over the scene. A work looms up to be accomplished outside of the cloister. It is beyond the sphere of the Christian woman in her household; and it is not suited to men or priests. In the sixteenth century the condition of girls in the world at large called for measures and means of education which were different from those of earlier times. The age had its share of misery. It was rife in the dangers of exposure; and that not only in matters of moral life, but especially in the affairs of Christian faith. The Renaissance of Letters had in some countries unsettled all traditions of domestic life and simple faith; it had introduced likewise a craving among the female sex for the excitements of social life, and for a new form of culture, very different from the simplicity of ancient days. Heresy was abroad in most lands, and was creeping like a cancer into every family; and indeed times were coming when faith, being largely blighted among men, ought, in the sweet disposition of Providence, to be preserved at least among women, who, cultivating the soil within the precincts of the family, might sow the seeds of religion and piety betimes; and so coöperate most affectionately, albeit quietly and without commotion, in preserving or restoring the conditions of Christian society.

There are kinds of labor in this world which call for the energy and self-sacrifice of religious men, formed, organized, and permanent in their corporate personality. So there are some species of work which demand the devotion of religious women, patient, loving and delicate. One is that which, called charity or mercy, has originated so many congregations of pure and saintly nuns in later times. There is another which is also one of charity and mercy, but is classed under a distinct name of its own — Education. Women are indispensable for bringing up their own sex; and they are naturally and eminently qualified to educate little boys. So when there was question of this work being conducted at large, on an extensive scale, out in the busy world, there also arose the question of the devoted inmates of the cloister doing it, or it would never be done.

Besides, if they could do it, it would be excellently done. For, whatever might be the future sphere of life before the Christian maiden, there were and there are always certain qualities which are a tender and affectionate piety, and a correct religious sense that is the essential seed in her of all purity of affection; it is likewise the sanctifying principle of that self-sacrifice and devotedness in assisting others, of that patience and endurance, which, found nowhere else, signalizes the mother's heart, and wins by waiting, and waits because it loves. To impart this purity of love seems to be the professional grace of a religious woman's vocation. For her own piety is the pure love of Him who

deserves it most. Her vocation was a call to love; her entrance into the religious state was an answer to the insinuation of divine love; and when divine charity has possessed her with its patience, compassionateness, and delicacy, she is then, like every other being brought to perfection, most eminently fitted to make others like unto herself. There is no maternity so fruitful as the consecrated virgin made perfect in divine love; and its energy multiplies. Like a gentle warmth it is aggressive. Like a sweet fragrance it steals even through the closed casement; it will not be repelled by any object of mercy; it founds new institutes to meet every call of misery; and, in the work of education, it has helped to bring about what is a plain matter of observation, that an excellent Christian formation is infinitely easy of attainment for the female sex.

Now the contemplatives of former times were active enough; but their activity was all within the cloister. There were accomplished nuns and excellent teachers; but their pupils had to enter the cloister and remain there permanently, till the course of education was finished. It was nowise admissible that persons from the outside world should pass in and out of the sacred enclosure. After the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars had been established in the sixteenth century, it was necessary that, if a girl crossed the threshold out of a monastery, she could not return inside or enter another conventual enclosure without a distinct permission from this august council. Clearly the field of education could not be occupied on any extensive scale, if the contemplative orders were to do it, and they remained subject to the ancient law of the Church.

They have been enabled to fill an ample place. The ancient law has been adjusted for them, while they remain in their integrity. Besides that, an entirely new form of institute has arisen which was not known in ancient times.

Not all contemplative orders have entered on the field of education, or have left their strict seclusion of thought and life for the works, commonly called those of charity or mercy. We only remark that their very perfect kind of religious life has done its share; but there remains a work of their own to be done on the face of this earth, more primary and essential than the spiritual or corporal works of mercy; it is that of prayer and contemplation, for which these institutes were founded. The Marquis Donoso Cortes said once in full parliament, and with perfect truth: "If there were a single day, a single hour, in which the earth did not raise to heaven the cry of prayer, that day and that hour would be perhaps the last day and the last hour of the world." This essential duty of prayer no doubt falls primarily on the ministers of the altar; but it would not be complete without the accompaniment of the angels of the choir and the seraphs of the cloister. The new orders which arise to meet the calls of an active religious life, cannot think of addressing themselves to their external ministrations, except through the interior life and divine privileges of souls closely united to God, who offer up impetrations, supplications, and thanksgivings in their own name, and in that of others who will not do so for themselves. This is the dew of heaven which is to call forth the fatness of the earth. This is the moistening softness which must descend from the Lord, before the earth will bud forth her fruit. The contemplative orders must remain, and the spirit of contemplation must also thrive outside of them, if the life of the Church of Christ is to be vigorous and entire; as in God's intention it must always be.

Yet, all this notwithstanding, we notice that, in Ireland, such strict conservatories of contemplation as the Carmelites and Poor Clares have been required to engage in the work of education. An adjustment like this must, we believe, be referred solely to the necessities of providing the bare means of sustenance. More fortunate in the

United States, we have sanctuaries for the life of prayer perfectly intact among us.

It was by a gradual process of adaptation that certain orders, themselves strictly cloistered, prepared the way for the new congregations, which are entirely free for educational and other active ministrations. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Blessed Peter Fourier, a canon regular of St. Augustine, was entrusted with the charge of a parish at Mattaincourt in the Vosges. Finding the place infested with Calvinism, he made sedulous efforts to reform it; but finally he came to the conclusion that he could do nothing better than take the children in hand from the very cradle, keep them carefully from sin, and form them to virtue before they had time to learn anything else. In this way he cherished the hope that, when the old sinners who filled the land should pass away, their place would be filled by a new generation so well trained, that the world would be changed in 50 years. To prepare instruments for the work, he accepted of the services of some pious young women; and, having trained them well in the religious life, among a community of noble secular canonesses at the Abbey of Poissy, he instituted several houses of pious ladies, who devoted themselves to the work of education, besides caring for the sick and poor. At first, they were not bound by vows. But, as is usual in the progress of all such work, the members soon aspired to be raised to the rank of a religious order with vows, so as to render their institute, as well as their charitable enterprise, both effectual and permanent. The impulse of personal devotion, and the necessities inherent in a life of self-sacrifice, conspire to prompt a longing for the strength and consolation of religious vows.

But authorities were by no means ready to sanction an undertaking which would make nuns of women without affording them the protection of the cloister. The edification of the faithful, who could not understand as yet such a compromise, required monastic enclosure for nuns. Accordingly, an ingenious arrangement was devised, to render the work of general education among children possible, and yet to preserve the nuns in the sanctity and privileges of religious enclosure. It was proposed to have a hall erected just outside of the cloister. Into this hall two doors should open, one from the convent, the other from the outer world. These two doors should never be open at the same time. That from the outside being opened first, the children would come in; then, this being locked, the inner door from the convent was to be opened, and the nuns could enter. When classes were over, the order of opening and closing the doors would be reversed, the nuns first withdrawing, and then the children departing. By this arrangement, day schools conducted by religious women became possible, and the Holy See erected Blessed Peter Fourier's institute into a religious order, by bulls dated 1615 and 1616.

From this beginning followed the rest of the development, with which we are familiar in our own times. Greater facilities came to be granted in the way of allowing girls to go into or come out of the monasteries. Then another remarkable modification ensued, that of allowing vows without enclosure at all. There was an external congregation of pious ladies, conducted by these same Canonesses of Blessed Peter, just as external as a sodality of secular ladies is to one of our convents now. The president, Margaret Bourgeoys, accepted an invitation to betake herself to Montreal, and devote herself to education in Canada. She did so, met with success, received permission to take vows, which should be perpetual but not solemn, and so inaugurated the newest type of religious congregation, in which, without the ancient canonical solemnity, the religious consecration is identical in all personal privileges with that of the older orders. The difference lies in certain conditions

regarding monastic enclosure, and the canonical solemnity or sanction of the vows.

Owing to all these modifications, ancient orders, like the Benedictine and Dominican, have been able to adjust themselves more effectually to the demands of modern education. Newer institutes, themselves enclosed, like the Visitation and one or other branch of the Ursulines, have undertaken the same work, and even bind themselves by a special vow to the duty of instructing the young. Another form of congregation later still, like the Society of the Sacred Heart, founded exclusively for this same great duty of piety to God and souls, has adopted a form of enclosure from the first; and yet, while enjoying in any large house all the personal advantages of a cloistered life, can admit of freedom of movement from one convent to another. Finally, a large number of modern institutes guard themselves and their vows by the precautions of a well-regulated community life; and meanwhile, like the Congregation of Notre Dame, founded by Margaret Bourgeoys in Canada, are free to move about in answer to local needs, and to live in little communities where their presence may be desired.

From the multiplicity of congregations now added as so many ornaments to the Church, there have issued for the female sex at large such a world of advantages, and, we may say, for little boys also, that the inestimable blessings of the ancient cloisters have been multiplied beyond measure, and, to a certain degree, have been intensified, because of the manifold influence exercised in remote ways, out in the world, as the result of training at the hands of religious women. That spirit of affection and love, which is the characteristic of the gentler sex, is seized early, is purified and sanctified, and sent forth as a beneficent stream among mankind. Solid faith and devotion are added; and, with them, the innocence of life and purity of heart, which we rightly associate with the thought of our mothers and sisters.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

WHEN I behold the Saviour Child ascend —
An humble Babe to Judah's sacred shrine,
Meet awe and love within my soul combine.
Why should the Holy One submission lend
To laws not made for Him? Why condescend,
As child of sin, unto the law's design,
And to the legal knife Him meek resign,
In Whom no guile nor aught of sin could blend?

Ah! Love for man would thus the Saviour Child
In this first shedding of his blood reveal —
The primal curse of earth at once repeal,
Which Adam's sin begat and us defiled.
O Sacred Shedding! be thou pledge most bless'd,
Of pardon here — in heav'n eternal rest.

A CATHOLIC MOTHER TO THE A. P. A.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

NE of the most serious doubts in the reality of progress springs from the constant recurrence of fallacies, and their hold upon popular feeling. No height of civilization, nor knowledge of the principles of tolerance is sufficient to prevent seeds of prejudice from being sown in the minds of the few, their bitter harvest to be reaped by the many. East and west, in new times as in old, epidemics of moral disease come to bring grief and foreboding. Thus it happens, that in this end of the nineteenth century, and in this land, which good fortune has placed in the front of the world's enlightenment, we are called to-day to face a condition which belongs to the age when strife, instead of peace, was the natural condition of mankind.

The methods and motives of the A. P. A., with their strange inconsistencies and inexcusable distortion of the principles of American government, have been already so ably regarded by Protestant authorities, that it appears scarcely necessary for a Catholic to take up the discussion. It may, however, be both opportune and advisable to offer another word of comment upon this "latest manifestation of Know-Nothingism," — as a recent essayist calls the demonstration — from the standpoint of the Catholic mother. Personally, it appears to me quite impossible that a movement so openly founded on ignorance and malice, can ever again make impression upon the age on which it is inflicted. Still, an error that has taken such hold as to require its discussion in the North American Review, the American Journal of Politics, and the Forum, must be allowed to have reached a prominence which cannot be wholly ignored. When one reads, from undoubted authority, of a disaffection that spreads from the Pacific coast and the Valley of the Mississippi, to the shores of New England; when we hear of large cities, with enormous percentages of Catholic inhabitants being left with scarce an official of that creed in any public capacity; and when the leaders of this unpatriotic and unconstitutional crusade boast of the election of 40 members to the national house of representatives, it is, at least, time to acknowledge the situation.

In what position does this latest manifestation of misunderstanding and ill will place the Mother? Standing outside the pale of politics, caring little for passing change of party administration, so long as principles remain intact, her eyes see more clearly the presages of good or of evil. Placed at the threshold of life to be first guardian and monitor of those who enter in, she has been given patience and faith with which to work for the future. Since upon her, more than all other created things, devolves the sowing of seed which shall blossom for good or evil, it is imperative that she be strengthened in absolute faith, in the purity and truth of what she is to teach. She must be sure of her premises, else how can she mould the souls of others to her own belief? How can the Catholic mother, in the light of recent events, do this? Bred in unswerving loyalty to the country of her adoption or her birth, strong in her assurance of its worth, and devoted to its principles, how can she instil these convictions into the hearts of her American sons, in the face of what is now before her? Confronted by measures which make the promises of the constitution falsehoods,

and its declarations void, how is she to act? Can she say, "You are to love your country next to God, because it stands for protection of the weak, the righting of the wrongs of the oppressed, and the civil and religious liberty of all men who prove their right to manhood," should the country itself give this the lie? Love and respect must be founded upon the rock of understanding, and confidence is the only safeguard of unswerving patriotism. How will the Catholic mother meet the unanswerable logic which opposes her theories of equal rights and privileges, with their practical refutation in the action of the A. P. A.? If the children see themselves barred by reason of a religion which is their pride, by a people to whom that religion has given the prosperity that comes from honest toil, and the heroism that springs from devotion, who can blame their conclusions? If the rank and file of strong arms, and of the leaders in the council and the field who have done more than their share in making the nation glorious, are thus to be rewarded in the persons of their descendants, there is little to be said of the gratitude of republics.

Certain virtues must lie at the root of all patriotism if it is to be sincere and stand the test of time and trial. Honor, honesty, and fair dealing must be the foundation stones upon which loyalty rests or else it can never be depended upon. Without it there will be but a wavering sentiment instead of a fixed faith. Let a nation once forfeit the belief in her sincerity, and retribution must come sooner or later. And of all these attainted, the mother's loss is the most grievous. Let doubt creep but once into her soul and it weakens at the same time the souls of a generation. Nor can she be satisfied with plausible excuses of policy or convenience. The menace that threatens society knocks first at her door; her heart rebels with two-fold force — for herself and for her children.

This moral wrong to the mother, this mortal injustice to the child, I have placed first, since the moral order is higher than the material. But let us choose another point of view. With what feeling must the Catholic mother look upon this in relation to the practical future of her sons? She has planned earnestly, anxiously, often with untold trial and sacrifice, for their training and education. She has had her dreams of a time when, strong and true, prepared in knowledge and in character, her boy shall take his place among men, ready for any honest effort, and able to force his way with a man's integrity and ambition. Her aim and hope is that he shall do no discredit to the good stock from which he sprang, and shall go forward in his chosen walk in life. Whether that be high or low, study of the student, or toil of the day laborer, work-shop, or office-desk, art or profession, she is unsparing in her effort to prepare him for the coming duty. And only those who have entered behind the scenes, can know with what tireless prayer and unselfishness, with what undying hope and courage, the mother works for the attainment of this object.

Confront her now with this new obstacle. It is no longer preparation, nor worth, that is to open the way for her son's future. He may be trained to his finger tips for his life-work; precept and example, home influence, the school, the university, may all have done their best, and left him eager to enter the world. But the world — his world — has no longer place for him. The persecution for conscience sake, which has so little conscience in it, denies him admission even on trial. His creed bars the way. In spite of the constitution of the country which his fathers died to maintain, he can neither have the right of proving himself, nor the privilege of equality with his fellows. No wonder the mother's heart revolts. Her thoughts fly back to the old days of English persecution in Ireland, which Americans have ever found so brutal. Did the English law which prohibited, under penalty, the education of the Irish child, strike any harder blow at civilization than this,

which would take from his manhood every incentive toward making that education thorough? Where now is the Catholic mother's courage? Putting aside the insult to her deepest nature in thus accusing the religion which is its crown, here is the practical end of the aspirations which have thus far sustained her in whatever privation the preparation of her children involved. Her dearest rights are trampled upon. An American, she is singled out for proscription among her sisters, and deprived of the conditions which have made America what it is. The one fundamental principle which is the source of its greatness is overthrown for her. Because she holds to liberty of conscience, she and her children shall be pariahs, in a land which was sought and developed in order that man might have that "Freedom to worship God," which he could not find elsewhere.

Do the queerly obtuse and ignorant people who are at the bottom of this new, or rather old, movement, these worthy descendants of the bigots who made the country a laughing stock among the nations forty years ago, pause to consider the logical outgrowth of their position? Are they sincere, when they decry the parochial school with one breath as opposed to American motives, and with the next, force millions of children who are to be the Americans of the next generation into them? For whatever difference of opinion there may have been among Catholic parents before, on the subject of the utility of providing separate means of teaching for their own, there can be none, should this outcome of public school training prove it to be so wanting in the formation of sensible or Christian character. All lesser issues would be at once swept aside in the desire to keep his self-respect unstained for the child, and rid him of a training which results in such intolerance.

What, meantime, can the Catholic mother say to her little student of history, who comes to ask explanation? "Your ancestors in faith shared, as you see, in the greatness and glory of America. They gave to it heroes, saints, and martyrs, as well as honest lives of humble men who sealed with blood their devotion to the country they had chosen as their own. They were sharers of its danger in war, and its prosperity in peace. They filled its high offices with worth, and peopled its waste places with strong and loyal citizens. From Baltimore in Maryland, to Carroll in council, and Sheridan in the field, they have been known and honored as loyal sons of American freedom. And now because of the faith which made those men what they were and this country what it is, they try to deprive you of your constitutional rights as citizens." Is this, or is it not, a grave arraignment?

To the mother, more than even to the political economist, this has always been the Land of Promise. In other nations genius could still forge its way to the front, but it required a Napoleon to accomplish it. Here, for every man, the way was open so far and so high as honest endeavor and honest means could take him. There was need neither of bribery nor intrigue to clear the path for honorable ambition. This was her bond of fealty, that the nation questioned but the merit of her sons, and made this their only standard for reward. If now and again partisan zeal in Democrat or Republican pushed aside for a time these healthy conditions, and made some unworthy motive the issue upon which place and power rested, she cared but little. It was enthusiasm and not malice that ran into excess. The deep feeling of the country was there to ballast the Ship of State until the storm blew over. But now comes a more sinister threat, not in the sudden heat of passion, or the fair field of open difference, but secretly like the blow of a coward, and ignorantly as a fool in his folly. Hundreds of thousands of Catholic mothers are made to feel the future of their children menaced. And for what? Because of their one saving grace above all others — the religion which brings to bear

upon mankind the strongest pressure, human or divine, for uprightness and honor. If the A. P. A. would take but a fraction of the time they waste in reviling, and attempt the understanding of Roman Catholicism, they could not be so blind as to ignore this. The dignified silence and repression with which the objects of their calumny have borne this last outrage upon their rights as citizens, would alone prove the efficacy of a religious belief which could so instil self-respect and self-restraint upon its followers. There is no better proof of the fitness of the Church for the moulding of character than the manner in which the warm-hearted, hot-headed race which still provides the largest proportion of its members in America, bore insult and misrepresentation during the recent agitation of the school question in Massachusetts.

How long are such conditions as these to remain possible? How long is the serenity of the future to be allowed to be jeopardized by vicious or ignorant clamor upon subjects concerning which the most noisy know the least? While women like Mrs. Livermore and men like Dr. Miner, who should be angels of light and peace to the community, wilfully allow themselves to become Apostles of Discord, voicing the absurdities of vulgar hearsay as truths, without any inquiry among those who could give information, these people do incalculable harm in the end. It is difficult to understand the frame of mind which allows one, fairly educated, and in a position to learn the truth, to be satisfied with perpetuating error. But it is harder, when such injustice manifests itself only in special cases, while fairness is shown in dealing with all others. It proves the blindness to be not congenital but voluntary. Mrs. Livermore would not go to Colonel Ingersoll for an opinion upon the value of the Bible as a religious guide, nor to the Republican for a definition of Democracy — at least if she is the able woman I take her to be. But does she discriminate in the same way, when she desires to comment on the position of the Roman Catholic? It must be confessed with regret, by one who honors in many points this intrepid public teacher, that whether she believes in or dissents from this latest phase of most un-American intolerance, she is somewhat responsible for its existence. When in an impassioned appeal for temperance, in the midst of a crowded convention, she said in substance: "In this endeavor, I open my arms to all races and all creeds, except the Roman Catholics!" she showed an animus little short of malice. For in the face of her declaration was the fact that the President of the International Temperance Association had not long before paid a strong tribute to the wonderful work of these same Roman Catholics in this very field, and their efficacy as fellow-workers. So, when Dr. Miner asks before a gathering of his brother ministers: "What is the meaning of cells under the Roman Catholic Cathedral?" and refuses either to retract his insinuation, or to assure himself of its absurdity by investigation, he, too, lifts up his voice for injustice. And neither can be surprised, if soon or later other voices, more lawless, make themselves heard as chorus.

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Meantime, what as regards her children, does all this go to show to the Catholic mother and her nearly a million sisters in the United States? First, that she is most unrighteously dealt with — for this is a simple question of right. She, an American among Americans, since she has cast her lot with theirs, is obliged to see her American children debarred from encouragement, for causes outside conduct, morals, or fitness; and, lawfully abiding under the constitution of her country, she is placed in this false position by pseudo-patriots whose claims to superiority rest upon being able to count their foreign ancestors one or two generations farther back than her own. Is it, after all, the length of time it has endured, or the use to which that time has been put, that makes citizenship

valuable? Does the discernment that chooses this country as its own, the fidelity which makes itself one with its interests, the intelligence that accepts its aims and principles, count for less in the way of usefulness than a few longer years of residence? Even suppose that this generous ardor has received its vital force from Irish fields or German valleys, is it not better than the narrow-minded littleness that has breathed for a century the air of American freedom, without imbibing one iota of its essence?

Next, the Catholic mother feels that she has been most unwisely dealt with. It is a daring step to rouse the impulse of revolt in a mother's heart, and to strengthen it by the consciousness of a wrong done her children; and it is equally daring to abuse wilfully her confidence in the future of those children. When the women of a nation become convinced of a humiliation wrongfully put upon those nearer and dearer than life, it is a dangerous situation. Wounded in her inmost sense of fairness and justice, the strongest spring of action is broken in her; and it is a grave wrong to a nation when the lost faith of the mother in its promises, weakens the loyalty in the heart of the child at her breast. For how can she teach a love and trust which she has proven unfounded?

Lastly, she feels that she has been most unkindly dealt with. Whether episodes like this of the A. P. A. be of long or of short duration, they leave the scar of unmerited suffering behind, to rankle in memory. In this, her own and only land, where she has chosen to set her household gods, and gather to herself the ties of love and friendship, she has been rudely awakened to the insincerity of the trust and affection which appeared to have been given her. The bitterness would be intolerable if it were to last; even after it has passed, a woman will remember the unkindness when she has forgiven the error.

But it cannot last. By no possibility can this ghost of past follies be made to haunt for long the free air and open sunshine of to-day. Still, an absurdity that has so undermined the roots of common sense, runs some danger of planting the seeds of future epidemics — and epidemics always leave a wide swath of sorrow and loss behind them.

RHYMED PROSE.

THE muse invoked, she gently rose,
A look of pity wore,
She said: "Forswear your measured prose;
I pray you rhyme no more.

"The melodies I could unfold
Not such as you may feel;
Your very being had dissolved
Would I my strains reveal.

"A poet must be brave to dare
Seek light where darkness be;
A poet must be strong to bear
A heavenly ecstasy.

"His smiles, the dew-reflected rays
When kindly dawn appears
His rage from pity light its ways,
And melt in burning tears.

"A pleasant task—a paltry aim
To turn a flowing rhyme.
With pen of fire, with soul aflame,
Are written words sublime.

"Try not the phraser's stolid art;
He calls the lilies fair;
But can you plant them in the heart
And bid them blossom there?

Oh, let me now my weakness own,
And learn this manly text:
May genius wear the brightest crown
And modesty the next.

But hear me, tho' my undeft hand
Can paint not e'en a rose;
Let Nature write her epics grand,
And I — my rhymed prose.

OUTIS.

WOMAN THEN AND NOW.

BY EMMA FORBES CARY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a brief retrospect of the last 50 years, noting the change wrought within that period, in the position of women of good capacity and moderate means. Since history and personal observation show that women of genius in all ages have exercised their abilities without extravagant opposition, the writer refers only incidentally to that exceptional and favored class. She leaves out of the question also the achievements of religious women, to which we are so accustomed that we do not appreciate them, unless when Protestant legislators express doubts as to whether a woman can be capable of governing a woman's reformatory, or of directing some similar work of public importance. But let the chronicler tell her story: —

1845 — 1895

In 1845, Florence Nightingale was studying the art of nursing with Catholic sisters and Lutheran deaconesses, preparing herself for opportunities, the only real secret of success that has yet been found for man or woman. When the Crimean war broke out, she was prepared for the crisis, and it may be said that to her and her heroic companions, we owe the improvement in hospital service which has taken place in Great Britain and America in the past half century. They were willing to adopt good methods wherever found, in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, and out of their wide experience sprang the training schools for nurses which have opened to women a wide field of useful employment. Ether having rendered many operations possible, which could not have been performed upon a conscious subject, the advance in surgery was rapid. A perfect correspondence was needed between the methods of the surgeon and the nurse; and the exquisite skill now attained by both, has made many maladies curable which meant, 50 years ago, death or endless pain.

In America, 50 years ago, many capable women were occupied with the crucial question of slavery. Some were wise and some were unwise; in the end it was the blood of our men and the tears of our women, not their words, which freed the slaves.

The Civil War came with its awful training school for nurses. How dear to the soldiers' hearts became the Sisters of Charity and Mercy we all know; and it would be hard to exaggerate the self-devotion and charity of many nurses of every shade of opinion. In the Sanitary Commission, the executive talent, so often found in women, was fostered; they acquired much mental discipline from the example of the best men working in the same cause, from the alert answer to demand, and from business habits formed without effort in those days when no one thought of anything disconnected with the war. Unquestionably the women of the South would tell the same story of the effect of the sacrifices forced upon them during those terrible days. I attribute to that period much of the growth in energy and fortitude among the women of the present day.

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Fifty years ago a way had been opened to women for musical culture by the living example of Madame Clara Schumann, and the sweet memory of Fanny Mendelssohn. It would have been thought indiscreet in conservative Germany for women to be conspicuous even in genius, and the compositions of Mendelssohn's sister are even now hidden behind the ægis of his name. Madame Schumann, as a pianist of the first class and the wife of a great composer, had no scruple in ac-

knowledging her own songs. To these two women of genius we owe much, on account of their influence over the greatest musicians of their time, and the proof they gave of feminine capacity.

To-day our own conservatories, founded on the model of those of Europe, open opportunities of musical culture to young girls of moderate means, and there are fewer women breaking their hearts over wasted talents at the close of this century, than there were 50 years ago.

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During the 30 years' peace we have enjoyed, so many employments have been opened to women that it would take too much space to enumerate them. These privileges have often been won with much suffering on the part of individual women. Many persons who did none of the hard work, did a great deal of talking, which retarded the attainment of the object. We owe much to women of good sense and good breeding who are willing to be misunderstood in the cause of genuine progress.

This paper being a chronicle, not a prophecy, I do not touch on the subject of woman suffrage. I do not wish for it myself, having found the responsibilities of life too heavy; but I earnestly wish, to the women of the 20th century, freedom from the habit of mutual recrimination which has rendered our century stormy.

A CHRONICLER.

A German lady writes us the following on the position of women in Germany: —

"When I was fifteen years old my father died and the question arose as to what I should do to support myself. My eldest brother and my mother decided, in accordance with the custom of my home, that I should finish my schooling, take painting lessons for a year or two, continue with my music lessons and then be sent for one year to a clergyman in the country to learn thoroughly from his wife the art of housekeeping as it is understood in Germany. When I had mastered that, I was to come home and be introduced into society, and be exhibited for some one to come and marry me. I rebelled long and vigorously against this decision, because, should I be so very unfortunate as to fail in the exhibition, the only prospect for me would be, to become the household drudge of one of my brothers, and be made to feel all my life more or less a dependent. My dilemma drew my attention to what women were doing and what they had done; and I found that women had embraced a great many different professions with success, and seemed to be honored and respected so long as they did it in a quiet, unassuming way. But the moment, as for instance in my own case, they dared to claim the right to choose a profession, and the freedom to follow that profession just as men would, then they were ridiculed, called "blue stockings," considered "emancipated," "eccentric," or "insane." I found that I could enter the following professions without much opposition: I could be a teacher, either in a family or at a school; I could become a singer, a pianist, a painter, or an actress if I had talent enough to excel. To be second class in any of these professions would mean to step down one or several degrees in the social scale. In Germany the caste spirit is very strong, and lines are very strictly drawn. I do not speak of the moneyed class, nor of the aristocracy of birth, but simply of the educated and uneducated classes. The culture of the educated class is not only shown in the way of dressing, which may be very poor, even shabby; in the manner of walking, eating and drinking, but, above all, in the language used in every day conversation. Belonging to this educated class, I found myself limited to those professions with their restrictions, or to that of sister of mercy or nurse, for with us almost all nurses are sisters of mercy. I could become a sister of mercy, and nurse all the hardest cases of surgery, midwifery, etc.; but I could not become a doctor of medicine, and

do the same thing, without shocking and hurting the innermost feelings of the people.

To be a governess was not a very alluring prospect, because one might enter an uncultured family, and be nothing but the best educated servant; I cannot say best paid, because the salaries were pitifully small. I knew of a great many girls, especially daughters of clergymen and teachers, who, not wishing or not being able physically or mentally to go through the strain of passing the rather hard Prussian examinations for a teacher, entered families as "companions." They did the work of a servant girl, either cooking or general housework, or taking care of the children, in company with the lady of the house. They received no salary, but socially they were treated as the eldest daughter of the house might be.

After years of struggling, I succeeded in getting the permission and financial help of my family to enter the professional life of a musician. No sooner had I done so than I found all my delightful dreams of independent life for women fulfilled. The etiquette for artists is entirely different in Germany from that of any other class of people. They stand outside and are allowed almost unlimited freedom. I entered freely into this delightful independent life, and yet I was received in the very best and most conservative circles of society. After I had finished my studies, I came to America, where the position of women is almost as ideal as I can conceive it. I visited my home again three years ago, after having been seven years in this country, and was astonished and rejoiced to see the change that had taken place in so short a time. I expected to feel depressed on returning to my conservative home. Instead I was refreshed to see a spirit of awakening strength in the women, and even the acknowledgment of it by some men. Of course, women are still much suppressed, and sometimes ridiculed; but there is a change which I felt so strongly that I can foresee the time in Germany, when the equality between men and women will be as great as it is at present in America.

M. G.

Woman Here and There.

A WOMAN'S club in Michigan has lately made public the course in household sciences that it will take up for its winter work. The club meets twice each month. At the first September meeting the subjects discussed were "The Building of the Home," "From Cellar to Attic," "The Use and Abuse of Ornamentation," "Homekeeping versus Housekeeping." At the next meeting the physiological effects of light and heat, different methods of heating the home, sunshine as a light and life-giver, and ventilation and plumbing were considered. The October subjects were "The Chemistry of Cookery," "Hygienic Values of Different Methods of Cooking," "How may Modern Methods be Improved," "How to Select and Purchase Food." The entire course is so admirable that it is recommended as a model to any club that devotes all or part of its time to the study of domestic science.

The 93 women who are members of the Wednesday Afternoon Club of New York City, intend this year to make a thorough study of the questions bearing on "Modern Civic Life," and discuss a series of essays on the following subjects: "The Growth of the City and its Effects upon Civilization," "The Debasing Agencies of City Life," "The Elevating Influence of City Life," "Waste in Cities and Economic Remedies," "Banded Charities," "The Compilations of Modern Society," "Civic Architecture and Public Art," "The Influence of Journalism in City Life," "The Office of Clubs in City Life," "The Responsibility of the Citizen," "Country Life Viewed through City Eyes," "The Ancient City and the City of the Future." Among those who will write these papers are Mrs. Richard Watson

Gilder, Mrs. Edward C. Hewitt, Miss Edith Putnam, Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, and Mrs. Charles Wetmore.

The popular woman does not write doleful letters; she waits till she is in a better frame of mind before beginning them, for she realizes that there are burdens enough in life without adding to them by inflicting pessimistic epistles on her friends.

If she writes a letter of condolence it seems to come from the heart, for if it does not sound that way she will not let its coldness further grieve a bereaved one; and if she sends congratulations to a bride or a mother, she makes a point of recollecting or looking up some rousing good wishes that have the ring of genuine interest.

"SOME women," said a physician the other day, "should pray every morning, 'Give us this day our common sense,' and then try to economize the supply to last till night. In my practice I have had to explain over and over again why milk should be Pasteurized and how it is done; the other day, being at the house of a woman to whom six months ago I demonstrated the whole process, she referred to her continuance of the practice and the safety she felt for her family in so doing. In the course of our chat on the matter, I discovered that the hot milk was cooled in the air, uncovered. Amazed, I inquired further, and found that this presumably intelligent woman was laboriously each day Pasteurizing the twenty-four hours' milk supply, and putting it to cool in a small kitchen extension which opened to the outer air, indeed, but in which were the stationary washtubs, and adjoining which, and ventilating only into it, was the kitchen closet. Outside, just under the one window of this little laundry extension, too, was the opening of a drain, topped with a perforated iron cover. Into this place, with its triple germ-producing resources, were stood daily the cans of hot milk, just Pasteurized, it is true, but not insured against imbibing fresh germs from the peculiarly fertile air about them; and for six months that woman had been resting secure in the conviction that she was looking after the health of her household in the most enlightened way. She was horrified when I pointed out that it was not her fault, but her good fortune, that no one had been sick."

"I SHALL never," says a New York woman acting in philanthropic work, "carry my pocketbook in my hands in the street again. A recent experience has showed me its danger to others besides myself. I have been interested lately in a young man, a typical growth of the tenements, and have been trying to encourage him to lead a better life, with, I hope, some degree of success. A few days ago I met him on the street, and stopped to ask how he was prospering. In my hand at the time I was holding my pocketbook, and from the moment that we met, I saw his eyes fastened upon that with a wolfish look that made me tremble. I did not dare put it in my pocket lest he should discover my distrust, and yet I felt that it was cruel to stand there with it flaunted in the face of his desperation. The interview was most trying; I asked him a few questions, to which he scarcely replied, so fascinated was he with the sight of the purse, and, as soon as I could with ease, I bade him good-by and walked on. As I did so he raised his eyes to mine with a conscious, hunted, yet baffled look, that told me as plainly as if he had said it, that were I not I the result would have been different. When I turned the corner and was out of his sight I stopped, weak and faint, to recover myself, and put that purse in my pocket with the vow that it, or any other in my hands, should never again offer temptation to a fellow-creature."

Don't Worry Yourself

AND don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. Nature intended infants should be raised on milk. The Gail Borden Eagle Condensed Milk is the safest solution of the problem.

Hope of Our Homes.

Prize Contest for Donahoe's Young People.

What Is An Honorable Boy?

What Is An Honorable Girl?

These are questions to set our young people thinking! Every school has its standard in a boy or girl who is looked up to as "the soul of honor." Every home has a member whose word carries more weight than that of the other children. There was once a boy, who for 18 years did nothing wonderful, till one day he gave his life to save a little child. And then how every one talked! His simple history through its closing deed of heroism was made public, and in summing up his character every one who had ever known him said, "he was so strictly honorable."

There was a girl, too, just an ordinary little body, almost a dunce, but her classmates said she couldn't be coaxed to use a key for the most difficult problem, or take a line from another girl's essay, "Not for all Europe," and her mother always said, "My Kitty can be trusted anywhere; she is strictly honorable."

Now here were two young people in no way remarkable, yet they won respect from every one. You all know why.

Perhaps as you read this you, too, may think of a friend, classmate, brother, or sister, who by his or her conduct at home or in school, also deserves the high praise of being "strictly honorable."

Now, children, while the subject of honor is fresh in your minds, will you not write down your opinions on the subject, stating them as plainly and briefly as if you were talking to the Department instead of writing? The boys will give their opinion of "What is an Honorable Boy?" and the girls will take for their topic, "What is an Honorable Girl?"

Your answer may take the form of a letter, an essay, or a short story, and

Ten Dollars

will be awarded to the boy and girl having the truest conception of what the word "honorable" means. The contest is open to all children under 15 years of age, subscribers or otherwise.

Please observe the following rules: —

1. Write only on one side of the paper.

2. Give your address in full, your age, school, and name of pastor.

3. All answers must be mailed by February 1st, when the contest closes.

4. Address Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington street, Boston.

5. Remember the subject, and be "strictly honorable" in taking no help from any source.

The prize essays will be published in this department in the March number, and in that issue also another great contest will be announced, as it is the purpose of this Department to teach its young readers how to write good essays and stories, as well as to read them. Remember the date for closing the contest, February 1st, and get to work at once. Ed. Hope of our Homes Dept.

The Rally of the Resolutions.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

THE Good Resolutions were holding a rally with a view to arrange a plan of campaign for 1895. Very brisk and cheery were all the Kept Resolutions of 1894, but the Broken ones looked sadly discouraged. Some were maimed from much ill-usage, and, would you believe it? they were vastly in the majority. There were two remarkable features common to all the Resolutions. They were generally colossal in size, ever so much bigger than the few Deeds which accompanied them, and none of them had grown old. Many of them looked very sickly, as if doomed to die early of heart failure or sheer neglect.

"I'm tired of being at the mercy of all kinds of people," complained one of the biggest Resolutions. "Last year I was broken by a boy, and the year before his father kept me just one day. They'd rather destroy me than give up swearing," he added bitterly.

"I fell a victim to a whole school," said another Resolution, an honest but grimy looking individual; "just little chaps, too. They adopted me unanimously, by writing on their slates, 'I'll carry in coal without grumbling,' and in less than a week 50 of them lost me in the hod, and the other 20 shovelled me off in the bin. I wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "if spelling coal with a K had anything to do with it; a great many of them did. I think I'll try a girls' school this year."

"If you do, you'll be sorry," warned a friend; "I had a sad experience among them. They adopted me to help them along with all kinds of work and I stood by them nobly; but, doing my best, I couldn't keep them from saying sharp things, giving false excuses, answering back, chewing gum and candy against rules, and some of them were mean enough to steal exercises. For dodging knocks, I'd rather take my chances on a foot-ball team than in a crowd of girls."

"Tut, tut, let us be gallant," said a cheery Kept Resolution. "Try a family, my brother; schools are discouraging sometimes. I must say my young people deserve the greatest credit. You see my boys never could get up on the first call, and my girls used to squabble over the dishes and other chores, but by posting me at the foot of the beds, and all over the house, they managed nicely. My boys never got a tardy mark, and my girls agreed like little angels."

"Never broke you?" cried several voices.

"Well, once Patty let me and a saucer slip together because it wasn't her turn; but she paid for the saucer with her own money, and picked me up again. Another narrow escape was when Sarsfield, the eldest boy, who is given to fighting, clinched with his enemy over the way, and even thumped him a little. I parted them just in time, and they've been the best of friends ever since."

"Why do they find us so hard to keep?" asked a very serious Resolution. "I'm sure we are not exacting."

"I think our size accounts for it," the wisest member made reply. "Most children resolve to do too much. If they would just knock out the underpinning of little faults, the big ones would soon come down with a crash. That's the only way of nearing the perfection mark."

"I firmly resolve —" said a strong voice somewhere in the distance.

"Gracious goodness!" cried all the Resolutions, "their fathers are after us already, and everybody knows grown folks are 10 times worse than children. Let's scatter."

And they all scurried away.

LITTLE Nellie Rockford's home is in Indiana When five years old, she was here visiting her aunty. Upon seeing a number of people leaving the cable cars, she exclaimed: "Oh aunty! See all the stale people getting out and fresh ones going in!"

"WHEN I grow up," said a little six-year-old philosopher, "shan't I feel strange for a day or two!"

Madonna and Child.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

LITTLE son, little son, climb up to my breast,
And lie amid its warmth at rest,
But shut those stranger eyes from me,
My rose, my sorrow, my peace divine,
And call me "Mother" and not "Mary,"
Although thou art not mine.

O weep not if I hold thee tight,
For 'mid unheeding kine at night
I dream thee weak and needing me,
Forget thy royalty, croon and coo,
Pretend thee little and handle thee,
As other mothers do.

Thine eyes are closed, but he who keeps
Watch over Israel never sleeps!
And when I sleepless lie by thee
Thy little hands my eyes do blind
And move across them soothingly,
And feel so large and kind.

It is I would climb to thy little breast;
O hold me there and let me rest!
It is I am weak and weary and small,
And thy soft arms can carry me.
So put them under me, God, my All,
And let me quiet be.

Two Great Catholic Feasts in January.

Jan. 1.—THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

CIRCUMCISION was a sacrament of the Old Law, and the first legal observance required by Almighty God of the descendants of Abraham. It was a sacrament of initiation in the service of God, and a promise and engagement to believe and act as He had revealed and directed. The law of circumcision continued in force until the death of Christ, and our Saviour being born under the law, it became Him, Who came to teach mankind obedience to the law of God, to fulfil all justice, and to submit to it. On the day that the divine Infant was circumcised, He received the name of Jesus, which signifies Saviour, which had been given Him by the angel before He was conceived. That name, so beautiful, so glorious, the divine Child does not wish to bear for one moment without fulfiling its meaning; even at the moment of His circumcision, He showed Himself a Saviour by shedding for us that blood, a single drop of which is more than sufficient for the ransom and salvation of the whole world.

Jan. 6.—THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.

The word Epiphany means "manifestation," and it has passed into general acceptance throughout the universal Church, from the fact that Jesus Christ manifested to the eyes of men His divine mission on this day first of all, when a miraculous star revealed His birth to the kings of the East, who, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of a long and tedious journey through deserts and mountains almost impassable, hastened at once to Bethlehem to adore Him, and to offer him mystical presents, as to the King of kings, to the God of heaven and earth, and to a Man withal feeble and mortal. The second manifestation was when, going out from the waters of the Jordan, after having received baptism from the hands of St. John, the Holy Ghost descended on him in the visible form of a dove, and a voice from heaven was heard, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." The third manifestation was that of His divine power, when, at the marriage-feast of Cana, He changed the water into wine, at the sight whereof His disciples believed in Him. The remembrance of these three great events, concurring to the same end, the Church has wished to celebrate in one and the same festival.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The relation of the Christian Church to the laboring man is being made the topic of discussion in the press of the country and on the platforms of workingmen's institutes. The theme is a very fruitful one, and no more homely truth has been expressed on this subject in many years, than the statement that the care of the temporal welfare of the masses is to be considered one of the strongest motives for the influence and credibility of Christianity in the world. The difference of attitude between the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant churches has suggested more than one able paper and address within the past few months, and the result has been to bring out a clearer perspective of the exact position of the great Christian bodies towards the laboring classes. One of the most interesting essays on the general topic, was that read by Professor John Graham Brooks, of Harvard University, to an audience recently gathered in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston.

Passing over the somewhat vague deductions that Professor Brooks makes as to the general methods pursued by the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, in which he states broadly, that the Catholic method is the "aristocratic" one of organized patronage, and the Protestant, that of "democratized administration," the conclusion, from his paper, is inevitable that to the Roman Catholic Church belongs the palm of dealing with the question in the only manner that is at once eminently just to every interest concerned and eminently practical in its results. It is only necessary, as Professor Brooks says, to point out the great work of Bishop von Ketteler, the inspired efforts of Cardinal Manning, and the noble attitude of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, whose impulses have all sprung from the common inspiration to be found in the words and position of the great Master of the poor Himself. Any one conversant with the subject, cannot fail to perceive the tremendous difficulties which face every Christian body, particularly the Roman Catholic Church, in taking a radical initiative towards the betterment of the present industrial and social conditions. The great cry of divorce between church and state, is working undoubted harm to the poorer classes. The state is powerless of itself, to do all that is clamored for, for the poor, and yet the Church has only to come forward with a petition for state aid in its great work of charity, to rouse the bitterest antagonism of thousands of narrow-minded and intolerant, though, perhaps, well-meaning people.

Meanwhile the great Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the industrial question is more and more entering into a settlement of the problem at issue, and Professor Brooks pays a memorable tribute to it for the severity of its attack upon the present industrial order, its severe arraignment of faulty economic socialism, and its attitude towards the state and towards organized labor. As Professor Brooks said, "Pope Leo has not only brought to his discussion of the question insight, prudence, and

courage, but has given to the whole Catholic movement towards the labor question, a new definiteness and unity." Briefly stated, the position of the Catholic Church is, first of all, to protect the monogamic family in its permanence and in its purity; and, secondly, to guard the present legitimate forms of private property, and to distribute such property, in the widest possible way, among the masses. Carried out to its logical results, this general plan stands for the organization of the well-to-do classes for beneficial social services to the poor. It stands for arbitration and conciliation; profit-sharing and credit-banks; all forms of savings-institutions; pensions for the older laborers; insurance in case of sickness; model tenements; and trade unions composed of employers and employed in the same association. If the remedy for the present disturbed social and industrial conditions is not to be found in this platform, it is difficult to see where light and relief are to come from, or to prevent the worst forms of socialism and anarchy gaining the upper hand in the vain attempt to solve the problem. If the Catholic Church, through the plans it here proposes, is able to achieve the goal of rectified social conditions, it will not matter much whether its attitude be termed "aristocratic" or otherwise. It is not so much a question of adjectives as it is of substantial help, and alleviation of the terrible present evils of poverty and distress.

"WHY should a Man be Good?" is the title of a symposium which appeared in a Boston Sunday paper in December. The answers were from the standpoint of the Protestant rector, the Agnostic, the Rabbi, the Spiritualist minister, the Theosophist, and the Roman Catholic priest. Reasons, strong and pertinent, as well as others, more or less sentimental, were given in answer to the question, all tending to the general conclusion that a man should be good, and that true happiness was found only by such men as carried out in their lives and dealings with their fellow-men, the principle of goodness. The amusing contribution to the symposium was furnished by the agnostic, who, in his effort to prove that man should be good, from agnostic principles alone, was put to rather hard straits. Throwing aside the motive of conscience, the hope of a happy hereafter, and the fear of hell, his argument is that a man should be good for goodness' sake, and that it is sociology alone which gives the true basis of good conduct. It would be rather a poor incentive for a man in the throes of strong temptation, induced by human passion, or the hard conditions of his life, to point out to him the bliss of being good, for the sake of abstract goodness, or for the benefit of posterity, or of society, or of his relations and neighbors. Remove conscience, fear of hell, and hope of heaven from the world, and even the agnostics themselves would pray to the God, whose existence they deny, mercifully to permit the world to go back to its pristine chaos, as a relief from the state of things which such an elimination would call forth. The agnostic's conclusions that men should be good in order that they may be "just, wise, brave, true, noble, content, strong, generous, and free," are strong and valid ones, but their premises are not those which he brings forward. Any one of them might take the place of the proposition set down. His argument revolves in a circle. As well might he have said

that "a man should be good in order to be good," for justice, wisdom, truth, nobility, contentment, strength, generosity and freedom in his sense, are all component parts of goodness, and are understood in the term. The strongest and most direct answer in the symposium is given by the priest, who replied that a man should be good, because by being good, man follows the dictates of reason, ranges himself on the side of God, and sacred order, and, secondly, because, by being good, he gains, as a consequence, the reward of eternal happiness for his soul.

THE question of the priest in politics is one of those subjects upon which it is safe to say there will always be a difference of opinion. It springs into flame from time to time, burns fiercely for a while, intensified by fuel from many hands; and then dies away, only to rise, phœnix-like, from its ashes in a short while. It is one of those questions upon which a great deal may be said on both sides, resulting in no satisfactory conclusions to the participants, except such as are formed before the arguments have been made. For a priest to mingle in politics, for personal reasons, or on account of the influence which his sacerdotal character may give him, to compass a desired political end, is a decidedly wrong principle, and is sure to work mischief, as it has done wherever and whenever attempted; but to say that any priest, who is also a man of intellect, sufficiently broad and comprehensive to grasp a political situation, and to point out its logical consequences, civil or moral, should keep aloof from its discussion, solely on account of his priestly character, is to take a position which the common sense of the community will repudiate. For a priest to engage in the common tricks of politics, even to secure good results, is a disedifying and unjustifiable proceeding; but to contribute his share towards securing good government, as a man among the rest, by using such arguments and influence as his native ability permit, is a right which, as far as consistent with his clerical duties, no priest should be denied.

TWO stories upon the same subject, but vastly different in treatment and conclusion, were presented to readers of the Christmas magazines. The one entitled "Richard and Robin" was written by Judge Robert Grant, in Harper's Monthly, the other "A Leaf from My Roman Diary" in the Christmas DONAHOE'S, from the pen of Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell. The general theme of both stories was the temptations of one sort or another which beset a young artist at the beginning of his career, in his straining after his artistic ideal. Judge Grant's hero is tempted by a materialistic friend from the pursuit of his high calling to devote his talents to the sordid quest of monetary profit in business speculation. Father O'Connell's hero was led away for a while by the allurements of infidel society, from what he considered noblest and most sublime in art. Mr. Grant's hero pursues the mistaken path, and is cut down by death before his real instincts had time to re-awaken his higher nature. Father O'Connell's artist is drawn back to his first aspirations by the influence of divine grace. The first is a sad story showing the successful inroads made by modern materialism and irreligion upon a man's better self. The second is a consoling episode in

modern artistic life, optimistic in tone, and full of inspiration for readers. The first ends in a tragedy; the second is brought to a conclusion at the foot of God's altar, and in a realization of an artist's most exalted conceptions. For the sake of modern fiction, we wish there were more themes of the latter sort, terminating as happily and leaving such remembrances. Fortunately for the world, the second story, if not so frequent, is as true as the first.

It is reported from Berlin that several members of the Reichstag refused to cheer for the Emperor at President Levetzow's call at a recent sitting, and are, in consequence, liable to be prosecuted upon charges of lese majesté. The president of the Reichstag has been requested by the public prosecutor to give his sanction to the criminal prosecution of the deputies. Things are carried with a high hand in the Empire at the present time, and the suggestiveness of many of the socialist movements is apparently lost upon the emperor in his self-formed alliance with the Lord. Whatever economic fallacies may be advocated by the German Socialists, there can be no question of the widespread grievances which the present make-up of social conditions in Germany have brought into existence, and it may come to pass, before William's reign is very much older, that the public prosecutor will not be quite so sensitive on the subject of the divinity which hedges his imperial master. The spirit of democracy is powerful enough to overthrow even the imperial legions, and it would be well for William, if he cannot make every concession which justice demands to his people, at least not to fan the growing spirit of discontent, by making martyrs of his disaffected subjects. Refusing to cheer for a ruler indeed! The spirit of the age is with the recusants rather than with His Offended Highness.

It is possible that next summer will see three Catholic summer schools in operation. In addition to the Western school, the enterprising Baltimoreans are planning to open a fine weather institution, perhaps in the Virginia mountains. The popularity of the summer school is proved by this activity and cheerful rivalry among Catholics of the various sections; but the friends of the idea are not so cheerful about this sudden growth of interest. The plant that blooms too richly is apt to die from exhausted vitality, and the sudden and overpowering blooming of three summer schools almost in one season, may bring about the suspended animation of all. It will be an impossible task to persuade the interested of the danger, since into these movements the selfishness of individuals injects itself so strongly as to hide and often destroy the main idea. If the country can support the schools and more of them, so much the better for both; their multiplication in proper condition can only be of benefit. It looks like a multiplication of loaves and fishes, however, at this distance of time, and there is no worker of miracles in sight. The work of building up a summer school is difficult and dangerous; it cannot be taken up like a trip to Europe. For the sake of the idea, its well-meaning friends ought really proceed with larger preparation and more thought.

Editor Stead inaugurated a prolific

series when he wrote his book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." The idea has been taken up in various ways since then, the latest manifestation of its suggestiveness being an article by Rev. Edward Everett Hale in the Christmas number of the New England Magazine, entitled "If Jesus Came to Boston." Dr. Hale undertakes to point out all the philanthropic work which the Redeemer would find the good people of modern Athens engaged in for the alleviation of their less fortunate fellow-citizens; but if Dr. Hale's version of the matter be correct, the Saviour of the world would be afflicted with extremely bad sight indeed. For among the many noble institutions of philanthropy and charity which Dr. Hale puts forth as subjects for His contemplation, not a single one of the many Roman Catholic charities of the city is pointed out. We refuse to believe that He who suffered and died for all men would be satisfied with looking at Boston merely through the spectacles provided for Him by Dr. Hale. We believe that there exists sufficient activity in charitable affairs among the class of people whom Dr. Hale ignores, to bring them within the radius of the Saviour's benignant vision, and to call forth again from His sacred lips the divine assurance that "Whatsoever ye have done to the least of these little ones ye have done unto me." The side of charitable Boston which Dr. Hale omitted will be set forth in an able article on the subject by Rev. William H. O'Connell of this city, in the February number of our Magazine under the caption, "Bendaoeed (Son of David) Returns," and giving an account of what the Founder of the Roman Catholic religion would discover in this city in the way of benevolence and charity among the institutions and members of the Roman Catholic Church. Father O'Connell's pen is already known to our readers, and we can promise them in this article an eloquent and forcible presentation of the work of the Catholic Church among the destitute and afflicted of all kinds in the community.

Ever since the outbreak of the war between China and Japan, the latter country has been flattered as standing for civilization in the East, while the Chinese have been held up as a stupid and stolid remnant of barbarism.

But if half that is told of the atrocious slaughter of the Chinese at Port Arthur and other places by their conquerors is true, Japanese civilization is but skin deep, and the massacre of Armenians by the cruel Turks is tame beside it. The fact is, that the untamed spirit of heathenism still abides in these eastern peoples, and only needs to be aroused by the intoxication of victory.

It is Christianity alone that enjoins the exercise of humanity, and although the bayonets of British soldiers and the cruelty of British governments have at times somewhat shaken the truth of this assertion, the voice of the Christian world has been raised with one accord in rebuke and detestation. Civilized instincts cannot be made to order through improved weapons of war. They are bred of that deep reverence for the precepts of the Master, which is nurtured by careful religious education, and a constantly guarded and fortified faith.

The most patient and studious of our European visitors, is, undoubtedly, Paul Bourget, whose impressions of America

are now interesting French and American readers. The impressions have a new flavor, and a new method. They are not dogmatic. The writer is often puzzled, and affords a smile at his bewilderment. He is not expected to understand everything, and he differs from other critics, who are certain they do understand everything. M. Bourget seems never to have accepted a theory or a statement until the affirmative and the negative have argued it out before him. He must have had a delightful time securing his impressions. He makes innumerable mistakes, but they are unavoidable from the company he kept. His classing of the negroes, the tramps, and the Irish as among the lower grades of American life, shows that he must have had the same guides in New York as accompanied Rudyard Kipling through the metropolis. It is the one satisfaction left to the lineal descendants of John Jay, and the Tories who remained in New York after the British army fled from our shores, that they can stuff a Bourget, or stir the natural venom in a Kipling, enough to wrong the gallant race, whose genius, wit, and anti-English spirit, permeate every department of activity in the American metropolis. The representatives of the race are eminent in journalism, art, literature, law, business, the dramatic profession, in fact, no success but acknowledges them as a factor. Their services are well known, but the one great service of their history has not been sufficiently noted. In literature, politics, and religion their presence has been the antidote to the English poison. This glory is theirs alone. Some day a clever essayist will take that fact for his thesis, and charm the world with an account of that sweet victory of helplessness and faith, over error and power. In the meantime no one need feel irritation against M. Bourget, whose mistakes are without malice. He is doing the country a favor by describing it fairly for Frenchmen, and by admitting that he is too often puzzled to be an authority. This must be irritating to the shades of Dickens and Trollope, and to Mr. Kipling, who, it is said, in his wrath against things American, can bite mouthfuls out of the granite around his Vermont home.

When General Washington was first elected president, an address of felicitation was presented him by the Catholic clergy and laity of the young republic. The reply of the Father of his Country is well worthy of preservation and of study by those who are engaged in the present ridiculous endeavor to overthrow the broad principle she established.

"As mankind becomes more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government — or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct; and may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity.

George Washington.

March 12, 1790.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Biography.

THE Abbé Coostant Fouard has added another to the series of volumes which he is writing on the history of early Christianity, and in the new book he has taken up the subject of ST. PAUL AND HIS MISSIONS. The interest which attached to previous works by the same author is maintained in the present contribution to sacred history. We are having a revival of interest in Pauline literature, indicated by the success of such works as Canon Farrar's study of St. Paul, and the learned volumes by Messrs. Conybeare and Howson on the same subject. There is a significance in that revival which should not escape attention. The reaction against the follies of the Reformation set in many years ago; but it is only recently that the reaction against the exclusiveness forced upon Catholicity by the storm of heresy began to assert itself. The parallel between the early days of Christianity and the present time can be made very exact, in this respect. St. Paul was the apostle of the Gentiles, and found the chief obstacle to his special vocation in the exclusiveness of the Jewish Christians, who would have every convert to the faith first made a Jew by circumcision, before admitting him to the full rights of membership in the fold of Christ. This Judaizing spirit was destroyed by St. Paul, and the limited field, to which the Christian leaders had confined themselves in the preaching of the gospel, was suddenly extended to the world-limits by his victory. The theology of St. Paul, as a matter of course, is one that fits the human universe, and, in our day, when the success of Luther's heresy has driven the Christian leaders into an exclusiveness similar to that which St. Paul overthrew, it is not to be wondered at that men turn to him and his writings and his labors in their warfare against the spirit of littleness that is abroad.

The Gentile world is to-day very large, and the conditions so threatening that a sword such as he could wield is the best weapon of service. Hence the work of the Abbé Fouard is timely in presenting the orthodox view of the character and career of the greatest of the Apostles. He has done his duty with singular learning and completeness, and has been happy in his translator, and in his publishers. As a writer of narrative, Abbé Fouard cannot be considered successful. He misses the picturesque invariably, and has no poetic sense, so necessary to a well-told tale; but his possession of the facts, the details is perfect, and the vigor of accuracy gives the book a strength and interest which Canon Farrar's failed to secure. Moreover, he is in perfect sympathy with his subject, appreciates his position, and rejoices in his victories, so that the moral of the volume is not missed in any hiding of the issues of St. Paul's life. To read the Abbé's descriptions of places, makes one feel that he has been on the ground, and is not giving second-hand coloring. The picture of the ancient life of peoples is sufficiently complete to destroy the false charm which modern pagan writers throw around their lying tales of the brave days of old. They were brave enough perhaps, but their open, public, deified dirtiness, robs them of their poetry. We could wish that Abbé Fouard had made the lesson of St. Paul's life more distinct. Hundreds will miss its force as far as present history is concerned. Had such a man as the late Father Hecker given us a biography, as well as a society, of St. Paul, there would be, as a natural result of reading it, more preaching to the Gentiles around us, on the part of every man who believes in the necessity of Christianity to society. The notes, maps, index, and appendices of this volume make it useful to students. [New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

A more beautiful story than Kathleen O'Meara's LIFE OF THE CURÉ OF ARS would be hard to find. It is what might be called an English life, that is, utterly free from the pietism which for Americans so often disfigures the true life of a saint in the hands of French and Italian writers. It is not that our ideals of the saint are different, but that for the most part the saints have suffered from inferior biographers. With these people the fasts, lashings, humiliations of the saint, are more than his life. The means is made the end for the sake of description, or to cover up the deficiencies of the biographer. How sadly Prèe Chocarne injured the beauty of his "Inner Life of Père Lacordaire" by descriptions of the picturesque and theatric penances of the great Dominican! Kathleen O'Meara did not make that mistake in her short description of Father Vianney. It is a pleasant account of a wonderful man, whose long and severe labors, singular influence over the people, miraculous gifts, strong, good sense, and sweetness of disposition render him a fit subject for a genius in biography. It is often said by witty critics that the Church should not canonize the saintly, but rather those who lived with them and suffered from their peculiarities. This would not apply to the Curé of Ars, who lived alone and suffered chiefly from the peculiarities of the world's people. He was a charming and wonderful man, faithful, loving, and ever to be regretted. Kathleen O'Meara has given a fine study of him. [Ave Maria Press: Notre Dame.]

Driftwood.

The PALL MALL MAGAZINE, one of Mr. Astor's ventures in London, in its Christmas number may be called luxuriant and heavy. The illustrations are numerous and rich, and a variety of noted names appear in the list of contents. As a Christmas book it is successful, but one is puzzled to know if the opening poem, "Venus and Mars," is intended as a sermon by Satan, or a trap for Christians.

A white and gold edition of selected love poems, culled with discretion from noted modern poets by Anna E. Mack, is one of the gift books of the season. Its merit lies in the taste of the editor and the good work of the publishers. Both have done well, and a prettier book one might not desire. It is from Lee & Shepard.

WOODLAND RAMBLES is the title of a book of verses from the pen of John A. Lanigan, which Mr. Lanigan's friends will read with pleasure. But the general public will hardly feel interested in them, except as examples of smooth versification and lack of poetic power. Two lines from a pastoral poem on "Nora O'Malley," declaring that "Since first I looked on her my heart was a goner," would settle the poet's fate in any literary court.

Herder of St. Louis is publishing some volumes of sermons which will prove serviceable to the people by their simplicity and brevity. As usual they are translations, since it does not seem to have occurred to our publishers that better and more useful sermons could be secured from native priests, if the publishers offered any encouragement. The sermon books intended for the average man would be popular as aids to devotion if written in the vernacular, not translated from conditions and languages unfamiliar to our people.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN CATHOLIC HOMES is the title of a pamphlet from the well-known Dominican, Father O'Neil, editor of the Rosary, and its character is indicated by the title. It will be of use to pastors who desire to help in the progress of the Catholic press, for the reading of it will provide the indifferent with ideas of the important work yet to be done in bringing the Catholic press to perfection. The substance of the little book was given to the Summer School last year in the form of a lecture.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science sends us a pamphlet on the future problem of charity and the unemployed, which gives a clear insight into the methods of social students. The author is inclined to be conservative, and yet manages to indulge in some strong language. His conclusions are mostly in favor of depriving the tramp and the feeble-minded of their liberty in part, in behalf of the community and the unborn children of such people. He recommends a cautious approach to the organization of four particular measures: establishing employment bureaus, also work tests for the willing and the unwilling tramps, trades schools and places of discipline and training: all these with a view to lessen the number of the unemployed, and to reach the causes of their idleness, whether said causes be laziness or lack of skill. The essay is carefully written and affords a glimpse into a vexed problem.

Two tramps of fiction are SAINT AND SINNER and WHITER THAN SNOW from the Ogilvie Press of New York. One is a respectable tramp with principle and prayers and decent language, and the other is a wild character from the regions of Bohemia, where he served as a waiter, and so picked up the theories and language of Maupassant and Saltus, without catching their meaning. The first can be entertained without disinfectants, but his companion needs the services of a board of health. If some of our political and social scientists could but provide us with four plans to get rid of these literary cesspools! At present the only thing to be done with WHITER THAN SNOW is to give it to some one who has never read a novel. He will never read another. With SAINT AND SINNER other processes would have to be adopted. It might serve as a target in rifle practice, or it could be sent to a cheese factory, or used to light the morning fire. And to think that it was written by a woman, signed with her name, and all rights to it reserved!

As an instance of what popularity a little book can obtain by merit and judicious advertising, it may be mentioned that Father McLoughlin's IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER? is in its fortieth thousand. The author is now about to put on the market a new and very cheap edition, to bring it within the reach of all classes of buyers. It combats in a simple and perfect way a very common heresy.

WHY *all* women are not beautiful and *all* men not strong may be hard to explain; but it is not so hard to say why *more* men are not strong and *more* women not beautiful. It is because they need to have their blood purified and invigorated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla — that good old medicine which not only has stood the test of half a century, but was alone considered worthy of exhibition by the World's Fair Commissioners, out of all the preparations purporting to be blood purifiers and nerve-tonics. It is a fact, well known to medical men, and testified to by thousands, that the effect of using this medicine is to impart strength to the muscles, vigor to the mind, brightness to the eyes, brilliance to the skin, and bloom to the cheek. What more can be desired? Ayer's Sarsaparilla does this for others, it will do so for you. It does this by driving out of the veins and arteries every particle of diseased blood, and filling them with a pure and vigorous circulation. This is the secret both of beauty and of health.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A. C. sends in the following inquiries: What number of persons was in the family of Noah, and since Noah was the head of the sole remaining human family after the deluge, and was presumably a white man, whence come the colored races of mankind?

1. The number of persons in the family of Noah when he entered the ark, according to the book of Genesis was eight: Noah and his wife, their three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and the wives of the three sons, whose names are not given. This is all the positive information that can be given on the matter. Many ingenious theories have been invented by the students of the sacred writings, and are not worth the paper on which they were printed to supply Noah with enough children to enable the students to get over scriptural difficulties. Noah must have had a large family as things went in the days of the patriarchs; but as their names are not mentioned in the Bible discussion seems superfluous.

2. The origin of the distinction of color among the members of the human family is one of the mysteries of science, which gives us nothing but ingenious theories, more or less colored by anti-religious prejudice, concerning the variation of skin-hues among men. Noah and his family have very slight connection with the mystery, as even if the human race had not been entirely destroyed at the time of the deluge, we would still have to explain why the children of the first parents, presumably of the same color, should show such differences close up to the date assigned for the creation of man. As far back as human records go, the skin-color has varied as it varies to-day. Climate and environment do not, therefore, entirely account for the difference between the African and the Swede. It is but 10,000 years according to the best authorities since the human race appeared on the earth; it is not actually certain that the time is as remote as that, but Father Zahm is of opinion that scientific investigation may prove that age for the race. Human history as far as it runs back into that period gives no account of a change of color among particular races. The mystery remains unsolved. With regard to the particular difficulty in connection with Noah's family, there are two solutions. Noah's family may have had representatives of all the races, or the deluge may not have been universal. There is good authority for the latter opinion, which, if correct, removes Noah from the question altogether.

A reader from Riverdale asks: What is the difference between the Roman Catholic and the Greek Catholic Churches? In what do their priests differ and agree? What was the surname of family name of the Blessed Virgin?

1. The differences between the two Churches are both doctrinal and disciplinary. The Greek schismatic church does not believe in the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, nor in the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. Its discipline permits the priests to marry under certain conditions, and its ritual differs from ours both in language and in minor details. It is said that these differences offer no serious hindrance to-day to the re-union of the Churches, and the present has

long been working to secure an understanding. At this moment a conference is going on in Rome between the Pope and certain Eastern prelates on this very matter.

2. The Blessed Virgin had no surname. In those days a surname was purely accidental, and belonged only to the individual who carried it, nor did it descend to his children. The modern custom of applying a particular name to all the children of a family, and making the same permanent in the male descendants of a single individual, did not prevail in ancient times, and is not universal even in our day. A Roman carried as many as four names on occasions, but only one amounted to anything. Cæsar, for instance, was named Caius at his birth; Julius was added upon his attaining manhood that the social world might know the tribe to which he belonged, finally Cæsar came to him as a sort of nickname. The Blessed Mother would have been known to her friends and neighbors as Mary the daughter of Joachim; or with any other distinguishing epithet, as the other Marys of the Gospel are distinguished from the Mother of the Lord.

Omaha asks: How many times have the Popes spoken infallibly?

This is one of the questions which draws a blush to the cheek of the Question Box editor, since he can only answer that he does not know how often the Popes have so spoken. In fact one of the difficulties of contemporaneous history is in deciding when a Pope has spoken infallibly. We know for instance that Pope Pius IX. spoke infallibly in declaring the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, and in the dogmas proclaimed by the Vatican Council. But in other utterances it takes time to distinguish the infallible utterance from one close to morality and faith, but touching only the disciplinary side. In general it may be answered to this question that all the truths taught by the Catholic Church, which have been promulgated as dogmas, are infallible utterances of the Pope, since some Pope with or without the aid of a Council has officially proposed them to the faithful. How many these are it is impossible to say.

Where Donahoe's is Bound and Mailed.

VERY few people have any idea of the tremendous amount of mechanical work involved in the publication of a magazine. After all the work of editing, illustrating, type-setting, and printing is done, there remain the folding, binding, addressing and mailing. In the case of DONAHOE'S and of many other publications, this is done by the Boston Mailing Company, 93 Federal street, Boston.

This great business concern keeps in constant employment from 200 to 250 people. Their occupation is the folding, binding, addressing, and mailing circulars, catalogues, pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines, the last class including our own. The editorial department has as much as it can do to prepare the matter for printers and illustrators. When the printer is through with the mechanical composition, more than half the work yet remains to be done, before the MAGAZINE is ready for the public. For convenience, and for the saving of time, trouble and expense, a publishing house simply sends the printed matter to the Boston Mailing Company. With the very best machinery, and all the latest appliances, this company has unsurpassed facilities for placing the finished product upon the market. A visit to the work-rooms, with their curious, complex, and beautiful machinery, would be a revelation to most people.

ALL who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the *best*, cheapest, and *most economical* family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits *itself*. *Please* try it. Your grocer will supply you.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will invariably give relief. 25c. a box.

Some Catholic Institutions in Manchester, N.H.

See page 205.

Residence of Bishop Bradley.
Mt. St. Mary's Convent.
St. Patrick's Orphanage for girls.
St. Joseph's Orphanage for boys.

A VALENTINE.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

If every floweret that the fairy fingers
Of summer spun of amethyst and pearls,
If every bird that near the lilac lingers
Could speak and name the prettiest of girls,
If every butterfly that sails in splendor
Through sunset glories in the golden air,

In silver syllables the name could render
Of her, by far the fairest of the fair,
Then, violet-veined, O Vivian! most tender,
O dark-eyed damoselle, most sweet and slender,
They'd call thy face the loveliest the Lender
Of sunshine sent, His love below to bear!

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PROSPECTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

BY HON. CHARLES S. HAMLIN,

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

THE prospects of the Democratic party in the next few years depend largely upon the results which follow the reforms pledged by it in the national Democratic platform and already accomplished or to be accomplished in fulfilment of that pledge.

In the national platform the party pledged itself to repeal the McKinley Bill, the Federal election laws, the Sherman Silver law, and the tax upon state banks. Three of these pledges have been fulfilled; the third is in a fair way of accomplishment under certain restrictions which experience has shown to be absolutely necessary for safety.

The recent disastrous defeat of the party cannot be charged to any one of the three pledges which it has kept, to the repeal of the McKinley tariff, the Federal Election laws or the so-called Sherman Silver law. We have just passed through a disastrous crisis which has also prevailed with more or less severity over the whole civilized world. Its effect we perhaps felt more severely by reason of the ill-advised financial legislation, known as the Sherman Silver law, creating a distrust in the ability of the government to maintain gold payments, the standard unit of value in the principal countries of the world. This distrust manifested itself in the curtailment of credit and the shipment of vast amounts of our securities held abroad to this country for sale, necessitating exports of gold unprecedented hitherto in amount, in payment.

This contraction of credit and lack of confidence had a most disastrous effect upon business generally. Thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment. Smarting under the bitterness of personal suffering, the people charged the prevailing depression to the Democratic party, and many, hitherto Democrats, refrained from voting, and in some instances voted the Republican ticket. Added to this there was much disaffection in the party itself; some felt that in repealing the McKinley Bill we were too radical

in lowering the duties; a vast majority of the people felt that in many specific instances we were not radical enough; internal discord was the result, and the tariff bill which was finally enacted, although a decided reduction in prevailing duties, did not satisfy the majority of the party. Further disaffection on the part of office-seekers undoubtedly contributed something to the disastrous result. The party, as a whole, however, is in a position where it can appeal with confidence to the people of the country in 1896.

So successful has the result of the repeal of the McKinley Bill already become, that in the last election our Republican friends did not dare make it an issue; they pleaded rather for an undisturbed continuance of the new law than its repeal, urging the danger of more radical legislation by the Democrats rather than the restoration of McKinleyism by the Republicans. They sought to secure votes by claiming that we desired at once to enact still greater reductions in duties while they claimed to represent a conservative attitude. So far as known not a Republican speaker ventured to suggest the possibility of a return to the old rates of duty. The Republicans of Massachusetts did not even mention the Democratic tariff Bill in their platform in the recent election. This ominous silence was a confession that the people accepted with satisfaction Democratic fulfilment of their pledge as a tariff reform.

The new tariff has already satisfied the people that the disaster predicted by our Republican friends will not follow its enactment. The people were assured that tea and coffee alone would be taxed and that as to all other articles we should have absolute unqualified free trade; so persistently did they claim this that finally they really believed it. Our party, however, has demonstrated to the people the American definition of Free Trade as declared in the Walker Tariff of 1846 which levied duties upon as many articles as did the McKinley Bill, the difference being only in the rate of taxation; this definition is comprehended by the maxim, "A tariff for revenue only."

While we had such a tariff from 1846 to 1860 our country prospered to such a degree that even the distinguished senator from Massachusetts, Henry Wilson, objected to any further increase in the rates in 1860; the people generally were contented, prosperous, and happy. So we to-day are discovering that tariff reform has not been destructive of American industries; the condition of business is improving daily, while American manufacturers are beginning to realize that they can easily cope with their European competitors, the higher rate of wages paid here being but the measure of the superiority of American over European labor. By 1896 this fact will have been brought home to the American people, and they will not hesitate to indicate by their votes a restoration of the trust and confidence they reposed in the Democratic party in 1892.

The Federal Election laws have been repealed; not a Republican to day would stand up and contend that this odious inquisitorial measure should be revived; the wisdom of the Democratic party in repealing it is generally admitted.

After a prolonged struggle the party succeeded, with Republican assistance, in repealing the Sherman Silver law. Although restoration

of confidence quickly ensued, yet financial recovery from the commercial prostration, under which the country had been suffering, has been indeed slower than we hoped; confidence, however, has been restored, and business enterprises are starting up on every hand with renewed vigor.

The remaining question upon which speedy action should be taken is as to the National finances.

Another crisis lies before us, more serious and menacing than was McKinley taxation; our monetary laws stand in imperative need of revision, otherwise disaster will surely follow. Just prior to the Civil War our paper currency consisted of the notes of state banks. We have heard much of wild-cat banking, but such a condition could not be repeated to-day. Although there were periods of speculation, inflation, and over-production, followed by contraction and collapse of credit, yet it cannot truthfully be said that the issue of state bank notes caused this fever of speculation. This issue in so far as it was excessive was simply one symptom of over-speculation — a result, not a cause. The real danger which existed from state bank notes was found in the fact that in many cases while nominally convertible into coin they, in fact, were really inconvertible, depending in amount solely upon the will of the issuing bank.

Such inconvertibility of notes whether issued by the nation in the form of so-called greenbacks or by banks, national or state, is fatal to any sound, financial system. We must insist upon instant convertibility into gold as a sine qua non of any new system.

The country at last recognizes that we cannot longer, without vastly increasing the national debt, continue this convertibility in the case of the so-called greenbacks; originally issued as a temporary war measure, they should be cautiously but expeditiously withdrawn from circulation and cancelled.

At the present time they are used as a lever to extract gold from the Treasury which the banks refuse to give. On being presented for redemption we are compelled to reissue them, although we have paid for them in gold, and although in a short time they must inevitably again be presented.

Since the resumption of specie payments in 1879, we have paid out nearly $300,000,000 in gold for the redemption of greenbacks and treasury notes of 1890. This process must be indefinitely continued, and again and again must the national debt be increased without putting an end to the cause of the danger by cancellation of the notes redeemed. It may be claimed that the real cause of our trouble is not in the legal tender notes, but in the fact that the surplus revenues of the government have been so greatly diminished in the last few years. Although said latter cause makes us appreciate more keenly the danger, yet the danger still existed potentially, even when we had an enormous surplus over current expenditures. As well one might say that the trouble from a leak in a reservoir is removed by increasing the flow of water, or that a break in a dam ceases to be a break when the water flowing over has increased in amount.

We have to day no law requiring the payment of a dollar in gold into the Treasury; in point of fact scarcely a dollar is being so paid; as a result we maintain gold pay-

ments only by increasing the national debt from the issue of bonds.

To meet this crisis, the administration, through its gifted minister of finance, Hon. John G. Carlisle, has proposed a financial measure which will certainly go far towards relieving it of the dangers to which it is exposed.

Under its provisions a substantial amount of the greenbacks will be removed from circulation and ultimately cancelled. The national banks are given a new lease of life under much more favorable conditions than ever before enjoyed, while provision is also made for removing the tax on note issues of state banks under certain conditions which will make them absolutely safe and secure, and subject to similar restrictions as are placed upon national banks.

The proposed plan divorces the government from the banking business, and brings the country back to the old Democratic doctrine of hard cash as a basis of credit. While there may be honest differences of opinion as to the details of the proposed plan of reform, yet the consensus of opinion is, that it is a most statesman-like presentation of the existing danger and needed remedy, and a fitting demonstration of the great gifts of its distinguished author.

The support it has received from people formerly adhering to the doctrine of free silver must convince us that it has not been love of silver in the past which has influenced so many of our people, but simply a desire for better facilities of credit.

Bank notes are not money, but merely cashiers' drafts for money instantly convertible. The basis of such currency is coin. To this theory the Democratic party has always adhered. While it fought the old United States Bank it was the monopoly, not the system, which mainly excited Democratic opposition. The proposed plan will furnish an elastic and flexible currency, instantly convertible on demand into gold, and will go far to remedy the existing evils of our financial system.

If the Democratic party as successfully solves the financial question as it has solved the other three questions upon which it made pledges to the people, it will have no reason to fear that the confidence of the people entrusted to it in 1892 will not be continued.

DISCORD.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

I'm out of tune because my neighbor's creed
Makes discord in my soul. Truth's harmonies
Come like shell-laden breakers from the seas,
A crash, a roar, then murmuring recede,
Leaving the pearly echoes they have sown;
We find one shell, and call all truth our own.

AMONG THE LOOM-WORKERS.

A SURVEY OF LIFE IN A FACTORY TOWN.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

FOR their women there is no refuge but the street; for them immorality is almost inevitable from childhood."

That was one of the many sweeping assertions made by the reverend writer, who, in a frenzy of reform, recently fell upon Fall River, branding it as a modern city of the Plains meriting destruction. Municipal authorities, manufacturers, clergymen, — all were vigorously arraigned, and mercilessly adjudged guilty. Corruption, greed, neglect of souls, were openly charged, and the derelicts denounced in language as scathing as that addressed to the sacrilegious money-changers in the temple.

The reproof was not accepted meekly. The manufacturers wrathfully defended their position; the press entered into the fray, and even men of God convened to condemn the daring iconoclast who had assailed their sacerdotal dignity. It is charitable to suppose that in the general storm of indignation the assertion that immorality was almost inevitable for hundreds of working women passed unheeded. Otherwise such doughty champions would surely have given to womanhood the protection of their shield and lance.

True, the statement was not general in its application, the environments of one village provoking the reproach; but it voices a too general opinion that factory life must necessarily be conducive to immorality. To the woman reader interested in the welfare of her sex the first thought suggested by so saddening a reflection must be: "Why should immorality be almost inevitable for these women? Under what social and industrial conditions do they struggle for existence?" The truest answer to these questions is found by going among them, standing beside them in the mill, accompanying them to their homes, and spending with them their few hours of leisure. The result will be an insight into a nobility of character, a purity of soul, and, in many cases, an intellectual development, entitling these humble factory "hands" to a place on the highest plane of womanhood. There will also be found, as in every walk in life, saddening instances of youth perverted and led astray, rarely through natural depravity, but frequently through the temptations besetting a cheerless, unguarded girlhood.

There lies the great danger, and there should moralists and philanthropists rear their barriers of defence.

The mill founds the home. Therefore the all-important industrial side of life in a factory town must necessarily take precedence of the social and domestic.

The working day begins early. The alarm of bells, the rattle of cars, and the tramping of feet, are the first sounds of the morning. In the gray light girls go flitting by, their wraps closely drawn, little baskets or dinner-pails held tightly in their hands; women follow more slowly, some leading little children, others with babes clasped in their arms. These helpless ones are put out to nurse, thus leaving their mothers free to eke out a husband's income, or, too frequently, to provide every need of the home. From $2 to $2.50 a week is

charged for an infant's board, the care it receives depending on the honesty and capability of the nurse. The women who act in this capacity are generally too old or too disabled for work in the mills, though some thrifty housewives add to their store by caring for other babies along with their own. Another plan is to engage a housekeeper to take charge for $2 a week and board, and sometimes the eldest girl, not much more than a baby herself, mothers a whole flock of younger children.

We are all familiar with the ragged, wild-eyed spectres of want conjured into existence by the sensational writer when treating of life in a factory town. As a matter of fact, the majority of these mill operatives are as neatly dressed, comfortably shod, and as contented looking as any other class of women workers. They furnish a striking instance of what thrift and womanly pride can do with even their limited resources.

By half past six a sabbath stillness reigns on the streets; the factories are aglow with light, and every piece of machinery has its human automaton in attendance; the work of the day has begun. Faces seamed with care and years, and soft young faces retaining their childish curves, wear alike a mechanical expression of concentrated attention. Looking at them one almost wonders why insentient things of steel have not as yet supplanted them. The wonder ceases when a sympathetic question is met by a quick intelligence, a ready perception of its importance.

"How much do I earn? $4.07 a week, and I pay $2 for my board."

This is an exceptionally low figure, $3 being the average rate for board and room.

"I am 15, an' real strong, though I don't look it," asserted a cheery little spinner, "an' I make $5 a week."

"Write your name," requested the state inspector, handing pad and pencil to a suspiciously small girl. The child obeyed readily, and added the information that she was 15, had worked two years, and earned $3.18 a week.

All were willing to impart information, and to answer truthfully except in regard to age. If these children are as old as they say they are, the mill people of Massachusetts must be rearing a race of dwarfs.

"What can we do?" said the state inspector; "they have their school certificates."

"What can we do?" echoed the superintendent; "these children are forced upon us. That little girl over there was taken in just for charity. Her people are poor, and she brings in $3.50 a week."

Fortunately a wise law provides for these children a certain degree of education, compelling employers to see that they attend night school on certain evenings; but it has not yet reduced the employment of child labor to its minimum. Thirteen, the age limit, is too low, particularly for girls, who at that time are at a critical period of their physical development, and must be permanently weakened by the unfavorable conditions of factory work. These conditions become apparent on passing through the mill. In the picking and carding rooms women are not so numerously employed, but in the weaving shops they are in the majority. Here the noise of the machinery is deafening, the air clouded with flying fibre, and the heat intolerable even in winter. The operatives are dressed in cotton garments, and, with sleeves rolled up for greater freedom, move backward and forward among their looms, which vary in number according to the skill of the weaver. To the uninitiated there is something wonderful in the dexterity of these women.

"That is something I should like to see improved upon," said the inspector, as a weaver deftly threaded a shuttle; "you see they suck the thread through, and each inhalation carries with it a certain amount of lint or dust. That is one injurious feature of the work." Another was the almost constant standing position, a feature common to nearly

every department, and one for which the operatives are themselves partly to blame. In their eagerness to turn off a certain amount of work, they neglect little opportunities of sitting down even for a few moments. The women who tend speeding machines are more fortunate; their work admits of longer intervals of rest. Spinning, filling, spooling, and drawing-in employ large numbers of women and girls, and while not physically laborious exhaust nervous vitality by demanding unremitting attention and automatic precision. Drawers-in have the advantage of sitting at their frames, but their sight must be severely taxed by the unceasing separation of the threads. Spoolers receive the lowest pay, and complain that their work is never done.

The cotton mill in which these facts were gleaned is credited with paying the highest rates in Fall River. Here is the average scale as given by the superintendent. Per week: —

$6.87 on 12 sides spinning.

$6.48 on 12 sides filling.

$6.25 weaving, eight looms.

By 12 sides spinning is meant tending 12 spinning machines on one side, another operative taking the other side in the next alley. For tending eight looms the average weaver earns $6.25, and the expert reaches the maximum at $8.75. Operatives complained of the reduction in wages, two cuts in a year, and spoke of the golden age when they had earned $8 and even $9 a week. Surely this industry merits the reproach of being the poorest paid in the state.

In the print works the folding room holds out the greatest inducements to wage-earners, it being possible to earn there as high as $10 a week. The amount of labor involved can be computed from the statement that for folding 4,800 yards the operative receives 18 cents. The record of the previous day's work showed 970 pieces as the maximum reached by a woman, while 1,240 pieces represented the highest reached by a man.

"If she could do as much as a man would you pay her just the same?" was asked. "Certainly," replied the superintendent; "the pay depends on the amount of work; it doesn't matter whether the operative is male or female."

In this respect all employers are not so just; some regard $10 a week as a figure beyond which women should not pass, and in some mills women receive $7 for tending mule machines while men get $12 for the same work.

Folding is clean work and comparatively well paid; but the strain on the system must be terrific. For 10 hours and a half, with only the dinner hour to break their routine of work, these girls stand in an inclined position, their hands keeping the cloth in place on the roller, the lower part of the body touching the frame and receiving the vibrations of the machinery. A swift downward movement to tear off the piece when the seam denoting the end comes through seems to be the only change of position afforded to folders. Stools are placed here and there for the use of operatives in moments of leisure, but while working all stand, except in the sample rooms. It appears as if the girls might be more saving of themsevles; tying, in particular, suggests to the observer no need for a standing position.

"Let me see you do that sitting down," was said to a child tying webs. She obeyed, but quickly jumped to her feet again "to put the piece on top," she explained, and remained standing. Another little girl could tie 500 pieces a day, and earned $4 a week. For pasting tickets, a regular rate of $5.50 is paid, and sample workers vary from $5 to $7.50 according to the number of cards turned out. To the credit of the superintendents in many of the mills, it must be said that no unnecessary hardships are imposed upon the operatives; most of them conform willingly to the provisions made by law for the employees' protection, but the common grievance, low wages, is a wrong which legislation does not redress. The greed of capitalists has become a hackneyed phrase; we hear less of the greed of

consumers, who, chaffering over a fraction of a penny, encourage competition, and establish starvation wages. Every woman who adds her quota to a sister's misery by patronizing a bargain counter is a factor in the depreciation of values.

It is to be hoped that the present thriving condition of the cotton industry will enable the different unions to ask for and to receive their rights without entering on the protracted miseries of another strike. Each branch of the work has its own union, enrolling men and women in equal membership and equal rights.

Rigid inspection, coupled with a growing recognition of "hands" as flesh and blood creations, has done much to improve the environments of factory life. Legislation is constantly tending towards reform. As a consequence, in American mills unnecessary dirt and discomfort are not found. The rooms are large, well-lighted, and ventilated, and clean as the work will permit. The operatives conform to their surroundings. Their working clothes, donned in the mill, though generally only washed-out cottons, are clean and whole, and neatly dressed hair is as much in evidence as in any school or store in Boston. An occasional trinket bespeaks the presence of feminine vanity, a quality that proclaims itself more openly on the streets, when the operatives appear in holiday dress for their Saturday outing. This weekly half holiday is a great boon, and enjoyed to the utmost. It marks the industrial end of the week, and promotes social and domestic activities.

From the mill to the home is sometimes a step, and sometimes the limit of a car route, according as ambition and means compel a man to dwell in corporation tenements or build for himself an independent home. In the latter case he must seek the outskirts, as land near the mills is high-priced and otherwise unattainable. The tenement houses rose with the mills to accommodate an emigrant population, and still serve that purpose. Many families living in prosperous homes, began their new life in those corporation buildings. Sobriety and industry account for their improved fortunes.

These sterling qualities are common to all races; but perhaps the Canadian settler most practically demonstrates their value. He is not always appreciated in Fall River, nor have the customs and dress of his country been carefully studied by the carping critic.

"They come here in their homespun," said one irate official, "from Canada, where they live in huts and on the ground. They live on nothing — know nothing —" Here an interruption occurred.

Remote, indeed, would be the city or town in Canada where certain features of tenement quarters would be permitted to disfigure the landscape and poison the atmosphere as they do to-day in Fall River. Their existence is a disgrace to the city and a menace to the people. The injustice of blaming corporations for abuses made possible by civic lethargy, is proven by the fact that only now are sewers being built in certain congested centres. In the Borden court of Forum renown this need is strikingly illustrated. On one side, where the city has done its work, modern improvements satisfy the requirements of order and decency; on the other, the most primitive conditions prevail. The houses enclosing this court, in their interior arrangements, offer no obstacle to orderly living. The water supply is plentiful and pure, and the number of rooms allotted to each family sufficient for their needs, provided sub-letting be strictly prohibited. Here, as everywhere, the influence of woman makes the home-comfort and cleanliness where the thrifty housekeeper rules; squalor where idleness and ignorance combine their forces.

In "Little Canada," the property of the American Linen Mills Company, is found as the name indicates, a colony chiefly French-Canadian. The houses in this section were denounced as "unfit to house a dog." This assertion reflected severely not only on the character of the landlords, but also on that of the

tenants content to dwell in canine quarters. To the credit of both it must be said that much injustice was done them. The sanitary scheme and plan of water supply are objectionable, but the houses do not deserve the odium cast upon them. They have the advantage of a higher location than most mill tenements, and each house is planned to accommodate only two families. The property comprises 42 houses or 84 tenements of seven rooms each, at a weekly rental of $1.40. As the houses stand well apart there are no dark rooms, no barriers to sunlight and air. In these frame buildings were found many homes, homes in the truest sense of the word, where peace and simple comfort dwelt. Carpeted floors, lace draperies, pictures, scrupulously white beds, and neatly set tables, bore testimony to the character of the inmates.

Then again the reverse view was occasionally presented, poverty made hideous by the added miseries of dirt and misrule.

These sharp contrasts are a noticeable feature in all cheap tenements, and will continue to be so till some wise measure makes possible the segregation of the viciously idle, dirt-loving, and intemperate element. The intrusion of its repulsive presence on decent industrious poverty is perhaps the greatest hardship of tenement life. To class dirt as a disease, placing its victims in suitable quarantine, would do much to remove this evil. Happily the number of cases requiring such salutary discipline is comparatively small.

Early, and frequently ill-advised marriage, with its attendant train of helpless lives, is another source of much misery among these people. As a general rule the foreign-born races marry very young, as do the French-Canadians, the question of support being too often a secondary consideration.

"Just think!" exclaimed a French child present at a friend's wedding, "she is 25 and this is the first time she ever got married."

Truly a narrow escape from the odium of old maidenhood.

"She might have waited a year or two," lamented a mother whose daughter had married against her wishes; "but, of course, it was time she was settled." The bride was 17.

As the male operatives earn little more than the female, and sometimes not as much, the young wife not infrequently returns to the mill before the honeymoon is over, and continues at work till maternity compels her retirement. From that time till the children enter the mill there is much poverty in such homes, as ends do not meet, where from four to ten little ones are to be fed, clothed, and housed on $8 or $9 a week. Discouragement tends downward, and many succumb to the temptations of drink. Limited intelligence, a characteristic of people who marry without means to maintain a home, is sometimes painfully evident in the care of the children.

In one home a little child was stretched out on a chair, near an open oven. When questioned as to his illness, the mother raised a coarse colored jumper, and revealed the little stomach and limbs horribly burned; there were no soothing bandages, nothing to lessen his suffering. Seven or eight other children romped about in noisy play, while the mother looked stolidly indifferent to all except the little sufferer, and yet ignorance made her powerless to help him. This incident should suggest to intelligent, sympathetic women a broad field of missionary labor. In this connection it is to be regretted that the passive attitude is the one most frequently assumed by Catholic women of influence. As practical philanthropists they do not keep pace with their Protestant sisters. While willing to lend the dignity and weight of their names to church fairs and sociables, when it comes to the actual drudgery of nursing the sick, instructing the ignorant, and helping the wayward to a higher life, they shrink from contact with common humanity. How many daughters of wealth are enrolled on the teaching staff of our Sunday schools? How many mothers, tenderly watchful

of their own virtuous offspring, go out from affluent homes, to gather in those other girls, worse than motherless, driven into the streets in search of youth's prerogative, pleasure? How many clubs for the benefit of working women owe their origin to the efforts of Catholic matrons?

In Fall River, as in most other cities, the answers to these questions are not satisfactory.

"I have worked in mills for 14 years," said one intelligent-looking girl, "working in England, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Fall River, and I never knew a place where there is so little to instruct or amuse one."

"I take a walk down street, mend my clothes, or, if very tired, I go to bed," was a 16 year old girl's answer to "How do you spend your evenings?"

"When I have a minute to spare I read," said a sweet-faced woman. "Just now I am reading Faber's 'All For Jesus.'" The spiritual look in her eyes deepened. Her thoughts had risen much higher than the mill.

This girl was a type of a numerous class — the religious element. From earliest childhood she had worked in mills, and preserved a soul as pure as crystal. Such women find relaxation from toil in home duties, church services, sodality meetings, and in performing corporal works of mercy.

"We get up dances," admitted a young votary of pleasure, brightening at the very thought of such enjoyment, "subscribe 10 cents and hire a room."

Another volunteered the information that these dances had been suppressed.

"What was substituted for them?" was asked.

The answer was: "Nothing." The pleasure seekers were simply out on the street again, with its greater freedom and lurking dangers.

The value of clubs, as a means of furnishing entertainment and instruction, is demonstrated by the Working Girls' Club, organized by the Women's Union for the benefit of the employees of the Union mills. The company furnishes a suite of rooms, where the girls meet nightly for instruction in cooking, sewing, and other domestic arts. A reading room, and small concert hall with piano, attract literary and musical members. As far as could be ascertained this is the only club of its kind in Fall River. The following list of subjects to be discussed at the Saturday evening talks, indicates the range of its work, and the aim of the organization:

1894–1895.

How does our Club influence us, and how do we influence others?
Why should every woman be a good cook?
What difference will it make to her, whether married or single?
How to avoid being cross and ill-tempered when things go wrong with you.
How to be happy though single.
What are good friends and how can we obtain them?
Good manners. How to behave in company.
How to obtain a good name.
How to dress well and cheaply.
Jealousy, what it is, and how to avoid it.
How to keep well and strong with but little time to look after health.
How to tell a real lady.
Spending and saving.
How to help the poor. How to make others happy.
Why do children object to a parent's second marriage?
Louisa M. Alcott.
How to be happy if married.
Narrow-minded people and their effect on others.
Health talk by a lady physician.

The difficulty of keeping girls together has been urged as an argument against the formation of clubs. They are not always grateful for the interest taken in them, or satisfied with the programme laid down by the directors.

"What more do they want?" was asked.

"The company of their male friends," was the answer.

And why not?

Discreet chaperonage would guard the interests of propriety. As it is, dark alleys, hallways, and door-steps are the only meeting places of hundreds of young couples. Without supervision and without mature wisdom to direct their choice, what wonder that so many ill-advised marriages result, or sadder

still, that so many young girls meet ruin before life has fairly begun.

In an admirable paper on "Practical Factory Life," read before the Ohio Convention, State Inspector Mary E. Halley makes plain why more do not succumb to the temptations besetting them. Ably refuting the charge of immorality as a feature of factory life, she says: "These girls are not so liable to be led into actual vice as some whose very ignorance of evil and of the need of avoiding and resisting it sometimes exposes them to temptation unarmed and unprepared."

And yet what a saddening reflection! Purity preserved through a too intimate knowledge of evil!

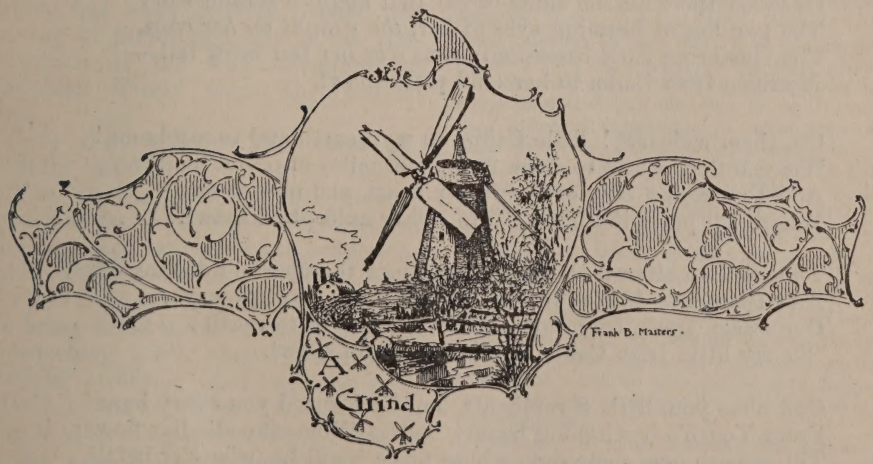
Forced to work from childhood, physically over-taxed, and often subject to privation, many of these young girls can have but little ambition to rise above their surroundings. They need help to strengthen and develop character, and this is best supplied through the personal influence of sympathetic Christian women. It has been shown that many such labor beside them in the mills, but the exigencies of their lives must necessarily limit their missionary work.

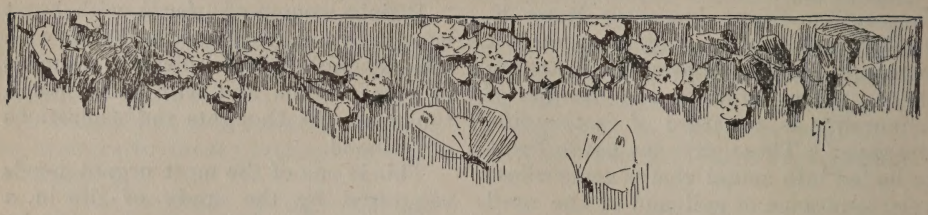
Who, then, shall take it up?

Plainly women of leisure, with heart enough to make their service loving, with sense enough to make pleasure a means of preservation, and with soul enough to elevate the thoughts and aspirations of girlhood.

This is one of the most urgent needs suggested by the study of life in a factory town, a subject that cannot be adequately treated within the limits of a magazine article. Much that is important must necessarily be omitted; but it would, indeed, be incomplete without a closing tribute to the many sterling qualities common to these women of the mills.

Give them honest remuneration for their hours of toil, higher social pleasures for their intervals of leisure, and broader opportunities for mental culture, and they will yet free factory life from the reproach of lessening the worth of womanhood.





TO G. H. H.

Lines written on receipt of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, containing "The Little Irish Cailin in the Ould Plaid Shawl."

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY ("DREOLIN").

FAR, far from old Kinvara, on a drear December day
Came a message and a picture from a free land far away.
Oh, eagerly I opened it, and who was it at all,
But my little Irish Cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

Yes! the darling little Cailin of my thoughts and of my dreams
I gave my heart to long ago in Ireland "of the streams,"
The very face, the very grace, that took my soul in thrall
Of the little Irish Cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

Oh, yes! the witching smile of her that might a seraph win!
The two bright beaming eyes of her, *the dimple on her chin*,
The clustering curls caressingly that o'er her fair brow fall,—
My little Irish Cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

Oh, then, welcome! little Cailin, to my hearth and to my home!
'Tis you that's kind to come to me o'er miles of ocean foam.
And I've kept a cosy corner in my heart, and nowise small,
Where I'll place the little Cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

Though I've altered all my notions since the dear old distant days,
And I laugh at Life's illusions as I walk the world's ways,
One sweet, fresh, fragrant memory I still love to recall;
'Tis my little Irish Cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

God bless you, little Sweetheart, and God guard you every hour
From Youth's bewitching beauty bud to Womanhood's fair flower,
Till cometh one, some day, whose pride 'twill be, whate'er befall,
To find his life's best treasure 'neath your ould plaid shawl.

LONDON, January, '95.

RELIGION, THE SAFEGUARD OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

BY HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.

JUST at present the Lexow Committee's saddening disclosures, the palpable evidences of venality in high places in the national service, the daily growing power of organized wealth over legislation, the motives and methods of such an anomalous organization as the A. P. A., and the chaotic state of public sentiment regarding many questions vital to the wellbeing of the republic, are matters of the most serious importance to patriotic Americans. Diverse and complex as they are in their mutual relations and practical details, they have yet a common suggestiveness to the thinking citizen, who studies the bearing of passing movements upon the perpetuity of our free institutions. Since the Union was cemented with the blood of those who fell in its defence in the Civil War, no period of our history has more gravely needed the turning of public thought to the consideration of the true safeguards of American liberty than the present time.

Only the wilfully blind and the sordidly indifferent among us can be callous to the portents that menace American freedom from a diversity of contemporary causes, and therefore, the public-spirited men of far-seeing intellect and patriotic motive whose voices are being lifted up in warning against approaching peril, should receive the grateful attention and earnest compliance of all to whom American freedom is something more than a cloak for narrow aim or personal gain.

In one of the most thoughtful papers on the subject of American Liberty and its protection that have appeared for many a day, Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, considers some of the perilous tendencies of the day, and how they may be in part obviated by the influences of Religion. Mr. Bonaparte did not attempt a discussion of the whole problem. The occasion of his utterances neither permitted nor asked for it; still, they contain so much that is strongly pertinent, and so much of what may be termed "between-the-line" suggestion, that they merit being read and deeply pondered by every true American.

Mr. Bonaparte wrote as follows: —

It is a good rule, although by no means one invariably observed, for a writer to first assure himself and give some guarantee to his readers that he understands his subject. Before I write of what I believe to be now the safeguard of American liberty, let me ask and, if I can, answer the question, What do we, we Americans, mean by liberty?

This question is less readily answered than asked. In America, as elsewhere, it is easy and very common to talk and write in prose and verse about the blessings and beauties of freedom, but so hard to tell us in plain words what freedom is, that I know of but very few persons who have tried to tell this. Nevertheless, we mean something by the word, and something distinctly our own, or, at all events, very different from what in other times and lands men have called by the same name.

When Kosciusko fell in defence of a polity which, after all, was little better than a legalized anarchy, the freedom that "shrieked" was only a very distant cousin of ours; with the liberty in whose name Mme. Roland was hurried to the scaffold, the latter would own no kinship or even acquaintance. We differ as widely from the Nihilist, who would emancipate the world by blowing up everybody in it, of a contrary opinion to his own as from Clarendon when he calls the King of England "as free and absolute as any monarch in Christendom."

Perhaps the most characteristic feature in our conception of a free state is that its government shall not only compel every one in the community to mind his own business, but in this respect set them all a good example; or, in other words, the very limited scope in our

view of legitimate governmental action. We ask and permit our rulers to do only such work as no one else can do for us; or, if this statement is a little too sweeping, we require clear proof that they can do it better than it will otherwise be done before entrusting it to them. In case of any doubt the presumption is in favor of private agencies; prima facie the state's intervention is an evil, and the onus probandi rests always on its advocate.

The consequences of this fixed mental attitude in the American people are far-reaching and, in my opinion, profoundly salutary. To cite but a single illustration, and one peculiarly appropriate, it is because and only because we strive to make the state's duties as few, and as easy as possible, that we have perfect religious liberty, and yet wellnigh all the political advantages which flow from a legal sanction to religious influences.

This aspect of our national life is peculiarly puzzling to a foreigner. He is told that in America the law knows nothing of religion, and treats all churches as it treats base ball clubs; yet, on Sunday he finds the daily habits of the people seriously modified by law, in deference to religious opinions; he sees the proceedings of most legislative bodies opened by a religious service, may hear a court reject a witness' testimony for want of religious belief, on grounds which would render not a few among the statesmen of continental Europe avowedly incompetent, and learns that in almost every state, church buildings are exempted from taxation, and clergymen from militia service or jury duty. It is hardly surprising if he does not readily understand this, and yet the explanation is very simple.

We are, in fact, essentially a religious people, but we do not deem the civil government competent to determine the comparative merits of different faiths. That function is reserved to the individual citizen, and wherever public opinion ceases to be practically unanimous as to questions of belief or morals, the state's province ends. And as we forbid the state to become a church, so we forbid, or at least discourage, its undertaking any business, to which anybody else can and will attend. Advocates of communistic experiments among us are men who have not yet become, who for the most part never will become, Americans; for the mass of our people their visions of Utopia are unattractive and wellnigh unintelligible; an omniscient and omnipotent government, making everybody happy according to rule, is, to Americans, not only a dream, but a nightmare.

This self-helpfulness, however, although truly our birthright, is not so truly American. The doctrine that, presumptively, a man can take better care of himself than the state can take of him, came to the colonies with the tongue and the laws of their mother country; in asserting it, we say as truly as did the Parliament of Merton: "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare." It is a fruit of that practical common sense, that ability to see things as they really are, which has been in all ages the strength of the race. The English-speaking folk made early the apparently simple, but in fact portentous, discovery that, even if you do call a dog's tail a leg, he will still have only four.

Lawyers might lay down that the king could do no wrong; bishops (of his appointment) might give verse and chapter to prove that his right was divine and resistance to his will a grievous sin; but, although his subjects took no time to refute, or even to deny, these doctrines, they always treated them as false. They saw that whether he could do wrong or not, he often did it; that, whatever might be the sanctity of his office, his life was often scandalous and his rule unjust and oppressive; and seeing him as he was, they did not try to hypnotize themselves into seeing him as he ought to be; they paid him his wages and backed him up, when needful, in his necessary work, but stood always ready to take down their bills and their bows should he grow unduly meddlesome.

And as they saw that John or Richard Plantagenet, Charles Stuart, or George of Hanover was no abstraction, but a man, so we see that "the state" is only a great number of people, some perhaps, wise, but many more foolish, a few strong, but the most part weak, here and there striving with indifferent success to live according to their lights, but in great majority floating with the current of self-interest or passion, and that to think of or treat it as an earthly Providence is a childish and criminal folly. As to these things we know the truth, and the truth hath made us free.

We contend, however, with one new difficulty; we are threatened by a peculiar and terrible danger. In any civil society, power must be lodged somewhere, and power entrusted to man, always corrupts. Louis XV. creating an artificial famine that he might spend on a parc aux Cerfs the profits of monopoly in bread, and a block of five floaters buying bad whiskey with the price of their votes — in the one picture as in the other, we see the same human nature struggling with essentially the same temptations.

Yet there is one, and a very grave difference. An absolute sovereign may serve as a moral sewer, whose very foulness avails to protect its surroundings. However weak and vicious himself, it is evidently to his interest that his subjects should be prosperous, and virtuous that they may prosper, and unless, as in the case I have cited, the satiety of unlimited indulgence has fostered exceptional depravity, notwithstanding his own shortcomings, with the mass of his people his influence will, on the whole and habitually, make for righteousness. But in a popular government a degraded electorate means a poisoned national life. In the words of the Psalmist, recently quoted in a published sermon: "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted." If such

men are exalted by the very victims of their misrule, then indeed the iron has eaten into the nation's soul. A free people voluntarily subjected to the rule of its worst classes could not long be free. And for us, this is no matter of mere abstract speculation. To-day Americans confront the problem whether they shall purify their government or their government shall debase them.

In our time of need we find our succor. No thoughtful person can have failed to note during the last few years the greater interest and more active participation of clergymen in quasi-political agitation. Not only professional politicians, but some very worthy people find this disquieting and even scandalous, nor are their fears and scruples either wholly unreasonable or wholly discreditable. Prudence is still, as it has ever been, a great ecclesiastical virtue, and I have some doubts whether the mantle of St. Bernard or Peter the Hermit will fit all the estimable gentlemen who are now trying it on. But in truth, the ministers of religion have not gone into politics — they have been dragged into it; the politicians have invaded their sphere, they have not trespassed on the politicians. I said on Nov. 20, 1884 (if I may be pardoned the vanity of quoting my own words), at a reception to the prelates of the third plenary council of Baltimore: —

"Thoughtful and patriotic men throughout the country are now reminding us of the principles on which our polity is founded. That the happiness of a republic depends on the virtue of its citizens; that the suffrage is not a privilege to be abdicated or bartered away, but a trust to be sacredly filled; that no man has a right to give his conscience into the keeping of any party or faction, or to surrender himself for a season to the promptings of blind prejudice or selfish greed; that hypocrisy and calumny and falsehood in every shape are no less mean and hateful during a political campaign than before or after it; these truths they would now have us call to mind. And should not your assembling aid to recall them? True, the Catholic Church has no politics; she knows nothing of candidates or platforms, of administrations or policies, of tariffs or currencies; she is mute on every question as to which honest men may honestly differ, and no more tells her children what ticket they shall vote than what food they shall eat or what clothes they shall wear. But, as she demands that they shall eat with temperance, that they shall dress with decency, so she requires of them to vote with an unclouded judgment, with an undrugged conscience, with the good of the country as their motive, with the fear of God before their eyes."

Can honest men honestly differ as to the profound immorality of a system of government which in nearly every great city of the country permits habitual law breakers and professional panders to every form of vice and debauchery to defy our statutes and choose or control our public servants? And can any church worthy of the name, can any clergy quickened, however feebly, by the breath of the gospel, stand mute and helpless, indifferent or content, before the sad and shameful spectacle?

Eight hundred and fourteen years ago Gregory VII. wrote to William the Conqueror:

"For, as the beauty of this world, that it may be at different seasons perceived by the fleshly eyes, God hath disposed the sun and the moon, lights that outshine all others; so lest the creature whom his goodness hath formed after his own image in this world should be drawn astray into fatal dangers, he hath provided in the apostolic and royal dignities the means of ruling it through divers offices. . . . If I, therefore, am to answer for thee on the dreadful day of judgment, before the just Judge who cannot lie, the Creator of every creature, bethink thee whether I must not very diligently provide for thy salvation, and whether, for thine own safety, thou oughtest not without delay to obey me, that so thou mayest possess the land of the living."

That "royal dignity" which William owed, humanly speaking, to his own good sword, is surely none the less given by God, if shared by many magistrates and conferred by the deliberate choice of a free people. The candidacy of an infamous man, the rule of a scandalously corrupt party or faction, the spectacle of such abominations as those gibbeted by recent exposure, these things are acted blasphemies as truly as any deed of blood or rapine done by any mediæval tyrant.

And no man who claims a Christian cure of souls dare deny before his own conscience his fair part and lot in that terrible responsibility of apostleship, which the great Pope of the middle ages fearlessly owned. Nor can he limit it by any bounds of man's contriving. Ambrose did not inquire whether Thessalonica lay within his own see.

Not long since the health of the entire country was said to be imperilled, because, in time of pestilence, certain politicians in a great port needed a fat place for one of their number, whose fitness for it was gravely questioned; the supposed danger surely concerned, not merely physicians of that city, but every worthy practitioner throughout the land. When a moral pestilence, no less contagious, and far more fatal, even if spreading from the same plague spot, yet threatens to eat out the very soul of our civil and religious liberty alike in Maine and Texas, in Oregon and Minnesota, and Florida, no avowed guardian of morals, no professed defender of that faith which lives by righteousness, should stand idly by.

SPANISH DAYS.

BY JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

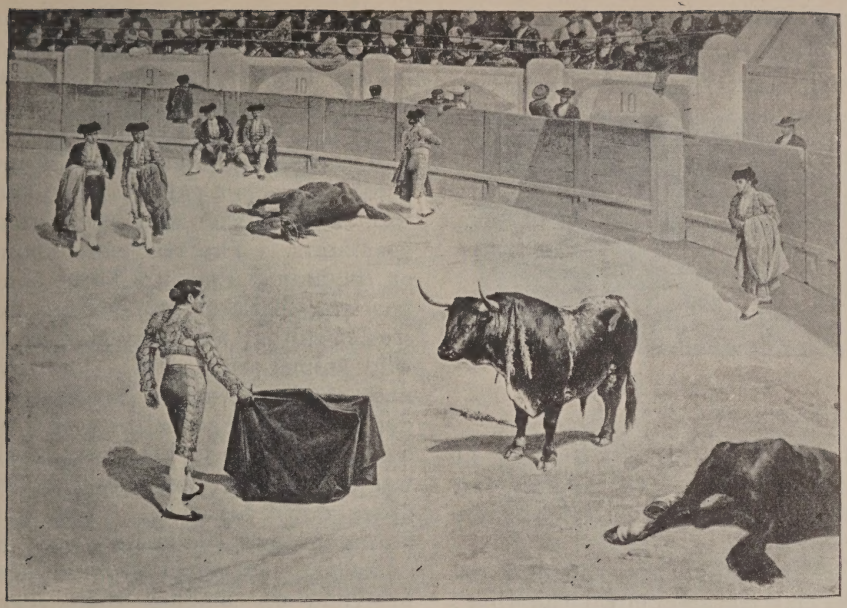
II.

CORRIDA DE TOROS.

In the wane of the afternoon we sauntered on leisurely to the bull-fighting grounds, a walk of no taxing length. The building is perfectly circular in shape, constructed of stone and painted in agreeable colors. The seats range back in the manner of an amphitheatre; and their seating capacity is good for at least 15,000 people. There is no roof but the open heavens, so that the bull-fight goes on only when the day is fair. The hotter the day, the more spirited the bull, and hence, an ideal time for a contest is a day when the mercury is sweltering. Tickets are reasonable, the very cheapest, however, costing a half dollar of American currency.

The slant of the sunbeams divides the spectators into two sections, those who have seats in the sun and those in the shade. A location in the shade retails for just double the price of a corresponding location in the sun. An ordinary seat in the sombra, such as we had, and costing 90 cents, is a very satisfactory place. For comfort and view it would correspond to a grand-stand seat at a League game, the seats in the sun having all the hardships of the "bleaching boards." In the upper balcony, seats are more recherche, costing $4.00; and in a balcony yet more elevated, seats sell for $2.00.

The central pit where the battling takes place is a sanded ring of generous dimensions. Punctual orderliness is manifest in every detail. The fight lasts three straight hours, no longer. The arena's gate opens at four o'clock for the dressy cavalcade of combatants; five minutes later the first taurine catapult shoots in, and thence onward the mad fray of sword versus horn continues unabated until the last bull of the holocaust is slain, just at seven o'clock. In all, there are a half dozen bulls. They are admitted one at a time, and precisely half an hour is allotted to each in succession. Of course, every bull that enters the ring is doomed. The only question is: how much game is in him? How much animal spunk? How much trouble will he give his worriers before they deal him the inevitable coup de grace? The contest is regulated by strict formalities. Each bull is fought methodically, each combatant having his own particular portion to attend to, beyond which he does not go. Of course no assailant would be so foolhardy as to think of facing a fresh bull afoot and unarmored. The bull is comparatively exhausted before the star fighter, the espada or swordsman, takes the field to kill him. The process is first to weaken the bull by a severe lance wound, then to fatigue him further by puncturing him with darts, and ultimately to slay him. To accord with the varying phases of this three-act tragedy, there are three distinct species of professional fighters: first the picador, or lanceman, on horseback; then the banderillas, whose weapons are darts; and finally the espada,



A pause in hostilities.

who deals the fatal stroke. The picador, fights the animal for 10 minutes, the banderilla, 10 minutes more, and then the swordsman takes 10 minutes to finish him.

A bull-fighter of any grade, is never to strike unless attacked. Every blow must be given when the fighter and the animal are face to face. The numerous chulos flitting back and forward over the ring are not actual fighters. They are footmen, deft of hand and swift of foot; they flourish a crimson cloth but carry no weapon, their business being to run up at critical moments and divert the bull, or to hasten to the fighter's help whenever he is hard pressed.

A band played lustily while the thousands collected. Fans of brilliant tints were selling on every side, and venders of fruit and beverages were circulating through the vast throng. Ladies arrayed in the toilet of princesses brightened the assemblage. There was a good showing of well-dressed swells from the mountains of Pau and the plage of Biarritz; and a considerable sprinkling of tourist idlers, mainly Englishmen.

Exactly at the stroke of four o'clock a sinuous flourish of trumpets announced that the holiday was about to begin. The great arena was cleared immediately, and the pompous cortége, resplendent with sparkling glitter, came proudly in. It was a fine sight. No wonder the ladies crowd to witness the theatrical pageant! Physically the combatants are paragons of humanity, and their professional costuming is richly scenic.

The swordsmen led the way, the long folds of their rich colored cloaks, drooping picturesquely behind them. The banderillas came next, arrayed in satin culottes of green or wine red, with a waist sash of blue and a tiny jacket of dark

green. After them followed the pikesmen, on horseback, and the

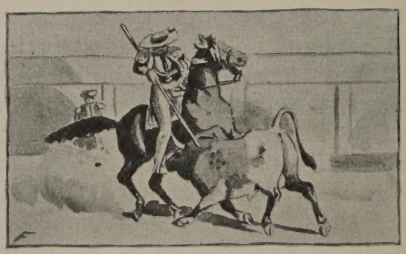
Bull pursuing a Chulo.

chulos on foot. In the rear of all came the inferior grooms and "supers," jacketed in cotton of fiery red.

The march curved in brilliant state, and crossing down the ring's diameter halted to salute the Presidency and receive the key of the bull-stalls. At once the procession dissolved. The swordsmen carelessly tossed their magnificent cloaks upon the breast-high wooden walls of the ring, and all retired from the arena except the picador and a few chulos. The picador, astride his horse, firmly clutched his lance pole for the fray; the chulos held their red banners motionless. There was a dead hush while the expectant thousands watched the key turning in the locked stall to admit the first victim of the day.

The monster came in with a run, and, tossing his big head brazenly back, glared wonderingly and defiantly at the balcony tiers. The next instant his great eyes lowered, and he caught sight of the inmates of the arena. Without more ado he charged a pair of chulos; but the spry rascals were too fleet for the taurine attack, and vaulted the barriers with tantalizing ease and gracefulness. Baffled at this point the mad brute plunged toward the pikesman on horseback. The picador braced himself for the onset, and with one tremendous lunge sent his spear into the black hide before the bull succeeded in effecting any mischief. It was a gallant blow, and a tremendous cheer went up from the spectators. The red mark showed on the animal's neck. Three chulos now ran fearlessly up, waving fiery scarlet cloths; and away plunged the wild animal after them. The vividness of the action is impossible to depict. Scarcely halting, the bull came back to the horseman, and it was in vain this time that the latter drove down his pike. The bull's horn shot into the horse's body like a bayonet. A squad of chulos again hastened up shaking their scarlet caps, and another chulo chase occurred; the footmen clearing the fence as usual. When we looked at the pikesman again, he was struggling with his horse, urging her still on with her entrails dangling beneath her. The horror of the sight was sickening.

With an ugly bound the bull came



The bull attacks the picador.

toward the picador, and actually lifting horse and rider, tossed them back with terrific force upon the sand.

"He's dead!" I gasped to my companion.

"Oh, no! I guess not," said

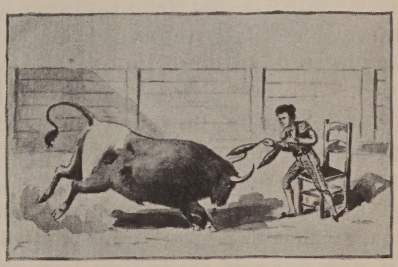
Charlie out of a habit of sheer contradiction.

For once, Charlie was not mistaken; for when the nimble footmen extricated the lance man from beneath the horse's dead body, the man was all right, and ready for another jolt.

"It's all owing to his heavy underclothes," said Charlie. "They're made of iron. The man is heavily armored from head to foot." This was so. None of the other combatants wear armor, however. The picador alone had this prerogative; and so heavy is his steel suit that whenever he is unhorsed he becomes defenceless; he cannot rise without assistance, but must wait until the chulos dash up to re-seat him in his saddle. They do not keep him waiting long.

When the picador's 10 minutes were up he gave the field to the banderillas. Two horses had been killed in the short encounter, and the third limped lamely off. The banderillas' weapons are sticks, two feet and a fraction in length, ornamented with colored frills and barbed at the end with points which curve like a fish-hook as soon as they penetrate. With a pair of these darts, one held in each uplifted hand, the banderilla faces the bull until the latter plunges desperately toward him. The man waits until the 59th second has elapsed; then the darts are tossed deftly over the angry horns, and the fighter dodges away, just in time to save his life. It is incredible how daring these banderillas are. They face the infuriated beast with an intrepidity that takes away your breath; they acquit themselves with a dexterity which is nothing short of marvellous. One daring fellow even took a chair and sat quietly until the very horns were lowered to impale him. Then he planted both darts in the back of the bull's neck, and the blare of the trumpets summoned him away. It was now time for the espada, or swordsman, to appear. He came forth with a long, glistening sword, and a square of fine red silk.

By the time the swordsman entered, the bull was practically dead. The fatigue resulting from 20 minutes of steady exertion has begun to tell; the loss of blood from the



The limit of daring.

pike-wound, and from the dart lacerations, has curtailed his ferocity.

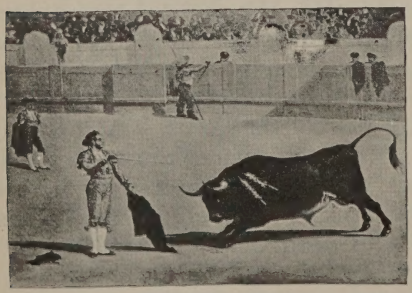
The espada is never expected to deliver more than two sword-strokes; but for 10 minutes he keeps up a battle with the desperate brute. Only downward strokes are permitted; he never delivers a longitudinal nor an upward thrust. He plays with the bull, — teases him, dodges him, baffles him, until, choosing his moment and selecting the precise spot, he thrusts in the sword just behind the horns. A chorus of plaudits accompanies the death-stroke and the grooms enter with horses, fantastically decorated; the carcass of the dead bull and the mangled remains of dead horses are chained in turn to the whipple-tree. Crack goes the whip, and the horses plunge off like engine-horses dashing to a fire. "Supers" promptly sweep up the entrails, and sawdust the blood.

The picador reappears, the chulos range themselves in position along the barrier. The second bull enters; and the fight goes on da capo.

The acclaiming plaudits made enthusiasm the wilder. "Bravo! Bravo!" "Vivat espada!" "Vivat!" "Vivat el toro!"

At one of the engagements, the swordsman drove his weapon into the animal, so far that two inches of the glistening sword tip emerged from the side of the bull. This surely was a master stroke, we thought, and Charlie and I clapped and cheered till our lungs felt the strain. No one else seemed to join us in applauding, however, and when we ceased out of sheer fatigue, a Frenchman on the row behind us was kind enough to bend over and whisper that the swordsman's stroke had not been a creditable one, and therefore deserved no plaudatory clacque. The swordsman retrieved his honor later by facing the charging horns and pulling out the sword by its protruding hilt. He flourished it blood red in the air, and gave a coup de grace which made the great concourse rock with applauding voices.

The espada or swordsman is, of



Matador receiving the charge.

course, the hero of the exciting hour. He gets 2,000 francs for his afternoon's work, but out of this he must pay his own chulos and the grooms.

A bit of gymnastics

It is an exciting moment when the finishing stroke is delivered. The onlookers cheer like madmen, and the espada himself, bespangled with ornament, bows gracefully. Hats are flung deliriously into the ring, just as, in the days of old, garlands of laurel were strewn in the path of the conqueror. The great man retires behind the scenes and the prosaic ranchmen in blouses of red come out to clear away the holocaust. The hats are picked up by the grooms and handed back to the proper owners.

Charlie in his enthusiasm had tossed his hat down with the rest. It was a valuable head-dress, the most becoming one which Charlie had worn in the space of several years; but while the other hats were returned there was great delay about the return of Charlie's. He is waiting yet!

Another phase in a bull fight occurred on this eventful occasion. At half past six the last bull came through the opening. He was a little fellow; but the rumpus he occasioned was of no meagre dimensions. At the first glimpse of him the spectators sent up a howl of derision. They would not have him.

The Presidency was appealed to; but the master refused to change him. The picador rode out defiantly; but in vain. The bull showed no fight, and later on, when he did turn timidly upon the pikesman, the latter gave him a blow in the neck so quickly that the bull ran shyly off, determined to have no more of it. The howling grew louder and the audience rose up, waving white handkerchiefs by the thousand.

"Too small! Take him away!"

"Vivat el toro!"

"Coward picador to strike a little bull!" These were specimen cries.

The Presidency was obdurate, still refusing to change the brute. Suddenly from one of the upper balcony seats a bottle of champagne was hurled down into the ring, and burst like an explosive on the sand. This mutinous signal was sufficient. At once a very tempest of bottles rained down from every quarter. Within five minutes the ring was like a dumping-ground of broken glass. No fight could continue in such a battle field. The Presidency at last relented; and a drove of tame steers were let in, the bull following them back to the stalls. The ground was briskly swept of its wreckage, and a furious animal burst in. When he pointed his big head in our direction, Charlie grew tremulous; but I told him to get behind me if he was afraid.

This bull was a prize fighter; he killed six horses before the gamy picador struck even his first blow. It was thrilling to see the monarch beast raging up and down the arena; but human dexterity triumphed in the end, and the bull was despatched like his predecessors. The fight was

Escaping by way of the pole.

over. Crowds from the "bleachers" sprang into the arena, and bearing the matador on their shoulders, carried him around the ring in sight of cheering multitudes.

Not a single one of the human participants was injured by a visible scratch. I would not have taken their chances for millions, but certainly chance did them no harm. The six bulls had killed 18 horses and four others were so terribly injured as to necessitate their shooting. Our pity was always with the poor horses. Sometimes they were killed outright by the swift goring of their vitals; sometimes a picador, hard pressed himself, poor fellow! would urge on a horse when the beast was actually trampling on its own entrails. Sometimes a bull would turn its blind fury against the dead body of an equine martyr and gore the inert corpse, until in the sight of all, the spectacle was nauseating.

And yet the fascination of these "courses" is unquestionable. Thousands of tourists come, expecting nothing but barbarity, and they depart bewitched, semi-barbarians themselves, ready to return to the sanguinary scene on the following Sunday.

Conclusion next month.

His stately head uplifted high he bears,
And on his brow the forest Monarch wears
A crown of antlers branching like a tree,
Fit symbol of his sylvan Majesty.

THE HEROIC STAG.

BY J. AUDLEY MAXWELL.

The timid deer, alert at early dawn,
Their dewy couches leave with agile bounds.
They hear the hunter's shrilly echoing horn,
And answering clamors of the deep-mouthed hounds,
Where far thro' forest glades, the yet warm track
Awakes the music of pursuing pack.
Alas! those sounds to hunter's ears so sweet,
With terror wing the hunted victims' feet;
The scampering herd with nimble fleetness fly
As tho' with speed of frightened birds to vie,
While nearer still sweet Discord pours her note
From hunter's bugle and from beagles' throat.

But see — one stately stag, and gallant, too,
To does and fawns and honor true,
Refrains to fly, but pauses still
His wiles to match against the hunter's skill.
Full oft he'd tired the sleuth-hounds' bay,
Full oft the baffled hunter taught to stay
His jaded steed, exhausted grown and slow.
And now he waits the coming of his foe,
Intent alone himself to dare the chase,
And spare his tender flock the deadly race;
Whether by reason or blind instinct taught,
A hero still, filled with heroic thought.*

Alone upon a gently sloping mound,
Whose sunlit summit thus is fitly crowned,
In graceful attitude immobile stands
The intrepid stag — as tho' the sculptor's hands
Had shaped his limbs of solid marble hewn,
And then imprisoned in the faultless stone
The speed of thought — so still, yet airy light,
His fleet-formed limbs, and poised for instant flight.
His stately head uplifted high he bears,
And on his brow the forest Monarch wears
A crown of antlers branching like a tree,
Fit symbol of his sylvan Majesty.

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* It is well known that the mother Partridge caring for her young birds will, on the near approach of the hunter and his dog, hide her children in the grass, and then, pretending to be wounded, flutter away as if with a broken wing, drawing hunter and dog in her pursuit and away from the little ones. Many, many times have I myself seen the heroine mother bird act the above part. It is not so well known that the male deer, the stag or buck, will act a similar heroic part as described in the accompanying rhyme. — J. A. M.

Away, brave stag! 'tis time thy race begin.
For life and honor leap! The pursuing throng
Sweep like a storm the startled glades along.

The hills and valleys own his graceful sway,
The forests crown him lord of sylvan courts,
And now — assailed to make a holiday, —
His realms the toy of man's inhuman sports —
His does now scattered far, his fawns now fled —
He, too, must fly or bow his royal head
Beneath the ignoble dog or hunter's knife.
Had nature armed him for the deadly strife
And joined his courage with the lion's might,
The sportsmen crowd, not he, would turn in flight;
But speed and guile his only weapons are,
And stratagem his only art of war.

A gay and gallant companie they ride,
Who hunt the deer this buoyant autumn morn;
On prancing steeds they come with rapid stride
And cheer the eager hounds with voice and horn.
They come, they see, the noble stag's in view,
The crisp air quivers with the wild halloo:
The shrill alarum shocks the vale serene,
The astonished forest echoes back the din,
The frightened rabbit scuds across the green.
Away, brave stag! 'tis time thy race begin.
For life and honor leap! The pursuing throng
Sweep like a storm the startled glades along.

They came; they saw; but conquered not. Brave stag!
Right gallantly from vale to mountain crag
You led the chase and lured it to defeat.
Then turning by dim paths and lonely ways
You sought the woodland depths, with loving gaze,
Your grateful does and fawns again to greet.
With glancing tails and many twinkling feet
The flying herd had sought a hidden dell
Where silence reigns and forest secrets dwell,
And clustering there had heard the plaintive horn,
By distance sweet, — on far-off breezes borne,
Of hunters foiled, discomfited, and worn.

Of all thy foiled pursuers I at least,
Now that the fever of the chase has ceased,
Thy triumph hail with sympathetic thrill,
Grieved if my cruel hand had done thee ill.
No garland wreath have I to crown thy head,
I bring this humble lay — a simple flower
To deck thy brow in triumph's roseate hour
Thou Prince of sylvan court and rustic bower.

Of hunters foiled, discomfited, and worn.

IRISH PLAYS.—THE BAD AND THE GOOD.

BY THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

THE vast amount of trash that has been foisted on the suffering public in the guise of Irish plays, since pieces of that class came into vogue, has bred for them, on the part of the average theatre-goer, a feeling of contempt amounting almost to disgust. This sentiment is almost universal, and is so deeply rooted that it finds a cause for expression in the mere mention of an Irish play. The title has become a synonym for all that is cheap, noisy, and commonplace in dramatic representation. The average Irish play of to-day is simply a very poor specimen of that order of drama which, in this age of misnomers, is dubbed melodrama, with its cast of characters liberally sprinkled with Irish names; with its dialogue punctuated with alleged Irish phrases and expletives, and its action with shillelahs, fights, and evictions. This it is that the public is requested to regard as a true picture of Irish life and manners. Thanks to the kind offices of the perpetrators of these "plays" the Irishman, on his native heath, is still looked upon, in some communities, as but little removed from the barbaric state.

When the Irish drama is not of this preposterous order it usually errs in the opposite direction. If its characters are not semi-savages, with the features of baboons and the behavior of maniacs, they are courtiers, masquerading in the guise of peasants, peruked, powdered, and aggressively clean; but its plot and incidents are altered not a whit, save inasmuch as is necessary to conform to the quasi-idealization of the characters. In order to conciliate the class to which it caters, and avoid the error of the former order of play, it serves up matter that is sickening in its sentimentality, ridiculous in its palpable unreality, equally commonplace, although it escapes the charge of vulgarity. To whichever class it may belong, the ordinary Irish play excites only contempt, whether it be by its flimsiness or its coarseness. It is fit only for the most ignorant of play-goers, and has been relegated, and justly so, to the cheapest of our theatres.

One of the most fruitful causes of failure among Irish plays, apart from the lack of true dramatic merit that distinguishes most of them, is the fact that so many of them are written by men who know little or nothing about Irish character or Irish customs, who have not a drop of Irish blood in their veins, and who, perhaps, were never nearer to Ireland than New York or Boston. For them, according to whether they wish to elevate or degrade the race, Ireland is either a corner of Arcadia or a wild and protracted session of Donnybrook Fair, in the worst conception of that much-abused institution.

Their wretched concoctions are, as a rule, devoid of originality, utterly lacking in wit or humor, halt, lame, and impotent reproductions of hackneyed and often worthless originals. We meet in all the same plot, the same threadbare situations, the same tiresome series of characters. There is the same impossible hero, with his curly blonde hair, his unalterable smile, his immaculate and perfectly fitting clothes, whose life seems to be one protracted holiday. There is the same Dresden china colleen, with her faultless gowns and her mongrel dialect, the inevitable process-server (who is killed before the last act), the lordly villain (usually English),

the priest and the whiskey-drinking old woman. Whatever the play they are all there. They may alter slightly from time to time — all things mortal do — but they are the same people. You may see a new Irish play advertised, but go to witness it, and you will recognize all your old acquaintances. It is the same old wine — very poor wine, at that, and none the better for age — decanted into new bottles.

was the first to present to the public, through the medium of the stage, the Irish peasant in his true character, and yet probably no other dramatist who has handled this subject has received one fourth the abuse that has fallen to his lot.

His best known Irish plays, "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," and "The Shaughraun," have delighted, probably, more people on two conti-

THE SHAUGHRAUN (Act I, Sc. II.)

Dion Boucicault as Conn.
John Gilbert as Father Dolan.
Ione Burke as Moya.

That the perpetrators of such pieces as these merit the ridicule which their works excite is generally conceded, but it is strange that of all the men who have attempted to write Irish plays he on whose head most of the abuse, especially from his countrymen, is visited, is the man who alone has given to the stage an Irish play worthy of the name — a play which is at the same time a model of dramatic composition, and a true picture of the life he endeavors to reproduce. The late Dion Boucicault

nents than the sum of all the other Irish dramas that ever saw the light of day, and they are fresher and more entertaining now than the latest of the machine-made products of his imitators.

"The real requisite for the stage," says Mr. Austin Brereton, the well-known dramatic critic, in a recent article, "is the knowledge of the heart, the insight into human nature. Without that there never was and never will be a great artist. Shakespeare and Sheridan are not immortal by reason of their plays being models of construction. Their pieces are but poorly built. In the case of the Eliza-

bethan dramatist especially, his plays are ill adapted for stage representation. Yet they live first and foremost to-day and for all time, simply and solely because their author had completely sounded the human heart; because he could distinguish between what was true and what was false in nature. So it is with Sheridan. So, in a lesser degree, with Boucicault. You will tell me that he succeeded by reason of his sensational scenes, his revolving towers and his sinking rocks. So, to a certain extent, he did. But he succeeded more because of his insight into life. Like his great predecessor, Shakespere, he was not at all particular as to where he went for his plot. He fashioned the piece after his own manner, stamped it with the true Boucicaultian mark of heart and nature, and trusted to the public judgment for the verdict."

As to Mr. Boucicault's treatment of the Irish character there can be but one opinion, if his work is calmly and dispassionately judged: it is as true to nature as such a work could be. What better evidence of this can be offered than the fact that his plays were presented before Irish audiences in the Irish capital, and were received with tremendous success. Let us take as an example his greatest and best known Irish play, "The Shaughraun." There is hardly a city in this country that is not familiar with this play either through the author's inimitable impersonation of that droll and amusing character, or through the less skilful efforts of amateur players, for there are few church societies with dramatic aspirations that have not attempted to produce this favorite piece.

As a melodrama, in the perverted sense in which that term is now generally accepted, I think "The Shaughraun" has not a superior and few equals among the dramatic works now before the public. The story is rational and interesting; the plot is evenly, carefully, and clearly developed; the situations are natural, easy, and in no way forced; and every climax is thrilling and effective. The lines bubble over with wit — not the forced and unreal fun that depends on horseplay for its effect, but the natural drollery of the man bursting forth at every available point and in no way diverting from the interest of the story. The

CONN, "THE SHAUGHRAUN."

pathos has the ring of sincerity; there is no bombast, no appeal to the gallery. In short, it is natural, it is unaffected, and this naturalness, this heartiness, is its chief charm.

The characters are drawn with a master hand; they are carefully and clearly defined, and consistently sustained throughout. Conn, the central figure of the piece, is a perfect picture of a jovial, lazy, worthless scamp, leading a perfectly aimless life, without anxiety for the morrow, without a thought of yesterday, living only for to-day; with a heart as warm as his coat is torn, a nature as sunny as his appearance is disreputable — a happy, shiftless, light-hearted rogue — in short, a typical shaughraun. His blind and all-absorbing devotion to his foster-brother is a noble trait that the playwright keeps continually in the

foreground, thereby offsetting the vagabondism that otherwise might become offensive. His counterpart,— the resemblance lacking perhaps, in some minor details,— can be found in every village in Ireland. Indeed, it is said that he is a perfect reproduction, tattered hunting-coat, odd boots, game-bag and all, of a famous character, known about the club-houses in Dublin, in Boucicault's early days, as Kildare Jack.

In Father Dolan, Mr. Boucicault has given to the stage one of the most dignified and priestly characters to be found in any modern play. In him is combined, in a masterly way, the refinement and nobility of the scholar and the gentleman with the gentleness of the spiritual father, and the kindliness of the true, warm-hearted man. There is not a word placed in his mouth, or an action or sentiment attributed to him that could offend the most fastidious, or provoke a single adverse criticism. He is the embodiment of Christian charity and priestly dignity. In Harvey Duff and Corry Kinchela, the element of villainy required to lend zest to the story is supplied, and two characters more admirably contrasted it would be difficult to find. In the development of Harvey Duff, the playwright has put forth his best endeavors. Although the character is of less importance for the development of the plot than that of his partner in crime, the latter is completely overshadowed, and Harvey has come to be considered as a character part, second only in importance to Conn. In Mrs. O'Kelly, Captain Molyneux, Robert Ffolliott, and Claire, Mr. Boucicault has given us a series of characters which are not only well calculated to please and interest, but which are so true to nature as to compel approval.

DION BOUCICAULT AS "CONN."

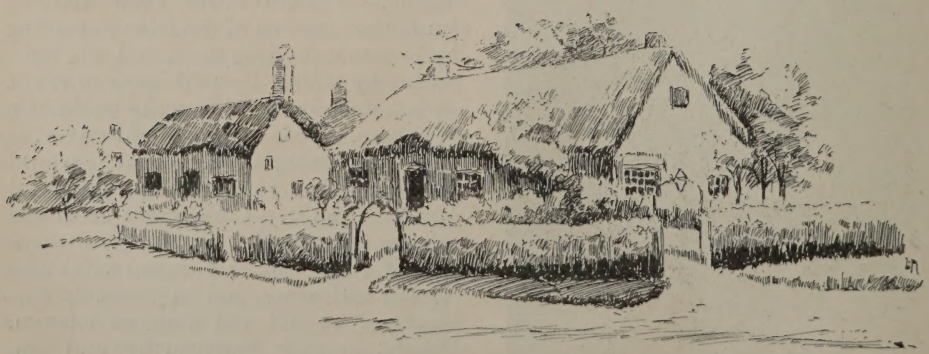
The play has one flaw, one blot on an otherwise spotless surface, and probably to this one blemish can be attributed all the contumely that has been heaped on the author's head. I refer to the famous "wake" scene. It is a pity that so gifted an artist should forget himself so far as to perpetrate such an outrage on art and decency as that scene, to mar a work otherwise so nearly perfect. As to whether or not the "wake" scene is a true picture of such an event, I will not attempt to decide. I have never been able to study the customs of the Irish peasantry by personal investigation, and the only means by which I could hope to reach such a decision would be the testimony of others. This testimony, however, is of so conflicting a nature that it would be impossible to form an unbiassed opinion from it. I have met Irishmen who wax indignant at the mere mention of the scene, and denounce it as a libel, a caricature, and an unseemly burlesque of an old and honored custom. Others, equally trustworthy and sincere, and equally tenacious of the national honor, have acknowledged

witnessing scenes as bad as, if not worse than, that depicted in "The Shaughraun," not only in Ireland, but even in New York. Therefore I will not discuss the question of the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the picture. I will consider it merely from an artistic point of view.

Whether the picture be true or false no good end is attained by placing a spectacle of this nature before the public in all its grotesqueness. Death, under all circumstances, is an awful thing, and to choose it as a motive for a jest is the worst of bad taste. It is an artistic sin, undeserving of palliation or extenuation — it is an insult to the Irish race. In perpetrating it the artist stepped down from his high place — he lost sight of his lofty ideal, and stooped to the methods of the music hall, sacrificing his art for the sake of a laugh.

Still, despite this one glaring fault, "The Shaughraun" must be considered the greatest Irish play that the stage has known, and the most perfect domestic drama that has come even from the gifted pen of Boucicault. There is no reason why an Irish play should be less interesting even to auditors of another race than any other dramatic composition. On the contrary, the conditions for weaving an interesting dramatic story from Irish material seem favorable rather than otherwise. There is no other race on the face of the earth in which such a range of strongly marked characters can be found, no race in which so many varying elements are so dramatically blended, humor welded with pathos, light-heartedness in suffering with dignity in affliction, devotion, loyalty, and reverence under circumstances that are sometimes almost tragic. There is no race whose language, even that of the unlettered peasant, is so rich in poetic thought and musical expression. The language of their forefathers, the sweetest, the most melodious ever spoken by man, is so deeply rooted in their natures, that even after centuries of effort to supplant it with that of the conqueror it still retains its influence, and imparts to the harsher tongue a music that the latter could never otherwise attain. Think, then, of the possibilities for such a master as Boucicault, and of the atrocities perpetrated at the "'prentice hands" to which I have already alluded.

Let us have more Irish plays, of the rank of "The Shaughraun," and the title will be freed from its present odium. Shall we have them? It is doubtful. A Boucicault is not born every day, and until his equal is discovered the palm of excellence among Irish domestic dramas must remain with him.



MADEMOISELLE ST. ANGE.

BY ARTHUR LYMAN GREENE.

(Begun last month.)

IV.

"VOILA le Jockey!" Résultat complet des courses!"

The shrill cry roused Lorimer from the retrospective mood which his after-dinner cigar and comfortable arm-chair had induced. He stepped out on his little balcony, and leaning over the balustrade, looked down upon huge Paris, stretched out beneath him, just beginning its nocturnal life of pleasure and debauch. The wide boulevard, sparkling with lights and black with people, was more than usually animated this evening, for the Grand Prix had been run, that afternoon, in the presence of the largest throng ever gathered at Longchamps. Contrary to the usual order of things, the favorite had come in three lengths ahead, and the popular rejoicing took on all the characteristics of a fête. Lorimer, out of respect for the more rigid observance of the Sabbath to which he was accustomed, had declined the several invitations which had been extended to him, and absented himself from the affair. Instead, he had spent the day writing in his room, until the waning light had grown too dim for him to see. Then, he had lit a cigar, and given himself over to the sober reflections engendered by his present position.

During the past five weeks, he had contrived to see Mlle. St. Ange almost daily, at dinners, receptions, or in the Bois. He had surrendered himself completely to the distinct fascination of her personality, renouncing all his original plans, for he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her. On the rare occasions when he found himself for a few minutes alone at her side,

With the Eiffel Tower above them. *p.* 164.

he had made one or two tentatives to lead back the conversation to that personal and confidential tone which had marked it at their first meeting

Lorimer rushed wildly from the Restaurant. *p.* 166

in the Bois ; but Jeanne was on her guard now, and would not allow herself to be again betrayed into any manifestation of feeling. Lorimer watched her closely, however, and saw that her face, usually so grave, brightened whenever he entered the room where she happened to be. As for the Comte de Lumeau, his manner toward the young American, which had always been stiff, was rapidly becoming so frigid as to be almost offensive. His supercilious stare and languid impertinence were at times so intolerable that the young man felt a keen desire to knock him down, and only by withdrawing hastily from his neighborhood could he regain his ordinary coolness. He had discovered that Des Plans' vague hints as to the Frenchman's reputation were only too well founded, and that, in more than one quarter, he was looked upon askance. The thought of Jeanne, sweet, innocent Jeanne, being wedded to this painted mummy, this leperous, worn-out Don Juan, made his blood boil. He knew, from her own lips, that she did not love him, that the engagement on her part was purely perfunctory, and with a lover's instinct, he divined that but for this, she would listen to his suit. But what could he do? His lips, in honor, must be sealed. Had he the right to speak words of love to her whose faith was already pledged ? With an angry sense of utter impotence, his heart made answer — no. And yet, at times, he

had a wild, insane longing to speak out at all hazards, to conjure her to fly from this living death to which her mother was consigning her, and go back with him to her native land. Once there, he would snap his finger at all the counts in Christendom.

Bah! what a child he was to indulge in these rodomontades. After all, what reason had he, vain fool, to believe that she would give herself to him, even if her titled fiancé were out of the way! He would tear her from his thoughts, and go back to America at once. Nay, more, he would go that evening and bid her good-by. She had told him that she was always at home on Sunday evening, when it was her mother's custom to receive a few of her more intimate friends informally. He looked at his watch — a quarter to nine. Yes, there would be time — he would go.

When he entered Mme. St. Ange's salon a quarter of an hour later, he found a dozen or more in the room, most of whom he had already met. He looked around for Jeanne, after paying his respects to her mother, and presently perceived her in a small alcove at the end of the room, surrounded by three or four of her girl friends. She saw him, and sent him a swift smile of recognition. With some difficulty, he disengaged himself from the amiable old gentleman who had buttonholed him, and made his way to her side.

"You look so pale!" he said, as she gave him her hand. "Is there anything the matter?"

"I think I am a little faint," she made answer. "The room becomes so close with all these people in it."

"Shall we go outside, then, a few moments?" asked Lorimer.

She took his proffered arm without remark, and he led her through the glass doors which opened upon the balcony.

"Oh, but this air is delicious!" exclaimed Jeanne. "I had no idea it was so warm inside."

She leaned against the iron railing, and began plucking the petals from a rose in her hand. Above them, like a huge star, gleamed the bright light from the Tour Eiffel, and they could hear the sharp clip-clap of horses' hoofs on the smooth asphalt below.

"I suppose you will not stay in Paris much longer?" said Jeanne, presently.

"No," replied Lorimer. "I had some idea of going to Fécamp for a few days, but I have given it up. In fact, I came to-night to say good-by."

The girl drew a quick breath of surprise. "You are going home, then?" she said.

He knew not how it was, but, all at once, his arm stole round her, and scarcely conscious of his words, he whispered, —

"Jeanne, dear, I love you so! Tell me, must I go?"

Her lips were silent, but he read the answer in her face. For one long moment, she rested mutely in his arms. Then, opening her eyes, as though awaking from a trance, she tore herself away.

"Ah, what am I doing?" she cried. "Do you not know, then, that I am to be married in a fortnight?"

"Married in a fortnight!" repeated Lorimer, blankly. "But I thought it was set for next autumn."

"Yes, yes! but the date was changed! Ah, God, how unhappy I am!"

Lorimer's brain reeled; he caught hold of the iron railing to steady himself.

"It must not be!" he cried, im-

petuously. "Jeanne, Jeanne, I did not mean to tell you, but after what your eyes have said, I have the right to speak. You do not know, surely, you cannot know, that this man to whom you are about to give your fresh young life, is a libertine to whom nothing is sacred. Do you know there is talk of expelling him from his club, for cheating at cards? Can you be aware of all this, and yet consent to marry him?"

Jeanne looked at him with great, startled eyes.

"Is what you tell me true?" she said, with choked, spasmodic utterance.

"Yes, yes, it is true!" said Lorimer hoarsely. "Jeanne, dear Jeanne, I cannot bear to have you spoil your life in this way. Do not wreck your happiness and mine from a mistaken sense of duty. The engagement to which you have mutely assented, is not one to which you can be held against your will. Before God, I beg you to reconsider it."

"But what can I do?" she gasped. "The marriage act was drawn up and signed last evening. A part of the announcements have already been sent out. How can I draw back now?"

Lorimer groaned dejectedly.

"Has it gone as far as that?" he exclaimed. "Then, Jeanne, there is but one thing to do, if you would renounce this unholy alliance. Go back to America as my wife. I can secure a special license in three days, and once married, no one in all the wide world can stand between us."

"But think of the scandal!" said the girl, breathless. "Besides, it would be acting dishonorably. You know not what you are asking of me."

"My dear child, you judge these things by Old World standards," pleaded Lorimer. "Believe me, I am asking nothing of you which is not, under the circumstances, entirely legitimate. Do you not love me, then, my darling?"

The girl passed her hand over her eyes, in deep distress.

"You know that I do," she murmured, reproachfully; "but it is all so sudden, so overwhelming — give me time to think.

"Be it so," said Lorimer, gently; "I would not hurry you unduly, Jeanne, but you comprehend that the matter will not brook a long delay. Will you give me an answer in three days?"

"Yes, — yes, — in three days," said Jeanne, brokenly; "but do not press me further, now. Take me in, I beg of you. I cannot stand."

"At least, tell me when I may see you again. Shall I come on Wednesday.

"No, no, — do not call. I will write."

"I will wait, then," said Lorimer; "but if you love me, you will not hesitate. In three days, remember!"

Reverently, he raised her fair hand, unresisting, to his lips. Then, he led her back into the salon, and leaving her at her mother's side, hurried abruptly away.

V.

For the hundredth time that afternoon, Lorimer drew out his watch and looked at it impatiently. During the past three days, he had wandered about, from place to place like a lost soul in torment. At one moment, he said to himself that he would go to Mme. St. Ange and boldly declare his intentions; the next, he reflected that out of consideration for Jeanne, he should at least wait until he had heard from her. But here it was Wednesday night,

three days since he had seen her, and she had made no sign. Could she be ill? Or had her mother, remarking her agitation, questioned her, and discovering the cause forbidden her to hold any communication with him? While he was turning these and a hundred other doubts distractedly over in his mind, there was a knock at the door, and a servant entered. Lorimer snatched the letters which he laid upon the table, and selecting, by instinct, the one which he knew was addressed in Jeanne's handwriting, though he had never seen it before, hastily broke the seal. The note was blurred and indistinct in places, as though tears had fallen upon the paper, and was couched thus: —

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: — Do not urge me further, for my mind is made up. I have reflected long and seriously, and I cannot feel that it would be right for me to do what you ask. I must follow to the end the iron track which stretches out for me into the future. After what has passed between us, I dare not trust myself to see you. Think of me, then, as one who is dead, for in this world we can never meet again.

JEANNE.

Lorimer read and re-read the few faintly traced words until they had burned themselves indelibly upon his brain. Then, he bowed his strong frame over the table, and buried his face in his hands. The shadows deepened and grew black about him; some one in the outer passage knocked at the door, paused a moment, and passed on; but the young man remained motionless, in the same attitude, conscious of nothing but the keenness of his misery, and the subtle perfume of the crumpled note in his hand.

. . . . . .

At the Gare St. Lazare, the hands of the illuminated clock pointed to a quarter of twelve, when Lorimer alighted there on Friday night. His train did not go till midnight, and after seeing to his luggage, and bestowing his valise in an empty compartment, he had still five minutes to spare. All about him was bustle and confusion, but the young man was scarcely conscious of his surroundings, as he paced moodily up and down the long platform. He seemed to have lost his individuality, and to be moving as in a drama. To Jeanne, he had written briefly: —

"I accept your decision, and will not seek to see you again. As my presence here can only distress you, I shall leave Paris on Friday night, and sail for New York on Saturday."

Further than this, he dared not trust himself to write, though he had cherished a faint hope, that from the very fact of his moderation Jeanne might possibly so far relent as to grant him another interview. But the hours, gliding swiftly by, had brought no further message, until now, the last moment of his stay in Paris had arrived. Already the guards were shouting, "en voiture, messieurs," and closing and locking the doors. With a last lingering look down the long line of carriages, Lorimer climbed slowly into his seat, and fell back inertly on the cushions. A dazzling stream of lights flashed in his face, as the train drew out of the station; then, with a wild shriek of the whistle, it plunged into the tunnel under the Place de l'Europe, and the carriage was left in a semi-obscurity, pierced only by the dim rays of the lamp overhead. On and on they sped through the darkness; here and there, a feeble light shone out from some peasant's hut on the wide plain, or a sleeping village showed itself for a moment in the moonlight. Worn out by his two sleepless nights, Lorimer's head

dropped forward on his breast, and presently he fell into a fitful doze.

Toward morning he woke with a start; the train was slackening its speed. He let down the sash, and peered out into the gloom. Through the pale light of dawn which struggled into the carriage, he perceived a forest of masts, their shadowy silhouettes faintly outlined against the sombre sky. They were on the outskirts of Havre. Mechanically the young man began to fold up his rug, and gather up his things. Ten minutes later the train ran on to the dock, alongside of the trans-Atlantic liner, whose two red funnels were already belching forth black volumes of smoke. Lorimer passed along the gangway and down into the saloon, where the stewards were serving coffee to the sleepy passengers. After munching a brioche, and gulping down a cup of hot bouillon, he felt more like himself. He sat down at one of the long tables, and wrote two or three notes of farewell to friends in Paris. Then, as the steamer did not sail till noon, he started out to ramble through the town.

Havre is not an attractive place to the traveller fresh from Paris, and Lorimer soon tired of his explorations. He turned into a café in the Place Gambetta, and began to run idly over the Paris and provincial papers which the waiter brought him. All at once, he rubbed his eyes, blankly, then sprang to his feet, with a cry which brought the waiter running to his side.

"Here, how much for this?" he shouted, vehemently, waving the journal excitedly in his face.

"Mais, monsieur, ça ne se vend pas," began the astonished Gaul, but Lorimer cut him short by flinging down a ten-franc piece on the marble table, and rushing wildly out of the restaurant.

"It is one of those mad Americans," muttered Alphonse, biting the coin between his teeth; "but, all the same, the money is good."

In the street, Lorimer pinched himself to see if he were not dreaming, then read once more the item which had caused his agitation.

"A bill of impeachment was brought forward in the Chamber to-day against the Comte Jules de Lumeau, sitting for the Department of Indré et Loire, for complicity in the Panama frauds. A warrant for his arrest has been issued; but as he has not been seen for three days, it is believed that he has fled the country."

"Yes, by Jove, it's my man!" said Lorimer, gleefully. "And to think that I was within an ace of running off to America without knowing anything about it. Was ever anything so lucky?"

He did not stop to read the rest of the article which set forth, in detail, the charges against the Comte, but thrusting the paper in his pocket, made his way back to the dock with all speed. He had just time to rescue his trunk from the hold of the steamer before she sailed, and at seven o'clock that evening he re-entered Paris, worn in body, but elated in spirit.

Tired as he was, Lorimer could not rest till he had seen Jeanne, and as soon as he had removed the stains of his long journey, he drove at once to her residence. Thérèse, the maid, beamed brightly upon him, as she relieved him of his hat, and proudly announced "Meestair Lorimer." There was no one in the dimly lighted salon but Jeanne, who

sprang up with a cry of surprise, as the young man advanced hesitatingly into the room.

"You! you!" she murmured, pale as death, and would have fallen, had he not caught her and drawn her gently to the sofa.

"I have come back, Jeanne," he said, softly, "because — because — ah, dearest, you know why! Tell me, are you very angry?"

She clung to him, sobbing hysterically, her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, I am so glad, I am so glad! I thought you had gone, and I should never see you again! And now —"

"And now," said Lorimer, looking with all his soul into the big gray eyes, swimming with tears, "do you still insist on being the Comtesse de Lumeau, or is plain Mrs. George Lorimer good enough for you?"

Jeanne hid her face in his coat, and her answer was lost in its depths.

FATE.

BY E. SCOTT O'CONNOR.

You were not there,
The mood has past,
The words remain unspoken.

You were not there,
When love at last
Its silence would have broken.

You were not there
While time and heart,
Thought and feeling swayed me;

You were not there
To take your part
When passion's voice obeyed me.

You were not there,
We're robbed by fate;
Our loss nought can repay.

You were not there;
'Tis now too late!
Time, all has pass'd away.

THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS.

THE MONEY QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.

WHY WALL STREET SHOULD NOT RULE THE COUNTRY.

BY MICHAEL CORCORAN.

FINANCE is the question before the nation, and, fortunately, the decks are cleared for action by the removal of the tariff from the field of discussion. Let me present some points for public consideration, as all citizens have a great interest in the settlement which may be arranged, even if times are improving.

The first point is that the monetary change which was effected in or about 1873 in this country and in Europe was not demanded by the people seeking their own benefit, but was accomplished without any popular demand whatever.

The second point is that those who are known as gold men have not endeavored to instruct and to enlighten the people as to the advantages of the change, and to present sound arguments to justify it; they have preferred to criticise opponents, and seem to dread nothing so much as a full and fair discussion; and they hurl opprobrious epithets against those who endeavor to awaken public interest in a just settlement, calling them "cranks," "calamity howlers," "silver shriekers," etc. This remarkable weakness of the gold side should be well noted.

The third point is that money, like any commodity in the market, is raised in value either by lessening the quantity, or by lessening the available supply by storing a great quantity away in reserves, or by such legislation as may cause a greatly increased demand on the existing quantity.

The fourth point is that the actions taken against silver, in the United States, in 1834, by changing the ratio in favor of gold; in England, in 1844, by the bank act which favored gold; in France, in 1865 and 1873, by limitation of silver coinage; in Germany, in 1871 to 1873, by the demonetization and sale of silver; in the United States, in 1873 and 1876, by further impediments to silver coinage; in Austria, in 1892, by the demonetization of silver and the offer of it for sale; in India, in 1893, by the closing of the mints to the coinage of silver; and in the United States, in 1893, by the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, were all effective in causing an increased demand for gold to an enormous extent, and lessened the quantity of money of ultimate redemption.

The fifth point is that in face of this increased demand for gold, the available supply of gold was lessened by storing away hundreds of millions in reserves previous to 1890, and by increasing those reserves since, by over $300,000,000, and by latest reports the governments of Europe are still further increasing the "war treasures" of gold.

The sixth point is that, whereas the public debt of nations was only about $3,000,000,000, in the year 1800, it had increased to more than $30,000,000,000 by 1890, borrowed from the bondholders of the civilized world.

The seventh point is that it follows that the interest on those $30,000,000,000, as well as the interest on state, city, and county bonds, on railroad bonds, on real estate mortgages, on bills discounted by the banks and money lenders, the rent of lands and houses and all taxes, were all raised in value, while appearing the same in amount, by the above-named actions, which raised the value of gold. It is to be noted that the financial action of one nation affects other nations.

The eighth point to consider is, whether such legislative actions were undertaken to benefit the above-named

bondholders, and other interest receivers, or to benefit the masses of the people by the merciful imposition of enormous burdens?

The ninth point is that, twice in the last year, our President, instead of consulting cabinet, or Congress, or country, went to Wall street to consult and ask for aid, thus affording the object-lesson, to be easily inferred, that, if to-day our executive must ask the aid of Wall street, under our present system, to-morrow Wall street may exact legislation in return for its aid; and if Wall street may thus exact and dictate legislation, we may as well abolish the needless expense of President, Senate, Congress, State Legislatures, and judiciary, with all attendant expensive elections, and let Wall street govern the whole country to suit Wall street and London.

Finally the Administration plan, now before the country, endorsed by Wall street, is, in effect, a plan to leave to the government its constitutional privilege, "to coin gold, silver, and paper money," while taking away its privilege "to regulate the value thereof," and give that power over exclusively to the banks. For it is manifest that whoever has the power to open or close a large market against either or both metals, or to increase or decrease the quantity of gold and silver, by production or non-production, or by demonetization of one of the metals; or to increase or decrease the quantity of paper money, has the power, most effectually, to regulate the value of money, because the value of money must be raised if the quantity be lessened, and the value of money must be lowered if the quantity of gold or silver or paper money be increased.

To allow the banks to issue notes to the amount of 75 per cent of their unimpaired capital, with a reserve of 30 per cent in greenbacks, gives the banks immediate power to increase the quantity of money by several hundred million dollars. The exact amount will be about one half of the capital of all the banks existing in the United States at the date of the passing of the law. That gives the banks immediate power to regulate the value of money by raising prices and lowering the value of money with a violent spring. When the banks shall have done this, and shall have continued for a few years lending money in times of high prices, their assets will be estimated according to those high prices. Then the first pressure that comes in Europe will react on this country, and gold will be exported, credit will be contracted, and assets will shrink, perhaps 50 or 60 per cent. That must involve a worse panic than any we have yet experienced. Now we must note that for many years there has been a strong demand, from large numbers of the people, and political parties have pledged themselves in favor of free coinage of silver; but there is no demand for this new measure except a banker's demand.

Another most important point to be noted here is, that if, as Carlisle proposes, the new principle is to be non-inspection, non-supervision of banks, any more than merchants, then, in common honesty the depositors all over the country should be fully warned of their increased danger, for many an honest merchant would be a safer banker then. Weigh this well, it is the most dangerous innovation yet proposed.

The fact that the paper money will be sound, cannot prevent a panic. The true cause of panics in the future, as in the past, must be that the quantity of domestic currency, and of domestic credit, is not independent of the exports or imports of gold, but, on the contrary, is at the mercy of bullion brokers, under the present unwise system. This is the all important point.

Besides, the evils of a panic are not to be estimated by the result of bank liquidations. The stoppage of banks, the stoppage of business houses, the men out of work, and the terrible shrinkage of prices, are the most important effects of a panic, and not the money lost by depositors, here and there throughout the country, bad as such loss may be. The guaranty fund proposed

we must note, would be a very distant liability for the solvent banks to bear since the notes are to be a first lien on the assets, and the depositors, thus come first as guarantors, and must reimburse the solvent banks which redeem the notes of a failed bank, and depositors must then bear the chief risk of fraudulent or of bad banking.

It is claimed for the new plan that it provides an "elastic currency," which, it is alleged, is the ideal of a good currency. But, if it be true, that to increase the quantity lowers the value, and to decrease the quantity raises the value of money, thus making all values and all contracts perpetually uncertain, then an "elastic currency" must be the worst currency.

In its effect the increase or the decrease of credit is an increase or decrease of purchasing power, for the time being, the same in effect as the increase or decrease of currency; for to buy goods with land, or houses, or bonds, or other stored goods, is the same thing in effect as to buy with money; and such fluctuation in credit is tantamount to a dangerously elastic currency. But the credit currency is quite elastic and dangerous enough, without leaving the note currency to be regulated by each individual banker, out of 3,800 throughout the country, who knows not or cares not what another is doing.

The currency should be a fixed quantity, as little as possible subject to decrease, and prudently increased at intervals of ten years. This regulation should be left in the hands of the central government which could and would watch over the interests of the whole country, in the issue of money, and would "regulate the value thereof," as contemplated by the constitution, and the value of money can be regulated only by regulating the quantity of money; and if elasticity be an evil, and if demonetization of silver caused the effects of continually falling markets, as alleged, it seems plain that the withdrawal of national bank notes since the war, which was elasticity in one direction, must have increased the evil effects of demonetization.

The great danger in the plan before us is that the rise in prices, sure to follow for some time, will deceive many of the public into the belief that it is a good measure, until a panic brings a terrible awakening. But it is very strange that those who endorse this plan oppose silver, for free coinage of silver would not be anything like the sudden inflation, and lowering the general value of money as proposed in the new plan; and under the Baltimore plan there would be a temptation to multiply the capital of the banks tenfold, in order to be able to inflate the currency up into the billions, rivalling the wildest populist.

It is alleged, in defence of a bond issue, and a treasury gold reserve, that the parity of gold and silver coin must be maintained, so that one dollar may be as good as another dollar. Let us examine this proposition. We ask ourselves, Is it necessary to adopt this method? It would appear, from the points already put forward, that such a method increases rather than lessens the difficulty of the present financial situation. At present notes are kept up by promise of redemption in gold, and our silver coin is kept up in the same way within the country, and public confidence is obtained, until a panic comes, by the apparent ability to keep the promise.

But that is only one view. Another view is, that if silver bullion, as distinguished from silver coin, be supposed to be on one side of the scales and gold on the other, it would be manifestly absurd to expect to raise the silver side by raising the gold side. But demonetization of silver, shutting the market demand against silver, lowers the silver side; and, on the other hand, by increasing the market demand for gold, the gold side is raised. Then increasing the gold reserves of the United States, England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, in the face of increased market demand for gold, is really to lessen the available supply of gold, and raises the gold side more and more; and whatever raises the gold side lowers the silver side, and widens the distance be-

tween the two metals. If the fall of silver to 65 cents an ounce causes a difficult situation, a fall to 30 or 40 cents an ounce must make things worse, and this plainly must be the tendency of increased gold reserves following demonetization. As long as this policy is continued silver coin cannot be exported to India, China, or South America without enormous loss; and gold alone must be used by Europe and the United States for export purposes when required. This deprives the world of the advantage it had in 1870, and in previous years, when over $3,000,000,000 worth of silver was available, as a store from which to draw for exports in relief of the gold supply; but even that did not prevent panics.

It is obvious that the withdrawal of such an enormous value from the possibility of export, must greatly hamper the world's commerce, including our own; and naturally increases the difficulty of our government in its efforts to regulate the value of money; and that difficulty must be increased by giving to the banks, by the new plan, the power of piling up the pressure on the gold supply; which practically amounts to giving the banks the prerogative that belongs to the sovereign people represented by Congress, "to regulate the value of money."

While the new plan gives this great power to the banks, it is not quite clear how far the liability of stockholders extends. It appears that they are to be liable to the full amount of the stock they hold. But does that mean simply that they could lose only the amount of stock invested by them in the bank, if required to meet shrinkage in the value of assets? or does it mean that in addition they could be called upon to pay a further assessment equal to the amount of their stock? If so, it ought to be plainly expressed, as is the liability of English, Irish, and Scotch holders of bank stock.

A most important feature of the new plan is the clause which exempts the banks from the obligation of keeping a reserve against deposits. This trusts entirely to the discretion of each bank. It may be said that the amount of reserve is left to the discretion of bankers in England, Scotland, and Ireland. That is true, but there the banks are more concentrated; there are very few banking companies, and they have branch banks all over the country. Their published statements are then more closely scanned by the general public, which is a very wholesome check; but we have over 3,800 independent banks, scattered all over the United States, and each one makes a separate statement of its affairs.

It would be absurd to expect the entire people to scan and scrutinize 3,800 reports, and to keep a watch over all. Many banks may be tempted to use all their available funds in their banking business, keeping only enough reserve for each day's normal demand. Then any and every bank, with a capital of $100,000, would be tempted to increase the capital as much as possible.

Thus a bank with only $100,000 capital could obtain $75,000 in notes, making $175,000. The bank would deposit greenbacks to the amount of $22,500, leaving the bank a net sum of $152,500 to do business with, the extra $52,500 being borrowed at a mere nominal interest, and "loaned" out at eight, or ten per cent, or more in country places.

Fortunately, the greenbacks are limited, or there would be no check in their mad career. In this respect the Administration plan is much superior to the Baltimore plan. Assuming the greenbacks to be at present $360,000,000, that would allow of bank issues to the amount of $1,200,000,000, and, as all the greenbacks would be retired by their deposit with the Secretary of the Treasury, there would be a net inflation of the currency, it is safe to say, of from $700,000,000 to $800,000,000. However, even this is better than the national bank act which provided a contracting currency.

This new currency would be secured first by the safety fund of five per cent, and as the banks would be reimbursed

for their assessments, in case of the failure of banks, out of the assets of such banks, the depositors are the real sureties for the notes amounting to over $600,000,000. But suppose a panic like that of 1873, or a worse one, as is likely, the prospect is appalling; in fact, the rush on the banks would be overwhelming.

The complaint of Secretary Carlisle is well founded that the present law is vicious in that part especially which "provides for a reserve which cannot be utilized even at a time of the greatest stringency and distrust without incurring the penalties of forfeiture." But let us examine this. Never mind the remote cause or causes, for the present.

The immediate cause which brings on a panic, in all cases that have yet happened, is one and the same, namely, gold exports. When gold goes the only full legal tender is by so much lessened, and that which remains must be guarded, because it is the only full legal tender. Contraction of note currency and credit currency necessarily follow producing a panic.

The obvious remedy is that we should have a triple legal tender: first, treasury notes on the credit of the nation limited in amount; second, silver or treasury notes issued for silver unlimited; third, gold as it may come; all equal legal tender. There should be no such thing as bank issues of any kind, and no paper money but the one kind, treasury notes. Then, when gold would be exported, we could not have a panic, from that cause at least, for we would still have full legal tender, and that contraction is the most serious cause of panic we have to guard against, because its effects must be universal, from the nature of things, whereas any other crisis would be more local and less intense.

A comparison of the new plan with the English, Scotch, and Irish, shows that the Scotch circulation is more than one half secured by gold, dollar for dollar. The English banks, exclusive of the Bank of England, have only about $20,000,000 unsecured, and the Bank of England itself has only $75,000,000 not secured by gold, and even that is secured by government funds equal to our national bonds. The Irish Banks are somewhat different. The bank of Ireland has $13,500,000 in notes against government funds; but has nearly $20,000,000 authorized. The provincial and national banks about $9,000,000 between them unsecured, and $500,000 secured by gold; and the other three banks of issue have about $4,000,000 unsecured, and $3,000,000 in notes secured by gold; and the issues cannot possibly be increased, except secured by gold, in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

This shows a stronger position than the new Administration plan, and yet, no one who thoroughly understands the English, Scotch, and Irish system could call it by any means a good one, and their panics have been terrible.

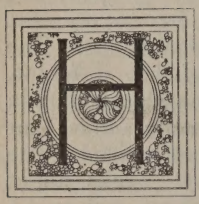
But there the currency question has never yet been discussed by the people. In fact the United States is the only country in which the people generally discuss that most important of all questions.

The Americans ought to be the first people to settle the currency in the interests of the whole people, and not for the benefit of special privileged classes.

Once more let the principles be affirmed: (1) that we should be independent of gold exports; (2) that Congress should regulate the value of money by regulating the quantity, as far as lies in its power considering the effects of the policy of foreign nations; and (3) that Congress, excepting small change, should allow nothing but full legal tender to circulate.

IF BENDAOEED RETURNS.

BY REV. W. H. O'CONNELL.



ALF the world knows not how the other half lives," is a proverb that is only a half-truth. By that phrase is generally meant that there is set up between the rich and the poor an impervious wall through which the one will not, and the other may not, pass. It means an indifference on the part of the wealthy to the life and lot of those less fortunate than themselves. There is no intention of the writer in this article to champion either side of the question; though it does seem that in the face of all the outcry against wealth, it might be well to consider just how much of the accusation is true.

There is never a lack of pessimists in the world,—people who are never content that God's sun should shine except through cheerless clouds that veil its joyous light and rob it of its warmth; and if they find no such vapors really existing, they must, then, forsooth, form them out of their own dismal fancies. So we have had a constantly increasing number of periodicals, pamphlets, and even books, whose object seems to be to show how heartless the world is, while ranting demagogues, with a logic as poor as their grammar, hold forth in public places, sowing discord between class and class.

Editor W. T. Stead, imbued with this spirit, came all the way from London to Chicago to discover by a curious process of reasoning, that Christianity had failed of its mission; though what he would have the world substitute for it, whether Buddhism, Moslemism, or Spiritualism, he did not vouchsafe to say. It is the same story, the same unsound conclusion, drawn from half-truths. "There is much evil in the world, therefore there is no good. There is much selfishness, therefore no charity." Such syllogisms are not only an offence against ratiocination, but against society; for put into practical operation the only result possible is discord, discontent, and, ultimately, strife.

It is to show the other side of the question that Dr. Primrose, a Bostonian who evidently knows his city, conducts Bendaoeed, a stranger from the East, (no matter whom), on a tour of inspection of the various institutions of modern Athens, where one half the world does endeavor to know how the other half lives, and to help it to live better. The Doctor has no difficulty in demonstrating to his Oriental visitor that within the gates of our city there is going on quietly, but systematically, a vast work of beneficence. Bendaoeed, the inhabitant of the land of the past, beholds, for the first time, the manner in which a modern municipality takes care of its unfortunate citizens. He witnesses first the wonderfully complete and far-reaching philanthropy of the Chardon-Street Bureau. He sees how admirably its intricate and complex machinery is controlled. He is informed of the thousands of poor and homeless who have been lodged and fed there; of the other thousands who have been assisted financially, and supplied with food and fuel at home, and of the vast army of unemployed helped to situations, and encouraged in thrift. He learns with pleasure that the money contributed to the maintenance, management, and disbursement of the Bureau is from private citizens; that those engaged in visiting poor families, offering counsel, aiding to work, and reporting

cases of need, are ladies in the highest position in society, socially and financially; and that business men, lawyers, and gentlemen of wealth, give their time, learning, and money to the investigation of cases of poverty, defending the poor in the courts gratis, and alleviating their wants, either by direct donation, judiciously bestowed, or by practical instruction in self-help.

The assistance these practical philanthropists render to the city in the care of its poor may be imagined if one considers that during the past year $21,450 were expended, 7,226 families visited and helped, and 1,523 persons obtained employment through this Bureau, whose object is purely humanitarian, with no avowed sectarian purpose. Whatever proselytizing is attempted is the outcome of individual officiousness, for which the Bureau, as a body, is not responsible.

No wonder Bendaoeed expressed admiration for such a proof of humanity's love for man. No wonder Dr. Primrose felt proud to show this proof of charity to his Eastern visitor.

Among the other institutions — charitable, protective, educational, and reformative — conducted either by the city or by private charity, Bendaoeed pays a visit to the Massachusetts General Hospital. There Dr. Primrose gives him another exhibition of what man is doing for humanity.

In the short time spent there he was doubtless struck with the care, kindness, and efficiency exercised by all in charge. If he had been a daily witness, as the writer has, of the admirable skill, patience, and not infrequently heroism, exhibited by the surgeons and physicians, the very best in their line, who give their valuable time and labor free to attending patients who have neither friends nor money, his admiration would have had a wide field for expansion.

Dr. Primrose doubtless informed Bendaoeed of the hundreds of thousands of dollars bequeathed by the rich to this institution, for the care of those who could not otherwise hope to obtain expert attendance, or such indefatigable attention, without the cost of a penny, for food or medicine. He selected these two institutions for his guest's inspection, because they are eminently characteristic; their work being among the general, and their support derived, in the main, from donations and bequests, and because they represent altogether a wonderful amount of the real, broad, practical sympathy and charity, of those blessed with means, for those less fortunate.

Of course, Bendaoeed did not learn of the endless number of deeds of kindness unknown to any except the benefactor and the befriended; of the hundreds of pensioners, who owe their very living to kind patrons; of the faithful old servants, now unable to work, whose rent is paid, and provisions and clothes provided by former masters; or of the indigent, disabled, or diseased laborers and mechanics, who, during sickness, are maintained by their employers. His stay was all too short to learn more than the barest outlines of the charities that exist in our city.

We are told that Bendaoeed left Boston to visit Chicago, presumably to discover, in that city explored by Mr. Stead, some lights to illumine the Cimmerian darkness which the English editor would have us believe completely enshrouds it. Meanwhile we expect his return. Dr. Primrose himself must be anxious to hear what Chicago has revealed to his visitor, and to initiate him still deeper into the secrets of modern philanthropy, its methods and results, as manifested in our city.

If he should return, it certainly would not be uninteresting to him to spend a few of his leisure moments in another class of institutions to which as yet the Doctor has not been able to call his attention. They do much of the same beneficent work that those alluded to accomplish; but Bendaoeed might like to study the different methods, motives, and results exemplified by these other houses, homes, and hospitals.

Bendaoeed was gratified to learn that out of their abundance the wealthy put aside something for the needy. It will assuredly add to his happiness to know that many voluntarily offer of their scant sufficiency, a pittance, poor but precious, to those in want. A cup of cold water given to the fainting traveller, from a fount flowing in a bounteous land, is a gentle and humane act. But when with a fellow traveller in the parched Sahara, one shares the cup that may not be replenished, that is heroic, that is sublime. "And do men do this?" Bendaoeed will ask. And his guide will answer, — "Yes, every day among us here."

Suppose that Dr. Primrose first conducts his guest to the splendid edifice that crowns the heights of the peninsular district. As a physician he will readily appreciate first the appropriateness of the site of the Carney Hospital, towering high above its surroundings, to secure for its inmates the clearest light and purest air. Entering he will observe the complete system of attendance, medical and nursing; and the skilful, scientific, and thorough treatment. Wandering through the wards, he will perceive that the destitute and friendless are nursed with the same fidelity and kindness as the others.

In everything he will find it like any other great hospital, except that he cannot but be impressed with something in the very atmosphere of the place that speaks of the soul as well as of the body. He will find there a peace more palpable than the stillness that dwells within those walls, an influence, which, while it cannot be classed either under medicine or nursing, is both. Bendaoeed will not fail to observe it. It will look down at him from the crucifix on the wall; it will be revealed in the faces of many of the patients; it will be read upon the quiet and kindly countenances of the nuns. He will not need to ask Dr. Primrose what it is. He will feel, he will know, it is religion. In all else this hospital is like thousands of other institutions; but to all they possess, it adds this. In the others dwell sweet hope and gentle charity. Here the trinity is complete, for here is faith too.

Bendaoeed will learn from the Sisters, whose life is the good of others, how many, broken with sorrow and disease, have been nursed back, not alone to health, but to faith, under the roof of that house of the Samaritan.

There is one terrible disease which as yet, defies the greatest medical skill. Though surgery is advancing every day, though the lance is almost omnipotent, though medicine constantly receives new light, and sanitary laws assist science in the prevention and curing of contagious disorders, till now, the dread phthisis has no remedy. Of all patients the poor consumptive needs tenderest care; and yet the hospitals, to do their widest work, must not encumber their wards with incurable patients likely to linger over long periods. Well, Bendaoeed will see what Christian charity has done in Boston for these sufferers.

Let him visit the Home on Quincy street, purchased and conducted for the special care of consumptives. He cannot but admire the homelike manner in which the institution is carried on. How little it appears like a hospital! How comfortable every room looks, with its furniture tastefully arranged, its windows open to the sunlight, and its atmosphere of contentment even amid suffering. Bendaoeed will learn that no distinction is made here of color, race, or religion; that no pay is received for care or medicine; that the most wholesome and dainty food is prepared for each patient as if he were an inmate of some wealthy sanatorium; that here, too, the very best physicians and specialists give their services free. We are certain that he will rejoice to learn that this work is not the pet experiment of some rich humanitarian, but the practical workaday charity of a number of very busy young ladies, who, by dint of hard and persistent endeavor, have gathered and expended for the poor consumptive thousands of dollars, collected almost penny by

penny, from any one who could give it, rich or poor. He will learn, too, that these same young women, not only raise the funds necessary to carry on the hospital, but personally bring to hundreds afflicted with the disease throughout the city and its suburbs, delicate and nourishing food, medicine, clothing, and whatever nursing is possible. Here, indeed, has the consumptive a friend, when, by the lingering nature of his disease, and the disagreeable features accompanying it, not unfrequently even relations grow weary and neglectful. Bendaoeed will see during his stay with us, no more beautiful, practical, useful charity than this.

To live to a good old age, with faculties still bright, with loving ones around, and assured of life's necessaries, is a balm to the heart, but to him who sees himself daily grow more and more alone, his pittance daily becoming less, without any hope of increase, that is an agony which only infirm, friendless old age can know. Bendaoeed must have known of such sad sights in the East. Every one who goes among the poor is familiar with them here.

Well, the old and infirm are not forgotten either. Let him enter the little gateway on Dudley street that leads up to the palace of the aged poor. He will be greeted by one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and ushered down the long, clean corridors to large, well-kept living rooms, to airy, tidy dormitories, with little white-covered beds; to the infirmary where those about to close a weary pilgrimage await peacefully the summons to perpetual youth; and to the recreation rooms where one of the nuns sits in the midst of a happy group of octogenarians, become children again, recounting to them some little tale that excites the interest of her listeners, as fairy tales do of little ones. And of all the things Bendaoeed will witness, nothing will be more pathetically funny than to see one of the old men affect in his happiness the sprightliness of former days in an old reel, or hornpipe, in which years and years ago, perhaps, he was the wonder of some little town in a far distant land. And he will hear that this is a holiday for the good Sister, who to-morrow will be obliged to go from door to door, and from one store to another begging for the bread which she will not touch herself till all these poor, yet fortunate children of hers have eaten in plenty.

Oh, Little Sisters of the Poor, how big and great and rich you are in God's eyes!

From one extreme to another our Oriental friend will be brought from the home of the aged to the home of the children. Life, begun under even most favorable circumstances, is a battle. Happy the child who enters it panoplied with the inheritance of a vigorous frame, the care of a mother, and the whispered word of faith! Yet in every great city hundreds begin life with all the world against them — children of crime, outcasts; healthless, helpless!

"Is there no hand stretched out to them?" Bendaoeed will ask.

"Yes," Dr. Primrose will answer again. Come and see. In the Home for Destitute Children we shall meet again the same uniform, the same habit, that we saw at the Carney Hospital. The happy voices of children at play will come to us, and as we follow the sound we shall soon stand in the presence of over 200 children, most of them in perfect health, and boisterously happy. The Sister in charge will be only glad to tell us all about the management of the place; how during the course of this past year over 800 children, many of them weakly and delicate when received, have been nursed and fed to robustness; how the lack of spiritual as well as temporal care has been remedied; how, when they are considered strong and old enough they are adopted into families known by thorough investigation to be kindly and virtuous; how the annual expenses, amounting to over $20,000 are met by the contributions of

generous people, by collections in the churches, and by an occasional bequest generally from the poor who remember that "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

A little further down, Bendaoeed, and you will come to the Working Boys' Home on Bennet street. Father Ford will show you over the establishment, and gladly explain its workings. Here a large number of homeless youths are given shelter, food, clothing, and good moral training. They are working boys, boot-blacks, paper-boys, errand-boys; who were it not for the Home would be generally entirely neglected, and become the victims of surroundings and influences anything but wholesome. This admirable house, too, is entirely dependent upon the free contributions of the people, who, knowing the work it does, are never appealed to in vain. Then, too, there is the House of the Angel Guardian, engaged in a similar work, with equal success, and supported largely in the same manner.

Bendaoeed might also visit many smaller hospitals, managed on the same plans and methods as those already pointed out to him; but there still remains one organization for him to inspect, the influence of which is spread like a benediction over the whole city. It is the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, a body of devoted men, who give of their busy life and limited means, to support thousands who otherwise would be utterly in distress. He will find it a thoroughly complete organization, with a system of personal visits; a judicious distribution of aid in food, fuel, and rent; with provision for neglected children; in fact, with the whole working plan of that charity inaugurated by the saintly Ozanam in Paris, and now in operation in nearly every city in the world, dispensing its charity as brother to brother; and so quietly withal, that the world scarcely knows of its good deeds.

To Catholics, this proposed tour of inspection of Bendaoeed will appear but a catalogue of institutions whose activity and usefulness are as familiar as their own names; but there are thousands in our city, not strangers from the Orient, but fellow-citizens, to whom the names, the deeds, the innumerable acts of beneficence, love, and sympathy of these hospitals, homes, and asylums, are utterly unknown.

When Bendaoeed learns that this wonderful, far-reaching, and effectual good is done absolutely without lucrative reward; that those engaged in it have given not a month, or a year, but their whole lives to the care, comfort, and uplifting of others; that the management of it is wellnigh perfect from every standpoint; that almost all the money raised to defray the expense of this vast work is from that portion of the community who have least to spare; that not only the older institutions of charity are being put on solid and secure foundations but that new ones, keeping pace with new wants and circumstances, are growing up daily, and fitting into the new order of things, will he not marvel and say, —

"How are these things done?"

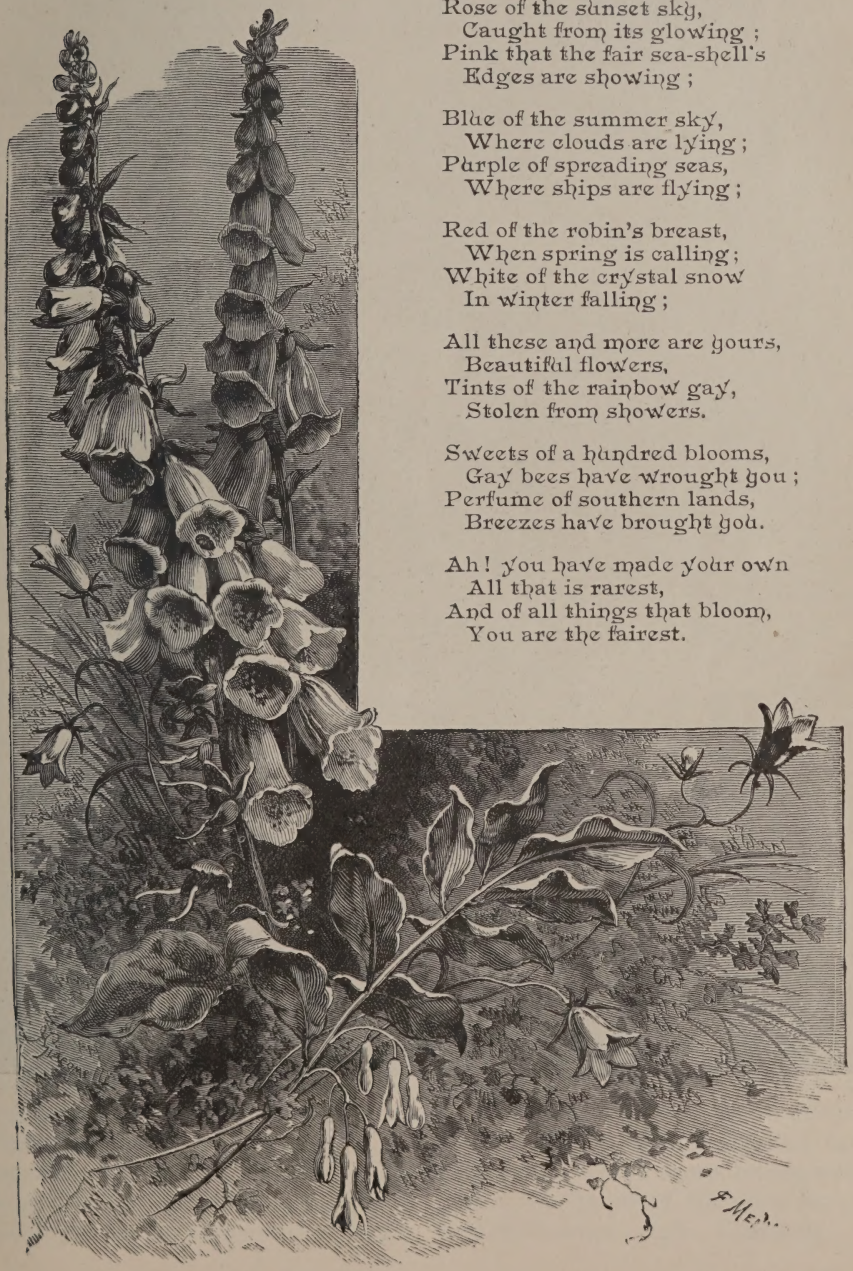
Then we will remind him that in every one of the institutions he has visited there is one sacred spot around which the whole building clusters. In that secluded sanctuary is the vital principle that animates the whole work, as from the central trunk the sap is sent to every leaf and blossom upon the tree.

"See, Bendaoeed, how the little red lamp flickers and gleams before the tabernacle. 'In Him was life and the life was the light of men.' You see, Bendaoeed, to us there is no hypothesis; no 'if' He came. Jesus is already here."

FLOWER HINTS.

BY

EDITH WILLIS LINN.



Rose of the sunset sky,
  Caught from its glowing ;
Pink that the fair sea-shell's
  Edges are showing ;

Blue of the summer sky,
  Where clouds are lying ;
Purple of spreading seas,
  Where ships are flying ;

Red of the robin's breast,
  When spring is calling ;
White of the crystal snow
  In winter falling ;

All these and more are yours,
  Beautiful flowers,
Tints of the rainbow gay,
  Stolen from showers.

Sweets of a hundred blooms,
  Gay bees have wrought you ;
Perfume of southern lands,
  Breezes have brought you.

Ah ! you have made your own
  All that is rarest,
And of all things that bloom,
  You are the fairest.

HARMONY.

CLAY MODELLING.
Copied Work and Original Designs.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

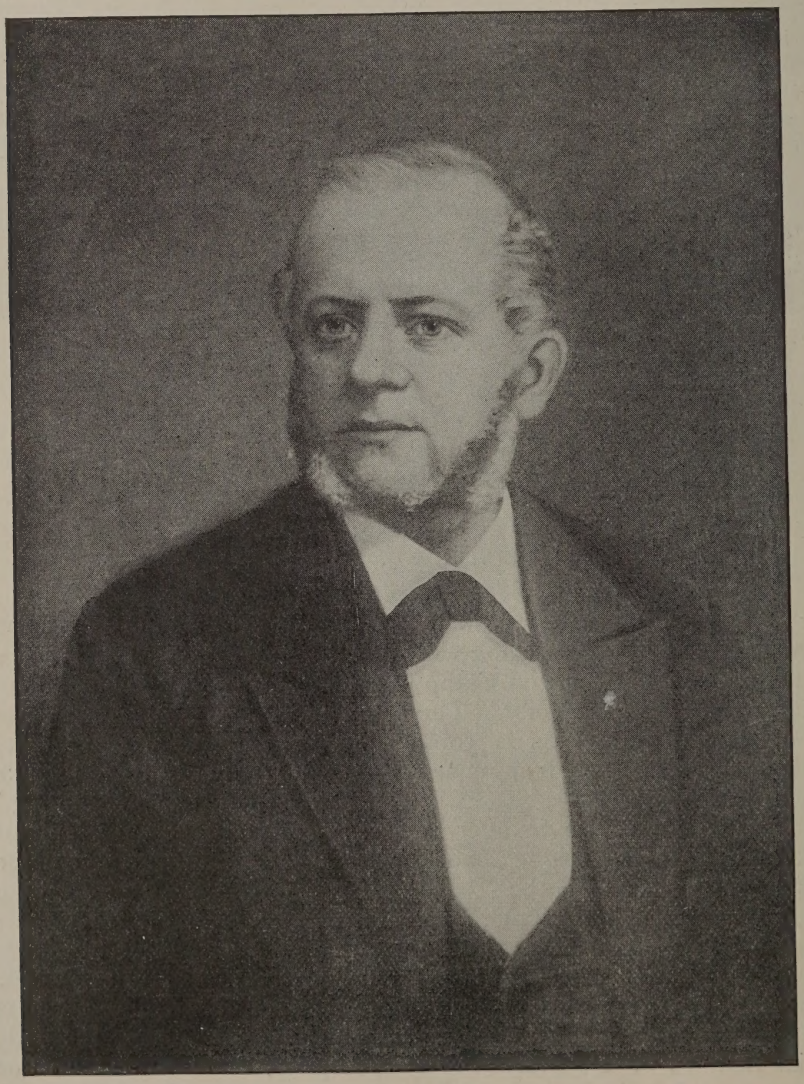
BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

ON May 27, 1828, there was born in Philadelphia, a man who was destined to leave his mark on Catholic education in his native city. The story of his life is such as is common enough, in this land of opportunity and enterprise.

Thomas E. Cahill, the founder of the Roman Catholic High School, or, as it is often called, the Cahill High School of Philadelphia, was the son of Thomas Cahill, a native of county Louth, Ireland, who came to America in 1817, and of Maria Elliott, daughter of one of the oldest colonial families of Delaware. His father was a railroad contractor, who suffered heavy reverses in his business, and, his mother having died young, Thomas left school to do his share towards the support of a large family. At the age of 17, he opened a little store on the Pine street wharf of the Schuylkill. Old people of the locality remember to this day the motto that graced his shop door, "The nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling." It was a motto that aptly epigrammatized the shrewdness and enterprise that crowned his career with grand results. Successful from the start, with the proceeds of his first venture, he embarked in the wood, coal, and ice business, and later organized the Cold Spring Ice and Coal Company, of which he became the first president. In 1869 he effected a consolidation of the large ice firms of the city, which were incorporated under the name of the now famous Knickerbocker Ice Company, of

which he was chosen president, retaining the position until his death, on August 9, 1878.

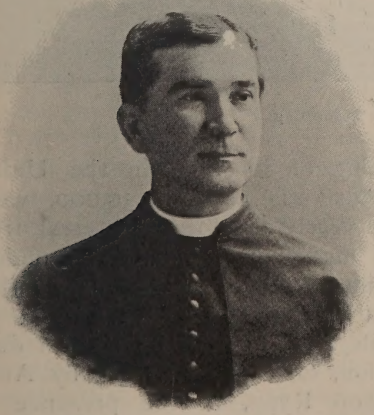
To the world Mr. Cahill was merely a repetition of the shrewd and resourceful business man; but to the few who were allowed to look into his domestic life there was shown, underlying the strong personality and exalted character that men admired, a deep religious basis. Nor was his religion of the nominal kind, so deplorably common nowadays. He was a man of conviction, and his life was a courageous expression of his belief. To him Catholicity was more than a word. Its practices, zealously followed, were



The late THOMAS E. CAHILL.

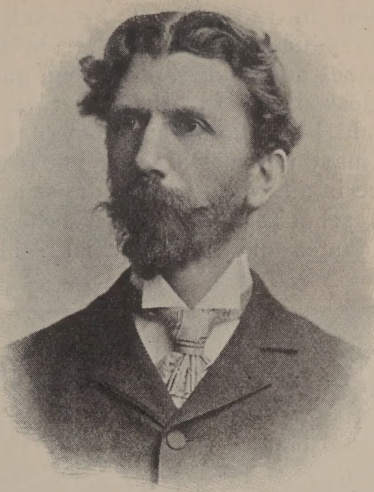
the beacons of his career. By them he thought and wrought, and, true to their light, went from conquest to conquest, disproving the too often repeated assertion that strict morality and business success are antagonistic.

While yet a youth, Mr. Cahill tasted of the bitterness dealt out to Catholics in the City of Brotherly Love. He saw St. Michael's and St. Augustine's churches go down before the fire-brand of the infamous "native-American" rioters of 1844, and resolved to do his share in the amelioration of his co-religionists. He felt that only by education could they be raised to the plane of equality with their non-Catholic fellows, and to supply them, in Philadelphia, with such an education, became the dream of his heart and the inspiration of his success. While driving one day, not many years before his death, with the Right Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland,



REV. NEVIN F. FISHER.
Rector of the Roman Catholic High School.

then Chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, he revealed his purpose. During their conversation, the



PROF. J. L. TADD, M. A.
Superintendent Manual Training Department.

Chancellor had twitted him about his apparently insatiable desire for money.

"I'm glad you said that," answered Mr. Cahill. "I do want to make money and much of it, but I don't want it for myself. I have all I need, but I have had a thought in my mind, and to carry it out, I want as much money as God will bless me with through my labors and the brains He has given me."

That thought took shape, when, by his will, executed five years before his death, after various bequests to his family and relatives, and to various charities, he directed that a sum of money, not exceeding one-half of the residue of his estate, should be used in the purchase of a lot of ground, and the erection thereon of a building suitable for a school. He also directed that upon the completion of the building the other half should be invested and the income therefrom appropriated forever to the maintenance and support of a school, for the free education

of boys over the age of eleven years, living in the city of Philadelphia. The education was to be in such courses and studies, other than purely ecclesiastical in their nature, as would best qualify such boys for the ordinary pursuits of life; but preference in all cases as to admission to the school, should be given to the graduates of the parochial schools attached to the Roman Catholic churches of the city. By the terms of the will the Archbishop of Philadelphia was, ex-officio, to be President of the school, acting with a corporation formed of those named by him as trustees to carry out the objects of the will. All of this was ratified by Mrs. Sophia Cahill, widow of the dead philanthropist, and the Board of Trustees * at once set about to give the High School a local habitation and a name.

The trustees not only paid all the legacies named in the will, but purchased a lot at the corner of Broad and Vine streets, one of the finest locations in the city, and erected the building out of the income alone of the estate, so that the original estate remains intact, with the increased value of the school's location. The cost of the lot and building, which is generally considered to be the best and most imposing of its kind in the United States, was about $230,000, while the yearly income of interest from the money invested for its endowment, amounts at the present time to about $30,000.

Advanced Class in Clay Modelling.

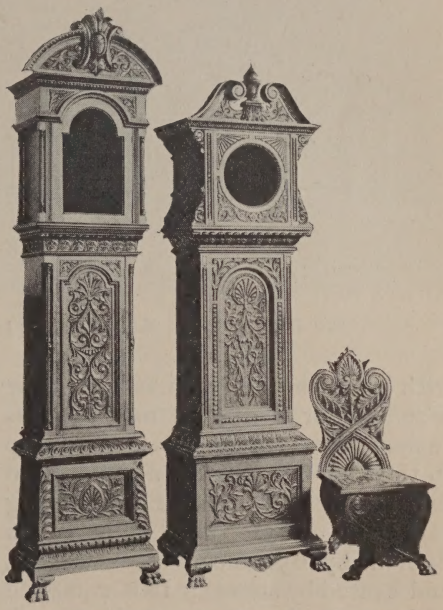
Begun in 1886, its solemn dedication, on Sept. 5, 1890, by Archbishop Ryan, in the presence of a distinguished audience, representative of every walk in Church and state, marked an epoch in the history of Catholic education in America. The exercises were memorable by reason of the Archbishop's eloquent

* See note at end of article.

and pertinent exposition of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Christian education.

"This institution," he said, "is not to be antagonistic to any other institution of popular education in this city. There ought to be a certain brotherhood of sentiment in all educational institutions. All have one common enemy to fight, and that is ignorance. . . . If Catholics are not satisfied with the public schools, it is not because those institutions are devoted to education, but because they do not go far enough in the grand mission of educating or calling out the powers of the soul. In their mission to the intellect and memory we are with them, and only separate from them with regret, on the confines of another and higher region to which they decline to ascend. It seems to us that education to be complete ought to take man in his entirety, by recognizing the tremendous will and heart powers, which, even more than intellect and memory united, affect his destiny for time and eternity. This department of education was always recognized and its exclusion is a modern experiment which we regret. . . . I am fully conscious how deeply wedded the majority of the American people are to the system of education which excludes religious teaching from our public schools; but I also have an abiding faith in what has been happily called 'the sober second thought of the people.' That thought has led the nations to believe firmly that the old Church is right on the subject of matrimonial divorces, and the same thought will lead the same people to believe that she is right in opposing the divorce of education from religion, right in teaching religious restraint on the passions of the rising generation, and teaching it daily. Time, patient reasoning, and institutions like this High School, will yet perfect the sober second thought and make it a profound conviction."

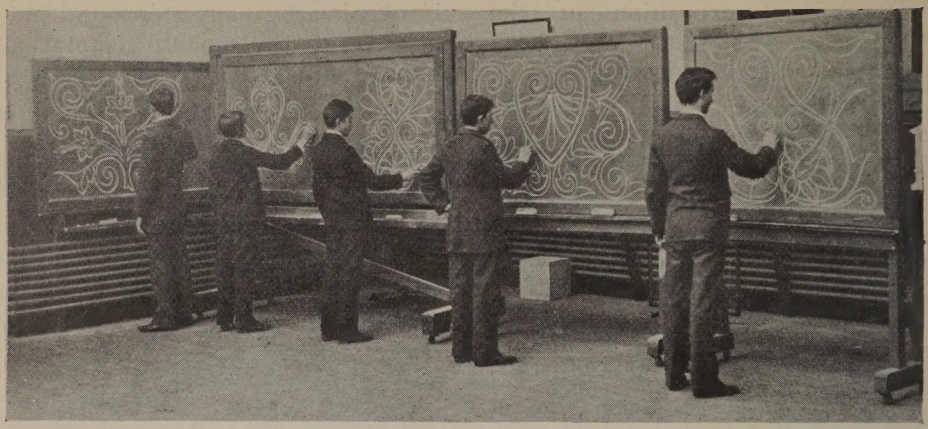
Located on what is commonly considered one of the world's finest boulevards, overshadowed by the superb municipal buildings, and surrounded by such architectural monuments as the Masonic Temple, the Broad street terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Odd Fellows' Temple, the Academy of the Fine Arts, Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, the Cahill School is an imposing figure in an imposing site.* Its tower of white marble, capped by the revolving dome of its astronomical observatory, takes the eye in a vista broken by many spires and pinnacles. Of the modern adaptation of the Gothic style of architecture,



Designing and Carving Work done by Pupils.

it has a frontage on Broad street, of 140 feet, and a depth on Vine street, of 115 feet. The main superstructure, of white marble, is raised on a foundation of granite. It is three stories in height, with a tower 150 feet high, in which is located the observatory. Internally it would delight the heart of even so finical a critic as the late Matthew Arnold, whose strictures on the sombre interiors of the English public schools are so well known. Light and grace are its chief characteristics. The first floor contains 18 large class rooms and a library. A massive iron stairway, 14 feet wide, runs from the main entrance through the building. On the third story is the lecture room, 80 by 50 feet, a drawing room, finely equipped with Parisian casts and models, and ablaze

* See illustration back of frontispiece.



Advanced Class in Creative Designing.

with light, and the gymnasium. The second floor is divided into 15 class rooms. The basement is given up to the manual training and physical departments, the laboratory being especially fine. The building is lighted by 650 incandescent lamps, and heated by steam. It is equipped with commodious fire-escapes, of modern improvements. Polished oak, wrought iron and brass, carved cypress wood and stained glass add to the artistic effect internally. It has ample accommodation for about 500 students, of which maximum limit there are now 485 enrolled on the books.

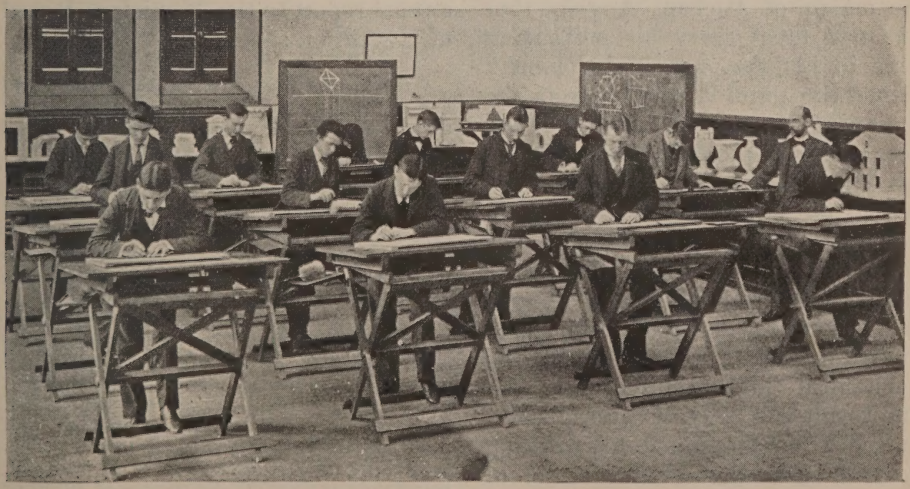
Since its opening the High School has been under the able direction of Rev. Nevin F. Fisher, a man whose wide scholastic attainments and progressive educational theories discount his comparative youth. With him is associated a corps of 15 professors, and 10 assistant instructors, all with heart and soul in their work, and drawn from all quarters of the country, ability and experience being their chief recommendations.

Of them, at least one, Professor J. Liberty Tadd, of the manual training department, is a man of national fame, who is now engaged on a series of papers on manual training and technology, and the only American exhibiter, who, in his particular work, obtained an award and medal at the World's Fair. Professor Charles H. McCarthy, too, teacher of history, bids fair to achieve distinction in letters, many, who are qualified to speak, pointing, sub rosâ, to his as yet unpublished researches on the feudal system. Thus equipped, the high school is fairly under way in the work of higher Catholic education, which promises to yield a rich harvest, and accomplish untold good, moral and material, in Philadelphia. For with the high school, we have the means at hand, to quote the late George Dering Wolfe, LL. D., editor of the Catholic Standard, "for a complete, homogeneous system of common school education for our people, that shall fit their children for any honorable career in life," the organization opening out to our youth, through the various courses at our Catholic colleges, a way for the highest technical scholarships at the Catholic Uni-

versity of Washington, when that great institution shall have organized its professional and scientific curricula. As desired in Mr. Cahill's will the students are mainly drawn from the 50 odd parochial schools attached to the different churches in the city and suburbs. These schools were carefully regraded, in 1891, by a competent committee, that their work might tend to and find a fitting complement in the high school curriculum. Entrance is by competitive examination, the boys, who have completed the lower studies, and have the highest competitive averages, being admitted each year to the extent of the current vacancies. The healthy stimulus thus given to the lower schools by these prospective scholarships, is of incalculable service, and has operated advantageously towards raising the standard of the work done in the preparatory schools. The curriculum has been shaped along eminently practical lines. Indeed it is, as far as human wisdom can make it, with room for improvement suggested by future pedagogic development, the concrete expression of Mr. Cahill's wish, that the education given at the school should be "in such courses, other than purely ecclesiastical in their nature, as would best qualify for the ordinary pursuits of life."

The graduating curriculum, which covers five years, includes courses of English, Latin, German in the last three years, mathematics, natural science (physical geography, zoology, physiology, mineralogy, geology, and electricity, chemistry and physics taught experimentally in the laboratory), history, manual training, gymnastics, and Christian Doctrine. For those electing it there is a shorter course of three years, including a full commercial education, as an equipment for business life. The Christian Doctrine studies are especially exhaustive, embracing Evidences of Religion, Logic, Moral Philosophy and ecclesiastical topics — a superficial review, it is true, but still enough to indicate the thorough policy of the school.

Manual and technical training, the new factor in education, has been



Senior Department, Instrumental Work.

duly recognized, and in this the Cahill High School is, to-day (to the credit of the director, be it said), without an equal in the United States, whether among public, private, or sectarian institutions.

Most of the older schools give a mechanical training in this, based on a repertoire of antiquated rules. The

Wood Carving Department.

High School goes to the root of the subject psychologically, inculcating the maxim of Michael Angelo, that "a man must carry his measuring tools in his eye, not in his hand." Hence the pupil is taught, from the beginning, to use his mental faculties. The triple education of the eye, the hand, and the judgment, is carried on simultaneously, and individual developments encouraged.

To this end the boys are given a sound theoretical training in design, the principles of which are later applied in clay, wood, and in the mechanical and architectural arts. The result is a body of artistic workmen, not mere automatons, working by rote and the artificial aid of nstruments, and it is not surprising that, inspired by such principles, the Cahill School's work, which was included in the exhibit of the Catholic School Department, was crowned with a medal and award at Chicago, the only American school, it is officially stated, to be so honored.

The idea underlying this success, is set forth by Professor Tadd, as Director to the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia, in his recent annual report to the Municipal Board of Education: —

"Regard for the individuality of the pupil is the thing to be constantly kept in view; to give additional power and facility to his hand, arm, eye, and brain. Give him the power to think and colate anew; see that his eye is trained, his hand made dexterous, and his brain quickened, and you may trust him to learn with ease the art of handling machines or instruments of precision. He will handle and use them the better that his whole organization has been trained. . . . The sculptor or painter who uses a measure, or trusts to an inch rule in making a portrait, has missed his vocation; his work will expose his ignorance. . . . The child, when he draws his own design on the board, be it only a scroll, models it in clay, and finally carves it out of a block of wood, has something of his own, a part of himself; something evolved by the combined cunning of his hand, eye, and brain. It is no part

of our purpose to teach handicrafts of any kind, but only to familiarize pupils to comprehend and perform those simple processes, which underlie all artistic and mechanical operations; not to make them either mechanics or artists, but to put them on the right road leading to either of those goals."

"Here is an object-lesson for some of our city Solons," said a Protestant gentleman of long experience in the public schools, who has earned the right to speak, and from familiarity to contrast the machinery of the public and parochial schools. "The Cahill School could not but be successful, proud of the present, confident of the future, for two reasons. One is that the Director is a born administrator and an accomplished scholar, fully imbued with the spirit of the times, and consumed with zeal for the responsible work entrusted to him. The other is that its development is not hampered by absurd red tape or the political selfishness of such a body of respectable old gentlemen as constitute the Board of Public Education."

So the Cahill High School stands to-day for the moral and social amelioration of the Catholic Church in Philadelphia. Materially it will perpetuate the memory of a munificent benefactor of his fellows; but his true monument will be the noble lives that have been made possible by his philanthropy.

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*The board of trustees is made up as follows: — Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., LL. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, President; Right Rev. William O'Hara, D. D., Bishop of Scranton; Very Rev. William Kieran, D. D., Col. Francis J. Crilly, Col. Ralph F. Cullinan, Hon. Thomas R. Elcock, Mr. James J. Gillin, Mr. Charles A. McManus, Mr. James F. Sullivan Mr. Alfred J. Murphy.

THE FORFEIT.

BY ALBERT DOYLE.

THE bonny brown hat, it was hung on a hookit,
'Twas hung on a hookit by Anna sae fair,
Wi' out "by your leave," a young raskil he took it,
An' sat it atop o' his towzie black hair.

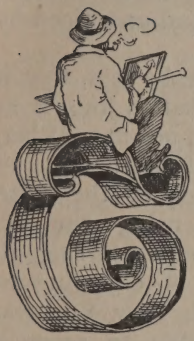
"An' now you maun gie me, sweet Anna, the forfeit,"
Quo' the impudent rogue wi' a wink o' his eye;
"I ha' your wee hat, an' I never may doff it,
'Till I kiss your twin lips that nae rubies can vie."

Sae she gied him a kiss o' her dewy sweet mouth,
An' she hung the brown hat in its place on the wall,
An' she whispered as soft as the wind o' the south,
"You'll find the hat there, dear, whenever you call."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY C. E. FRANKLIN.



HAT the so-called Irish element has been unduly prominent in the recent election abuses in our cities, is indisputable. It is equally true that this offensive partisanship is distasteful to ninety per cent. of our citizens of Irish blood or extraction, who keenly feel the disgrace that the more injudicious of their race have brought on all connected with them. The Irish Catholic publication, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, in speaking on this subject says: "Any honest man viewing the political conditions and practices of the present time must be shocked and ashamed. . . . Many of the men who come to the surface in politics, and who claim to represent our people, are a curse, instead of a blessing to us. . . . The investigation now going on in New York city reveals depths of wickedness, — moral, political, and financial, — and in those depths wallow, with the rest, men of Irish blood and connection. It is an outrage that our people should have to bear the stigma of all this."

A glance at the relative proportion of the voters of Irish extraction in our large cities, as given below, will show that wherever they have had a chance to hit at public thievery or political rascality, or to rebuke those bringing odium on their race, they have done so in no uncertain manner. A study of the figures will show that were it not for this vote, the election of reform candidates in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Albany, would not have been possible. Among the leaders of the revolt in Brooklyn were William J. Gaynor, John D. Keiley, and Daniel Bradley; in Buffalo, Peter F. Doyle, James Mooney, and T. J. Mahoney; in Albany, John H. Farrell, Charles M. Stuart, and Francis B. Delahanty. And to-day in New York city, the men most persistent in the prosecution of public rascals, are men of Irish blood or extraction. It would be well, therefore, if in articles appearing on this subject, the offenders were held up to public scorn, as offenders, without such strong emphasis being laid on their nationality, with the result of casting a slur on the integrity and citizenship of all their kind.

The late George William Curtis, certainly a purist in politics, being questioned for affably greeting a typical New York politician replied: "Why, I've nothing against the man; it's his methods I dislike." So in this crusade against public rascality, all prejudice against race or creed ought to be eliminated. Otherwise, the movement loses strength; because the cause of good government is robbed of a great many well-intentioned, but sensitive and easily influenced people, who are thereby driven into company with which at heart they have no sympathy. That

this protest is not called for, is apparent from the recent article in the Forum, on the "Irish Conquest of our Cities." This paper, written by a well known journalist, professedly statistical, and heralded as the result of long research, is pervaded by a spirit of gross unfairness. The statistics are either insufficient or are misapplied, and the conclusions, therefore, misleading and harmful. In justice it seems proper that these misstatements should be pointed out and corrected.

Though professing that "the Irishman is patriotic, and is entitled to his due share in our government," we find later on such a sentence as this: "This fact alone (of Irish domination) warrants a general municipal house-cleaning in the United States," and further expressions of the same character. And as evidence of the sanitary condition of these Irish-Americans who rule our cities, the death rate of the Irish, German, and English New Yorkers is given * (erroneously) to the disadvantage of the first-mentioned class.

More unfair, however, is the way in which statistics are misapplied. Starting with the population of the Irish born, estimated from the immigration statistics for the last 50 years, the terrible ogre of the Irish office holder is built up, by including in the list of officials of the different cities not only Irish and Irish-Americans, but every name denoting a Celtic origin, to render the array more imposing and effective; and this subterfuge of giving the population of the Irish born as a basis for their share in the government, and then including in that representation every name sounding at all Irish, is expected to be passed unnoticed by intelligent readers.†

But it will perhaps be said, that it is apparent that what is known as the Irish element is meant. What, then, shall we say of the honesty of giving the population of the Irish born only, and of using the expression Irish, when referring to their numbers, and of changing to Irish-American, Irish New Yorkers, and Irish Brooklynites, to score a point, or to bring in some name that might otherwise escape the drag-net, the more effectively to sustain the lurid picture sought to be presented, instead of giving their population and representation, and showing the disparity?

But even this Irish domination would be justifiable, if that element were entitled to it; for, to quote again: "The Irishman is entitled to a share in the government. The theory of this government contemplates the rule of the majority. But the Irish constitute only a small percentage of the population. . . . Let us see to what extent this Irish-American minority rules the leading cities of the United States." Mark the change. The Irish (born) con-

* Their per cent. of the total deaths is given, instead of their proportion of deaths, as compared with their population. The number of deaths in New York City in 1880 (Census for '90 not yet ready) was 30,605. The "Irish element," comprising one third of the population, should have furnished 10,000 of this number, whereas their number was but 8,145. Moreover the proportion of deaths under five (5) years in the United States is: German 36, Irish 25.

† "Thomas F. Byrnes, Superintendent of Police, born in New York City (he comes of Irish stock, of course) . . . Chicago's Chief of Detectives, John D. Shea, born in Cook county, Ill., 46 years ago (evidently of Irish parentage). . . . The Mayor of Pittsburg is Bernard McKenna, born in that city 52 years ago (of Irish parentage?)." These are samples of the statistics.

stitute a small proportion of the population, and this (Irish-American) minority rules our cities.

And for the second part of this statement, no statistics are furnished; only a long list of their officials, almost entirely from New York and Brooklyn, most of them native born and many of native parents. Besides, there are given four officials, with Celtic names, in San Francisco, three each in Chicago, St. Louis, and Buffalo, two each in Pittsburg, St. Paul, and Kansas City, and one each in New Orleans, Troy, and Hoboken. And on the strength of this the claim is made that the "Irishmen and their sons have led captive New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, Troy, Pittsburg, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, New Orleans, and San Francisco."

The fact is that in Buffalo, San Francisco, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and New Orleans, this element holds but a small share of the offices, for the reason that their proportion of the population in those cities is comparatively small. In the other cities in the list, this class, indeed, furnishes a large proportion of the officials; and to this large representation, the fair-minded of every class can see no objection. While they object to incompetents and rascals (Irish or otherwise) being in office, they cannot see the injustice of the Irish element having their fair share in the administration of affairs, provided their representatives are as capable as any that can be had. It is the character of some of the representatives, not their number that they object to. In the West, where the German predominates, the Teutonic name is oftenest found in the civil list. Why not the Celtic where the Irish preponderate?

This fact the American people must awaken to, that in the leading cities of the United States, the Irish element constitutes from thirty to fifty per cent. of the total population, and belonging, as four-fifths of them do, to the dominant party, it is only natural that they should claim a large share in the administration of government.*

It would be strange, indeed, if in

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* These statistics, save in the column marked Irish Element, are from the United States census report of '90. The "Irish Element" column is based upon figures furnished by the Catholic authorities of the different cities, compared with the United States Census report on religious denominations, by Dr. Henry K. Carroll, United States Special Agent for that branch of the Census. How closely they agree, these figures, in regard to the city of Baltimore, will show. The number of Catholics in Baltimore according to this census, is 90,644 (now probably 95,000). A fair estimate of the Irish element in an eastern city, is one-half of the Catholic population, which is 47,500. Yet Cardinal Gibbons' secretary gives the Irish element at 40,000, divided thus: Irish born, 10,000; Irish Americans, 30,000.

Cities	Native Born of Native Parents.	For'n & Native born of For'n Parents.	Irish Element.	Per cent. of Irish Element to Tot. Pop.
New York	270,487	1,219,140	500,000	.34
Chicago	223,206	861,792	250,000	.25
Philadelphia	414,335	582,255	275,000	.28
Brooklyn	222,573	572,824	300,000	.37
Boston	133,923	305,964	250,000	.50
Baltimore	186,625	80,518	40,000	.17
Buffalo	56,744	197,951	80,000	.32
Pittsburg	69,240	161,420	75,000	.33
Jersey City	41,559	119,207	50,000	.31
Albany	33,830	59,952	36,000	.39
Troy	18,707	41,734	38,000	.63

In St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco, and St. Paul, the Foreign-American elemen toutnumber the Native-Americans three to one; in Minneapolis and Providence two to one; in New Orleans three to two; in Omaha the numbers are equal; while in Kansas City and Indianapolis the Native-Americans are in the majority of five to three. It is fair to state, that the (Census) figures in the first two columns are for the year '90, while the Irish element estimates are for the present year.

cities where the Irish element polls two thirds of the Democratic votes, (that party controlling) the government should be handed over almost entirely to representatives of the other third, as a superior class, better adapted for such work, because descended from stock other than Irish.

A brief consideration of the causes of the growing prominence of the Irish race in public affairs, of their unquestioned talent for political life, and of the abuse of the opportunities of that life by some of their number, will not be amiss. The Irishman is first of all religious; and then, liberty-loving. The latter sentiment brought him, naturally home-loving and not a colonizer like the Englishman, to this country. The former influence has kept him in our cities, where he could have the opportunity of practising his religion. In any part of Europe, or even Australia, this privilege could be had; but, until a few years ago, few of the country towns in the East could claim a Catholic church for miles around. This is the principal reason for the crowding of the Irish in our cities, which is one great source of their power.

Furthermore, the early immigrants to this country brought with them the feeling that they were an abused, down-trodden people. The chance was here to show their mettle — that they had natural intelligence, ability, and power; and, that it was their duty to show to the world that they only needed a fair field to prove themselves, in every branch of human activity, the peers of their Saxon neighbors, was their own conviction, and was, and has been incessantly instilled into them, by their leaders and teachers from that day to this.

Moreover, an Irishman's admiration for an education is something intense. Appreciating the handicap the want of it has been to him, he is determined at all hazards that his children shall not lack it. The German with his thrift, and the American in his hurry to lighten the expenses of modern living, by getting his boy earning (speaking now of the middle and poorer classes), will make no such sacrifices as the Irishman to obtain this result. The German will leave his family a home, the Irishman an education. It would seem from the use some of their children make of it, that they had mistaken the shadow for the substance, learning for character; but in any event, that intense desire, amounting almost to a passion, to educate their offspring to the utmost, is, by its fruits, one of the most potent factors in contributing to the result under consideration.

The first immigrants were almost entirely agricultural laborers; and from their careers and those of their brethren coming afterwards, it seems possible to lay down the law of their development in this country. The first generation engaged in outdoor work, laboring or contracting, according to their intelligence and opportunities. The second took to trades, politics, and law. The third is now turning to business life, and to the less public but more satisfying professions. We consequently find them, having learned how transient are political rewards, and how solid the success of those of their kind who early sought other fields of activity, turning from the law, journalism, and the stage, and, in ever increasing numbers, going into medicine, teaching, banking, life in-

surance, railroading, engineering, etc.* And by reason of their race-born determination to succeed, coupled with natural ability and the improved business judgment resulting from their fathers' experience in two generations of American life, they will, doubtless, achieve equal success in those fields.

Further, the Irishman is, in certain lines, requiring quickness of perception, daring and rapidity of action, bravery, enthusiasm, and eloquence, by nature a leader. As a consequence, politics has not only had an attraction for him, but political leaders, quick to see how useful he would be to them, at once sought his assistance and brought him rapidly to the front. So the laborer's son naturally gravitated into the ward politican, and the contractor's offspring into the political lawyer (or vice versa), with the result that to-day, they are largely in evidence in the politics of our country.

There is still another reason. The young native born American has already learned the hollowness and uncertainty of political life and turns from it. If he be ambitious, he is not satisfied with the prospects before him in his native city, and joins the vast army of western pioneers, leaving the field to some extent to foreigners and their sons. To the Irish immigrant however, this country at its worst is an Eldorado. The Irish-American, with the race love of home, and the knowledge that his father did well here, and that his own chances are still better, remains where he is.

Besides, the emigrant has the same advantage as the country boy, on coming to our cities. All is new and strange, and with no family pride or traditions, no old associations to restrain him, he sees and embraces opportunities that the native born either cannot see, or lacks the moral courage to undertake. The natural fecundity of the race, giving them as it does ever increasing numbers, and thus power and opportunities for mutual help, is also a factor not to be lost sight of. It is the combination of these forces, that has resulted in this race permeating our public life, in greater proportion to their population than any other.

As to the participation of some of them in election frauds and municipal corruption, it is on its face, an abuse of great and long continued power, on the part of a party of which their race forms the great bulk. But besides this, led,—educated and ignorant alike,—by natural adaptability into politics, they were not long in learning from their American preceptors the devious ways of practical politics; and those lacking the moral character to restrain their race daring and the trace of the lawlessness of their misgoverned ancestors, have, when temptation came, "out-heroded Herod," in emulating the example of their American prototypes †

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* The catalogues of the various departments of our universities, and the lists of officials of the railroad and insurance companies of the United States, will demonstrate this.

† A study of the early political history of New York state, telling as it does of men whose names are now "sainted memories," assembling the stage driver toughs to whip the "Paddies" from the polls; sending to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts for colonizers, ordered as so many feet of lead pipe, reveals the antiquity of frauds at the ballot-box, and the scenes that the young Irish immigrant of that day witnessed,—scenes which unfortunately were never erased from some of their minds, but which they have since reproduced with "fin de siecle" improvements.

There is in this, however, no cause for alarm for the safety of our institutions. It is but an episode in our national life, which will be settled as speedily and satisfactorily as have others. The Irish element are already seeing to it that those who have discredited them receive suitable punishment. The organizations formed to check the growing prominence of these people, have, by their existence, served one good purpose at least, in sharply rousing the attention of this element to the way in which they have allowed themselves to be misrepresented and misunderstood.

The Irishman ought to be allowed to settle down to his proper place as an American citizen, with the same right to share in the government as his English, Scotch, or German descended neighbor, and no more. Let it be hoped that there will be a broader and a more tolerant treatment of the evolution from alien to citizen of the next race, that in such great numbers and with such natural talent for leadership may seek our shores.

SONNET.

BY JOHN WOOLLEY.

Written in a copy of Endymion.

This book is worth all galleons of gold
That ever sailed to Spain from warm Peru,
And all the wealth that delver ever drew,
Diamond or nuggets, from the earth's deep hold ;
Or all the pearls that deepest seas enfold
Within the oyster's maw ; worth all the brew
And vintage of ripe wines that centuries through
Have lain in sodden tons in cellars cold.

For 'tis a prize nor wealth, nor wine can bring —
A single leaf left from old Grecian days,
Tempered by ancient shade and ancient sun —
Plucked by a bard whose wandering
Had led him far into Pan's hidden ways,
Mid summer paths where dwelt Endymion.

A DOUBLE VICTORY.

BY JOHN J. CANTWELL.

HEN anger arises, think of the consequences," said that wise old celestial, Confucius, and probably one of the reasons that his epigram is not oftener considered is, that people of the present day do not know him as intimately as they do Shakespere or even Oscar Wilde. But there are few quotations as apt as this ancient one, and while absorbing the details of this little domestic comedy, it would be quite apropos to put the moral in a safe place in your memory, for which purpose, I have placed it at the beginning of the story.

Jack Leslie had political aspirations, ambitions, commendable or otherwise according to your point of view in a young man whose 26 years had been lived in the model way; a young married man who had stepped from college to his father's banking business, and had been most successful there; with a beautiful city home, deeded to him as a wedding-gift, and possessing all those characteristics which make an able and popular fellow. It was not strange when the ward politicians were looking for a candidate for senator, that John Leslie's name came to be frequently mentioned. A nomination in the district was equivalent to an election, but there was another aspirant for the nomination. In the usual course of things, the residence of Mr. Leslie became a club house for the meetings of trusty workers and friends who had political influence in the district.

A June bride Mary Leslie had been, and while Jack was by no means as handsome as an Apollo, she had secretly been his champion for years. She would scan the papers for mention of his name, and once when a cut of him had been printed, as president of the Ward Committee, she treasured it carefully. Her hero was not long in finding out how matters stood, and as her brown hair and large gray eyes had been his beacon in all his undertakings (although he kept her influence to himself), he soon claimed her, and the four months of their married life had been most happy. Since Jack was interested in politics, she deemed it proper also to obtain an understanding of the science, and on one occasion she ventured to say: —

"Jack, do you really believe that a cheap coat makes a cheap man?"

"Now, dearie," with a smile, "I am sure that a sealskin sacque becomes a dear girl, and you shall have one next month."

A few evenings later as he was resting after supper, the evening paper spread before him, and a cigarette between his teeth, she rushed in with a journal two days old and exclaimed: —

"Oh, Jack, it says here that Mr. Graball, that man we met last summer, is running for the office of treasurer of Smith county again."

"You're behind the times, dearie. This evening's paper says that the authorities have found a shortage of $3,000 in his accounts, and now the office is running after Graball."

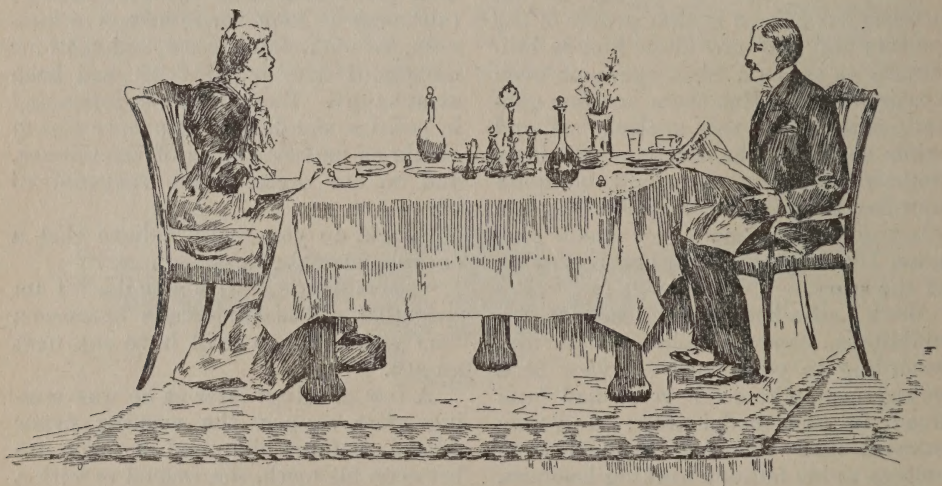
At last convention day came, and if you have never been a candidate, you can little realize the importance of this day to him who, for a year and perhaps longer, has spent his time and money on the result of the deliberations of the delegates. Jack Leslie was only human. He realized that while success meant fame and further honors, defeat at the convention undoubtedly sealed his political career. There had been a meeting of his friends on the previous

evening, and he had been assured that nothing could prevent his nomination; but the fact of the matter was, that an unpledged delegation, from a rural district, held the balance of power. This morning, probably from anxiety over the results of the coming convention, he felt a trifle indisposed. Mrs. Leslie, sharing in the excitement, had a slight headache. Our candidate came down to breakfast a little late, and started in with the vehemence of a very hungry

"I am sorry, little girl, if my friends have troubled you. We attain objects on the shoulders of others, you know."

"I hope the time will come when you will need no such assistance. Just look at your new coat, Jack. You threw it on the chair last night, and some of your gentlemen friends threw a cigar on it, and burned a hole in it."

"My little wife's headache is making her cross this morning. I'll order a new coat to-day."



"My dear, I think we've blessed everything here before."

individual. Mary noticed that he had omitted something, and said, —

"Oh, Jack, you forgot to ask a blessing on your breakfast."

He looked critically at the meal, and answered, smiling: —

"My dear, I think we've blessed everything here before."

She took this as a rebuff, although he only meant to joke, and during the remainder of the meal was somewhat silent. When he put on his coat, preparatory to going down town to the office, he remarked: —

"Well, dearie, by this time to-morrow, I shall probably be sure of having 'Hon.' attached to my name."

"And I shall be heartily glad to be rid of your district committees," she replied.

"Thirty dollars at least, wasted, just because you haven't the firmness to stop those men from smoking."

"Stop a delegation of politicians smoking!" Jack laughed outright. "They are my friends, you must remember."

"Indeed! I must remember! You are going to dictate to me now.'

"Now, dear, this won't do. You're getting angry."

"Angry, did you say, John Leslie? You are very anxious to charge me with being angry, but the truth is, I don't care whether your friends, as you call them, come here or not, but I do care about being spoken to in this manner. Angry indeed! We are married only four months and you are already bringing charges against me."

"That is impossible. I — "

"You will charge me with falsehood, next."

"Why, Mary! I never thought you had such a hot temper."

"Not quite as hot as yours, sir, nor from the same cause. A man who can drink two bottles of wine at a sitting with his friends may well have a hot temper."

"Mary, Mary, you know I drink very little, and, as you said, there were many others besides me here last night. Don't talk foolishly."

"I shall talk just as long as I please, and say what I please."

"That will do, then. Talk to yourself. I wonder how you dare act so."

"Dare! Mr. Leslie did you say dare? Then I say that I wonder at you for so forgetting yourself. What am I?"

"You are my own dearest wife, but you are acting very foolishly just now."

"Thank you, sir. You have at last given me to understand the esteem in which you hold me. How I did love you, Jack Leslie, but now I will go back to my mother's at once."

Patient reader, I have the most profound admiration for a mother-in-law, and I should have never introduced her, had not she been the culminating point in my story. Jack Leslie was but a man, and that was the last straw.

"Then hang it, go to her!" he roared, and slamming the dining-room door, he walked to the front entrance. Here he stopped as the sound of subdued sobbing reached him, and he tip-toed his way back to the dining-room, and listened. Mary was crying, and then he remembered that, for the first time since their marriage, he had not kissed her "good-morning." He longed to re-open the door; but, man-like, he said to himself, "I didn't start this quarrel, and I won't go back." He went out, slamming the front door, and started briskly for the office, thinking as he went along, "I wonder if she had any real reason for quarrelling with me." He remembered that at the Jones' reception and ball last week she danced most of the plain dances with Tom Gray, his big college cousin, and she had had a long, confidential talk with him. He remembered how proud he had felt when his wife said, when Tom asked her for a waltz, "I dance the round dances only with my husband." But Jack was just in the mood for thinking most dreadful things, and he muttered: "Tom wasn't at our wedding last June, and why should he stay away, unless — " A little hungry-looking dog came along just then, and was unceremoniously kicked into the

street, and the young man continued gloomily toward his office.

"Say, keep yerselves straight, de young boss is cranky dis mornin'," was the message the office boy sent down

the line of clerks about 10 minutes later, and before lunch it became quite apparent. The "young boss" was always the kindest of employers, but this morning there was trouble. The office boy had dropped a bottle of ink on the floor, an event which on any other occasion would have caused a laugh; but Mr. Leslie, after angrily commenting on his carelessness, discharged him on the spot, though before departing, the youth whispered confidentially to the head book keeper, "Say, Mr. Smith, I'll be back in de mornin'. He won't never think of it." Tears came to the eyes of the pretty typewriter at the sharp way she was being spoken to, and even several business men were snubbed quite badly.

So the morning passed. No business! No lunch! He sat in the private office thinking, and the more he thought, the more he multiplied the significance of his wife's conversation with his college cousin, and the more miserable he felt. Just in the midst of this unpleasant reverie, the junior clerk opened the office door and announced, "A gentleman to see you, sir." The stranger, a plain-looking, red-faced man stepped inside.

"Don't you know enough to knock at the door before you open it?" said Mr. Leslie to the unfortunate junior clerk.

"I — I knew you were alone, sir, and I never knocked before unless you had visitors, sir," was the hesitating reply.

"See that you do so hereafter. What can I do for you, sir?" turning abruptly to the visitor who had so disturbed his meditations. The man opened wide his eyes. He had undoubtedly expected a different reception.

"I'm Duffee, of Ridgefield," he answered.

"Please state your business quickly," as the appearance of his visitor did not seem agreeable to Jack Leslie.

"It's of no importance. Probably you'll hear from me again," significantly responded "Duffee of Ridgefield," as he started toward the exit.

"Just as you please," and Leslie wheeled around in his chair, leaving the stranger still in amazement. The latter made a motion as if to speak, and then, turning, left the office. Half an hour later the door was thrown open with a bang, and, white-faced and breathless, in dashed Leslie's political lieutenant.

"Wha-wha-what have you done, Leslie? What do you mean? You have ruined your chances," he burst out.

"Well, what's the trouble?" calmly inquired Leslie.

"We only needed two votes to nominate you, and I spent all the morning with the leader of the only unpledged delegation in the convention and had him nearly solid for you, but now he's down at the headquarters, denouncing you, saying you insulted him, and he is going to have every one of those doubtful votes cast for Hawke" —

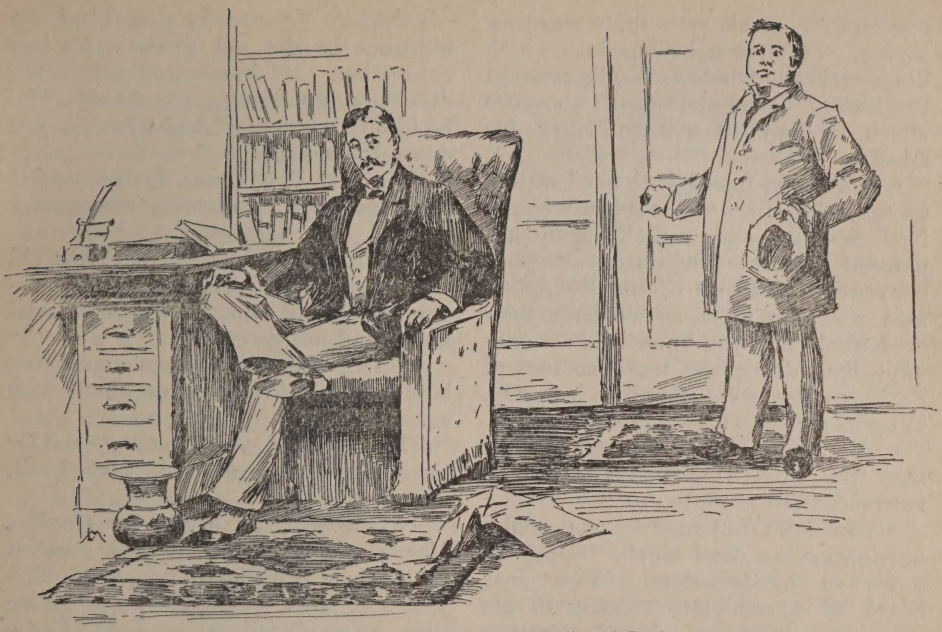
"What is the man's name?" interrupted Leslie, in that same calm tone.

"Silas Duffee, and he's as obstinate as a mule. I tried to approach his delegates, but it wasn't any use. There are two from Ridgefield who are sick, pneumonia or something, and their alternates haven't been seen yet; but they, of course, are with Duffee. It's no use! We're done for, although I'll make one last effort," and away rushed the excited wire puller.

"So I'm defeated," murmured Jack Leslie, as he sank back into his office chair. "All my political future a blank, and it's all my wife's fault. I'd rather lose a thousand nominations than her love. Oh, Mary," — and he rested his head in his hand, — "I never knowingly insulted a man before in all my life. I'll be a gentleman, anyhow. He won't get this letter until after the convention, so he will know I didn't send it so as to get his vote," and taking up the pen he wrote: —

MR. DUFFEE;

Dear Sir, — Now, that the convention is over, and you have settled my case, I desire to apologize for my rudeness to-day. It has taught me a lesson, which, as a business man,



"Please state your business quickly," said Leslie.

I should have known. A fit of the blues is my only excuse, a very poor one, but at times all men are more or less so affected. I write not because you are a man of influence, but that I have no desire to bear the ill will of any man. Very respectfully,

JOHN LESLIE.

Having sealed and addressed the letter, he said to the clerk, "Keep this until the five o'clock mail," and again retired to the private office.

"You can't go in without knocking, special orders from Mr. Leslie, sir," said a voice outside shortly afterward.

"Special orders be hanged, sir!" and in came Tom Gray, the collegiate cousin against whom Jack's suspicions had been roused, and who was received by a simple inclination of the head.

"By gracious, Jack, you don't look glad to see me. Political trials, of course; but say, old man," he gave the office door a shove with his foot, and the shock nearly broke the glass in the door, "I got permission to tell you, I'm going to be married."

"Married?"

"Why, certainly. I'm 23, and no love in a cottage, neither. I've got that $15,000 that uncle left as my share of the Ridgefield estate. No more Bachelor club; for I'm going to have a home with all the comforts of a club. Why, Jack, old man! what's the matter?"

"Does my wife — does Mary know of this?"

"Yes, we had a long, confidential talk about it at Jones' reception, you remember when she wouldn't waltz with me. Mary's old chum, Jessie Carroll, is my intended, and though I'm not in it in dancing with you, I hope she won't dance any round dances with any one else. You haven't it in you to be jealous, old man, but I'm different."

Jack Leslie wrung the young man's hand earnestly, as he said, "I congratulate you, Tom, sincerely. You will be happy, only beware of misunderstandings when you are married. One little quarrel may lead to disastrous results."

"You never have been so affected, Jack, so don't preach; but I have something more to tell you. I'm in politics too."

Jack Leslie was hardly paying at-

tention to what his companion was now saying. Like the lightning flash which illuminates the whole scene, he realized the absurd accumulation of nonsense which he had allowed to enter his mind.

"You're not listening to me," rattled on the collegian. "You see, my chum, Ned Spencer, and myself were appointed alternate delegates to your convention, and two of the Ridgefield men won't be there, so we have their credentials, and you know it is the only unpledged delegation there, so two of its votes are solid for you, anyway. Why, old man, what's the matter?"

"'You only need two votes to nominate you,' that's what Harris said," murmured the candidate.

"You don't tell me? Then you're nomination is a dead cinch. Come on down to headquarters. Who ever heard of a candidate moping in his office on convention day?" Setting the astonished Mr. Leslie into his coat, the enthusiastic youth fairly dragged him out of the private office.

Twilight had set its shades on the residence of Mrs. John Leslie. The little woman had spent a wretched day. Her irritability of the morning had been really caused by her anxiety concerning her husband's political chances, and when in the early evening the doorbell rang, she answered it in hopes that it might be Jack, but it proved to be her father.

"Any news from that rascal of a politician?" he jovially inquired; then he noticed the cloud on the young wife's face. "Why, child, what's the matter? Trouble with the servant or nerves unstrung?"

"N-no papa, dear."

"Well, well, some one has hurt your feelings?" as he walked into the cosey dining-room. Then, skilled physician as he was, he at once went to the cause of the complaint.

"A quarrel with Jack?"

"Y-yes, papa," and the big eyes that Jack loved so well, began to be suffused in tears.

"O-ho." There was a world of significance in the old gentleman's last expression. He knew well that small disorders may lead even to death. So he kindly inquired, "And what did you quarrel about?"

"He said that I was foolish, and I could go back to mamma whenever I chose."

A fleeting smile passed over the old physician's face. These were the developments of the disease, he well knew, and not its cause.

"There must have been something before that. What great fault was committed?"

The scene of the morning vividly came before her eyes. She turned red, and then white.

"I see that you began the trouble, Mary; you women always do; but it can't be an insurmountable one. Tell your old papa what you did to make such a good fellow as Jack Leslie angry." (How diplomatically he was feeling his way.)

"Oh, papa, it was so silly."

"I know it was."

"I scolded him about his district committee coming here, and then we both got angry."

Her father showed no surprise, for he knew hundreds of cases in domestic life where fatal finales had similar trivial beginnings. So the good father and clever physician took her thoughts to another subject. "Now, don't worry any more. Why, my girl, Jack isn't giving the matter a thought. I'll have to send you a bill for medical advice," and father and daughter were soon laughing gaily. A newsboy, with his copyright cry, "Full account of the convention," came past the window. Throwing the window open, Mrs. Leslie called the lad, and soon had the paper spread before her. The "full account of the convention," was headed, "Leslie will lose," and the item read:

"Candidate Hawke's nomination is assured. The leader of the Ridgefield delegates, who holds the balance of power in the convention, has declared

against Leslie, and the young banker's desire to serve his country will be indefinitely postponed."

There was despair in the young wife's voice, as she said, "Oh, papa, it's all my doing, for dear Jack left here so angry this morning, that he must have lost his temper at the meeting. How they can vote for any one else, I can't understand. Is he really defeated, papa?"

"The convention hasn't been held at all yet, and these papers lie like troopers when it's a political affair," gruffly responded the doctor, although, to tell the truth, he knew his son-in-law's chances were looking slim: but he wisely tried to keep his daughter's mind away from the little trouble, and so the hours passed. Ten o'clock struck. "Perhaps, papa," she said, as she paused in the middle of a brilliant piano selection, "Jack will never come home again."

"The convention hasn't begun yet," was his answer.

Half-past ten, and a ring at the door-bell. Mary flew to open it for — a messenger boy with a special for Mrs. Leslie. She came back into the room, tore open the envelope and paused. What if it really contained news of his defeat or that he had left her forever! "Papa, you read it," she said, passing it to the old gentleman, who put on his glasses, and read and commented. "'Dear Mary,' h'm, that don't start like bad news."

"Oh, papa dear, let me read it!" clasping her hands, and endeavoring to tear the telegram from him.

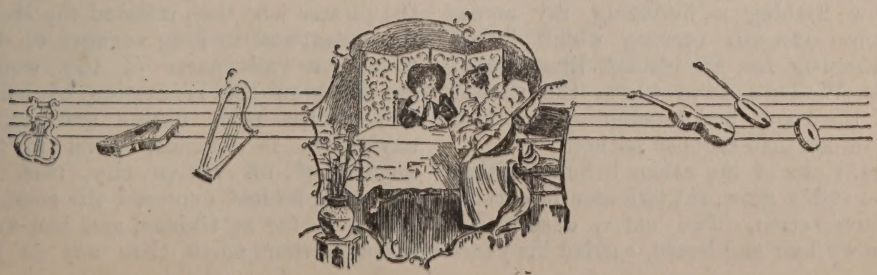
"Now, don't be in a hurry. 'Dear Mary we did it. Jack is nominated on the first ballot, by one vote. Then we made it unanimous. Hawke, Duffee, and Jack are all shaking hands. Congratulations to Hon. Mrs. Leslie. Tom Gray.'"

Staid old physician as he was, Dr. Gray proceeded to do a war dance around the room. The strain had been too much for the young wife, and she began to cry. Recovering his dignity, the doctor became the sensible father again. "Let this be a warning, my child," he said. "If there is any trouble, always have an explanation before you lose sight of each other, for God only knows what the day may bring forth."

There was the sound of a carriage at the door, a familiar step on the porch, a ring at the bell that awoke the echoes of the house, and the old man opened the door to a young man rushing in with his hat on the back of his head. "Your wife is in the parlor," said the doctor.

A moment later and two voices that said "Mary" — "Jack, dear," reached the old man, who took his hat and coat and stepped quietly outside the front door, closing it after him just in time to prevent another recklessly happy-looking individual from entering.

"Come home with me, Tom," he said. "You and I are not needed in there just now."



COLUMBUS AND THE VIKING BISHOP.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

BY W. F. SANDS.

ON the little rocky island of Hwalfjadareyr, far in the north, there is an old castle, as gray and weatherbeaten as the crags on which it stands. One day, about 15 years before the discovery of America, a furious storm was sweeping across the island, driving great sheets of sleet and rain before it, darting into every nook and cranny of the ancient castle walls, and hurling itself against the solid masonry, until it trembled beneath the shock. Inside, however, a scene presented itself in strong contrast to the hurricane without. In the great hall, in which a small army might have feasted, and whose huge beams and rafters, stained by time and smoke, had often rung to the merry shouts of the hardy sea rovers in the "good old days," a roaring fire leaped and crackled as if in defiance of the gale. The blaze sent sudden gleams of light into dark corners of the hall, now resting on the arms of some old Viking, now flashing a flickering ray across some uncouth carving which leered hideously for an instant, like one of old Wodan's band whom the shelter of the room had momentarily enticed from his mad carouse without.

On one of the oaken benches within the ruddy glow, sat two men in earnest conversation. The elder, despite his snowy hair and beard, carried his years with a dignity and vigor which many a younger man might have envied. Of huge stature and great breadth of shoulder, he seemed to his more youthful companion almost as one of those old Norsemen of whose wild deeds he had just been hearing. Years ago he had been abbot in Skalholt, as the younger man knew; but for his great learning and piety, and his knowledge of the characters he had to deal with (he himself was descended from a Viking), had been made bishop, and was now detained by the storm on the island. The younger man was, from his garb, a sea-faring man and an officer. Though his reddish hair and beard would have stamped him as one of a northern race, his musical voice and soft pronunciation of the Latin in which they were conversing betrayed him at once as an Italian. A Genoese by birth, he had early followed the sea, and though now scarcely more than 30 years of age, had in fighting the pirates who then infested the Mediterranean, and in long voyages of discovery to all parts of the world, already won the reputation of being one of the most daring and skilful navigators in Europe. First in the service of his native city, then of Portugal, he had explored the coast of Africa as far as Guinea, and had ventured farther north than any of his

countrymen. He, too, was held back by the gale which kept his caravel from leaving the harbor, and had accepted the hospitality of the old Icelander to whom the mansion belonged. He was heart and soul a seaman, and loved nothing better than to listen to the tales of adventure in which sailors delight when on shore, and now as he sat and drank in the Sagas which filled him with admiration for those brave old sea kings, he longed to follow them on their reckless, daring voyages across the vast ocean. Long had he cherished in secret an idea, for which the world would have called him a madman, or, at best, a dreamer, but which was, nevertheless, soon to give his name the highest place in the history of discoverers.

As he listened now to the tale of the voyage of Red Erik, of Thorwald, and of Leif, his eye brightened and his cheek glowed with satisfaction; the supposition which he had before hardly dared put into words, now became a certainty, and a new world opened before his eyes. He saw himself with Erik on the prow of the "long dragon;" he saw the stony coast of Labrador rise up before him; further south great wooded plains stretched away into the distance, filled with strange animals; in spirit he roamed through the forests of Vinland, and tasted the sweet dew in Nantucket; he saw the strange red men, the Skrălinger, at whose hands Thorwald died, and heard their wild tales of great cities and a race of pale-faces far in the west; his fancy pictured to him those cities, with their towers and minarets, as Marco Polo described them, and he knew that his dream was to be realized; that there was a land in the far western ocean whose shores only these hardy Norse mariners had seen; a land rich in gold and precious metals, the Zipangee of Marco Polo, the Atlantis of the ancient Phœnicians, peopled by a race almost as advanced as were the Romans themselves.

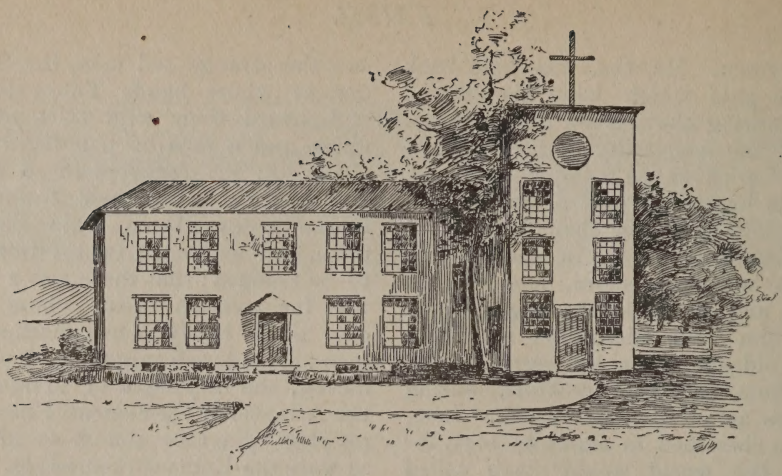
As the bishop's voice ceased, Columbus sat buried in thought. His eyes flashed, and on his forehead was the flush of triumph. Then turning to the old man he told him all; all his hopes, plans, and fears. They talked far into the night, proposing and rejecting plans for carrying out so tremendous an enterprise, and when at last the storm died away and the polar sun, struggling through the mist and clouds cast his feeble rays through the high arched windows into the hall, there arose for Columbus also a dawn far brighter, and he trod the deck of his fragile caravel with a strengthened purpose, and a fixed determination to undertake at all hazards that voyage which resulted in the discovery of America!

FAITH.

BY FRANCES A. K. BUTLER.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.



Old Father Barber's Church at Claremont, N. H.

THE YOUNGEST NEW ENGLAND DIOCESE.

BY M. C.

MASS was first celebrated within the confines of what is now the state of New Hampshire on a granite boulder, under very extraordinary circumstances, on July 18, 1694. The Holy Sacrifice was then offered by one or both of two French priests who accompanied a band of Indians, under Sieur de Villeu, in their expedition against the Oyster River Settlement. One of these priests was Father Thury, the other was either Father Bigot or Father Rale.

William III. of England and Louis XIV. of France were then at war in Europe; and the French soldiers in the New World considered themselves not only legally entitled, but loyally obliged, to drive out the English from a region which they believed belonged to France by the triple claim of discovery, exploration, and prior settlement. The priests of the Villeu party were present not only to minister to their own wounded and dying, but also to mitigate cruelties which they could not prevent; and happily their first Masses at Durham — the name now given to the Oyster River Settlement — were not fruitless. Several of the captives taken to Canada, embraced the Catholic faith there, and were unwilling, lest they might forfeit it, to return to New England, when an exchange of captives was effected in 1699. Among these converts was one Mary Ann Davis who became the first New Hampshire nun, and who lived and died holily as a professed Ursuline in Quebec.

Between these first Masses and the next of which there is historic mention in the diocese of Manchester, there was an interval of more than 100 years. The settlements at Bedford and Portsmouth were then benefited by the ministrations of Father Cheverus, of Boston, some 12 years before his

RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY

Was born in Ireland, Feb. 25, 1846. Shortly after the death of his father, which occurred when the family were quite young, his mother brought them to the United States, and Manchester became their home which it continued to be until Bishop Bradley's ordination.

The Bishop attended the Catholic schools of Manchester, made his classical studies at Holy Cross College, and pursued his theological course at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained, June 3, 1871, by Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y.

Immediately after his elevation to the priesthood, Father Bradley was summoned by Bishop Bacon to the cathedral in Portland, and during the nine succeeding years held the offices of chancellor, rector, and member of the Bishop's council. This period covered the last years of Bishop Bacon's episcopate and the first of Bishop Healey's, so that it was to the latter that the diocese of Manchester indirectly owes the gift of her first bishop, for it was he who sent Father Bradley, June 11, 1880, to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, now his cathedral.

The consecration of Bishop Bradley took place in his church June 11, 1884. Most Rev. John J. Williams, of the archdiocese of Boston, was the consecrating prelate, assisted by Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., and Rt. Rev. John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla. Rt. Rev. James A. Healey preached an eloquent sermon, and there were three other bishops, since deceased, in the sanctuary: Rt. Rev. Thomas Hendricken, of Providence, R. I., Rt. Rev. Patrick T. O'Reilly, of Springfield, Mass., and Rt. Rev. Lawrence McMahon, of Hartford, Conn. Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, then President of St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, read the papal bulls. As Bishop Bradley was consecrated in 1884, he became one of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council which assembled in November, of that year.

consecration as bishop which took place in 1810. So far as has been ascertained, Father Cheverus went to Bedford for the sake of a single Catholic family, that of Theodore Gough, whose readings had made him a convert to Catholicity; but in Portsmouth, then a seaport in constant commercial relations with Catholic countries, there must have been many transient, and possibly some resident Catholics to call for the exercise of his priestly zeal.

To Father Virgil Barber belongs the historic distinction of being the

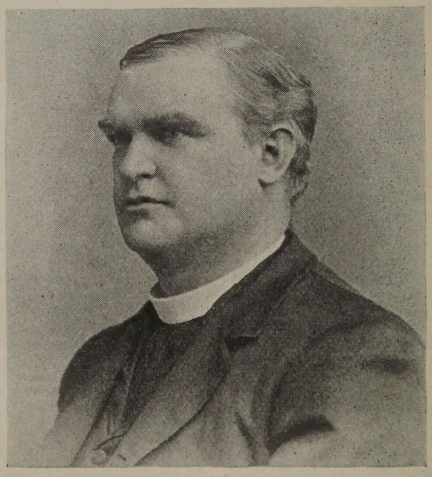
first resident pastor in New Hampshire, and Claremont is entitled to the honor of being his home and

THE LATE RIGHT REV. D. W. BACON, D. D.,
First Bishop of Maine and New Hampshire.

the site of the first Catholic church and school in the state. Father Barber, a married man and the father of a large family, was a convert to the faith, and his conversion and entrance upon the sacred functions of the priesthood in 1822, as a Jesuit, produced results of grace among his family and relatives which it would be difficult to parallel. His wife and seven children became not only Catholics but professed religious. His sister, her husband, Noah Tyler, and their seven children were brought into the Church; three of the girls became Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg, Md., and one boy, William, was afterwards consecrated as the first bishop of Hartford, on March 17, 1844.

In a building 20x48, two stories in height, Father Barber established a school, and many of his congregation sent their children thither to learn higher branches than were taught in the common schools of the locality, as Father Barber, his father, and his wife, were widely known as excellent and experienced teachers, and enjoyed that leadership in the district which their learning and practical ability gave them. One or two of the pupils of the Barber school still survive in 1895.

The town of Claremont has yet another claim to eminence in Catholic state history, for it was there first that a bishop is known to have exercised his episcopal functions, when Bishop Fenwick of Boston, in 1826, administered the sacrament of confirmation to 20 candidates. Several

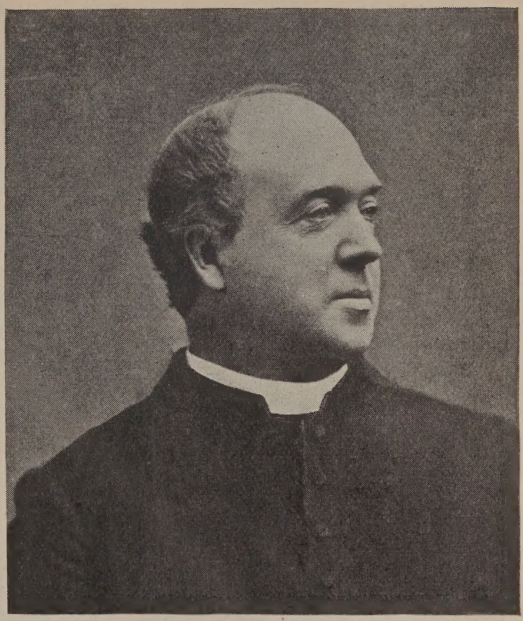


REV. EUGENE M. O'CALLAGHAN,

Permanent rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Portsmouth, was born in Kanturk, Ireland, Sept. 29, 1845. After completing his theological studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, he was ordained a priest in 1869, and went to St. Dominic's Church, Portland, Me. He was in charge of the Cathedral during Bishop Bacon's absence at the Vatican Council, and he was also Chancellor of the diocese until the Bishop's death in 1874. In that year, he became pastor of Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, and Togus, and in 1875, Bishop Healy appointed him pastor of the Catholics of Portsmouth. His pastorate has been very successful, a large debt having been discharged, a parochial school built, and a cemetery purchased. Father O'Callaghan is a member of Bishop Bradley's Council.

of these were, probably, members of Father Barber's own family, or kindred. His labors were unceasing, and productive of most salutary results. In a region wholly Protestant, his ministrations were so successful, that nearly 150 worshippers, Sunday after Sunday, assembled from Claremont, Cornish Flat, and other adjoining towns, in his little church that in an area of more than 9,000 square miles alone uplifted the cross.

But fully occupied as Father Barber was, Bishop Fenwick could not suffer his labors to be restricted to Claremont and its neighborhood. We find him one evening in November, 1826, alighting from Niles' tally-ho coach in Dover, in quest of the home of one Philip Scanlon, who, since his arrival in the town a few years before, had been importuning Bishop Fenwick for the ministrations of a priest. Mr. Scanlon represented some 20 other Catholics then employed in the mills at the Falls of the Cocheco.



VERY REV. JOHN E. BARRY, V. G., Concord, N. H.

New Hampshire has reason to regret that Father Barber's superior did not find it possible to leave him within her borders. He was called to teach Greek and Hebrew in Georgetown College, where he died in 1847.

After him, Rev. M. Mahony, and Rev. Chas. Ffrench received the care of souls in New Hampshire. Father Ffrench was the second church builder in the state, and Dover was the site of the second church; but the number of Catholics was so small that at the time of the First Provincial Council in the United States in 1829, it is estimated that there were only about 100 throughout the entire extent of the Granite State. Thirteen years later, in the first synod in New England, New Hampshire was represented by only two priests, Rev. Jno. B. Daly, of Claremont, and Rev. Patrick Canovan, of Dover. The faithful then numbered 1,370.

It is to be regretted that the limits of a magazine article prevents more than a mere mention of the names of many of the pioneer priests of New Hampshire. They were all men who in pursuit of their exalted vocation willingly suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue, year after year; riding or walking over stony roads, or climbing the steep hills of the state to minister consolation and strength to the few scattered children of the Church. Among these priests in the north were Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, and Rev. Father Dolit from Vermont; in the south Rev. John B. Daly ("an eccentric

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, MANCHESTER, N. H.

man but a splendid priest," says one who knew him), Fathers Flood, Timothy and John O'Brien, and Fathers McDermott and McNulty, all from Massachusetts. Prominent even among such laborers was Rev. Isidore Noiseux, to whom, in 1856, Bishop Bacon gave all the missions in the Connecticut valley, from Colebrook in the extreme north, to Ashuelot river in the extreme south — a distance of more than 100 miles — besides the White Mountain region. Father Noiseux continued his priestly work until 1876, and died but a year or two ago over 80 years of age.

. . . . .

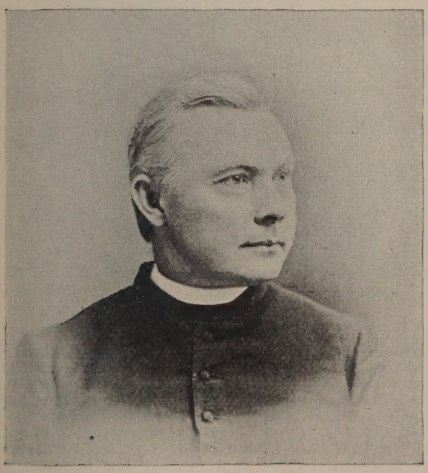
Prejudice against the Catholic Church in this state did not wait till the Know-Nothing times to display itself. In 1830, there was an attempt to burn the new church in Dover, and for the succeeding two years a vigilance committee, appointed each Sunday, watched this most valued of Catholic possessions night and day. In July, '54, in the height of the Know-Nothing excitement, St. Ann's, Manchester's first Catholic Church, was considerably injured by some un-American political fanatics.

It is but right to say, nevertheless, that there always have been men in New Hampshire, as elsewhere, who have desired to give Catholics the rights and privileges which they claimed for themselves. A body of these admirable men, among whom were General Sullivan, Judge Ebenezer Thompson, a son of General Stark, and others of equal prominence, as far back as 1792,

when the state constitution was revised, made an effort to have the words "public teachers of the Christian religion" substituted in the "Bill of Rights" for "public Protestant teachers;" but they did not succeed. A second similar attempt was made in 1851, in which we gratefully remember that Franklin Pierce was a leader; but this, also, was a failure. Alas! that in nearly a century, as was proved only five years ago, the majority of the voters in New Hampshire have not learned to see that "such an expression as 'Protestant teachers,' etc., in a 'Bill of Rights' is an anomaly." (We quote General Sullivan and Judge Thompson.)

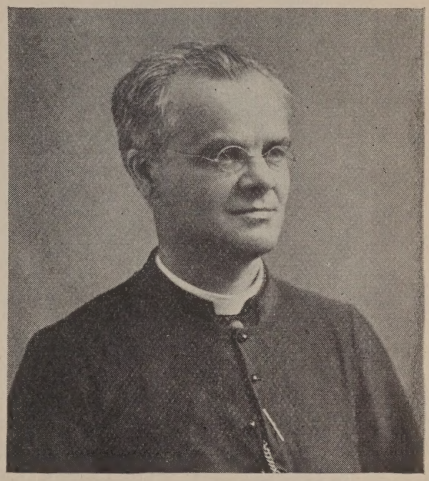
. . . . . .

The time for rapid Catholic growth in New Hampshire and Maine, as well as elsewhere in New England, came at last; and hence, in 1852, the First Plenary Council solicited Pius IX. to erect Maine and New Hamp-



REV. P. J. FINNIGAN, Claremont N.H., Member of Bishop's Council.

shire into a separate diocese, a request which was granted in 1853. Right Rev. David William Bacon, D.D., was consecrated first diocesan of

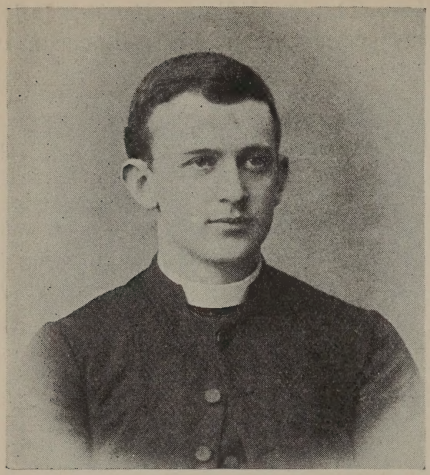


REV. JOHN B. H. V. MILETTE

Was born Oct. 5, 1842, at Ste. Anne d'Yamachiche. His early education was received at the Christian Brothers' School at Three Rivers, and he subsequently attended the college at Sherbrooke and at St. Hyacinthe. In 1861 he was professor of English at Ottawa University. He was ordained Feb. 24, 1866, at the Montreal Seminary, and appointed assistant at La Presentation. In 1867, he was appointed rector of Dunham, and in 1871 was transferred to Nashua. He built St. Aloysius' Church, a convent for the Sisters of the Holy Cross, a fine parochial residence, and a school for the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. All the property is free from debt. Since 1884, he has been a member of the Bishop's Council and permanent rector of St. Aloysius' Church.

Portland, on April 22, 1855. His consecration took place in Brooklyn, at the hands of Archbishop Hughes of New York city.

To mention Bishop Bacon is to recall a man of noble presence and great heart, and an efficient laborer for Catholic interests from the Sainte Croix to the Connecticut. At the time of his consecration, there were but 27 churches completed and 9 building, in the whole of Maine and New Hampshire, 18 priests, and no religious. At the time of his death, Nov. 5, 1874, his diocese contained 61 churches, 54 priests, 4 asylums,



REV. JOHN J. LYONS,

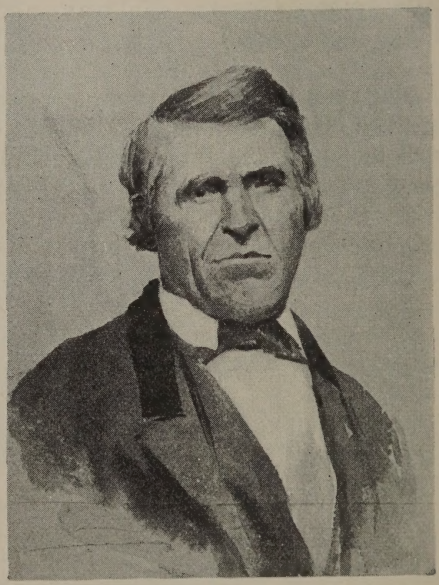
the able and estimable pastor of St. Ann's Church, Manchester, was born in 1859, and made his classical studies at Holy Cross, Worcester. He spent four years at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where he was ordained in 1883. On his return he was appointed by Bishop Healy as assistant to the late Father McDonald, and upon the latter's death, in 1885, succeeded to the charge of St. Ann's parish. During his pastorate he has enlarged the parochial residence, improved and remodelled the church, and built the McDonald school for girls. The parish property is valued at $250,000, and includes beside the above a school for boys, orphan asylums for both sexes, and a home for the aged.

as many academies, nearly 20 paro chial schools, and many religious.

The successor of Bishop Bacon, Right Rev. James Augustine Healy, was consecrated in Portland, June 2, 1875, by Archbishop Williams (then Bishop Williams), of Boston. Bishop Healy zealously discharged the very weighty duties of his extensive diocese until 1884, when Pope Leo XIII. detached New Hampshire from it, and erected it into the diocese of Manchester, appointing the pastor of St. Joseph's Church in that city, Rev. Denis M. Bradley, the first bishop. The nine years of Bishop Healy's episcopal charge of the state, were marked by a constantly growing Catholic population, and the increasing importance of Catholic interests in the affairs of the large cities. His labors in this development are fresh in the minds of all New Hampshire Catholics, and have left behind them a feeling of grateful appreciation and remembrance for the revered bishop of Portland.

The new diocese contained, at the time of its separation from Portland, 37 priests and as many churches; 65 Sisters of Mercy, with houses in Manchester, Laconia, and Dover; Sisters of Jesus and Mary in Manchester, and Sisters of the Holy Cross in Nashua. The Catholic population was estimated at about 45,000.

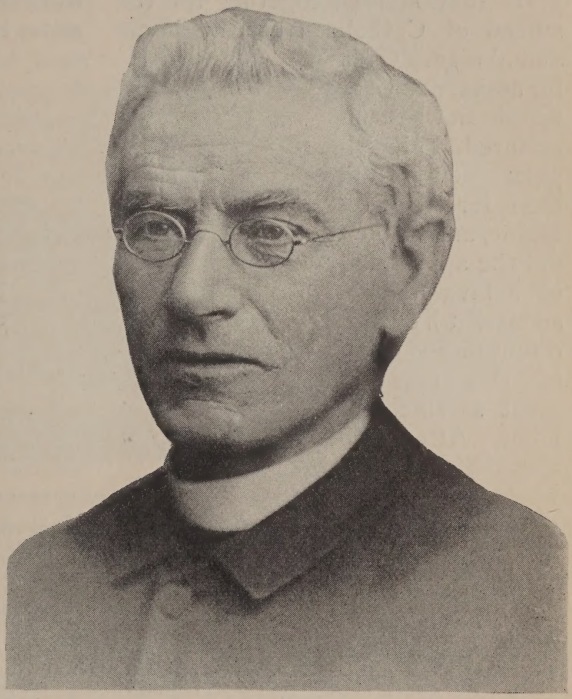
The Catholic life of the cathedral



THOMAS CONNARY.

Came to New Hampshire from Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1833, at the age of 19. He and his two brothers were the first Catholics to settle in the town of Lancaster. Subsequently purchasing a farm in the town of Stratford, he has lived there during the last 42 years, his farm comprising 500 acres of the best land in the town, acquired by his own hard labor. Catholics were very few in Stratford in the early days, and Mr. Connary brought a priest from Montreal to visit them in their humble homes along the line of the railroad. For years Mass was celebrated in a little shanty standing near the railroad track. Mr. Connary donated a lot in the village, and nine years ago a church was built. Mr. Connary's upright life and sterling qualities have done much for Catholicism in a strongly Puritan section.

city of Manchester antedated the consecration of Bishop Bacon by seven years, as it may be said to have really begun with the coming of the venerable Father William McDonald, whom Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston sent thither in 1848. Manchester, at that time, had been a city two years, counting some 650 Catholics, in a population more than ten times that number. The Merrimac River had been utilized for the motive power of cotton manufactories as far back as 1809, and every succeeding year human energy and invention had combined with the great water power of the Amoskeag Falls to introduce new machinery and build larger mills. In 1831 the Amoskeag Corporation was formed, a concern that at present has between 7,000 and 8,000 employes. Catholic operatives, in ever-increasing numbers, were drawn to the mills, until Manchester became the centre of Catholic population in New Hampshire.



THE LATE REV. WM. MCDONALD, Manchester.

With characteristic foresight, Father McDonald perceived that this city was destined to have a great future, and with the interests of Catholic advancement at heart, he purchased large lots of land in different parts of the city which have since then been utilized for religious and charitable purposes. The mother church of the city, St. Anne's, was the work of this pastor. St. Joseph's Cathedral, in its original form, was erected under his auspices. St. Patrick's Girls' Orphanage and the Old Ladies' Home, with the extensive grounds surrounding them, were his purchase. It was he who built St. Joseph's Boys' School and also St. Agnes'. The handsome McDonald School, opened in 1894, stands on ground that he bought and is his greatest monument, erected by his successor, Rev. Jno. J. Lyons, present pastor of St. Anne's.

Of all the titles which could be bestowed on Father McDonald, there is none which he would have preferred to that of "Pioneer of Catholic Education," and that he certainly won by erecting the third parochial school in New England, and the first in his state. Neither is it amiss to state that it was Father McDonald who, with the approval of his diocesan, first introduced a religious community into New Hampshire.

In Rev. Mother Xavier Warde,

whom he invited to Manchester in 1858, Father McDonald found a co-worker filled with zeal and energy akin to his own. For nearly 30 years they labored together for the spread of Catholic truth at home and abroad. Calls for assistance were heard now from cultured Philadelphia, now from the forests of Maine, and seldom did the appeal fail of a favorable response, though oftentimes given at the cost of great sacrifices at home. After well-30 years. He was sent to Concord by Bishop Bacon in 1865, and for several years after his appointment had the arduous cares of missionary work in the northern part of the state, besides his exacting parochial duties. The burden of diocesan administration was added to his other tasks in the interval between the death of Bishop Bacon and the consecration of Bishop Healy, and as the latter's vicar-general until the erection of Manchester into a sepa-

ST. ANSELM'S COLLEGE

is beautifully situated, about two miles from the heart of the cathedral city, on a lofty plateau commanding an excellent view of charming New Hampshire scenery. The college building is a four-storied structure, with neat granite trimmings. The interior is furnished with spacious, well-lighted halls and dormitories, and fitted with every comfort for the 150 students already enrolled on the college register.

The president of the college, Rt. Rev. Hilary Piraengle, O. S. B., D. D., Abbot of St. Mary's, Newark, N. J., was born in Butler, Penn., in 1843, and received his classical education at St. Vincent's College in his native state. He completed his course of philosophy and theology at St. Vincent's seminary, where he was ordained in 1866. After ordination he continued his theological studies at Rome, whence he returned in 1870 with the degree of Doctor of Theology. He labored successively as professor and director of St. Vincent's College until 1886, when he was elevated to the dignity of Abbot of St. Mary's, Newark, N. J., in which city he has his abbatial residence, visiting St. Anselm's as occasion requires.

The Abbot has an able coadjutor in the Rev. Hugo Paff, O. S. B., Ph. D., director and treasurer of the college, to whose untiring energy St. Anselm's owes much of the gratifying success already achieved. Father Hugo was born in Johnstown, Penn., in 1862, and received his education at St. Vincent's College, Penn., and at the Gregorian University in Rome. In 1882 he was solemnly professed as a member of the Order of St. Benedict at the renowned abbey of Monte Casino in Italy. After his ordination in 1885, Father Hugo was professor of philosophy at St. Vincent's College and as director of St. Benedict's College in Newark, N. J. In 1890 he was called to undertake the construction of St. Anselm's College. This arduous undertaking was successfully accomplished, in the face of the total destruction by fire of the college building in 1892, when within but a few months of completion. The earnest solicitation and encouragement of Bishop Bradley effectually dispelled the discouragement attendant upon this disaster, and within 20 months the pile of shapeless ruins was replaced by the magnificent structure which is to-day a source of pride to the Catholics of New Hampshire, and a monument to the untiring zeal of their beloved bishop.

nigh half a century of tireless labor for his Church and her cause, Father McDonald's death-stroke fell on him one morning in August, 1885, as he was on his way to celebrate Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy.

The cities of New Hampshire have been peculiarly favored in the services of priests especially adapted to local needs and interests. In the capital of the state, Very Rev. John E. Barry has filled this position for rate diocese, he continued to share its responsibilities. Bishop Bradley appointed him to the same office, which he still retains, and upon him devolved the care of the new diocese during Bishop Bradley's four months' stay in Europe in 1887.

Father Barry was born at Eastport, Maine, and graduated from the public schools of his native city. His classical studies were made first at Holy Cross College, and later in

Montreal at the College of the Sulpicians, under whom also he made his philosophical and theological course. Ordained to the priesthood, June 29, 1864, by Bishop Bacon in Portland, he was appointed first resident pastor of Concord which has since been his home. He built the Church of St. John the Evangelist, of which he is now permanent rector, a parochial residence, convent, and school, and until the recent forming of the French-Canadian Catholics of the city into a separate congregation, had the entire spiritual care of the Catholics of Concord.

Father Barry is recognized everywhere in the state as an able, earnest priest; in social life he is known as a delightful guest; and his citizenship has been so highly esteemed by the state that, by appointment of the governor and council, he is now serving a second term as trustee of the New Hampshire asylum. Concord elected him to her school board, a position which from stress of other duties he felt compelled to decline.

RT. REV. ABBOT HILARY O. S. B., President St Anselm's College, Manchester.

REV. HUGO PAFF, O. S. B., PH. D., Director St. Anselm's College, Manchester.

He is a valued member of the state Historical Society.

New Hampshire has had but one other vicar-general, the late very Rev. John O'Donnell, of Nashua, a pastorate that Bishop Bacon gave him at the very beginning of his episcopate, and in which he continued until his death in 1881. The spiritual care of the Catholics of Maine and New Hampshire was assigned to Father O'Donnell, during Bishop Bacon's absence at the Vatican Council, and again during his last visit to Europe in 1874. Though Father O'Donnell died 13 years ago, his people still cherish his memory vividly, and speak with pride of his ability, and with reverence of his many charities and other noble works.

Under the labors of Rev. Daniel W. Murphy many a place from northern Maine to southern New Hampshire has grown better, and more than one church spire has testified to his zeal; but in Dover,

RT. REV. MGR. PETER HEVEY, P. A.,

Was born at St. Barnaby, near St. Hyacinthe, Oct. 31, 1831. After making his theological studies at the St Hyacinthe Seminary, he was ordained July 12, 1857, and appointed chaplain of the Cathedral of St. Hyacinthe. In 1859, he was placed in charge of the parish of St. John the Baptist at Rouville, and of St. Gregory's, Iberville, in 1866. From 1871 until 1882, he was at Lewiston, Me., going in the latter year as pastor to St. Mary's, Manchester. June 20, 1890, he was raised to the dignity of Protonotary Apostolic.

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where he is a permanent rector, the greatest monuments of his energy and devotedness are to be found in a church which is practically new, in two large schools, one for boys under the instruction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the other for girls, under the Sisters of Mercy, and an orphanage where he himself cares for his fatherless and motherless little ones.

Some names are synonymes for all that is excellent in a pastor of souls. That of Rev. John B. Milette, of Nashua, is such a one. All the material and spiritual labors which our time and country demand in a pastor have filled his life in Nashua for 22 years. His church, of which he has been permanent rector since 1889, and his schools under the care of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and the Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, are palpable evidences of his zealous share in promoting Catholic progress.

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The city of Portsmouth has not been behind other New Hampshire cities in the advancement of Catholicity. Most of its development has been the work of Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan, the energetic pastor and permanent rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. There are few churches in New England in which the frescoes so thoroughly gratify the æsthetic sense as do those painted under Father O'Callaghan's supervision, and his school vies with the church in the excellence of all its appointments. Indeed it has proved so attractive that Father O'Callaghan has been under the happy necessity of enlarging it.

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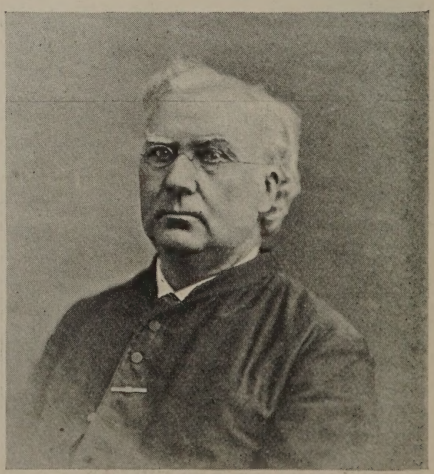
West Manchester has grown up almost as rapidly as some of those Western towns that one day are



THE LATE VERY REV. JOHN O'DONNELL, V. G.

villages and the next cities. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter Hevy, pastor of St. Mary's Church there, has been abreast of all the Catholic activity west of the Merrimac, and has done marvels in church, convent, and school building, besides much in charitable works. Mgr. Hevy already has the Grey Nuns and the Marist Brothers to assist him in his parish work, and will shortly have the Presentation Nuns of St. Anne to instruct his girls. Rev. Joseph Chevalier, pastor of St. Augustine's, Manchester, has been as laborious and successful on the east of the Merrimac. Father Chevalier, for many years, has had the Sisters of Jesus and Mary to teach girls, and sometime ago secured the Brothers of the Sacred Heart to educate his boys. There is, moreover, in his parish an orphanage with a hospital under the care of the Sisters of Providence.

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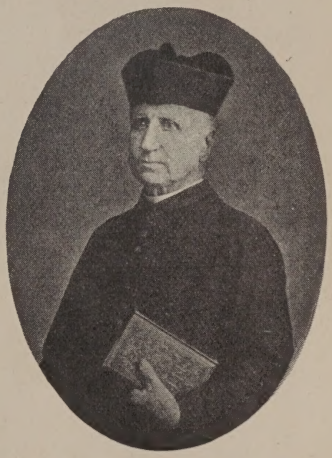
New Hampshire's Catholic laymen have shared worthily in the development of the faith, not alone through personal effort and substance, but also through the moral influence of their lives and standing in the community. Many of them hold enviable positions of eminence at the bar, in medicine, in public service, in education, and in the business life of the state. The portraits and sketches of representative laymen accompanying this survey of matters Catholic in New Hampshire, are only a few of many that might have been selected for well-earned distinction in their respective callings. In general, it may be said that the Catholic laymen of this diocese are as zealous for the honor of true Catholic citizenship, as they are able and energetic in their secular vocations. As a whole, they are a worthy quota of the living argument against the traducers of Catholic American loyalty and ability, furnished by the entire body of Catholic laymen throughout the country.

THE LATE MOTHER XAVIER WARDE, foundress of Mt. St. Mary's Convent, Manchester.



THE LATE REV. ISIDORE NOISEUX, a pioneer French priest in Nashua.

During the past 10 years, embraced in the episcopacy of Bishop Bradley, the Catholic faith has become more and more a vital part of the life and progress of the state.

Jared I. Williams, Lancaster. C. A. O'Connor, Manchester. U. S. Consul at Yarmouth, N. S. Hon. Leonard P. Reynolds, Manchester.
Hon. John M. Mitchell, Concord. Major Daniel B. Donovan, Concord. Hon. John C. Linehan, Concord,

A FEW LEADING PROFESSIONAL AND PUBLIC MEN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.*

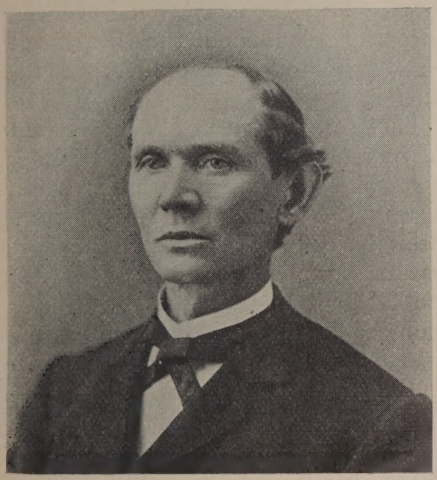
Under the impetus of the zeal and energy of its first bishop, the diocese has shown itself imbued with as vigorous and progressive life as many of the older strongholds of the American Church. Commenting on the labors of Bishop Bradley, an ecclesiastical onlooker truly said of him: "He does the work of a parish priest in addition to that of a bishop." He who spends long hours in the confessional, knows that the Bishop is there longer yet. He who holds himself in readiness to answer every demand upon his time, is aware that the Bishop rivals him in this as well as in all other phases of self-sacrifice.

A good college is certainly a very important work for both the material and spiritual welfare of the community, and such an institution has been established in St. Anselm's College, Manchester, during the Bishop's incumbency with Rt. Rev. Abbott Hilary, D. D., O. S. B., as president, and Rev. Hugo Paff, Ph. D., O. S. B., as director and prefect of studies. These Benedictine priests are assisted by nine others

* See Biographical Sketches at end of article.

of their order in the instruction and discipline of the pupils. St. Anselm's College began its first scholastic year, with some 90 pupils, in September, 1893.

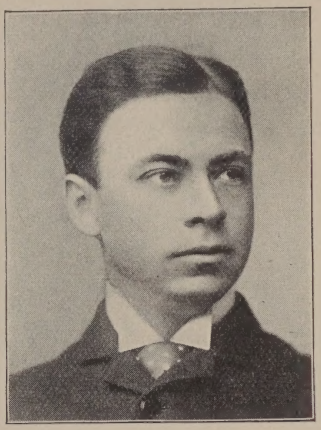
Bishop Bradley's first thought after his consecration was of his orphan boys, and St. Joseph's Boys' Orphanage was one of the first great structures which he erected. In this home nearly 100 orphans are cared for by the Sisters of Mercy.



THOMAS CORCORAN, first teacher of Catholic Schools in Manchester.

Ten years ago only a few sick could be attended to in St. Patrick's Girls' Orphanage; two years ago the Bishop completed a building which accommodates 30 patients, and where more than 150 have been treated each year. This hospital of the Sacred Heart has a staff of eight physicians and surgeons, besides an oculist and aurist. There is also an out-patient department with three attending physicians.

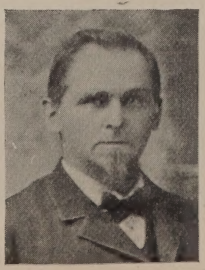
Besides initiating and completing these undertakings, Bishop Bradley has added to, or otherwise greatly improved, the cathedral schools for boys and girls, along with personally superintending the actual work of the class room. The parochial house was not large enough for the priests of St. Joseph's Church, and when it became the cathedral of the diocese, the Bishop was obliged to build an episcopal residence, at the same time re-fitting his old home as a



DAVID E. MURPHY

Was born in Concord, Oct. 15, 1859, and obtained his education at the city schools. In 1874 he began his career in the line which he has ever since followed as clerk for F. B. Underhill & Co., and was later connected with the firm of Stearns, Wimpfheimer & Co. In 1886, he started in business for himself, and the story of his life ever since is an uninterrupted series of successes. At present he operates the largest dry goods house north of Boston. Not only is Mr. Murphy a highly successful merchant, but a public-spirited citizen as well. He well represents the bright and progressive element in the Catholicism of New England.

PATRICK HERRICK was born in Dunmanway county Cork, Ireland, in 1837, and came to America in 1853. After remaining a short time in Boston, he went to Newport, N. H., where he has since resided. He has been prominent in every movement for the welfare of the village, especially in the building of St. Patrick's Church, of which he is a generous benefactor. He has completed his forty-first year of service in the employ of Dexter Richards, whose trusted superintendent he is, and he has been for years a director of the local bank.



convent for the Christian Brothers. The Bishop's house has attractive

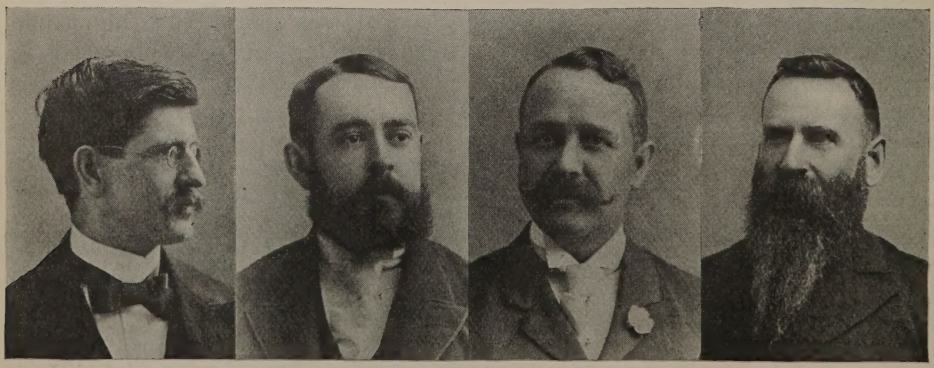
REV. JOSEPH A. CHEVALIER

Was born in L'Assomption, P. Q., Sept. 19, 1843. After graduating from L'Assomption College with high honors, he was, after the completion of his theological course, ordained to the priesthood in 1867, and appointed curate of the church at Chambly, P. Q., going from there to Ogdensburg. In 1869, Bishop Bacon called him to Manchester, where he began the work of founding a parish for the French-speaking population. He built St. Augustine's Church, from which two other strong French parishes have sprung, — St. Mary's, in 1881, and St. George's in 1890. Father Chevalier possesses great executive ability, and is very popular with all classes on account of his many lovable traits.

architectural proportions, and the interior is furnished in a manner denoting intellectual as well as spiritual tastes.

In 1892, Bishop Bradley commenced the extension of the cathedral sanctuary, and the construction of a cathedral chapel. Three chaste marble and Mexican onyx altars have been placed in this enlarged sanctuary, and a beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart in the right transept. Every window is enriched with a fine painting, from the hands of artists, and the subdued frescoing and stucco work form an admirable relief for the gloriously tinted windows. The consecration of the cathedral gladdened the hearts of the Bishop and his people April 14, 1894.

These may truthfully be called the personal works of the Bishop. It remains to make a brief mention of what he has approved, or done through others. The number of priests has been increased by 40, and the following parishes have been established: In Manchester, St. Raphael's and St George's; two at Berlin Falls; a second at Concord; and one in each of the following towns — Derry, a second in Dover, Franklin Falls, Gonic, Greenville, Hanover, Hillsboro, Hooksett, a second in Laconia, Marlboro, a



Dr. D. E. Sullivan, Concord. Dr. M. E. Kean, Manchester. Dr. M. B. Sullivan, Dover. Dr. P. E. Dansereau, Nashua

A GROUP OF PROMINENT NEW HAMPSHIRE PHYSICIANS.*

* See Biographical Sketches at end of article.

J. T. Donahoe, Manchester. M. E. Griffin, Manchester. Denis O'Shea, Laconia.
H. E. Phaneuf, Nashua. P. A. Devine, Manchester. R. G. Sullivan, Manchester.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN IN THE GRANITE STATE.*

third in Nashua, North Stratford, Peterboro, Plaistow, Tilton, and Whitefield.

There have been three churches and one chapel erected in Manchester, besides the Mortuary Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Twenty-five other churches have been built in other parts of the state. There are nine more religious orders: The Benedictine Fathers in Manchester; Brothers of the Christian Schools in the cathedral parish, and in Dover; Brothers of the Sacred Heart in Manchester and Nashua; Marist Brothers in Manchester, also the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of Providence, and the Benedictine Sisters; the Presentation Sisters of St. Anne in Berlin; Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross in Nashua, Suncook, and Rochester.

The religious in the diocese in 1884 have multiplied so that 23 new convents have been established, and nearly 150 more religious have been added In the episcopal city alone there are nine different communities, seven of whom were introduced through Bishop Bradley.

The increase of schools and pupils throughout the state has been in proportion to the increase of teachers just recorded. Here are

*See Biographical Sketches at end of article.

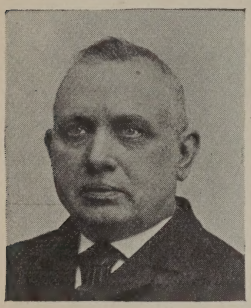
the gains: Some 500 pupils in five high schools for boys, and as many academies for girls; and almost 6,000 in 30 new parochial schools, with fine buildings well furnished with all the aids good teaching requires. The Catholic population has been augmented by about 40,000.

The 10 charitable institutions which have been added are all under the care of sisterhoods trained to their work. New sodalities and literary societies have been formed, old ones spread, the League of the Sacred Heart extended everywhere, and, in short, few commendable undertakings have failed to receive stimulus and coöperation from the Bishop and clergy.

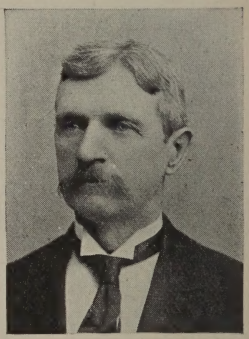
It is not without pain that the writer passes over the work that is at this moment being done by the 60 and more priests who are not even named in this article. New Hampshire still has its sparsely settled regions that do not call in vain, for the missionary spirit that first planted Catholic truth in our midst, while the toil in our cities grows yearly more laborious.

May the youngest diocese in New England fulfil every hope of its chief pastor, its priests, and its people!

JOHN CASHMAN was born in Killcorney, county Cork, Ireland, March 15, 1834. He emigrated to America in February, 1866, and located in Manchester. In 1871, he opened the grocery store on Church street, a good business which has steadily increased. He was a delegate to the convention of the Irish National League in Chicago in 1886, and has been for twelve years treasurer of the Manchester branch of the Irish National Federation. Mr. Cashman is prominently identified with the work of St. Vincent de Paul Society, having now served three years as president of the conference connected with the Cathedral, and was chosen its first treasurer in October, 1885. He represented the Manchester conferences at the convention in Chicago a few weeks ago, and was a delegate to the Catholic Congress. He was a charter member of the board of trade.



MICHAEL O'DOWD was born in county Sligo, Ireland, in the early forties. From his boyhood days the study of Gaelic has been his favorite pursuit and pastime. Above all his other earthly possessions he treasures his collection of Irish folk lore, ancient Irish music, Irish minstrelsy, ancient and modern, and he has besides, an extensive library of works in both Gaelic and English, relating to early Irish history. Many of these are first editions, and are seldom seen on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. O'Dowd has been successfully engaged in the clothing business in Manchester since 1876. He is an active member of Division 1, A. O. H., of the Manchester Board of Trade, and the Granite State Club.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN

Was born in Macroom, county of Cork, Ireland, on Feb. 9, 1840. His father came to this country in October, 1847. The family followed in October, 1849, and a few years later located in Penacook, a suburb of Concord, N. H., where Mr. Linehan has since resided.

When but 14 years old he often walked to Mass to Concord, six miles distant, and, in 1868, in company with one other, he bought the Methodist Chapel in Penacook, mortgaging his property to secure the payment thereof. This building is still used as a Catholic Church. For over 25 years he looked after the interests of the children, acting as superintendent of the Sunday School until a regular pastor was appointed. In 1861 he enlisted as a musician in the band of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, and from 1866 to 1891 he was engaged in the mercantile business in Penacook.

Politically he has always been a Republican, and served in both branches of the Municipal Government of Concord from 1872 to 1877, being the first of his faith to hold a civic position in his adopted city. He has been a trustee of the State Industrial since 1884, and at present is secretary of the board. He was a member of the Governor's Council in 1887-88 being the first Catholic to hold this position. In September, 1890, he was appointed, by Governor Goodell, Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire for three years,

and was reappointed, for the same term, by Governor Smith in 1893. For his literary labors, Dartmouth College conferred a degree upon him in 1888. He is also one of the trustees of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank of Concord. He was the first Commander of his G. A. R. post in Penacook, has been the head of the order in his state, and has also filled the position of junior Vice-Commander-in-chief.

JOHN M. MITCHELL

One of the leading lawyers of the state, is a native of Plymouth, his birthday being July 6, 1849. His school days were passed in Vermont, finishing at Derby academy, Derby, Vt., where he also began the study of law, completing his course at Littleton, in the office of Judge Harry Bingham, with whom he formed a partnership that still exists. In 1878 he was appointed by the court solicitor of Grafton county, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Major E. W. Farr.

Following this he served the full term of two years in the same position by election. In 1869-70 he was superintendent of schools at Salem, Vt. In 1888 he was appointed by Governor Sawyer a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, and resigned that position in April, 1891, to become one of the general counsel of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. At the election of 1892, he was elected a representative from Ward 4, Concord, though he is an ardent Democrat and the Ward has always been strongly Republican. Mr. Mitchell has long been a member of the Democratic state committee, and was president of the state convention that met in 1888 to choose delegates to the national convention. His best praise may be read in the reputation of his firm and in the character of his clientage.

CHARLES A. O'CONNOR

Was born at Fredericton, N. B. He graduated as A. M. in the University of New Brunswick, and studied law. On a visit to Boston he determined to become a citizen of the United States, and his father accordingly sent him to the Harvard Law School, where he graduated as L.L. B., and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and then to the New Hampshire Bar, and began to practise at Manchester, N.H. He was elected two terms to the legislature, and also to the Convention of 1877 to revise the State Constitution, in which the provisions disqualifying Catholics in New Hampshire, were repealed. For some ten years he was constantly elected to the Manchester Public School Board.

He was induced to edit (December, 1886) the "New Hampshire Catholic," which he continued for over six years, when his friends procured him his present appointment as Consul of the United States at Yarmouth, N. S.

HON. LEONARD P. REYNOLDS,

State senator from the eighteenth senatorial district, was born in New Boston, Sept. 12, 1852, and was educated in the public schools of that town and at Manchester. He is a wholesale and retail dealer in tobacco, and is worthily reckoned among the most public spirited of Manchester citizens. He represented a constituency in the city council in 1879-80 and was elected to the Board of Aldermen in 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888. Mr. Reynolds' committee assignments in the senate have been important, and his work has not failed to be marked by positive results. His business achievements have been reached by earnest application to business, and by the most scrupulous honor in his transactions. In April, 1893, Mr. Reynolds was elected street and park commissioner to serve three years.

JARED IRVING WILLIAMS,

second son of Gov. Jared W. Williams, was born at Lancaster, Aug. 19, 1832. He comes of old Puritan stock, his father being a grandson of Rev. Stephen Williams, D.D., first pastor of Woodstock, Conn., and a direct descendant of Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass. His mother was of the Bacons, of Connecticut. Mr. Williams graduated from Brown University in the class of 1854. He studied law with his father and Messrs. Carpenter and Thurston, of Providence, R. I., and was admitted to practice at Lancaster, in 1856. He at once became associated with his father and brother. He was editor of the Coos County Democrat from 1854 to the election of Lincoln in 1860; was town representative in 1879 and 1880; was superintendent of the school committee and president of the board of education from 1876 to 1889, and is a trustee of Lancaster Academy. Mr. Williams did service in the Rebellion, and attained the rank of captain. He is a prominent and valued member of the G. A. R. He possesses decided mathematical and mechanical tastes, and is a civil engineer of ability. His attention was first called to Catholicity while in college by the Know-Nothing crusade in 1853, which led him to purchase Catholic books and investigate the claims of the Church, resulting in his conversion.

MAJOR DANIEL B. DONOVAN,

Son of Daniel and Mary Donovan, who emigrated to the United States from Ireland in 1847, is a native and life-long resident of Concord; was educated in the public schools; read law, and has been in the active practice of his profession since his admission to the bar; served eight years on the Board of Education, seven of which he was its secretary, being the only Roman Catholic to qualify as a member of it; held seven commissions as an officer in the New Hampshire National Guard, three of them with the rank of major; received the degree of A. B. from Dartmouth College in 1886, a rare honor for a non-graduate, and is now serving his second term as solicitor (District Attorney) of Merrimac county, having the distinction of being the only candidate of his party ever reëlected to the position.

D. E. SULLIVAN, M. D.,

Was born at Augusta, Me., Aug. 23, 1863; educated in public schools; attended Bowdoin Medical College and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1885. In March of same year settled in Concord, N. H., and has practised there since; is a member of the New Hampshire State and Centre District Medical Societies; county physician, jail physician, member of the Board of Health, examining surgeon of the United States Bureau of Pensions and secretary of the Board; is visiting physician to Margaret Pillsbury Hospital.

M. E. KEAN, M. D.,

Was born June 28, 1863, at Bedford, N. H., and graduated from Park Street Parochial School. He graduated from Dartmouth Medical College, in 1888, first in his class, and competed for and received the appointment of House Surgeon at Carney Hospital, Boston, Mass. Began practice in Manchester, January, 1890. He has been visiting surgeon at the Sacred Heart Hospital since the staff was organized in 1892. He married Elizabeth E. Ward, of West Lebanon, N. H., Oct. 6, 1891, and has one child, Ruth, born Aug. 26, 1892. He is a member of the Cathedral parish, and is physician for several social and beneficial organizations in the city. He was elected delegate to the Columbian Catholic Congress. While at Dartmouth he solicited the funds which purchased the students' memorial window in St. Denis Catholic Church.

MIAH BUCHANAN SULLIVAN, M. D.,

was born in Winthrop, Kennebec county, Me., on May 29, 1856. He attended the public schools and Towle Academy, and afterwards was engaged in the drug business in Portland and Lewiston, Me., until 1877. In

this year he began the study of medicine in the University of the City of New York, from which he graduated in 1880. In June, 1881, Dr. Sullivan came to Dover, N. H. He has always been interested in the welfare of the Catholic Church. In politics, always a Democrat from principle, he has not been a seeker for office, having frequently declined the nomination for School Board, City Council, and Mayoralty. In November, 1890, he was elected state senator by over 400 majority, serving in the senate of 1891-92 as the first Democrat ever elected from that district, and the first Catholic ever elected to the New Hampshire State Senate. He is president of the Strafford County Democratic Association, a member of the Independent Club, and Hibernian Benevolent Association, and of Dover Lodge, 184, B. P. O., of which organization he was district deputy for New Hampshire, in 1893. He is a member of the Strafford District Medical Society, of the Maine Medical Association, and of the New York Medico-Legal Society.

P. E. DANSEREAU, M. D.,

was born at Vercheres, P. Q., Nov. 10, 1846. He first attended the village school, and at the age of 13 entered the College of l'Assomption, where he graduated. He studied medicine in Montreal at the Victoria Medical College, taking the degree of M. D. at the University of Coburg, Ont. He first settled at Chateauquay, N. Y., where he remained but a short time, and came to Nashua in October, 1872, where he has since lived.

JAMES T. DONAHOE.

James Timmons Donahoe is a native of Cornakill, county Cavan, where he was born in 1846. He removed with his parents to Manchester, N. H., in 1861, and was educated in the public schools there, there being no parochial schools in that city during his boyhood. He gave up the life of a student to take the place in the employ of the late John Lee, clothier, of a relative, Gen. M. T. Donahoe, who had volunteered, and gone to the front in command of the gallant Tenth New Hampshire Regiment. He remained in Mr. Lee's employ for 14 years, and then engaged in the same line of trade for himself, and his enterprise and sagacity have brought him abundant success. He was a delegate to the Catholic congress at Baltimore; has been president of the oldest Catholic organization of Manchester, St. Patrick's M. B. & P. society, and is also a member of the Ancient Order of Foresters.

MICHAEL E. GRIFFIN,

Senior member of the firm of Griffin Brothers, of Manchester, was born in Quebec, in February, 1852, and received his education in the schools of his native place. At the age of 19 he left home and came direct to this city, where he has since resided. Soon after his arrival here he entered the employ of Timothy Collins in the meat business, and after two years went into business for himself, carrying on a successful grocery and provision trade, until 1882, when he formed a partnership with his brother James J. Griffin. The partnership has been singularly successful, and ranks among the first of its kind in the city. Mr. Griffin has always taken a deep interest in Ancient Order of Hibernian matters, being a member of Division 1 of this city. He has been its treasurer four years, its vice-president two years, and its president three years. He was appointed by Bishop Bradley a delegate to the Catholic Congress in Chicago, in 1893.

DENIS O'SHEA,

One of the most substantial men of the state, was born at South Ashburnham, Mass., Oct. 23, 1851, and at the age of six moved to Laconia, N. H. He was educated in the public schools, at Gilford Academy and Holy Cross College. In 1867 he entered the dry goods business as clerk for Folsom & Smith, with whom he remained until 1875, when he started business with his brother under the name of O'Shea Brothers, a firm that has built up the largest trade in northern New Hampshire. In 1893, he was a member of the legislature from Laconia, and served with the same sagacity that has characterized his business career.

HORACE C. PHANEUF

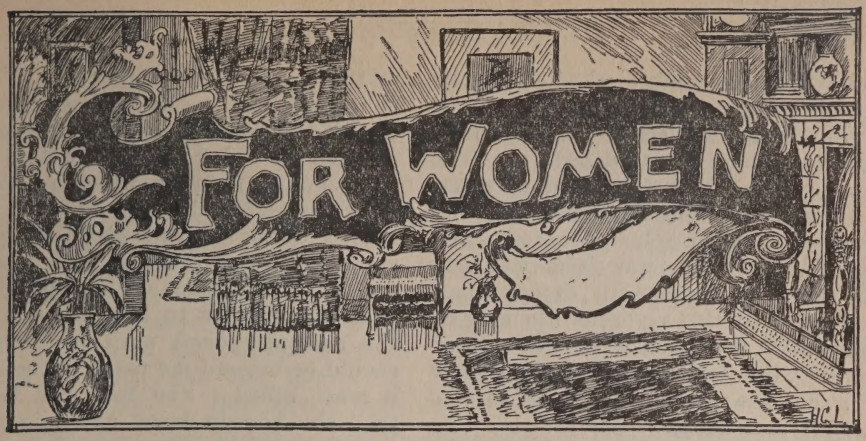
Was born at St. Damase, P. Q., Dec. 19, 1849; studied at St. Hyacinthe College, under the presidency of Mgr. Raymond; entered the service of H. J. Chapman, Nashua, in May, 1869, as confidential clerk, and married his niece, Mary C. Bowers, who at the Presentation Convent of St. Hyacinthe had embraced the Catholic faith. She died Jan. 1, 1872. He engaged in business for himself in April, 1876, and married Miss E. Fontaine, of Millbury, Mass., who died in August, 1879. In September, 1881, married Miss Cordelia Petit. Mr. Phaneuf is a leading business man of the city, a director of the Security Trust Co., and of the Indian Head National Bank, and also a director of the Board of Trade. He is a prominent member of St. Aloysius parish, and was a delegate to the Chicago Catholic Congress by appointment of Bishop Bradley.

ROGER G. SULLIVAN

Was born in Bradford, N. H., Dec. 18, 1854, being the sixth son of Michael and Julia Sullivan, who emigrated from the county Kerry, Ire., about 50 years ago, and settled in Bradford. In 1860 he moved with the family to Manchester where he has since resided, except about four years, from 1870 to 1874, which time he worked in Merrimac, Mass., as a carriage painter. December, 1874, he engaged in the cigar business, at first employing three hands, at present employing upwards of 150, making about 7,000,000 cigars annually. In connection with the above, he conducts a wholesale and retail tobacco business. He is a charter member of the Knights of Columbus. His family consists of wife and three daughters.

P. A. DEVINE

was born in Ireland, and in childhood came to Manchester with his parents. He has served the city in the Board of Health, the School Committee, the Common Council, the Board of Assessors, and the Board of Aldermen. He was a member of the convention to revise the State Constitution, a director of the Guarantee Savings Bank and of the People's Insurance Company. From 1865 until 1891 he was a member of the New Hampshire National Guard, having risen to the rank of major. Mr. Devine organized the first Catholic temperance society in Manchester, in 1865, the St. Paul C. T. A., in 1872, and the C. T. A. Union of New Hampshire in 1874. He is a member of numerous Catholic organizations.



FRANCES POWER COBBE.

BY EMMA FRANCES CARY.

CATHOLIC women, to whom this department belongs by especial privilege, may ask why Frances Power Cobbe is proposed for their consideration. She differs from them in religious belief, and in her way of judging life and society. A theist in religion, she is a Tory in politics, a Primrose Dame, and a Conservative to the heart's core in all social matters.

At the same age at which Miss Cobbe left the Established Church to become a theist, the writer of the following sketch ceased to be a Unitarian, and was received into the Catholic Church. No sympathy with theism can therefore be suspected in one who has passed from a belief of painful limitation into the wide freedom of the universal Church, where "the soul sits at leisure in the dwelling on the wisdom of God." *

In certain material aspects, however, Miss Cobbe is worthy to be a model to all women, because she is one of the most successful workers of the day, as a journalist, and as a protector of the weak ones of the earth. Her success is not due to genius, as has been the case with most famous women. She has wit, good sense, and keen perceptions, but she has not genius. Perseverance and fortitude more than talent have won the exceptional position she holds among the eager seekers after true progress.

The apparent advantages of her early life were in reality obstacles to success. At an age when the habits of life are fully formed, she left a luxurious home, and entered on that battle with the world which is the best school of discipline. She succeeded as those who study her methods may succeed: because she was brave, enduring, and business-like. Her sense of honor and justice won admirers, and her genial sympathy secured hosts of friends.

It is usual to speak of Miss Cobbe as an English woman, but she was born in Dublin, Dec. 4, 1822, and spent 36 years in the old home of her Irish ancestors at Newbridge, near the beautiful rocky cost of Portrane. Her parents were of English birth, and her school days were spent at Bath in the futile employments common to most of the fashionable boarding-schools of that period. It was not at school that Frances Power Cobbe acquired the

* St. Leo the Great.

solid learning and methodical habits which make her work celebrated.

Life on the fine estate of the Squire of Newbridge was delightful. The country was adapted to out-door pleasures, and the household was made up of good walkers, riders, fishermen, and sportsmen. The Squire's only daughter shared in all pursuits except hunting; and to this vigorous life may be attributed the perfect health which makes Miss Cobbe say, at the age of 72, that she would be willing to live her life over again.

Both her parents were gifted: the mother with exceptional attractions of person and mind; the father with fine health, great capacity for business, and a clear sense of justice. He was called by every one "the master," but he was a good master, and on one occasion sold two of the best pictures in his collection in order to build eighty new cottages for his tenants. In all his works of justice and mercy his daughter gladly shared; of all the kind relations possible in such a position, only one seems to have been omitted. In the years spent among the poor at Newbridge, Miss Cobbe never exchanged with the parish priests anything more than a civil bow. She speaks of them with contempt; and although Mr. Cobbe helped the priests with money, there was a barrier of prejudice between the family and them, and bare justice was expected to do the work of kind feeling, something it never has done, and never will.

Excepting this criticism, I have only praise to give to the relations of the Squire's family with the whole neighborhood. Miss Cobbe's account of the world in her youth is very amusing. She gives a graphic picture of the mutual sufferings of herself and her military partners at the grand balls to which her parents induced her to go. She regarded with scorn the inane talk of men whom later she had to admire as Crimean heroes. The middle-aged people in those days had tranquil minds, undisturbed by subtle distinctions and emotions. "Middlemarch" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" are not more widely distinct than is the contrast between the complicated reasoning of our own time and the tone of thought which prevailed during "the 30's."

Miss Cobbe's happy girlhood ended early, with the death of her perfect mother. Then came the necessity of a painful confession to her father, which she had postponed until her mother should be beyond the reach of the grief it must inflict. She told her father that she had in heart and mind left the Established Church and become a theist. The bewilderment of the good man may be fancied; the suffering of the unhappy girl is more difficult to appreciate, bereft of faith and mother and home too, — for her father decreed exile from his house. She spent several months with a married brother, and was then recalled home by her father, to be once more his aid and comfort.

Miss Cobbe calls herself a theist; her pastor for many years in later life has been the Rev. James Martineau, a man of great intellect and the strongest leader that Unitarians have had since the death of William Ellery Channing. She expresses a profound belief in the immortality of the soul and in the efficacy of prayer; and her essay on the "Theory of Intuitive Morals" is of value, as showing the deep foundation of reason on which the science of Christian ethics rests. Her high sense of moral responsibility is shown in the following passage: —

"I spoke to Cardinal Manning of the moral results of Darwinism on the character, and remarked how paralyzing was the idea that conscience was merely an hereditary instinct fixed in the brain by the interests of the tribe, and in no sense the voice of God in the heart, or His law graven on the fleshly tablets."

The cardinal, of course, expressed his hearty agreement with her; and when she asked him what was the teaching of his Church as to the creation of souls, he answered prompt-

ly, "Oh, that each one is a distinct creation of God."

When she was 36 years of age, her father died, leaving her merely an annuity of £200, supposing she would continue to live at the Manor House with her eldest brother. But a life of ease and dependence was not suited to the vigorous mind and character of Frances Power Cobbe, and she prepared for a journey which should give her rest and leisure to think out her plans. Her means were very small for the needs of a woman who in youth had been used to spend thousands of pounds annually, and in her travels she learned sometimes to do without money when it was not to be had.

On one occasion she found herself very pinched financially, and decided to take a second-class passage in a Lloyd steamer from Bayreuth to Athens. The captain, an Italian, divined the situation of his passenger, and took the head of the table in the lower cabin in place of one of his subordinate officers. He constantly came to see if she was comfortably placed on the deck and well sheltered by awnings from sun and wind.

On returning to England, Miss Cobbe joined Miss Mary Carpenter, of noble memory, in the work of Reformatories and Ragged Schools at Bristol. The experience she gained in this work was of great use, but it was not her especial gift to teach in Ragged Schools.

The first money ever earned by Miss Cobbe was the result of her work here. She sent to Macmillan's a paper on workhouse grievances, and received, to her great surprise, a cheque for £14 in answer. That money seemed to have a power not belonging to common coin and she tossed her sovereigns with a pride she had never before felt in the possession of money. Journalism Miss Cobbe considers a delightful profession, if not carried on so continuously that the brain "churns leaders" sleeping or waking. She says: "Promptitude, clear and quick judgment" as to what should be said or left unsaid, a memory stored with illustrations and apt quotations, "a bright strong style," "a playful (not saturnine) humor," all this is called for in writing for a daily newspaper. "The privilege of giving your opinion to 50,000 or 100,000 readers within a few hours is something for which prophets and preachers of old would have given a house full of silver and gold."

She was on the staff of The Echo for seven years, during which time she never failed to appear three days in the week at ten o'clock, and write a leader, and as many notes as were allotted to her. She wrote on all topics except politics. Ill or well, bad weather or good, she was at her post on every one of the appointed days, except during a short vacation in summer.

Much came to her knowledge, as an editor, which opened wide views of human misery, and these calls for pity were not unanswered. Among other horrors rose the griefs of wives brutally assaulted by husbands.

Investigation showed that annually in England about 1,500 wives suffered aggravated cruelty at the hands of their husbands.

She writes: "I got up out of my armchair and said, 'I will never rest till I have tried what I can do to stop this.'" Through strong aid from influential men, she got a law passed giving to the local magistrate the right to take a wife from the custody of her husband, if her future safety seemed in peril by his cruelty. The wife was to keep her children under ten years of age; and the husband was compelled to contribute to their support according to his means.

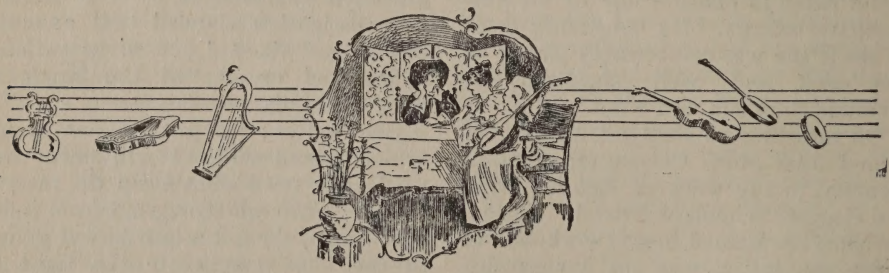
Miss Cobbe is a firm believer in the right of women to vote. She states the arguments in favor of woman suffrage with good temper and good sense, not confounding with that question the other question so often raised of the equality of mental power between men and women. She has a right to feel that her own career is an argument so strong in proof of feminine

capacity, that she may stand aloof from the war of words so vigorously waged on both sides of the problem.

The later years of Miss Cobbe's life have been devoted to an attempt to restrict or abolish the practice of vivisection. In this crusade she has received vigorous support from Cardinal Manning, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Shaftsbury, Ruskin, and many other eminent men. The subject would require a treatise by itself. So far Miss Cobbe and others have failed to get any law passed to restrict vivisection in any marked degree. It is difficult to legislate against the private actions of individuals, and still more difficult to execute such laws after they are passed. Public opinion, which has awarded to science a supremacy above that of ethics and revealed religion, must be the influence brought to bear upon the cruel abuse of power over animals which goes by the name of vivisection.

Keenly disappointed in the failure of her attempt to protect animals from the experiments of philosophers, scientific students, and schoolboys, Miss Cobbe left London and the wide circle of interesting people who are her intimate friends, and went to live in Wales. Her friend, Miss Lloyd, had a beautiful estate well suited to be the home of the two faithful companions; but their income was too small to justify so expensive a mode of life, and lovely, picturesque Hengwet must be let to strangers.

One morning Miss Cobbe received a letter which told her that an old friend had left her residuary legatee to a considerable estate, quite sufficient to retain Miss Lloyd's beloved Hengwet. There live the two friends, and there her recently published autobiography was written, a book which, in Miss Cobbe's words, "she has first lived and then written."



HARMONY.

BY RUFUS C. HOPKINS.

I PAINT the bright bow on the skirts of the storm;
I give the fair maiden the grace of her form;

I hang the bright clouds o'er the gates of the west,
And fold the soft leaves on the rose's sweet breast.

The garments I wear with colors are wrought
By green leaf and flower, from the sunbeam caught.

The sound of my voice in music is heard —
In the sigh of the breeze, and the song of the bird.

I dwell with bright spirits and angels above,
And the language I speak, is the language of Love!

WOMAN AND THE NEW TARIFF.

BY MARGARET HENLEY.

ANY economic measure, greatly affecting the prosperity of the people at large, must be of enormous interest to women, and such a measure is the act of Congress commonly known as the Wilson Bill. Since this Act only went into effect with the opening of the new year, it is still too early to go beyond prognostication as to what its ultimate effect will be. Its promoters claim for it the power to cause the increase of certain home manufactures, and an increase of business in any one line meaning an approximate increase in other lines, they look for a natural revival of prosperity.

The revival of prosperity in business means a similar blessing in the home, and in this lies the greatest benefit that can accrue to the majority of women from the alteration of the tariff. The increased purchasing power of each dollar that the housewife has to spend means for her less drudgery and less of the sordid care which the straining to make both ends meet entails.

Regarding woman apart from the family life, as a factor in the industries of the land, the new tariff is likely to influence her industrial life beneficially. Of the two great manufacturing industries — the woollen and the cotton — the latter is influenced by the Wilson Bill in a far less degree than the former, cotton being a native product and, therefore, in its raw state, a free commodity at all times, and, in its partially manufactured state being but slightly embarrassed by duties. However, the slight duties imposed up to this date upon spun cotton thread for the loom have been lowered by the new act to a rate almost nominal, and this will no doubt increase the number of looms in the United States, and give employment to more women workers than before. Then, too, with the duties upon spun cotton considerably reduced, a largely augmented duty upon foreign hosiery and knitted underwear will no doubt have the effect of lessening the importations of such goods, and cause a considerable increase in the home manufacture. This will surely benefit women, of whom there are 2,320 employed in the Massachusetts hosiery mills alone. In Massachusetts there are 33,061 females employed in cotton industries against 10,896 in the woollen and worsted mills.

In the woollen industry, I am credibly informed, the present tariff, by putting wool upon the free list has caused a reduction of 50 % in the cost of producing woollen goods. As yet the wages have suffered no depreciation, though it is expected that there will be an attempt on the part of manufacturers to cut them down 10%. Those who know the woollen business affirm that the attempt, if made, will prove unsuccessful, because of the demand that is likely to ensue for skilled mill labor. The wages of women in the worsted and woollen mills now average a week seven dollars or a little over one dollar per day.

There are many smaller industries, in which a large share of the labor is done by women, which will reap a benefit from the tariff change. In the straw-working industry there are 3,289 women employed; in the silk mills, 1,419; these figures pertain to Massachusetts alone. The accessory trades of women, such as those of the dressmaker, milliner, and seamstress, will, of course, share the prosperity of other trades.

Considering woman as a buyer, how is she affected by the new tariff through her pocketbook? Having more money, she will be able to get more for it, though some of the *luxuries* are going to cost her a little more. For instance, if she uses foreign toilet waters

containing alcohol, she will find that the duty has been increased 25% ad valorem, and that, in consequence, they will be correspondingly dearer; for fine toilet soaps she will have to pay half as much again. On the other hand, for dentifrices, cosmetics, pomades, powders, and perfumes the reduction of duty will cause her to pay less than she has been in the habit of paying. The necessary sponge will also cost her less since the duty upon sponges has been reduced one-half. Her needles, pins, and buttons will prove a little cheaper, and as for her velvet and silk trimmings, fringes, cord and tassels, which pay five % less than under the McKinley tariff, and for silk laces upon which the reduction is 10 %, she is justified in expecting to find all these articles of finery so much less expensive.

Feathers and artificial flowers, too, will suffer a diminution in price, or rather they ought to, if storekeepers grade their prices by tariffs, as the duty upon such articles is 15 % less than formerly. Women should also remember when they are buying umbrellas and parasols, whether of silk, worsted, or alpaca, that these protectors pay 10 % less duty than a year ago.

The lessening of the duty upon ready-made clothing to the extent of 10 % has already shown its effect in the prices at which the stocks in hand of such articles have been cleared out even before the new importations; the ultimate effect will be better ascertained when the Act shall have been in operation for a few months.

In general it may be fairly said that the devisers of the new tariff have not been ungallant to their wives and sisters, and the whole body of American women. The practical operation of the Wilson Bill will prove that they have shown them quite an amount of consideration in both the earning and the spending of their money.

Where Do Children Learn Lying?

A CHICAGO kindergarten teacher says that mothers come to her so often, asking how they shall break their children from telling untruths, that she has almost come to think that lying is a national evil.

Humiliating as is this conclusion, its truth cannot be gainsaid. All teachers and most parents can testify that there is no other fault so common to childhood, or so difficult to eradicate. Boys, in particular, are so addicted to the habit that even when truth will serve their purpose equally well, they not infrequently resort to falsehood. Practice enables them to utter lies with the most deceptive sincerity, and to stick to them with the utmost hardihood, while their looks of injured innocence will often compel an accuser to withdraw the charge, and even apologize for having preferred it. It is not so with girls, at least not to such an extent. They have less audacity, and it must also be admitted less cause for prevarication.

Next to a homeless cat there is no animal so generally bullied and driven to bay as the average boy. His faults, and they are many, are generally the direct results of his home education, a fact those Chicago mothers, and mothers everywhere, would do well to remember. A child who enters a kindergarten with the habit of lying already formed furnishes strong circumstantial evidence against his home training.

"I am so distressed," said a mother to her boy's teacher, "that Freddie could deceive you so. I can't imagine why he is so untruthful; his father is truth itself, and I'm sure no one ever heard me tell a lie. Call him in," she added, turning to her little daughter.

"He won't come if he knows Miss —— is here," said the child.

"Say it's grandma wants him," suggested her mother; "that will fetch him."

And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness!

"Have you a dog?" asked a tax collector at another home.

"Not a dog of any description," was the prompt reply.

"What about Speck, mamma?" asked the little son, appearing in the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms.

"Cost me two dollars," laughed his father, relating the incident. "Capital joke on his mother, though."

Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence lowering his own standard of truth.

"You're a half an hour late, Willie," said another mother, "but here's an excuse; give it to the teacher, and she won't say a word." The child, who couldn't read writing, confidently delivered the note; it was an urgent request to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given while being bathed and dressed.

If mean little lies and petty deceptions on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what wonder that he soon outstrips his teacher, and even shocks her by his proficiency in the art.

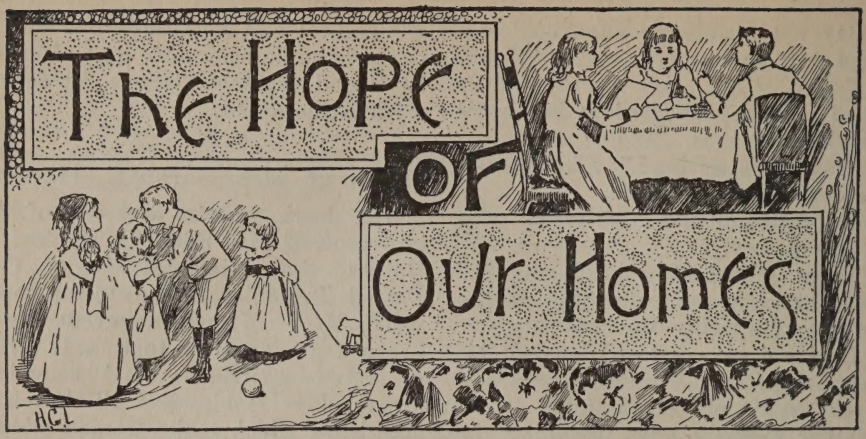
And yet many mothers contend that the schoolroom is the beginning of their children's moral deterioration, some even asserting that kindergarten teaching, by stimulating imagination, inculcates lying. The time spent in formulating this absurd charge would be better employed in dwelling upon their own great responsibility.

No thought of self, no desire to save trouble or avert a scene, should tempt a mother to swerve from truth in precept or example. She is the prime factor in her child's education; and her teaching, be it good or ill, will predominate over that of the schools.

Honesty and truth are urgent needs of the present age. Mothers should see to it that their little charges learn early what beauty and strength these homely virtues give to character; they win respect and confidence, and should be made an indispensable part of every boy's and girl's equipment for future work in the world.

Death of Mrs. Sarah C. Hanley.

The death, on the first day of the new year, of Mrs. Sarah C. Hanley, of Boston, the estimable wife of Col. Patrick T. Hanley, of the old 9th Regiment, M. V. M., was an event which brought great sorrow to a wide circle of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. Mrs. Hanley had all the characteristics which make woman admirable in her own sphere. Endowed by nature with a comely presence, a pleasing personality, a generous and loving disposition she endeared herself to every one with whom her wide acquaintance brought her into contact. As a wife and mother, she made her home what it should be to every family, the most happy and attractive of all places, and her unstinted charities to institutions and individuals, extended her beneficence far beyond the limits of her home. In her death, the community in which she lived, has lost one of its best and most cheerful helpers, and her husband and children the dearest treasure they possessed. Her obsequies at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in Roxbury, were the most notable that have been held within that sacred edifice for many years, and the immense throng of friends who followed her remains to their last resting place was a touching tribute to her beautiful life and character. Mrs. Hanley leaves a family of ten sorrowing children, the eldest of whom, Mother Mary of Perpetual Help, of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, has consecrated her life to the service of religion and education in gratitude for a miraculous cure from a terrible physical malady. In their great bereavment, Colonel Hanley and his children have the deepest sympathy of their hosts of friends, in whose hearts the memory of the departed wife and mother will ever hold a cherished place.



PRIZE CONTEST.

What is an Honorable Boy?

What is an Honorable Girl?

ATTENTION, young people! Lay down your pens, open the January DONAHOE'S, and read over the Prize Contest very, very carefully. Some of the answers already received prove plainly that their writers forgot to do this.

One little contributor gives the dictionary definition of the word "honorable, and another thinks it means having honors conferred in high places, or bearing titles. A progressive boy makes the contradictory statement that being "strictly honorable" is "to keep the ten commandments, and do everything in the world to get ahead." A thoughtful little girl thinks that honorable children will obey their parents "in spite of all their faults," and some boys set up as their standard of honor "the boy who never sneaks out of scrapes."

What about the quiet, steady boys who never get into scrapes? Have hey no way of proving themselves onorable? What about the children who ave no parents to obey, the orphan oys and girls living in boarding schools nd charitable homes? We should like very much to hear from them, and learn what constitutes an honorable boy or an honorable girl in their closed in world. We hope that they will write to the Department, and make friends with the other contributors, who, from all parts of the United States and Canada, are sending in their answers to the prize questions.

It is very gratifying to know that so many alert, intelligent children are taking part; but we want to hear from ever so many more. It must be said, not at all as a complaint, but merely as a reminder, that, so far, the boy are letting the girls bear off the honors in numbers, neatness, and accuracy; our little women are responding nobly. Why not save your credit, boys, by writing, and also by interesting all your friends in the contest. It doesn't matter whether they belong to the department or not; introduce them, they will be heartily welcomed, as will be the hundreds of sensible letters we expect to get from them. Boys can do anything they set about in earnest; so take a half hour from your play and enter the contest. If you speak to your

teachers about it, you might be allowed to write your essay as a class exercise. The prize offer is reprinted in this number for the benefit of young readers who may not have seen the January issue, and in order to give all our little folks the best chance, and all the opportunity possible, we will extend the time limit to March 1st, instead of closing the contest as originally intended on the 1st of February. We do this in the hope that the contest may be taken up by all the parochial schools in the land, and given to their classes, both as an exercise in composition and an incentive to the practice of honorable conduct. The successful answers will appear in our April number.

In the Christmas contest of 1893 the prizes were won by a boy from Texas and a girl from Maine. Who will win in the New Year's contest of 1895? Every one has an equal chance. Read the conditions carefully, think of the boy or girl who seems to you the most honorable child you know, and then tell simply why you think so; don't give dictionary definitions of the word, and don't rush your copy for the sake of being in early. You have until March 1st, and the best answers mailed by that time will be the prize-winners.

And now just a word of friendly advice to the brothers and sisters who are writing their answers at the same table. Of course, you mean to be strictly honorable; but we all know what a temptation it is even to glance at our neighbor's work, when he or she has the reputation of knowing more than ourselves — but there, the little girl who made this warning necessary will understand why her name must be dropped from the list of competitors, and no one else merits the slightest reproof. The very faults in the letters prove them to be honest, childish efforts, and that is all we ask; so pick up your pens, little contestants, and do your very best.

Here are the questions to be answered, the conditions to be complied with, and the prizes to be awarded the winners: —

What is an Honorable boy?

What is an Honorable girl?

Your answer may take the form of a letter, an essay, or a short story, and

Ten Dollars

will be awarded to the boy and girl having the truest conception of what the word "honorable" means. The contest is open to all children under 15 years of age, subscribers or otherwise.

Please observe the following rules:—

1. Write only on one side of the paper.

2. Give your address in full, your age, school, and name of pastor.

3. All answers must be mailed by March 1st, when the contest closes.

4. Address Children's Department, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston.

5. Remember the subject, and be "strictly honorable" in taking no help from any source.

ONE MORE.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"You're sure! quite sure 'at there's room fer one more?"

"Quite sure, dear lad."

The light was fading, but a truant ray had quivered into the ward and lingered tenderly on the divine head, and the childish, upturned faces, in a picture representing the Redeemer surrounded by little children.

The boy in the cot by the door studied them wistfully. In the days he had lain there these heavenly children had become very dear to him, but the Christ with His halo of light and ineffably beautiful countenance awed him, filling his childish soul with vague hope and fear. Though his starved heart cried out for love, his brief experience of life had made him distrustful of even divine charity. Turning his wistful eyes from uneasy scrutiny of the picture to the living face beside him, he explained apologetically: —

"He's a deal of 'em there a' ready. Folks as had less couldn't make room fer me."

"But heaven is so big, dear boy," whispered the girl. "Such a little lad as you will have lots of room."

"There was granny Dempsey," began the boy, slowly marshalling his facts, "she'd a took me in, —you know when mother" —

Young as he was, he shrank from the memory of the time when a frozen, lifeless thing, once a woman, had been picked up in the street and buried out of sight in a pauper's grave, — "but them fine floors made scrubbin' scarce, an' she had Terry, an' Timmie, an' Pat, an' so there wa'n't no room fer me."

"Poor Jeff; poor little lad."

"Then they tried ter git me inter the orfin's home, but the boss sez as big as life, 'we can't posserbly take another boy, there ain't standin' room fer one more.'"

There was no reproach in the waif's voice. His pitiful statement of facts was made with the childish desire to excuse his doubt.

"Why, even at the newsboys' blow-out when the hall got so crammed 'at it wouldn't hold one more, I was the feller 'at got left."

"Because you gave your ticket to somebody else?"

The pale face flushed with color: "Pshaw, teacher, give over guessin', you don't wriggle nothin' out 'n me."

"I shan't try, dear boy; you're going to tell me all of your own free will."

"Now you're coaxin'," he declared with an indulgent smile for such feminine tactics, "but there ain't much more ter tell. It was allus the same story, there was never no room fer me. I was allus crowded out, that's how I come ter git off the platform an' under the wheels, an' then they brought me here. Don't!" roughly, as a tear splashed on his hand, "don't do that agin; it burns worse'n the pain."

"Oh, Jeff! you dear little lad, you brave little hero!"

"Stow that! do you want ter make a feller cry fer hisself?" Then, more gently, "I ain't forgot 'at you was good ter me, you took me in. 'You're filled up,' sez the prinsuppal, "guess you can't 'com'date this little man.' 'Oh, but I must have him,' sez you, lookin' me straight in the eyes. 'He's wuth a dozen quiet ones. Sich a frisky rollickin' lookin' lad! I must make room fer him, if I have ter keep him in a cage in the winder.'"

Both laughed at the memory, but while the boy's eyes shone with fun, the teacher's were bright with tears.

Wearied with talking and pain, the child rested quietly for a few moments, but presently spoke again, a litttle ripple of amusement blending oddly with a faltering, penitent expression.

"You know Coveney's old knife 'at he was raisin' Cain about?" The girl nodded assent. "It's under the platform; I hid it there ter rattle Timmie. It was allus sich fun ter see him fly off the handle."

The teacher was young in her profession, with a novice's exaggerated sense of duty. She was troubled with an uneasy suspicion that Jeff was exulting still in Timmie's discomfiture, but at such a time reproof came very reluctantly.

"That was very naughty, Jeff. Of course you are sorry now?"

"I can't say 'at I am," he admitted, candidly. "But don't worry, teacher, he knows 'at I only did it fer fun."

The light fell lower on the wall till the divine mandate, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," stood out on a background of gold, and, seeing it, the mentor was silenced; a higher power was guiding the boy.

"He — don't — look — as — if — He'd — be — down — on — a — little — lad — 'at — never — belonged — ter — nobody," continued Jeff, growing weaker every moment but still studying wistfully the ineffably holy face. Then, with sudden energy, "I say, teacher! I know now 'at there'll be room fer even me — allus — room — fer — one — more."

After making his childish confession of faith he lay very still, so still that the girl bending over him drew back in dread of an unseen presence.

The light on the pictured Christ glowed for a moment with softened lustre and then went out leaving the shadows lurking in the ward free to close round the cot; but its little tenant had naught more to fear from the things of earth.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

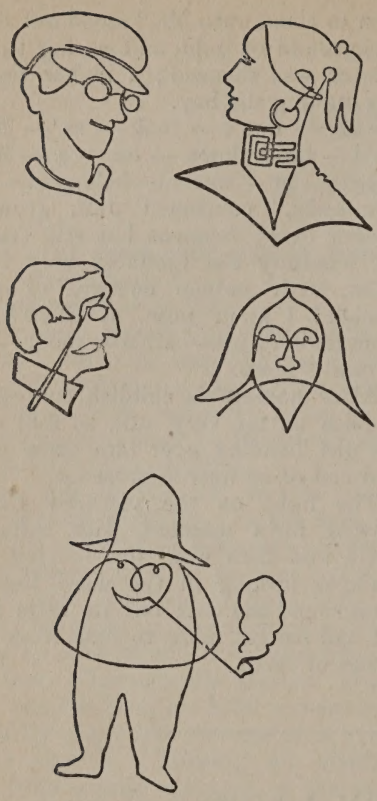
BY EUGENE FIELD.

THE Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.



Draw the above figures without removing the pencil from the paper.

For any Boy of Fourteen.

If you can, always play a game in preference to simply going through a lot of mechanical movements. A game exercises your head, rests your mind, and helps you immensely. Whereas, while pulley weights help you, they only help you to about half the extent that a game does. If, finally, you happen to be near a gymnasium, and cannot get any exercise out of doors, then go to the gymnasium. Now to particularize a little on the special work of boys in special employments. Suppose you are not very strong, and you are so employed during the day that you have to sit down all the time. Of course you need exercise of the kind that will keep your body moving. I should advise you, then, to take 10 minutes off just at nightfall. Put on light garments, say a pair of low shoes, a pair of drawers cut off at the knee, and an undershirt; nothing more. Then go out into quiet streets, or into the country roads, and, beginning slowly, run half a mile. Come in at once, run to a bath, and every soul on earth in civilized countries can have a bath if he really wants one. Then rub yourself down hard with a towel and dress yourself. I say half a mile. Do that first. Soon you will be able to do five miles if you have time, but a good half-mile run each night of your life will save many a pain and ache, many a dollar in doctor's bills, and many a bad fit of the "blues." Don't be afraid of going out in such clothes — unless you are afraid of the policeman, for I have seen many a sickly boy run in just such clothes on cold midwinter nights, with six inches of snow on the ground and a bad snow-storm raging. You can see the steam come out of your body when you come in. If you sat down outdoors five minutes you very likely would never go out again; but you will not do that; you will run all the time you are out, and as soon as you have had a bath and are dressed you are less likely to take cold than you were before you went out to exercise.— [Harper's Young People.

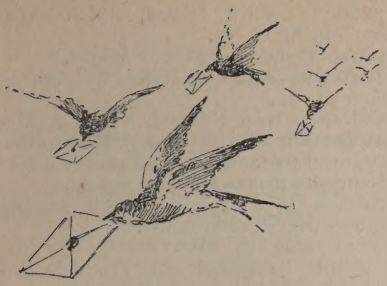
Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in hinge, but not in joint;
My second in apex, but not in point;
My third is in coffee, but not in tea;
My fourth is in wasp, but not in bee;
My fifth is in dial, but not in face;
My sixth is in fringe, but not in lace;
My seventh in bonnet, but not in hood;
My eighth is in lumber, but not in wood;
My ninth is in harmony, not in tone;
My whole had a place on King Arthur's throne —
'Twas drawn from the water, or drawn from a stone.

Cross Puzzle.

From 1 to 2, the main timber of a ship. From 2 to 1, a vegetable. From 2 to 5, an oblique glance. From 5 to 2, a lively dance. From 2 to 3, a noose. From 3 to 2, a small body of stagnant water. From 4 to 2, vicious. From 2 to 4, to subsist.

Excalibur.



Bobby's Valentine.

To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

Playthings for Big Children.

A BIG toymaker in London received some time back an order from the late Czar of Russia. It is common talk that this homely man was the biggest of all the children who annually gather under the family roof at Fredensborg. Few people know, however, how strong was his love for a plaything. He had in his collection some of the prettiest models of ironclads imaginable. One of them cost over £1,000. There is another in solid silver, and a superb wooden model of a full-rigged ship which would be a dream of delight to the dullest boy. His last purchase was the model of an Atlantic steamer. It is a great piece of work, the ship being a yard long and perfect in all details. The precise cost of this model was £1,100

Of all the toys at Windsor Castle — and they are many — it is said that the Queen is most fond of a beautiful working model of the heavens. This ingenious piece of mechanism shows the whole of our system, with the celestial poles and the sun. There is a tiny model of the moon, which revolves about the earth; and all the planets, with their satellites, are properly represented. For a study of astronomy, and for a right understanding of the celestial globe, there could be nothing finer than this model. It shows our earth turning upon its own axis and moving round the sun. It gives a perfect idea of the relative positions of the primary planets, and it is worked by a clockwork arrangement which is the perfection of ingenuity.

The Duke of York is yet boyish enough to collect stamps, and has perhaps the best collection owned by any amateur in the kingdom. He has recently spent some hundreds of pounds adding to this, but it is not his only weakness. He has also developed a great taste for sculling about in a toy boat on the lake by the cottage of Sandringham.

In Munich they show you now with a special pride the lake upon which the late King of Bavaria used to be drawn about in a boat towed by swans.

In Vienna there is at this moment a minister, standing high in the confidence of the Kaiser Francis Joseph, who devotes the whole of his spare time to a room full of toy theatres. It is said that whenever a new piece is produced at any of the theatres in the city, the minister immediately puts it on one of his little stages, and has a set of characters cut out of paper with which to play it. He works the whole thing himself; and being an admirable mimic, he is the source of large amusement to his friends.

The German Emperor's toys are almost as numerous as his uniforms. He possesses a beautiful working model of a railway, with engine, cars, points, signals, and stations. This he works ostensibly for the amusement of his children, in reality for his own amusement. He has also purchased for his nursery one of the finest collections of toy soldiers in the world. So well are his sons supplied with tin troops, with cannon, artillery, ammunition wagons, tents, and fortresses, that the whole floor of a great room in the palace at Berlin can be covered with them, and a mimic battle fought on a European scale. — *Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

A Difficult Task.

How States Were Named.

MAINE takes its name from the province of Main in France, and was so called as a compliment to the Queen of Charles I., who was its owner.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (Verd Mont), signifying green mountains.

Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "country about the great hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quon-eh-ta-but. It is a Mohican word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Suwanee word, meaning "The Beautiful River." Others refer to the Wyandotte word, Oheza, which signified "Something Great."

Missouri means "Muddy Water."

Michigan is from an Indian word, meaning "Great Lake."

Colorado is a Spanish word, applied to that portion of the Rocky Mountains on account of its many-colored peaks.

Nebraska means shallow waters.

Nevada is a Spanish word, signifying "snow-covered mountains."

What Old Stamps Can Do.

MANY young people are at a loss to understand the importance of saving cancelled postage stamps, or how these unconsidered trifles can contribute to the support of foreign missions.

The Catholic village of Sin-Trudo, in the Free State of the Congo, owes its existence to the old stamps collected by children all over the world, and other Catholic settlements can be founded in Darkest Africa through this easy apostolate, in which children play the leading part.

The Very Rev. Van Aertselaer, superior general of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Scheutlez-Brussels, just arrived in Belgium after a three years' stay in Congo, writes as follows to the Central Committee of the Work: "When I left Sin-Trudo in May last, some buildings were finished and a good many acres already tilled, so as to spare the first inhabitants the unpleasantness and dangers of a first instalment. The proximity of the flourishing station of Luluabourg (which is only ten days' journey distant), and the presence on the spot of Rev. F. Cambier, have accomplished what seemed impossible. The foundation is laid," concludes the letter, "and the zeal of the benefactors of the Work of Old Stamps will, I fervently hope, do the rest."

Young readers of this department can contribute their mites towards spreading the gospel among the 15,000,000 of African pagans, and we therefore invite our young people to collect carefully all old stamps and forward them to the agents of the Work for the United States: Rev. Mother Anna, Villa Maria, Lawrence County, Penn., and Mr. Patrick Carroll, 915 Kent avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., or directly to Rev. William Simenon, or Rev. Henry Stouten, Catholic Seminary, Liege, Belgium.

Another great field of Christian endeavor is being materially developed by means of old stamps through the labor of the Association of Mary Immaculate, one of the most important branches of the Society for the Propagation of Faith. This apostolate is mainly supported by the revenue accruing from old stamps, and has already established many asylums for homeless children and abandoned women by means of such offerings.

Those who can collect cancelled stamps, may forward them to Brother Valerian, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind., who devotes his free time to the work, and has already sent upward of 2,070,000 old stamps to the Rev. Director of the Association of Mary Immaculate, in Paris.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The Lexow Committee has finally brought its sessions to an end. The result of its investigations has been the exposure of a state of corruption among the sworn preservers of law in the metropolis of the country which is nothing short of appalling, and which portends the gravest danger to free government in America. When ordinary police captains can, in the space of a few years, through alliance with the immoral and criminal classes, amass sufficient competency to insure for them ease and luxury for the balance of their lives, it is time for the people whom they serve to consider seriously the change from a system which can foster and connive at such practices. The impression that has been left upon the public is that the committee stopped too soon, and that such an inquiry should be held in every city. No one believes that venality in office is confined to the few minor victims who were brought to the Lexow rack of investigation, nor that corruption is confined within the limits of the city in which the investigation was held. It is deplorable, but without possibility of denial, that corruption among police, municipal, and state officials, to say nothing of higher offices, is as rampant throughout our land as it ever was in any state in the world's history. One has but to mingle among office-holders of every description to note the unblushing effrontery with which shameless money-taking is spoken of, admitted, and even excused. The people of the United States are being daily made more and more the tools and the fools of the men whom they elect to serve them, in all sorts of public capacities. Were the same tactics tried upon a citizen individually, as are practised upon him as a member of a civic or state corporation, he would consider the nearest lamp-post his justifiable redress. The pity of the situation is that the lessons of the Lexow Committee will probably be lost in the oblivion of new corruption after the matter has passed from street and table talk. Radical measures are called for in every great city, not only in regard to the police department, but in the municipal and state representative offices as well. If any excuse is needed for the formation of a new political party, to which all men of upright motives and patriotic pride can ally themselves, the argument is forcibly furnished by the disclosures of the committee which has just brought its labors to a conclusion.

It is a singular thing that in all the memorial paragraphs that have appeared upon the work of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, so little has been made of the great moral force of his most famous book, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The twofold propensity embodied in every man, the conflict between his higher, nobler aspirations and the downward tendencies of his animal nature, were recognized, and made much of in literature long before the genius of Stevenson blossomed; but no more striking illustration was ever given of man's duality and of the moral destruction which his innate evil inclinations so often effect, than in this allegorical story. It was that which first gave its author a world-wide reputation, and the discussion which the book aroused at the time of its publication made his name known throughout the entire English-speaking world. There were some who ridiculed it on the grounds of its impossibility as a fact, but the wiser saw through its allegorical narrative the picture of all human beings struggling between their better and worse selves. It was one of the strongest moral lessons that this generation heard, and through it, Stevenson merited the glory, not alone of one of the first novelists, but also

one of the greatest preachers of the age. The terms "Jekyll and Hyde" have been absorbed into the common consciousness as the aptest expression of the two phases of human nature, and the moral effect of the book has never been adequately acknowledged. There can be no doubt that the terrible picture of genial, whole-souled, virtuous Jekyll, battling in the toils of his alter ego, and finally sinking to ruin in the hideous corpse of Hyde, has awakened many a man to the dangers which beset him from within, and prompted him to a self guard and discipline which would not, otherwise, have been suggested to him until too late. The dramatization of the book and its presentation upon the stage no doubt added to the moral effect of the book itself. The strength and power of this great picture of the struggles of a human soul will live as Stevenson's masterpiece when his other stories, though perhaps graced with finer literary charm and style, will be forgotten.

THE Catholic Union of Boston is to be congratulated on the brilliant success of its banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, on the evening of Jan. 9, and on the expressions of opinion that occasion brought out from some very notable men on the subject proposed for the after-dinner speeches — "Religion the Safeguard of American Liberty." Any symposium to which four gentlemen of the mental breadth and practical experience of Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Hon. Thomas J. Gargan and Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice contributed, would be certain to embody sentiments of interest to large numbers of our fellow-citizens. The one proposed by the Union for their discussion evoked some noteworthy and pertinent expressions. The essay of Mr. Bonaparte, which the Magazine publishes in full for the benefit of its readers, is a contribution of profound thought and important bearing on current American questions, and the deep impression made upon its hearers will undoubtedly be shared by those who read it in our pages. The other speeches were well worthy of the subject and of the reputations of the gentlemen who made them. Jointly, they brought together an interesting variety of opinions upon the general topic. Mr. Bonaparte's plea in the first place, for a thorough understanding of what is really meant by American Liberty, and in the second place, for the judicious application of every method which Religion can propose for the purification of our politics and our government; Mr. Rice, in his strong words for the combined protective results of Religion permeated with intelligence, and education sanctified by Religion; Gen. Walker, advocating the natural play of the industrial forces of the country, the reciprocity of social services in all walks of life, recognizing, meanwhile, the present need in our American society and politics of higher motives and better aspirations, and their attainment mainly through the influence of Religion; and Mr. Gargan's eloquent appeal for the faithful performance of individual duty to God and our country, all united to make a clear statement of what our cherished freedom really signifies and the conditions of its perpetuation. The most cheery part of the proceedings was the fact that not a single word was said by any of the speakers that would lead one to imagine that such an organization as the A. P. A. was in existence at all. The fact that a body of representative Catholic men, meeting together for the first time since this body showed its Anti-American spirit in the elections of the country, should refrain from recrimination, and rise to the height of silent contempt toward their virulent aggressors, is a high tribute to the restraining power of the religion they profess and of their noble patriotism towards their country. In Mr. Gargan's case this patriotic charity and excellent judgment prompted a fervent tribute to the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts; and his allusion to their great sacrifices and sincerity, as

calling for the respect and admiration of posterity, was applauded to the echo. It is in examples like this, in the daily lives and assemblies of Catholic Americans, that the best refutation of A. P. A.-ism is to be found, and the Catholic Union, in placing this object lesson before the community, has performed an act which amply proves the benefit such an organization can be in making for a more patriotic and more religious citizenship, and in promoting mutual understanding between all men of sense and high motive throughout the country.

In the death of the late Eugene Kelly, of New York city, the American Catholic Church has lost one of its brightest ornaments and most helpful adherents. Mr. Kelly's eulogies have been already eloquently and adequately pronounced, both in the press of the country and in the pulpit of the cathedral of the country's metropolis, but it is not too late to lay upon his tomb another wreath of remembrance and recognition of his fine qualities. His life was a striking example of the power of tireless energy and well-directed ambition to secure a great fortune, and his disposal of the wealth which these qualities brought him was a refreshing instance of a heart unspoiled by material success. No more touching tribute to the memory of Mr. Kelly was made than the suggestive presence at his funeral of the many representatives of the asylums and institutions he had benefited, and whose needs he remembered even after death by the generous provisions of his will. In his death the nation has lost a living example of the best influence of his nationality and faith in our country, and the record of his life and deeds will ever be a shining example to be followed by his descendants and the race he so nobly represented on American soil.

The visit of the English labor leader, John Burns, M. P., to America, has left, upon the whole, a fairly good impression of the man's personality, aims, and methods. Many of his speeches during his tour of our cities prove that he was not fully informed as to the difference between the laboring classes of England and of America. This was particularly proven in his advice to the laboring men of the United States to go into politics as a panacea for all their ills. Were Mr. Burns aware of the difference between the powers of an American city and the sources whence they are derived, and those of London, of whose county council he is a member, his advice would probably have been tempered to meet the limitations of American city charters and other diversities of system. His outspoken advocacy, too, of Socialism, was not calculated to impress him deeply upon American economic thought. Socialism, as he views it, is not a hardy growth in Uncle Sam's territory. Still, much of his criticism on existing conditions among our working men, and his arraignment of the debasing influences he saw in several municipal governments in our country, were forcibly just and pertinent, and will help to increase his reputation as a born leader of the people and a student of the rights of the masses. He is a man of unique personality and ruggedness of mental equipment, and inclined to meet the questions which stare his followers with a fair amount of consideration for abstract right. To his credit be it said that he differs materially from such labor demagogues as Keir Hardie, Joseph H. Wilson, and Ben Tillett, who are prominent in England at the present time in championing the cause of labor. Keir Hardie openly advises unemployed men to wreck and plunder shops, on the plea that their needs justify the means. Mr. Wilson, the Radical member of the House of Commons for Middlesborough, is accused of having misapplied £150,000 of the collapsed Seamen's Union, and having accounted for the money by a forged circular. As for Ben Tillett, while loudly proclaiming the tyranny of capital over labor, he has recently built himself a villa at a cost of £2,000,

and shows himself in other respects as being far removed from the crushing poverty of those whose interests he advocates. It would be well for the cause of honest toil, if it could rid itself of men of the stamp of this trio. They fitly typify the most discouraging features of labor agitation, and men like them are the heaviest millstone around the neck of the bread-winner. Unfortunately, the existence of their type has been fully demonstrated in the labor situation in America, with no good result to the cause they blatantly advocate.

A STRANGE episode has closed with the restoration of Dr. McGlynn to clerical life. It was the first of its kind in the history of the American church. Its most interesting feature was the eminent respectability of all concerned, and their undoubted sincerity. The Archbishop of New York is a most estimable prelate; Dr. McGlynn enjoys a spotless reputation; both were active workers in the Church, and had a strong following. The immediate cause of their estrangement was the question of how far a priest can mingle in political campaigns. The two men belonged to different schools of opinion on practical questions. Dr. McGlynn felt called upon to mingle in political campaigns when he thought the people's interests were at stake, as the clergy do in Ireland, without reproof. Archbishop Corrigan thought differently, and the trouble began. Dr. McGlynn was ordered to remain away from political meetings; he refused, and was suspended; then came removal from his parish; and finally, in spite of the advice of his friends and the dictates of prudence, angered and impatient, he mounted the rostrum, and threw mud at his opponents. It was a grave mistake on his part, and made many a friend forget his previous career. "The anger of man worketh not the justice of God," says the Scripture. A survey of the recent battle-field shows more than one moral to the observer. The man for whom Dr. McGlynn sacrificed so much, Henry George, is as far from him in sentiment as if they had never met; the anti-poverty society and idea are dead together; the private ownership of land hardly figures in the new schemes for aiding the people; public sentiment has decreed that the less display the clergy make in campaigns, the more respect will they get from the people. On the other hand it has been made plain that the closer the authorities adhere to the forms of law, the safer will be the course of the Church. A public trial before the ecclesiastical courts at the outset might have hindered the years of shame that followed the dismissal of Dr. McGlynn from his parish. In this whole unhappy incident there are no crown and plaudits, for there are no victors. The effect upon the Catholic body of eight years of recrimination and journalistic popularity, is best shown in the temper of certain Catholics towards the authorities: one constantly hears the bishops and priests of the country referred to as Satolli, Corrigan, Ireland, McGlynn, Ducey, Burtsell, etc., without the slightest attempt at respect either in tone or in title. The clergy are descending to that level which the ministers occupy among the sects. They alone can hinder that descent. With the restoration of Dr. McGlynn let us all hope for a return of that order which once distinguished the Church in America.

FRANCE continues to be the world's stage. For more than a hundred years she has supplied the nations with every phase of the living drama, from the thrilling tragedy of her gory Revolution to the absurd comedies enacted in Boulangist episodes, and the farcical personal encounters of her hot-blooded statesmen. The latest play presented for the contemplation of the world was the public degradation of Captain Dreyfus in the presence of the army of the republic. The details of the event have all the effectiveness of a capital

melodrama, and surpass in dramatic intensity some of the flights of Sardou himself. The innate theatricality of the French nation is ever finding new occasions for demonstration; and the rush of stirring events in that country is such as to keep the rest of the world constantly on the qui vive, lest it miss one or the other dramatic incident there being enacted. And the end is not yet. The recent letter in Figaro criticising the actions of President Perier during the half year of his term of office, and suggesting that some ulterior object induced him to prosecute petty offenders and let heavy blackmailers go free, prepared us for another melodramatic or serio-comic turn of things and it has come in the denouement of the president's sudden resignation. It had been intimated that these criticisms were made by the president's own friends, in order to prepare public opinion for more rigorous measures against the Radicals and Socialists. But presto! Change! The president slips out, and there is no telling where things are in La Belle France. Another forthcoming incident which is likely to result in a roaring farce or worse, is hinted at in a recent London dispatch, which states that the adherents of the Duc d'Orleans are in daily expectation that their leader will issue a manifesto, and follow it up by a demonstration on French soil at the risk of his arrest. After this bumptious young pretender has sufficiently indulged his national propensity in vagaries of this sort, he will, probably, settle down to the innocuous desuetude of his late father and the other members of exiled French royalty. Meantime, the drama will go on in France for the entertainment of the world at large.

The career of the late Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, of Boston, was typical of the circumscribed mental sphere in which many of the leading Americans of the day move as regards matters Catholic. Mr. Ellis lived all his lifetime in an atmosphere of comfort, wealth, education, and refinement. For many years of his life he was an acknowledged minister of the gospel, preaching the word of God to a substantial congregation in the most cultured city of the Union. He was a man who had travelled extensively in Europe, and had presumably imbibed all the graces and knowledge which familiarity with the great art centres of the world can impart to an intelligent mind. For over a quarter of a century he lived in absolute retirement from professional duty, devoting himself to the storing of his mind with deeper learning and the giving out of his acquired resources in published volumes. He was a man of great suavity of manner, and, next to Dr. Holmes himself, had been honored with the title of "our most esteemed Bostonian." He claimed to know more about Catholicism than hundreds of thousands who had been educated in that communion. He professed liberality to all men, and avowed himself as opposed by nature and training to every form of bigotry and intolerance with which our land is infested. And yet, for all this, upon the subject of real Catholicism, Mr. Ellis's mind was as befogged as that of the veriest A. P. A. No more than three months before his death, in an interview with the writer, Rev. Mr. Ellis stoutly contended for the truth of the exploded calumnies that Catholics adore the Virgin Mary, pay money to the priest in confession, and to obtain the sacrament of Extreme Unction on their death-beds, and that the Pope, through his delegate Mgr. Satolli, was endeavoring to overturn American schools and institutions for the benefit of the Catholic Church. Arguments and appeals to his intelligence and to common sense were useless. His 80 odd years of contact with anti-Catholic books and anti-Catholic friends had made him hide-bound in anti-Catholic prejudice and ignorance. He died with his opinions unshaken and his mind unenlightened; and the sad thought his career suggests is, that if a man of his high social position,

with all his opportunities for investigation and with all his boasted freedom from religious prejudice, could be in the ninth decade of his life so crassly ignorant of Catholic faith, tenets, practices, and aims, what is to be expected from those outside the Church who partake of lesser means to know and acknowledge the truth in regard to us.

A NOTABLE book of the season, whose importance calls for more than the ordinary notice, is a comparison of Protestant with Catholic countries by the Paulist Father Alfred Young. He was led to write it by the difficulty of getting material in answer to the slanders of such firebrands as Justin Fulton, who go about repeating the stale lies of three centuries against countries which profess the Catholic faith. One of these, Rev. Madison Peters, has acquired for himself a disastrous reputation in New York: disastrous, because it takes only a short time to expose the insincerity and charlatanism of his kind. Peters has had the shamelessness to make assertions of this character: "Nearly every criminal hanged in the United States is a Catholic." The man who can make himself responsible for things of that sort must be a human curiosity. He dealt and deals in falsehoods of this sort with such persistency and boldness, with such an appearance of sincerity and truth, that it became necessary to answer his charges, and expose his methods as Fulton was exposed. He has a fondness for figures which show the inferiority of everything Catholic to anything Protestant. His juggling with the facile and flexible statistic is clumsy and amusing, but serves his purpose. It was not always easy to answer him, for figures on these subjects are not always at the nod of a conscientious man, though they appear with mysterious readiness for Peters and Fulton. Father Young found this lack of statistics a serious matter, and he undertook the work of supplying the deficiency. He has produced a book which ought to be in every library, public and private, in every house where the faith prevails, close to the eye of every reader. He takes his figures for every country from the ordinary sources, and they are mostly Protestant, atheistic, or indifferent. They are compiled by honest men, at least, desirous only of presenting the facts, and not at all eager to serve Peters's modest wish to prove their nationalities corrupt, thieves, and liars, adulterers and murderers, even if they be Catholic in religion. It would go hard with Peters to meet with a French Protestant, or an Italian atheist, or a South American materialist. Each would deny that his people were inferior in any point of morality to the English or any other race. They might have little love for the popular religion, but they would resent justly and angrily the insult to the race. Father Young's book will give the brazen jaws of Peters something to masticate.

CLOSE upon the strike of the Haverhill shoe operatives comes the startling announcement that the five ambassadors of the United States to the Courts of Europe have cast in their lot with their fellow-laborers, and threaten to resign their positions if their salaries are not increased. Much has been made of the alarming situation in the press of the country, and the five threatening diplomats have pictorially appeared in some of our great dailies. So long as the question of striking for the means to eke out a living was confined to starved miners and operatives in the great cotton, leather, and wool manufacturing centres, the American people could look on with indifference, confident that capital could coerce the remonstrants into submission; but now that the movement has reached the highest sphere of service to which American citizens can aspire, the situation becomes indeed seriously complicated, and it will be well to have this latest cry for bread heeded, before another Coxeyite army sweeps down on Washington, with our foreign am-

bassadors at its head. Considering the insignificant stipend of $17,500 which is annually disbursed to each of these ministers plenipotentiary, the response of the public mind to their piteous appeal will undoubtedly be immediate. We have no doubt that if the question were made a political issue, it would sweep the country in favor of any party fathering it. The question of insisting upon plain American ideas of living and of simple American dignity in transacting their country's business, as a settlement of the ambassadors' troubles is, of course, not to be thought of. The representatives of modern democracy cannot be expected to perform their functions in democratic business-like ways; they must be provided with means to rival the splendor of the courtly and noble circles in which they mingle. Poor fellows! their condition is indeed harrowing and the tears of pity which their story has caused to flow, if collected into one locality, would cause a flood, beside which the Johnstown deluge were a mere summer shower. It is probably safe to say, however, that the ambassadors' strike will be heeded far sooner than the plaints of thousands of coal, cotton, clothing, and leather workers throughout the land, as it is, apparently, easier to increase or double the sum of $17,500 from the pockets of the people than to raise the beggarly pittance of 50 or 60 cents or a dollar a day to the fabulous figure of $2.00. The day laborers should strive by all means to become ambassadors. Their strikes would then find a reasonable hope of meeting with success.

The Pope's letter to the clergy of this country is said to be on its way from Rome, and promises to excite public curiosity. Without discussing it in advance, it is only necessary to point out a fact in connection with the encyclical letters of the present Pope, that is of deep interest. If he were not a statesman of the highest rank, the public utterances of Leo XIII. would not have so profoundly stirred the world. His letter on the labor question had the whole world for readers. His letter on the Church in France was more startling to Europe than a bomb in the French Chambers. They went so deep into the heart of conditions that every interest was touched. The coming letter to America is said to have as deep an interest for us as any ever sent out by the Pope.

The statistics of 1894 show that 9,800 murders were committed during the year, and that of these capital crimes but 136 were avenged by the public executioner either in the electric chair or on the scaffold. It is unfortunate that the statistician did not complete his work by informing us of other important data which would be very instructive upon this subject. We were not told how many floral offerings were made to the murderers during their temporary stay in prison; how many autographs and interviews they furnished to one branch of the New Woman of the period; how many letters of sympathy they received from anti hanging organizations; nor how many boxes of candy they were furnished with by their many admirers throughout this land of maudlin sentiment. The statistician does, however, throw light upon a certain phase of the effect on public feeling of the nauseating sympathy extended to the red-handed gentlemen whose toy is human life. When we read that the outraged sense of the community manifested itself in 192 lynchings, it is matter for small surprise. The famous expression of Victor Hugo on this point is pertinent. On the question of the abolition of capital punishment for capital crimes, the sturdy old philosopher remarked, "Let messieurs, the murderers, begin first." The criminal statistics of 1894 prove his wisdom and his logic. Assuredly what our murderers most require at present is not more sympathy but more rope.

We seem to be in the midst of an era of robbery and violence. Holding

up trains appears to have become a regular vocation in the West, and one of the largest railway corporations has announced that it must take off some of its most important trains through inability to cope with organized gangs of robbers. Here in the East, burglaries are of constant occurrence, and post offices and railway stations are the especial prey of highway marauders.

If there is to be reform in these matters, it must be integral and not superficial. The frontier school, where one exists, is so intensely secular that blasphemy and contempt for religion is at a premium. The Catholic monasteries planted along the frontier sections are about the only restraining influence against the shotgun, the knife, and the robber's bold hand.

What wonder that brigandism should be on the increase! Our education is liable to become so dangerously secular as to crowd us back towards the dark ages at a quite perceptible pace. What is to stay the growing tide of immorality on the present vaunted secular basis?

THE following letter has been received by the Magazine, from His Excellency, Monsignor Satolli: —

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, 1894.

DEAR SIR, — Allow me to thank you very cordially for your kindness in sending me regularly your excellent paper during the past year.

I express herewith my sincere wishes that you may always prosper in your good work in the interests of Religion, as well as of Society, by spreading and defending the truth, and promoting morality.

With much gratification I impart to you and your undertaking my blessing.

F. ARCHBP. SATOLLI,
Deleg. Apost.

THESE very kind and appreciative words in the esteemed Catholic Sentinel of Chippewa Falls, Wis., show that our contemporary recognizes a good thing when it sees it; "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is growing better and better each month. The New Year's number excels all its predecessors in the variety of its subjects, and the artistic beauty of its make-up. The portraits of clergymen and others are in the highest style of art. The poetry is good, and the prose subjects of a very fine order. We will give some selections from both during the month. A good book, or magazine, or newspaper, is a treasure in a family, and has a humanizing effect upon all its members. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is such a work, and every Catholic who can afford to buy it should have it."

AMONG the forth-coming articles in DONAHOE'S there will be several of more than usual excellence. "United States Senators of the Catholic Faith, Past and Present," is the title of an article, for our March issue, by Dr. A. J. Faust, A. M., Ph. D., of Washington, whose reputation as a scholar and writer guarantees an able treatment of a hitherto unwritten and very interesting topic. It will be handsomely illustrated. In the same issue the Irish patriot, James Stephens, will contribute an account of his thrilling experiences in the patriotic struggles of the middle of the century in Ireland, under the caption of "The Men and Movement of '48." In its April number DONAHOE'S will begin "From Love to Martyrdom," a beautiful serial story, from the pen of "Laure Conan," the gifted Canadian novelist. The story treats of a great character in one of the most fascinating periods of French and American history, and is replete with the never-failing charm of love and lofty heroism. Non-subscribers will gain a rare pleasure by beginning their subscriptions at once, so as to insure their obtaining its opening chapters.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Essayists.

BISHOP SPALDING might have given his rose another name, and if it would not have smelled any sweeter, we could not have accused him of indifference in the nominally grave matter of naming a book. His little volume of essays, just issued, bears the title of THINGS OF THE MIND, which is a poor title, as the experienced will see at the first glance. For it gives not the slightest hint of what lies within the covers, and rather repels than invites a public so jaded with all sorts of books, that it will not look at a volume, whose pedigree and quality are not openly suggested in the title. None the less is this latest production of the Bishop of Peoria a readable, instructive, and, perhaps, powerful book. Its seven chapters on education, culture, religion, and patriotism have brilliant qualities in the matters of style, inspiration, and thought. Epigram is abundant and clever. It will make the essays quotable to an extraordinary degree. The author goes over the whole controversy between pagan culture and religious faith, gives its principles as illustrated in the lives and works of prominent teachers on both sides, and describes such results as have been reached up to this moment. The analysis of Carlyle and Arnold is very complete, witty, and profound. The best chapters are those which treat of these famous thinkers. For the readers who have yet to study these masters no introductory criticism could be more true and valuable than Bishop Spalding's; and for the reading world, generally, his book cannot but be both a guide and a stimulus in the pursuit of that standard, intellectual and moral, which must be attained by all who look unselfishly to their own well-being. The style is admirable, and the thought keen. There seems to be no mannerism in his expression. The simplicity and fluency of his language deceives one into rapid reading of chapters which are weighty with the sublimest thought. He is to be studied and remembered as well as read. The book is one to keep at hand as a companion and consulter, to be read by the paragraph for meditation alone, or to use as a weight for the sham-books that pretend to solidity, whereas they are mere sound. Thoughtful readers ought not to miss the pleasure of reading it once at the least. [Chicago: McClurg & Co.]

A most valuable and interesting contribution to the question of divorce in our times is THE HISTORY OF MARRIAGE, JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN, by Dr. Luckok, Dean of Lichfield, which was written with a view to solve many of the difficulties now surrounding the divorce problem. The author takes a Christian standpoint, of course, and his book is therefore of no concern to the advocates of the civic character of marriage. The essay is divided into two parts, treating in turn of the unanimity of Christian sentiment on the inviolability of the marriage bond, and of the spirit of the Mosaic legislation on the same subject. The author's aim is to present the main fundamental principles upon which the Church based all her laws in behalf of the marriage sacrament and the matrimonial state. He has succeeded in producing an interesting book, whose orthodoxy, for the most part, is perfect. The first half of the essay gives us a thorough consensus of opinion, through all the centuries, from the popes, theologians, and noted teachers as to what was meant by indissolubility; the Mosaic legislation is examined; the teaching of our Lord is analyzed, and the famous utterances of St. Paul on marriage are explained; then, in order, are given the testimonies of the Church in each age, the special witnesses of the Church in various countries, and in particular the sentiment which prevailed in the Church in England from the beginning to the present time.

In the second part of the volume the author deals chiefly with the forbidden degrees, and discusses the force of Jewish legislation on this feature with regard to the action of the Church in granting dispensations. With a few of the minor conclusions and statements Catholic theologians will disagree; but, on the whole, a much clearer statement of Catholic opinion and sentiment on the marriage question, or an honester use of authorities, could hardly be made by the most disinterested Catholic author. The quotation of authorities, popes, writers, councils, and legislative enactments is large and valuable. It was the Dean's evident intention to provide the supporters of Christian marriage in England with the heaviest and surest authorities on this point. The book has the merit of brevity and clearness, the style is very good, and much of the matter is so new that the practical theologian will welcome it among his books of reference. [New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

A LITTLE ENGLISH GALLERY is the happy title of Louise Imogen Guiney's book, a frail and dainty volume, exquisite in make-up, and so curious within that the ordinary reader will be a long time in reaching conclusions with himself about it. A hint of its character is given in the dedication to Edmund Gosse, with a suggested apology for trespass on his fields. The five essays in the book are devoted to pleasant chat,

half gossipy, half critical, about some noted characters of long ago. The excuse for each paper is, in order, Lady Danvers, Henry Vaughan, George Farquhar, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, and William Hazlitt. With these names as a guide, Miss Guiney wanders amiably through the ways of the past, and finds frequent opportunity for suave criticism, smooth English, and curious epithet, the chief delight of the literary epicure. The little gallery which she paints so cleverly reminds the reviewer of those old paintings which are to be seen in some of our galleries; whose elusive coloring and mystic motive set one wondering how and why the thing was done; the effects are mysterious and not to be accounted for; they are gone the moment analysis puts a finger or an eye on them. One must admire the sweetness, precision, delicacy of Miss Guiney's style: she presents her facts in the shape of little touches of color, that please immensely by their warmth. But at the end of it one feels like saying, as after a meal of Gosse evanescences, cui bono? Are these old portraits worth retouching. Is there nothing either in the past or the present closer to the people of to-day and to-morrow, which would not be more worthy of the labor and beauty spent upon outlines that can never shine more for the world? Inasmuch as they provide an essayist with opportunity they are valuable. How much better for us and for her own fame did Miss Guiney use her skill in recoloring the past, not on curiosities and antiques, but on subjects who are part of the life of to-day, though in the mould some centuries. We admit a prejudice against this form of literary work, dear to Edmund Gosse. It looks and sounds to us like the pecking of a canary at a biscuit. Miss Guiney has a style, a taste, a predilection for minute and loving research, that would give us Vincent de Paul, the Curé of Ars, Cardinal Pole, and Queen Mary, in the flesh again. Such work would live when essays of the Gosse type peel off the surface of things like gold leaf. Nevertheless the Little English Gallery is a charming book, and an hour in it is well-spent. [New York: Harper & Bros.]

THE EDUCATION OF THE GREEK PEOPLE has been made the subject of a very pleasant and instructive book, by Professor Thomas Davidson, who in his preface declares that he has written, not for scholars and specialists, but for the teachers of the country, who are trying to do their duty by the children without feeling that enthusiasm so necessary to any important labor in behalf of mankind. The teachers will profit immensely by a careful reading of the essay, though its nine chapters will hardly give them the enthusiasm of their vocation. It requires something more than a knowledge of the past to do that; but the author may have the credit of his intention. He provides his readers with a good and accurate account of the history and results of Greek education; his style is pleasant, his material of the deepest interest; and it cannot but serve the teaching community to get a clear though unavoidably sketchy view of their art as it was practised among the most famous people of the ancient world. Moreover, Professor Davidson is a Christian, and while writing with the restraint peculiar to those dealing with people of all sorts of belief, he has given the religious training of the child a prominent place in his reflections. He has not spared the Greeks in the descriptions of their moral and religious life, and no one will carry away from the book the insane delusion that the Greeks were the best, as well as the most cultured, of nations. His statement of principles is Christian. Catholics cannot agree with his remarks upon the Reformation, but that is to be expected. Since there is so much that is absolutely foolish in the treatises of Protestant writers on education, we can be grateful for one book that a Catholic can read with satisfaction. The apostles of culture, connected with the public school system, are determined that culture shall take the place of religion; the study of Professor Davidson's book will convince them that the less they quote the culture of the Greeks the better for their theories. It will be a widening of the horizon for the average teacher to see how even in pagan days the questions which disturb the world in the training of the child to-day were as prominent in ancient Athens. There is nothing new under the sun; the education problem began with Cain and Abel. [New York: Appleton & Co.]

The eighth edition of the late Father Jenkins' HANDBOOK OF LITERATURE is announced by the publishers. As it happens to be the only creditable text-book of the kind for Catholics, it would be almost necessary to recommend it in that regard alone. However, it is really a commendable book, and is deserving of a place on every bookshelf, for the happy brevity and real interest of the author's presentation of his subject. It is no easy matter to give a comprehensive and effective review of English literature in the space of 600 pages, and be interesting and instructive. This volume, between author and editor, has accomplished the feat, and whether for information or pleasure any reader will find it useful. It is divided into two parts, one devoted to English, the other to American authors: the first division contains five sections, under which are treated the natural historical periods, and a full and adequate treatment it is, considering the limitations. American authors are described under three divisions of time: the colonial era, the days of the Revolution, and the present time. The author's method is simple, and precisely suited to young minds and to casual readers. He describes the

period in its main features, analyzes the chief authors of the period, and gives selections from their works to illustrate the truth of his descriptions and criticisms. To master the book means a creditable knowledge of our literary history to the reader. [Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.]

Matter For Meditation.

So few are the books that the honest critic can recommend as worthy to stimulate the spiritual in the pursuit of perfection, that he must have scruples about touching such as come to his notice in quantities. What book is harder to compose than that which deals with the soul? How few should such books be, and how beautiful! Yet we have them, like the sermon books of the wrong sort, in tons! Here, for instance, is a handsome edition, in five volumes, of the meditations of Father Hamon, a Sulpician of Paris, who was in vogue during the Second Empire. His work has reached its 23d edition. It is fairly translated, and the publishers have brought it out in attractive form. It is so arranged as to give the spiritual reader no trouble in the meditation. It shows scriptural learning, the true spirit, and can accomplish much good; but it fails to interest us. It is out of fashion in the best sense of the phrase. It has no fitness to present tastes, no application to our mental conditions, no power to stir us, no strength of suggestion, nothing, in fact, except that statement of true things which we all accept like the sun and the moon, but which do not interest us. There is a meditation for every day in the year, and they are most obvious. The chief and only value of the work is, in our estimation, the arrangement of the subjects. It carries the reader over the entire Church year. If one desired to keep in touch with the beautiful seasons of devotion, as the Church observes them, a few pages of Father Hamon's meditations would serve well the intention. It is a labor-saving book; and the life of our Lord is made its chief feature. It would serve excellently as a book of family devotion, where spiritual effort is always at a minimum, and becomes dull as soon as it becomes laborious. It serves to remind us that we have no American books of meditation worth mentioning, none that breathes the spirit of the new time. When our writers contemplate work of that kind, they go to Europe for their models: an excellent idea, if the result were not in their case, poor reproduction of the models. [New York: Benziger Bros.]

Mr. John C. Van Dyke's HISTORY OF PAINTING is a text-book that can be safely brought to the notice of students and readers as a correct and pleasant description in brief space of the art of painting. It seems to have been written with a view of being acceptable to careful teachers in all the schools of the land. There is no dogmatizing, no special leaning to particular religious belief, and no pandering to pruriency in the illustrations. The history begins with Egypt, and passes, in review, the countries which prepared the way for the best achievements of Greek and Roman artists. Then come in order all the famous schools of the countries of Christendom, from the painful beginnings of the early Christian down to the present time. As a text-book it is complete in references, and the student has named for him in every chapter the books and authors, and the paintings, where more extensive study can be made with advantage. The printing and illustration of the book are excellent. The author is a professor in Rutgers College. [New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

SUGGESTIONS ON GOVERNMENT, by S. E. Moffett, seems to be an honest attempt to provide us with the views of high-minded but inexperienced citizens on present methods of government, and the inefficiency of the same. With many of these views we can all agree: for example, in a very just statement of the conditions in the city of New York, the author says: "It is a mistake to suppose that the defeat, or even the total destruction of Tammany Hall, would imply any permanent change in the methods of municipal administration. It is estimated that the city government of New York is equivalent to a capital of $800,000 000, the income of which may be enjoyed by whatever combination of politicians succeeds in capturing it. It is doing violence to all the principles of human nature to imagine that this booty will be left to the disposal of high-minded amateurs after the art of acquiring it has been so thoroughly taught by Tammany and its predecessors. Reform is spasmodic, but greed is permanent." Mr. Moffett recommends the division of the city into electorates of 1,000 voters, and a city council of 300, who would choose the mayor. He believes that this arrangement would interest the voters more thoroughly, and give them a better and more immediate grip on affairs. In making this recommendation, he goes out of his way to show his ignorance of the metropolis, by asserting, that "there are certain districts in New York which could be fairly represented only by thieves and ruffians, and these would naturally elect thieves and ruffians to act for them." There are no such districts in New York, for even the slums contain a majority of the unfortunate but honest poor. Mr. Moffett reflects upon his own reputation as a reformer by such assertions. It is the conspicuous fault of most of his school. [Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.]

PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES is a singularly able and complete report of the Prussian school system, and will be of service to Catholics in showing the school authorities how reasonably a Prot-

estant country can deal with the religious question in the training of children. We learn that the Prussians make religion an integral and necessary part of their school training, that each child has the right to be taught the tenets of his particular belief by a priest, or minister, or rabbi, as the case may be, that certain hours are devoted to this teaching, and that the educators find no particular difficulty in the matter, and do not seem to apprehend the overthrow of the state by the Catholics or the Jews as a result of their fairness. The school system seems also to be safe in spite of these dangerous features. We recommend this report to American school maniacs. [Syracuse: C. W. Barddeen]

The Story-Tellers.

THE literary world has no further use for Rider Haggard, if it ever had any. He is not even entertaining as a writer of stories, except in that department which turns out incident by the yard, and cuts it off in quantities to suit the buyer. His latest story, "The Children of the Mist," which has to do with Africa, numbers almost 400 pages, and devotes half the book to anything but the people of the title. Fortunately the mist children are a dull set of savages, interesting not even to their creator, and no one will regret their absence from the better half of the story. All the characters intended to interest the reader are mostly fools. They get themselves into the most awful dangers, and then blubber to one another over their condition. The most obvious means of escape do not occur to their stupid minds. The hero deserves a kicking at various points in his career, and the heroine would certainly be spanked by her mamma, but that she marries the hero, and is therefore punished enough. No, Mr. Haggard cannot write even a little story, for sheer lack of knowing how, and it would be a pity to waste a valuable afternoon wading through the swamps of his imagination. [New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

GEORGE JESSOP cannot write an Irish story any more than Haggard can write an African tale of adventure; but his style and his intentions are both good, and in "Gerald Ffrench's Friends," a collection of tales which aggravated the Irish some years ago, he has done curious and pleasant work. He introduces us to characters with whom he has a genuine but lofty sympathy, after the manner of a young lord for his father's old tenants and servants. He describes them from the remote English standpoint with which we are all familiar, and which looks somewhat foolish nowadays. The sketches of life in California are very new, agreeable, and pathetic. [New York: Scribner's.]

GERTRUDE WARDEN has the faculty of telling a story even with an old plot, and that is high praise at any time. But most novels nowadays are deficient in plot. The writers do not seem to have given complications such attention as they give to style. Miss Warden's latest book, "The Secret of a Letter," has the merit of holding interest to the end, and awakens a certain curiosity to see the development of a supposed adventuress, who turns out to be a very honest woman. We are all accustomed to the story of the adventuress who practises the arts of Circe while the world and her victims believe her an angel of purity. Miss Warden has reversed the story, making a beautiful and virtuous woman the victim of a cruel fraud; the whole world persists in taking her for an adventuress, writes her down villanous, and leaves it to the right sort of hero to extricate her from the labyrinth of scandal in which she is lost. The story of "A Perfect Fool," by a more noted writer, Florence Warden, has the same charm and interest and mystery which gave this writer popularity with her first venture, "The House on the Marsh." Her stories are marred by the fact that she does not seem able to escape from the first success: mystery and crime are the two elements which draw out the best qualities of her style. [New York: The International News Co.]

"JET, THE WAR MULE," is the title of a pretty collection of stories for young folks, from the graceful pen of Ella Hanson Dorsey, who is preparing herself for more ambitious work by faithful studies of the life around her. The character sketches in the book are very good, and the language of the simple fisher folk most amusing. A young bugler in the late war, and a sailor's son on the Atlantic coast, are the heroes of these tales, which include pretty descriptions of sea and battle. [Notre Dame, Indiana: The Ave Maria.]

Poetry and Verse.

Professor George Woodberry, of Columbia College, has edited a selection of the poems of Aubrey De Vere in a manner to please and gratify the friends of the sweet Irish singer, whose lofty strains are destined to a longer life than the sensuous poetry so popular in our time. Because, as Mr. Woodberry says in his preface, "In all this poetry, however its phases be successively turned to the eye, or itself be inwardly searched, there is one light and one breath, the light of the Spirit and the breath thereof. It cannot but have a peculiar, though in its own century almost an exotic, charm. Joy and peace, the first Christian message, spread abroad with its music: and, heard or unheard, the song of the poet speeds that old evangel." It is pleasant to find our Catholic poet so thoroughly and justly appreciated by one who is no mean poet himself, who has capacity and taste, and who might reasonably be thought indifferent to the severe religious charm of

De Vere's muse. His introduction to this volume is appreciation itself, and it will certainly commend the poet to circles which as yet he has not entered, not being understood therein.

Aubrey De Vere, for various reasons, remains unknown after a lifetime of service, to numbers of his brethren, who are quite familiar with Wordsworth and Tennyson. He has not been a popular poet. He has not sung for the age which worships Swinburne and Arnold. The popular critics and the popular publishers have not sought him out, and given him editions de luxe. It would not have paid. But the thinkers, and they who love poetry for its truth, rather than for its form, these have read his songs and loved them. The poet is now in his old age. Not for long will his gracious voice be heard among us; but it is destined to live and resound when the chirping sparrows that give the popular critic work in describing the meaning of their "cheep, cheep" to the multitude, are all gone to a sparrow's oblivion. The qualities which distinguish his poetry are pointed out by Mr. Woodberry: "Lyrical in verse, strong in style, mainly historical in theme, heroic or spiritual in substance, above all placid, it stirs and tranquillizes the soul in the presence of lovely scenes and high action, . . . and its outlook is upon the field of the soul regenerate, where suffering is remembered only through its purification, blessed in issues of of sweetness, dignity, and peace." And again: "One constant element is the praise of the life of the lowly, in the old Christian sense, as the soil of many virtues, and those the noblest and most endearing." [New York: Macmillan & Co.]

One might wish that the clever author of BACK COUNTRY POEMS had a more poetic name, even if the change did not affect the quality of his verse. Sam Walter Foss is musical, but the first syllable is suggestive of the plantation melody and melodist. Mr. Foss is a poetic humorist, of the class which has grown to proportions in America within a few years. He has facility of expression, and is familiar with the unusual in verse-making; and he has devoted his powers to recording the observations of a country editor and his environment in poetic form. One wonders at the ease with which dialect and slang lend themselves to rhyme as illustrated by these six score poems. Much of the matter is grotesque, commonplace; but the power to provoke the laugh, and often the tear, is undoubtedly there. Like most writers of dialect verse, he is not happy in the serious treatment of vital themes, and his best verses are really the worst from the artistic point of view. The book can be safely recommended as a laugh-provoker. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

SHORTLY after his arrival in America Archbishop Satolli was the guest at the residence of Archbishop Ryan in Philadelphia. While there he heard the Aeolian and was so charmed with it that Archbishop Ryan presented it to him, and this is the opinion the Apostolic Delegate has expressed of that wonderful musical instrument: "It has been daily a source of great pleasure to me, and it would be impossible for me to find any more ennobling relief after the serious hours of study and of official duties. This is an age rich in practical inventions, and these seem to be crowned, as it were, by the Aeolian. It will become, I am confident, in a short time, the most useful element in intellectual and moral training of families, and consequently of the greatest utility to society in general. I trust, that the Aeolian may become like a household god in every family, or a very agreeable centre of home entertainments."

STATISTICS have been gathered east and west showing the proportion of women to men in the churches. It averages about two to one — the proportion that has been recognized for a long time. It will run about that way in heaven. The bass and tenor in the heavenly choir will be weak. — *The Altruistic Review.*

A FINE table water has become almost a necessity in many families, where a refreshing, wholesome, and medicinal beverage is required. And so there has grown up an enormous trade in natural and artificial mineral waters, good, bad, and indifferent. There is, however, one water, the sparkling Londonderry lithia, which for over a hundred years has been doing a great work, and which has received the indorsement of the most eminent physicians as well as of the clergy the world over. As a table water it counteracts the effects of over-eating and drinking, is absolutely pure and has a delicious flavor, while as medicine it has been found most effective in the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, and kidney diseases.

Feeding the Sick.

IN many instances invalids are restricted by physicians to easily digestible food, usually boiled or sterilized milk is prescribed. In such cases the value of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, or unsweetened condensed milk is apparent. Prepared by N. Y. Condensed Milk Co.

IF Dobbins' Electric Soap *is* what so many insist that it is, you *cannot afford* to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can *decide for yourself* very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

WM. B. OSGOOD, manager of the Keating Wheel Co., Holyoke, Mass., will be in charge of the Company's exhibit at the Chicago and New York Cycle shows. Mr. Osgood will have an able corps of assistants, and will show eight new models of the "Incomparable Keating Bicycles."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

Millbrook inquires: What is the meaning of the letters I. H. S., on the vestments of a priest, and the inscription I. N. R. I., attached to the headpiece of a crucifix? Why do not Catholics receive Holy Communion under both forms, the bread and the wine?

1. THE letters I. H. S. are the first letters of the Latin words Iesus Hominum Salvator, Jesus the Saviour of men; and the letters I. N. R. I. are the first letters of the Latin inscription which Pilate had affixed to the cross where our Lord hung in true Roman scorn of the Jews. The inscription read Iesus Nazarensis, Rex Iudaeorum, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. The Pharisees carried a protest to Pilate against this ironical inscription. "Do not write King of the Jews," said they, but that he said "I am the King of the Jews," and the haughty governor answered: "What I have written, I have written;" for he never lost an opportunity to humiliate the people that made his official life so hard.

2. In the ancient Church the faithful received Holy Communion in both forms. As their numbers increased many abuses naturally crept into the administering of the sacrament under the form of wine, such as the spilling of it by reason of the crowd, etc. The Church, therefore, out of respect for the sacrament, did away with the promiscuous taking of it under the form of wine. As, according to Catholic doctrine, our Lord is present, whole and entire, under either form, no particular hardship was inflicted on the faithful by the prohibition. Not a few, however, of the class who look more to the luxuries than to the spirit of piety, have raised occasional clamor in the Church against the prohibition.

An Ohio correspondent inquires: "What is the origin of the Bible?"

The answer would take more space than the Question Department can spare, and for a thorough and readable account of the origin of the Scriptures, our inquirer is referred to Dr. MacDevitt's "Introduction to the Scriptures," published by Benziger Bros. of New York, and to be ordered through any bookseller. In a handy volume of 300 pages can be found all that the average man needs to know. In general it may be said here that the Catholic body has nothing to be ashamed of with regard to its treatment of the sacred writings. The world is indebted to the Church for the care it took of these writings in past ages, against the forgetfulness of the people, the frauds of forgers, and the destructive criticism of pretended friends of religion. The world will also have a debt to pay a century hence, when it has to acknowledge the service the Church is rendering the Bible at this moment in this century. The Protestant and materialist representatives of the so-called Higher Criticism have been busy 50 years in destroying the sacred character of the Bible. Meanwhile the Church keeps her people reading and reverencing the Book, her scholars busy undoing the work of scientists like Renan, and clowns like Ingersoll. This work will tell in time, and it is the only real work that is doing in behalf of the Bible, both in the scientific and the reading world.

An Illinois writer inquires: What are the differences between pontifical high mass, solemn high mass, high mass, and low mass?

The differences are simply in the

ceremonies, as every mass is the same in substance. Low mass is that which one priest celebrates, without other attendant than an altar boy, without music or incense, reading the prayers in the ordinary reading voice. High mass as celebrated in this country differs from the low mass only in the point that certain portions of it are sung by the priest and a choir. The prayers, gospel, preface, Pater Noster, and Versicles are sung or intoned by the priest, while a choir sings the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, Kyrie Eleison, and responses. In some localities the use of incense is allowed at this mass. Solemn high mass requires three priests in its celebration, a deacon and sub-deacon assisting the celebrant; and all the pomp which a church can afford in the matter of vestments, music, and attendants is lavished on this mass. It is the ordinary form in which the Church wishes mass to be offered, as worthy of the great sacrifice. The high and low forms are concessions to the needs of the faithful. Pontifical high mass is so called because the celebrant is a bishop, and is the same in essentials as the solemn form, although it may be celebrated without deacon and sub-deacon, and then falls under the usual category, solemn pontifical, or pontifical high mass.

A gentleman from Collinsville, Mass. wishes to know the author of the famous eulogy on the Papacy, which mentions the traveller from New Zealand, and to see in print the eulogy itself. The author was Lord Macaulay. We give the desired extract: —

The history of the Catholic Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when the camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity; but the republic of Venice was modern, when compared with the Papacy, and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains.

The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than 150,000,000, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to 120,000,000.

Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the French had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca, and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

A reader who wants information on the parochial schools asks: Do pupils in the Church schools get the same practical education as in the public schools? Must they provide their own books? Are all the shining lights of the Church opposed to them on the ground that their graduates find it difficult to get situations?

1. The practical education given by any school depends upon the teachers and managers who have it in charge. Some Church schools give as sound and practical training as can be got anywhere under our present methods; other Church schools are deficient. The same may be said of the public schools. With the state's support there ought to be no failure in this respect for any school that receives state aid. Good teachers are not to be had always, however, and systems cannot take their place. The proportion of failures in the Church school

system is not likely to be any greater than elsewhere, for the religious motives of the teachers can and do make up for deficiency in means.

2. As a rule the pupils of the Church schools provide their own books. Many impartial authorities condemn the pauperizing of the public schools by such practices as furnishing books. The aim is to enable the children more surely to take advantage of the school training; but if books are to be provided why not meals, clothes, etc. It is a matter of argument between socialist and conservative.

3. The shining lights of the Church are the chief supporters of the Church schools. There is no difficulty in getting a situation, no matter what school a graduate comes from. The requirements of employers do not usually include training in a particular school.

An Ohio Adventist asks: "What precise time did the Catholic Church, by virtue of her divine authority, substitute Sunday for the Sabbath, and make the change obligatory? What Pope reigned, and what were the words of his decree?

Any encyclopedia would give the information required by this question much more diffusely than it can be given here. Briefly it may be said, that no Pope issued any decree by which Christians passed at once from the observation of the Sabbath as the day of rest to the observance of Sunday, nor can any particular date be assigned for the change. It was the result of a pure Christian feeling; and Christians in different parts of the world found themselves in possession of the same custom of observing the Lord's Day, and dispensing with the Jewish Sabbath almost without knowing how it happened. It was natural that the day of the Resurrection should be observed in some fashion; then that it should come to have surpassing importance with the Christians who were not Jews; and, finally, that they should prefer it to the Sabbath which was not binding on them. At all events, in the second century it was of almost universal observance. St. Ignatius speaks to his people as those "no longer sabbatizing, but living in the observance of the Lord's Day, on which also our life sprang up again." Dionysius of Corinth writes to Pope Soter, in 175, that "to-day we have passed the Lord's holy day, in which we have read your epistle." In time many Christians came to observe both the Sabbath and the Sunday. Then the Emperor Constantine made Sunday a day of rest for the whole country, and council after council followed with decrees making Sunday the day of obligatory rest instead of the Sabbath. Thus by degrees, and of their own liking as it were, the people came to substitute Sunday for the old Sabbath, and the Church in her legislation gave the sanction to this fact by making one of her six commandments an injunction to hear Mass on Sunday.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They possess real merit.

THE oldest jewelry store in Lowell, that of Harry Raynes, 43 Central street, was established in 1831, and during all these years has maintained its high reputation for absolute reliability. Mr. Raynes carries a fine stock of watches, clocks, jewelry, and silverware, and makes a specialty of repairing.

ONE of the chief objections to boiled codfish is the odor that arises in cooking, and that takes away one's appetite. This difficulty is obviated by the use of the Gold Wedge brand, which requires no soaking or boiling, and can be made ready for the table in 10 minutes. Sold by Caswell, Livermore & Co., 428 Atlantic avenue, Boston.

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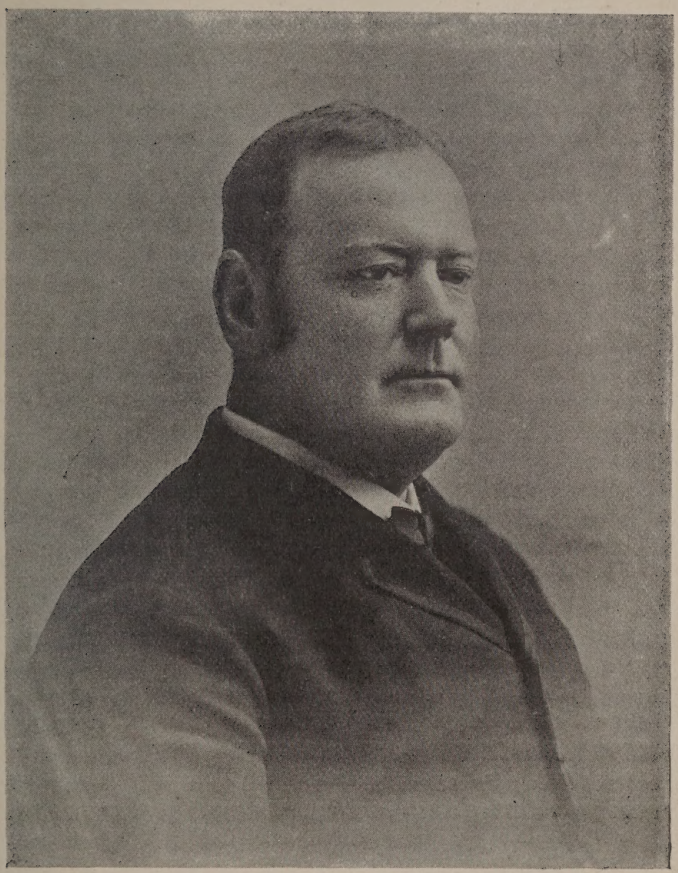

Associate Justice Edward Douglass White,
Of the U. S. Supreme Court. Ex-Senator of Louisiana.

See "Senators of the Catholic Faith." p. 397.

DEAR little face so pure and fair
Framed in siken shining hair,
Eyes of deepest violet hue,
Lips like a rosebud fresh with dew,
Dimpled hands so soft and sweet,
Two little snowy restless feet,
Form that a sculptor would love to trace:
Is it a wonder we call her Grace?

ALICE PEASE BATES.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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NEW PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.

RAPID GROWTH OF MODERN CITIES AND THE QUESTIONS INVOLVED.

BY HON. WM. B. RICE.

A MODERN city is the essence of civilization. It contains within itself all that man knows, all that he has learned or discovered or invented from the beginning. With its millions of inhabitants, enjoying all the comforts, the luxuries, and the opportunities that are possible only where great numbers unite for common interests, it is the culmination of the processes of centuries. It is one extreme. The other is man in his savage state, roaming over thousands of acres to gather sustenance. The steady progress of man from the savage state to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century may be measured by the hut, the habitation, then the hamlet, the village, the town, and the city. The higher the state of civilization of a nation, the more will its people congregate in large communities. A little investigation will verify this statement.

The application of steam to the innumerable operations which were performed by manual labor, brought to towns and cities, and gathered into large factories, the thousands of mechanics who before worked at their own homes. The recent development of electric power has accelerated this movement, until nearly all industrial life is carried on in and near the towns and cities.

These great industrial enterprises, together with the trade and commerce that go with them hand in hand, have created an accumulation of wealth that enables the large cities to build beautiful homes and temples of art; to found libraries, schools, colleges, and museums; to establish great hospitals and other charitable and philanthropic institutions; to undertake great public works,— magnificent thoroughfares, great systems of water supply, scientific systems of drainage; to furnish light and heat; to set apart large reservations for pleasure grounds; and to provide for the preservation of the public health.

To enjoy all these things, the brightest and most intelligent of the well-to do people from the country are attracted to the city. Every ambitious young man or young woman looks forward to the time

when he or she shall become part of the great city's life. Every day, year in and year out, brings scores of people to the metropolis who are anxious to measure strength with the strongest of their fellows. The student, the lover of art, and the man who is ambitious to succeed in business life here find opportunities to secure what they most want.

In 1820 about five per cent. of the population of the United States lived in cities. This proportion grew steadily larger, until in 1850 it was 12½ per cent. In 1860, 16 per cent; in 1870, about 21 per cent. During the dull times of the next decade, caused by the great fires at Boston and Chicago and the panic of '73, the increase was slight, so that in 1880 it was 22½ per cent.; but during the next decade, which was remarkable for the advance in scientific knowledge and marvellous invention, it grew to over 29 per cent. In 1895 fully one third of our total population live in cities or in suburban towns, which are, for all practical purposes, a part of our cities.

The same is true all over the civilized world. In Germany, Great Britain, Austria and even in Italy, the cities are growing at the expense of the country. France but little more than holds its own in population, the total gain for a decade being less than 200,000; while Paris and Marseilles and Lyons are growing at a rapid rate, and the increase is likely to continue. He would indeed be courageous who would dare make figures of the possibilities of the future. The engineer in charge of the main drainage system of London estimates that in 40 years the system must care for a population of 12,500,000. If greater New York continues to grow at its present rate, it will contain 10,000,000 within 50 years.

It is but the length of three lives since the landing at Plymouth Rock. In that time this vast country has been reclaimed, subdued, and peopled by 70,000,000 human beings. If we to-day look ahead the length of three lives, the mind will be awed by the possibilities. Since 1775, we have doubled our population every 25 years. We are increasing now at about three per cent. per annum, or doubling in 30 years. It is not likely that we can keep up this rate of increase; but by a conservative estimate, in 1925, we shall be at least a nation of 140,000 000; in 1960, 250,000,000, and within the next century, without doubt, over 500,000,000. The United States can easily support, without crowding, 1,000,000 000 of inhabitants.

These figures are startling, but no intelligent man can study the facts without admitting their probable correctness. In no respect are they as wonderful as would have been a prophecy to the Pilgrims in 1620 of what would happen before 1895. With these figures in mind, we can better comprehend the future of our great cities. With a population in the United States of 500,000,000 or even 250,000,000, what will be the size of New York and Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and all the other great and growing cities? There is little doubt that more than half the civilized people of the earth are to find homes in urban communities. More and more of the suburban territory will be absorbed to make room for the people who are driven out of the older parts by the advance of trade; for in the city of the future there will be no slums, no Five Points, no disease-breeding spots. The constantly improving methods of transit, make cities covering 500 square miles of territory reasonably com-

pact, when measured by time of transit from one portion to another.

New cities may be built in the interior; but on the coast, especially the Atlantic coast, the growth must be in the cities already built up. We cannot make more harbors. All the tremendous international traffic and travel of the increasing millions must pass through the seaports now existing. The growth, then, of the Atlantic cities will very much more than keep pace with the growth of the country.

The problem is how to manage these vast communities. What form of government will secure the greatest good to every citizen at a reasonable cost? Certainly our present methods in this country are inadequate. While our town government is admitted to be the best and purest known, municipal government is a failure in the United States. We are far behind Great Britain and Germany in the government of our great cities. We do less for the people at much greater cost. Before we undertake to govern still larger communities from one central government, we should improve vastly upon our methods. Some of our cities are now larger than can be controlled to advantage by one administrative authority. It is doubtful if more than 500,000 can be so governed.

May we not find an answer to the problem by dividing our great cities into districts of 50,000 people, creating a local government for local purposes, and federating all these administrative districts into one metropolitan government for general purposes? Water supply, trunk sewers, inter-district thoroughfares, bridges, public health, transit, waterways, police, fire defence, park and boulevards, equalization of tax values, and possibly some other services would properly come under control of the central federated government. All other matters would be left in control of the local district boards.

Paris is divided into 25 arrondissements, each with its own mayor and local board for local government, all responsible to the central government.

London is composed of more than 50 parish vestries or districts, each with local governing boards, but all federated in the London County Council for general purposes.

More especially will the federation idea be found desirable where a number of independent suburban municipalities, each with its own history, traditions, and local pride, are compelled at last to recognize that they are really a part of a great metropolitan district, and that absorption, in some form or other, into one metropolis, is inevitable. The 20 or more cities, towns, and municipal districts about New York City, have already voted for a closer union, the details of which are yet to be arranged.

Boston and its 25 or 30 suburban cities and towns are realizing the desirability of uniting for many purposes.

To preserve local government, local pride and loyalty to each community, and at the same time to secure all the advantages which can be enjoyed only by great aggregations of people, is the pr

THE PRESENT POLITICAL CHAOS.

BY MASON ARNOLD.

MARCH is a surly month. In its passion for bad weather, according to an old Scotch saying, it often "borrows three days from April" in order to extend its sway.

Our political March is unpropitious enough this year to justify the prophecy that it will borrow more than three days from April; indeed, it would not be surprising if every month would be its creditor before the year of politics is ended.

Measured by the ordinary rules of self-government, in which large majorities at the polls carry with them a certain kind of confidence, the temper of the American people ought to be particularly serene. The surface indications are that the great bulk of the electorate have certain decided wishes, and that the overwhelming verdict at the November elections of last year made it very plain that the Republican party was best equipped to carry those wishes into effect. Certainly the people have given the Republican party everything that could be given any party in a non-presidential year. The decree of the majorities could not have been more emphatic had it been handed down by a bench of judges.

The last election meant that the country favors Republican rather than Democratic principles. An almost dramatic emphasis was given to this verdict by the extension of the Republican landslide to old-time Democratic strongholds, like New York and Boston on purely municipal issues.

Republican party faith is an open book With principles thoroughly understood, and with leaders schooled to the habit of organizing victory and formulating it into law, the task of triumphant republicanism would seem to be limited to matters of detail. Any hesitation on the part of the Republicans at this time would be singularly out of character and a reflection upon its very history. While it does not control the three coördinate branches of the government, the course of the party in view of its popular support cannot be a subject of debate if Republicans are true to their principles.

High protection is one of the most conspicuous articles of Republican party faith. The first step in its legislative programme in any logical response to its vindication at the polls would naturally be the re-enactment of the McKinley tariff schedules Any hesitation on this point would revive a doubt as to the depth and vitality of that faith in the minds of the strong men in the party. That these men do hesitate is patent enough. Governor McKinley himself seems to have dropped far behind in the preliminary contest for the party nomination for the presidency in 1896, and the general temper of the Republican press is distinctly against any more tariff legislation for the present.

The Republican party, in the second place, professedly stands for an honest dollar, so-called, that is, the gold basis theory of national currency; but does any one think

that the party could be united upon an anti-free silver programme? Even so prominent a leader as Thomas B. Reed, another presidential possibility and an exponent of New England sentiment, does not mind saying in a magazine article that the single gold standard is seriously disturbing market values.

United States Senator Hoar, who was considered a good enough Republican to be asked to write the platform of the gold standard Republican convention of his own state last year, was at that very time using his influence in the movement to raise money for the campaign in Alabama, where the Republicans were doing their best to elect a free silver Populist. Republican votes made possible the election of a Populist to the United States Senate from North Carolina a few weeks ago.

The Republican party is, in the third place, on record against trusts and monopolies, and Senator Sherman, the very embodiment of Republican party principles, fathered what is known as the anti-trust law. Campaign orators have made much of this measure on the stump; but the courts have interpreted it in a way to make it a useless weapon for subduing the trusts. It would be unfair to assume that the Republicans will not attempt again to bring these vast and disturbing aggregations of capital under control; but if any one can detect a high purpose among Republicans to promptly face this danger to the public, he must have perceptions far more acute than the average of men.

The simple fact is that the Republicans are not united on a legislative programme. They have overwhelming majorities, but no plan of campaign.

As for President Cleveland, estimates of his value in the political equation make him out a good deal of a Republican on currency questions. His character as a figure in history must be first subjected to what may be called the perspective of time before one can get anything like true views. Like many public men he does not shine at short range. A "united democracy" under his leadership, however, is out of the question. His immediate following saw in the New York elections the downfall of Hill, but the latter dines at the White House, and makes a point, of late, to act as Cleveland's friend in the Senate.

Democrats like Gorman look upon the White House as the embodiment of undemocratic ideas, and lose no opportunity to combine with Republicans against the administration. This species of inverted mugwumpism gives a peculiar glint to the most thoroughly segregated body of lawmakers on the continent, the United States Senate. General Hawley's jest about the Senate's being unable to pass even the Ten Commandments would be funny if it were not so serious. And those who recall the remark of an ex-senator, that "the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule have no place in politics," will comprehend at once that rule of ethics which sustains Gorman, who is in the seat of power because he stands for a revenue tariff only, and yet calls in Republican forces to prevent the repeal of duties on sugar, under which one of our most unscupulous trusts has made abnormal profits by practically cornering one of the necessities of life. The blunt remark of the President, that the Democratic senators who were obstructing the reduction of duties on the necessities of life

were guilty of party perfidy and party treachery, and the angry retort of Gorman, as he stood in the Senate, his pale, cynical face for once losing the mastery of parliamentary manners, is a revelation, not of untoward personalities, but of the clashing of two groups of Democrats.

There has been going on for some years in both parties a lateral cleavage. The lines of political battle, running these many years east and west, have now practically swung round to north and south. But the geographical phase of it is incidental and uninportant. It is much more to the purpose to say that, whether we relish it or not, the division is more upon class lines. The Republican party cannot be expected to present an unbroken front even in the hour of triumph because in its rank are men whose business activities and interests run counter to each other.

To return to a military figure, economic conditions have flanked both of the old parties. People are thinking of subjects which are rarely treated of on the hustings. More men remain away from the polls nowadays than ever before in our history, and also more men change over from party to party. As a rule the party in power is the sufferer. Witness the congressional elections for a score of years back. The Democrats won in 1874 and 1876, the Republicans in 1878 and 1880, the Democrats in 1882 and 1884, the Republicans in 1886 and 1888, the Democrats in 1890 and 1892; finally the Republicans won in 1894, and they may complete this little congressional cycle by winning in 1896.

During this period the practical legislative programmes of the two parties have drifted suspiciously near to each other, while their determination not to consider an issue that is younger than the civil war gives them a suspicious family likeness. One can well imagine that by the end of another decade it will be necessary to use blue and red ribbons to tell Republicans and Democrats apart, a consummation that will be rescued from utter stagnation by the personal contentions between factions inside the party lines. Even as it is to-day, the relations of the old parties to each other are much more cordial than the relations of Democratic factions or Republican factions to each other.

Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the mediæval spirit of the two old parties, the immediate effect is complete legislative paralysis. The New York Evening Post, recognizing the situation, is urging the New England States to unite with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin on an "honest dollar" platform, and with a Republican candidate for the presidency in 1896. This from a Cleveland organ is very significant at this time. This group of states cast 223 electoral votes, or a majority of the whole. But the proposal of the Post does not contemplate an earnest and logical treatment of the many questions, but is simply a scheme to fortify an old theory of money.

A reconstruction of parties seems inevitable — not by partisan combination, however. The condition precedent for any genuine movement toward party reconstruction must be a stalwart popular purpose to look national dangers in the eye. A group of leaders cannot settle the nation's fate in a committee room. The Post's wire-pulling device is

superficial and indeed dangerous, as it raises a sectional issue between the East and West without even an attempt to determine the merits of the money question.

The most disturbing political feature of the day is the growing number of voters who keep away from politics. No party can command majorities equal to the number of men who stay away from the polls nowadays. There are many reasons for the uncast ballot. The policy of corporations has contributed to this result. Witness the following notice posted last autumn by Union Pacific officials on the Idaho division of that road : —

"On account of the personal strife engendered by partisanship, it has been decided to ask all employees of the Union Pacific Company to refrain from active participation in politics. Should any employee desire to accept the nomination for any office, he will be requested to resign from the service of the company."

The very week this notice to railroad men to throw up their citizenship or their positions was posted. Congressman Reed made a remark in his opening speech of the Maine campaign that disclosed a like spirit of irritation over free political discussion. Speaking of Southerners who proposed to subdue the power of certain trusts by legislation, Mr. Reed said : —

"The Southern men are men of intellectual power, men of intelligence, and men of learning. The difficulty with them is that the kind of learning which arises from a thorough knowledge of business as it is carried on in the North is entirely lacking. While the Southern man may have every opportunity to read in books of the prosperity which has come to the North, he has no conception of it such as those who have lived in it."

Mr. Reed does not dream that a thorough knowledge of business as it is carried on in the farming districts of the South is entirely lacking in him. This intense special pleading and a disposition to drive out of politics those not in accord with "business as it is carried on in the North," is one secret of our national troubles.

The day has come when political activity must be considered a matter of patriotism ; nay, a test of patriotism. "This is a business campaign," exclaimed a Republican orator in Massachusetts last year. It was more of a business men's campaign than a campaign of the people's business, however, and there was the rub.

Newspapers are continually using their influence to prevent political activity among the masses. Thus the New York Tribune frowns upon the Referendum, and, not being quite equal to the declaration that the masses are liable to err, appeals to a prejudice when it denounces the Referendum because it is a "conspicuous feature of the socialistic programme."

Many people believe that the power of private monopoly will not be broken until something akin to the Referendum is adopted in this country. Certainly this new fear of the people has a strange sound coming from American lips. The New York World has very frankly used this fear in its attempt to drive Congress to some action in regulating trusts. It said some months ago, "Teach the restless and dissatisfied people the coercive power that lies in aggregated numbers, and the delicate adjustments of the existing social order will be brushed away like leaves before a whirlwind."

"The danger is," remarks the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin in a discussion of this matter, "the danger is that when the public learns how to destroy the piratical corporations,

it will in blind fury destroy a good many useful ones that are doing a perfectly legitimate business."

Confronted by disastrous conflicts between classes, some are already appealing to the people to show self-control in all possible emergencies. A writer in the American Journal of Commerce makes this appeal, "Let poverty cultivate patience, and let wealth grow in grace."

Pending so happy a deliverance from our national woes, why may not all Americans abandon partisanship for politics? Nothing is plainer than that our public men are not disposed to meet national questions as they arise with that intrepid spirit which dominated the founders of this republic. They dodge issues, pass laws like the Sherman anti-trust act, which are useless weapons against monopolies, call up old issues spotted with age, so as to distract popular attention, and in fact conduct themselves more like English Tories than American representatives.

Solon once remarked that equality brings no war. Certainly inequality is the mother of wars. Business discriminations and special private monopolies have broken up the ancient homogeneous character of business. Let us take one instance. Nearly half a century ago, a young man started a wall-paper factory on the Passaic River in New Jersey. He is now old and his son has taken the burden of a very successful business. They employed last year 200 men. The firm refused to enter the wall-paper trust formed in 1892; but the competition with the trust became so ruinous to the Jersey firm, that it was forced to capitulate last August, and the employees were notified that "all arrangements existing between you and this company will terminate September 1." The head of the firm expressed in an interview his opinions very frankly when he said:

"It's hard on the men. Some of them were with me when I started. The engineer celebrated the 37th anniversary of his connection with the firm just the other day. The bookkeeper came to us when he was 14 years old, and he's a grandfather now. There's another man 56 years old who went to work for me when he was 16. But it's business, I suppose. In these times there is little room for sentiment in the commercial world, and you know what corporations are. We combined sentiment with business when we were in control, but it wasn't good business, after all. I suppose we spent from $8,000 to $10,000 in each of the past few years in paying the men for time they were idle. We were making money and felt we could afford to share our profits with the men. Of course the company — don't call it a trust — won't do that. You know I'm no longer connected with the factory. I'm almost an employee myself, you might say. All I have to depend on for an income now is my dividends from the National Wall Paper Company."

It will not be attempted here to show whether the general conditions of the wall-paper trade demanded the obliteration of an independent business concern at New Brunswick, N. J.; but it is in point to say that the political cowardice which prevents Congress from establishing and enforcing regulations by which no combination to smash small concerns can be entered into without due investigation and sanction is at the bottom of half the popular prejudice against corporation rule.

This is one of many questions which the old parties have dodged.

The outlook would be black indeed, if it were not for a faith in the people that cannot be shaken. The democratic idea in government is right. When all the people go into politics, and the true civic spirit returns to clear the way, we shall hear less of legislative paralysis, business distress, and labor troubles.

POINTS FROM THE ENCYCLICAL.

BY MICHAEL J DWYER.

T was to be expected that Pope Leo's reference to the facilities for wider good which the Church would gain in this republic from "the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority" would be instantly pounced upon by the enemies of Catholicism among us. Our judicious and liberal-minded critics put, on the whole, a fair interpretation upon the Holy Father's expressions; the maniacs, as was but natural, tore out their hair in glee at the handle the statement offered them. They were in their pulpits, studies, and editorial sanctums as quickly as their powers of motion permitted (some of them are there yet), to mould from the words of the Encyclical all the argument possible in favor of the impression that the Pope desires the union of Church and State in this country, and to denounce his machinations accordingly. It is matter, indeed, for surprise that more has not been made of the apparent opportunity, and that up to date few, if any, public meetings have been convened to sound the customary notes of warning, and to demand anew the withdrawal of the papal legate. All this will undoubtedly come later, when the feverish imaginations of the "truly loyal" have magnified the Encyclical into a bugbear sufficiently terrible to turn their little brains; and we may yet expect to hear the Holy Father's letter cited in proof of the most nefarious designs against the United States on the part of Rome.

Meanwhile, it is matter for congratulation that the passage in question is so lucid and self-explanatory that to misunderstand it simply argues mental obtuseness, and to misrepresent it denotes sheer wickedness on the part of any critic. The Holy Father is congratulating the American bishops on the growth and prosperity in this country of the Church of which they are the guides and he the chief pastor. He ascribes this development in part "to the equity of the laws which obtain in America, and to the customs of the well-ordered republic," which have permitted the Church spontaneously to expand and propagate her numbers and her benefits. But holding, as he necessarily must, that the ideal conditions for disseminating the full effects and blessings of religion in any country are to be found only where Church and State go hand in hand in mutual helpfulness and protection, he points out the Church's limitations under existing circumstances here, and draws therefrom the patent conclusion that it would be erroneous to suppose "that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced."

There is small chance for an argument against such a proposition, and Apaism may without uneasiness on the part of Catholics be made welcome to all the consolation it can derive from it.

If there is one impression to be gained from the Encyclical more than another, it is its thorough Americanism.

Pope Leo could not have given sounder, more patriotic, or more timely advice, nor shown himself possessed of deeper knowledge of the cotemporary needs and status of things in America, had he written the Encylical in Cardinal Gibbons' study, and with that prelate's profound experience of American affairs. With the deft touch of a master of our history he skims the story of Catholicism in America from the landing of the Discoverer. He shows clearly how deeply into the bone and fibre of the nation Catholicism has penetrated. He emphasizes the part taken by the Church in the early civilization of the continent. He dwells upon the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in America simultaneously with the founding of the republic, and, with present conditions in mind, lays particular stress upon the cordial and mutually helpful relations existing between the first president and first bishop of the infant nation. Only the most zealous and painstaking study could have given the accuracy and sympathy with which he delineates the growth of both Church and nation up to the present time.

How intimately the pontiff follows the current trend of affairs in America is shown in his references to the educational and social needs of the day. He is as familiar with the establishment and progress of our Summer schools, the latest development in Catholic education, as with the strikes and agitations of our discontented working-men. T e a vice given to the latter is one of the most strikingly pertinent paragraphs of the Encyclical.

"Let them, however, never allow this to escape their memory — that while it is proper and desirable to assert and secure the rights of the many, yet this is not to be done by a violation of duty, and that there are very important duties: not to touch what belongs to another; to allow every one to be free in the management of his own affairs; not to hinder any one to dispose of his services when he pleases and where he pleases."

American workingmen who have more than once been made the dupes of professional agitators, to their own detriment and the triumph of capital over their undoubted rights, will find the sage counsel of a far-seeing father in the foregoing and following paragraphs: —

"Now, with regard to entering societies, extreme care should be taken not to be ensnared by error. And we wish to be understood as referring in a special manner to the working classes, who assuredly have the right to unite in associations for the promotion of their interests, a right acknowledged by the Church and unopposed by nature. But it is very important to take heed with whom they are to associate; else while seeking aid for the improvement of their condition, they may be imperilling far weightier interests. The most effectual precaution against this peril is to determine with themselves, at no time or in any matter to be parties to the violation of justice.

"Any society, therefore, which is ruled by and servilely obeys persons who are not steadfast for the right and friendly to religion, is capable of being extremely prejudicial to the interests as well of individuals as of the community. Beneficial it cannot be. Let this conclusion, therefore, remain firm — to shun, not only those associations which have been openly condemned by the judgment of the Church, but those also which, in the opinion of intelligent men, and especially of the bishops, are regarded as suspicious and dangerous."

Catholic journalists are exhorted in the Encyclical to prepare themselves for their important vocation, and to keep themselves fortified in its daily practice by every means

afforded by religion. On the question of unity among Catholic writers the Holy Father says : —

"Those who desire to be of real service to the Church, and with their pens defend the Catholic Church, should carry on the conflict with perfect unanimity, and, as it were, with serried ranks; for they rather inflict than repel war if they waste their strength by discord."

In these words Pope Leo has embodied the only principle upon which American Catholic journalism can be made worthy of its name and successful in its sphere. There is, unfortunately, only too much cause for combining against the outside common enemy, in the interests of Catholic truth and principle, for Catholic papers to carry on a family quarrel, either by mutual recrimination or criticism of Catholic things.

The Encyclical will remove a great deal of unrest upon the subject of Monsignor Satolli's mission to this country, even among Catholics. The laity long ago accepted him with characteristic submission and welcome ; the Pope's letter, with its frank disavowal of any wish to infringe upon the rights of the bishops, should eliminate whatever feeling existed among portions of the hierarchy, and make of the legate a *persona grata* in quarters where it is but truth to say he has hitherto been looked upon askew.

Regarding the duties of American citizenship Pope Leo has again shown himself deeply imbued with love for America and her true progress. In his instructions to the priests to inculcate the principles of public integrity upon their flocks, and to insist upon their recognition and practice of the principle that nothing is justifiable in public station or political manœuvre which would not be right and honest in private life, proves him fully cognizant of the march of events in our great cities, and the dangers at present threatening free government in America.

"All intelligent men are agreed," says the letter, "and we ourselves have with pleasure intimated it above, that America seems destined for greater things. Now, it is our wish that the Catholic Church should not only share in, but help to bring about, this prospective greatness. We deem it right and proper that she should, by availing herself of the opportunities daily presented to her, keep equal step with the republic in the march of improvement, at the same time striving to the utmost, by her virtue and her institutions, to aid in the rapid growth of the states."

The Holy Father's concern for Catholic education, especially in a scientific direction, is again manifested in his interest in the Catholic University and his desire that that institution should be as soon as possible made complete in all its departments. He says : —

"Nor is it long since we were apprised that, thanks to the liberality of a pious priest, a new building had been constructed, in which young men, cleric as well as lay, are to receive instruction in the natural sciences and in literature. From our knowledge of the American character we are fully confident that the example set by this noble man will incite others of your citizens to imitate him. They will not fail to realize that liberty exercised toward so great an object will be repaid by the very greatest advantage to the public."

One of the most remarkable things in connection with this Encyclical has been its widespread diffusion by the secular press of the land. Time was, and not many years ago, when papal messages were read only in the pulpits of our Catholic churches or printed in one or the other of the larger Catholic papers. It is a

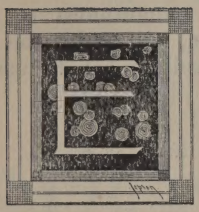
welcome evidence of how deeply the Catholic Church has struck root throughout the land, that this Encyclical, dealing wholly with Catholic affairs, has been universally published and commented upon by the secular press. There are probably two special reasons for this among others that might be adduced. The first is the weight which the whole world has learned to attach to every utterance of the present learned and sagacious pontiff. By sheer power of intellect, wisdom, tact, and good judgment, Leo XIII. has made himself one of the solid forces of the time, recognized as such and looked to for words of prudent counsel and guidance by thousands who do not admit his spiritual authority. Another cause, purely local and opportune, can be found in the senseless proscription now waged against Catholics by the A. P. A., which is causing Catholic utterances and actions to be more closely scanned by thinking men. Although this organization richly merits and undisguisedly receives the contempt of all men, it at least deserves a word of hearty gratitude on the part of Catholics for causing their principles and purposes to be brought into the strong light of public investigation Such inquiry can only result in benefit to the Church and its members. The greatest foe Catholicism has had to encounter in America as elsewhere has been falsehood and misrepresentation. The continued assaults and vilifications of Anti-Catholic organizations will serve to bring into greater relief and recognition Catholic purity and patriotism of aim and motive, with the consoling effect that eventually the faith will be better known and understood. Then, if Catholicism does not succeed in convincing the minds of non-believers, there will at least ensue for Catholics peace, esteem and the opportunity of pursuing their way undisturbed by the powers of hostile prejudice.

The Encyclical is really a remarkable document; the more so, perhaps, in that it does not on the surface appear so. The familiarity of its contents leaves, from a first reading, an impression of conventionality, and the feeling that as a paper it is not equal in brilliancy or suggestiveness to former Encyclicals. A closer study, however, will prove that Pope Leo knew well his ground, and covered it as ably as in his former messages. In the strength of his positions, in moderation of tone, in fatherliness of spirit, in concern for the Church, in solicitude for the welfare of the land to which he writes, and in insight into all the grave interests touched upon, the document is a memorable contribution to the discussion of present American conditions and requirements.

Coming at what may be termed the conclusion of a rather exciting and disturbed condition of things in the American Catholic Church, the Encyclical should reunite all Catholic hearts and minds, clergy and laity, together, in a serious resolve for the achievement of the great cause here laid down—the advancement of Catholic unity, education, and morality on which depend so largely the purification and perpetuation of the republic.

HOME-SEEKING IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



VERY winter there is an increasing number of people with weakened constitutions whose thoughts turn longingly southward: clerks who have spent too many years over their desks; young persons whose pale faces and anxious eyes hint of declining health; lawyers, ministers, school teachers, and members of almost every profession, whose physicians tell them that an outdoor life in a milder climate will prolong their lives.

They drift southward singly, in pairs, in small family parties, and in great excursions, whose leaders are ambitious of founding towns or cities somewhere among the cheap lands of the interior.

At Jacksonville they run the gauntlet of the land agents; and when they go up the St. John's River it is with a confused idea of wonderful towns springing up in the wilderness. Some leave the boat at Astor and wander down into the lake region; the rest go on to Sanford and drift toward the Indian River, into the high mid-country, or off toward the gulf coast. Houses are built according to means, and they begin to clear land for the inevitable orange groves. After these are set they look about for the income that is to keep them until the groves come into bearing.

Scarcely one of them is a farmer or the son of a farmer; but they have the buoyant confidence of ignorance, and are already calculating the profits of truck farming. They have papers and books on the subject, and from them they learn just how much seed to plant, and when to plant, and all the minutiæ, from breaking ground to forwarding vegetables to the commission merchants. The profits are all calculated in plain figures, so that even the veriest tyros cannot make mistakes.

But as the days go by they notice that their truck does not look like that of the veteran grower; the plants are sickly and yellow, and great patches of them are dying. They can do nothing; they do not know the cause, and the neighbors' advice is of little value.

Most of them grow discouraged, and would abandon trucking if it were possible; but if they do they must abandon their young orange groves also. An income is a necessity, and if they cannot make one raising truck they must seek employment in the towns and cities. Few of them are willing to do this. The orange groves represent an assured income sometime in the future, and rather than abandon them they feel that they will endure anything short of actual starvation.

With less hope but more determination they begin to make preparations for another year's trucking. Acreage is reduced, and the amount of fertilizer increased. Stronger fences are built against the half-wild cattle which roam the woods, and when planting time approaches they are careful to procure fresh, reliable seeds.

This year they do better; the third year better still; and before the groves begin to bear they are making a fair living. Meanwhile, they have discovered that the figures given in the books are for practical growers, not for amateurs.

I have found that this is the experience of nearly all the Florida home-seekers who attempt to make an income by trucking. Occasionally a farmer joins them, and does well from the first; but the great majority scarcely know

what farming means, and, as a rule, are unwilling to take advice.

I am convinced that any one with a fair degree of health and determination can make a good living in Florida from the start. He must, however, be willing to undergo a few privations, and to let the climate compensate him for the absence of other luxuries.

If a man is healthy and ambitious, and has a good income, I would advise him to remain North. After the novelty has worn off he will probably find Florida "slow" and uninteresting; but to the man with an impaired constitution, and whose income and future are uncertain, Florida will prove wonderfully attractive. Living is very easy, the climate acts like a tonic; and the restfulness of the great pine forests, which might prove monotonous to a strong, energetic man, will to him be a constant source of sanitary benefit and pleasure.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XXII.

INTEGER VITÆ.

Whose life is clean, whose heart is pure,
  Needs not the quiver, dart, or bow,
Or venomed shaft of treacherous Moor.
  The just man, Fuscus, has no foe.

One roams through Syrtes' boiling sands,
  One climbs Caucasia's friendless height,
One treads the fancy-haunted lands
  Hydaspes laps, without affright.

As pure as they, one day I strolled
  Through a Sabine forest, free from care;
And thinking of my love, I trolled
  A song to Lalage, the fair.

Beyond the boundary of the wood,
  Lonely and not alone, I strayed,
When lo, there in my pathway stood
  A wolf. He looked, then fled afraid.

Afraid of me, my Fuscus dear,
  Your friend, your Horace, all unarmed.
The good, you see, need never fear;
  Where'er they go, they go unharmed.

Bold Daunia's acorns never fed,
  And Juba's lands, the parched nurse
Of lions, never surely bred
  This monster's like, the bad man's curse.

There is where stretch the sterile plains,
  Where summer breezes never woo
The trees to bloom; there is where rains
  And vile winds fairly chill you through;

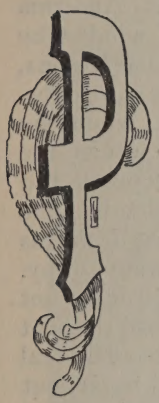
There is a spot in Afric lands
  Too near the sun's bright, circling car,
Where glistening stretch the whitened sands,
  Where mortals ever houseless are.

Put me, my friend, where'er you will,
Or near or far, your Horace still
His Lalage will always sing;
  He'll love her laugh,
  He'll love her chaff,
She's such a sweet and winsome thing.

B. C.

PEPITA.

BY MARY M. F. NIXON.



EPITA cried.

It would, perhaps, be more poetic to say wept, but it would not be so truthful. A fine lady weeps, civilly, over the sorrows of a friend, or designingly when the masculine eye seems blinded to the end she has in view. Traces of weeping may be gently absorbed by embroidered cambric, and scarcely mark the most delicate skin. But Pepita cried, and crying involves swollen eyelids, puckered cheeks, and general dishevelment. Indeed, with Pepita it often meant to throw fan and kerchief on the floor, and fling herself after both in a genuine rage.

All this was very trying for Pepita's people, but they had learned early in their experience with her that it was rash to appear before her when she cried. An unwary entrance or an attempt at consolation at the wrong moment, was sure to provoke a more severe storm, and often the throwing of fan or kerchief at the intruder.

On this particular morning Pepita cried uninterruptedly. Aunt Teresa was making a mango omelette for breakfast, Miguela was trying on her new mantilla, and Dolores, the good elder sister, was sewing bows on Pepita's red slippers. The three sisters lived in Madrid with their aunt, a rather unpleasant old woman, as sour as an unripe pomegranate. She rented the upper stories of her house, and, their store of reales being small, the girls sewed fine embroideries for the Sisters at San Spirito. At least, the two elder ones did, for Pepita had never done anything in her 16 years but look pretty. This accomplishment was hers to such perfection that nothing further was required of her. Her great black eyes were soft yet spirited, her olive cheeks flamed with scarlet, and her mouth was fairly bewitching in its tender, laughing curves.

When she had sufficiently indulged her luxury of misery, the little Madrid maid sat up, looked about her, and wished for some one to whom she might impart her troubles. Her nature was not one to let concealment prey upon her cheek, and fortunately at this moment Dolores' entrance with the red slippers proved a happy diversion. Pepita thrust forth a slender foot in a thin black stocking. One pink toe had put itself forward in a very rude way through the hose, but it did not mar the symmetry of the pretty foot.

"My angel!" said Dolores tenderly, "do the slippers please thee?"

"Yes, yes," said Pepita, slipping her foot in and out of the gay footgear, exquisite with its high heels and silver braid trimmings.

Dolores looked pleased. Perhaps

this was more than a temporary lull. "Thou wilt wear them in the Prado to-night," she said unwisely.

Pepita's face clouded, and she gave the slipper a toss into the air.

"I shall not go to the Prado," she pouted.

"No! Then perhaps on Sunday to the fight," hazarded Dolores

"Nor to the fight," said Pepita emphatically. "I hate a bull-fight!" clicking her fan impetuously.

"Hate the fight! Pepita, what are you saying?" and Dolores patted the little maid's head, and gazed at her anxiously.

"You will not tell Miguela?"

"Never!"

"Nor any one?"

"No one!"

Then came the outburst, "Oh! Dolita mia, I am so angry! Each night when I sat on the balcony Manuel Garzalez has come and stood by the pomegranate. Often has he looked at me and played his guitar. Once he sang such lovely words. Then in the Puerta he came close to Aunt Teresa and me, and he said something very softly, about — about the rose in my hair. You know the crimson rose that grows beside the asoca tree in the garden. It was a bud from it that I wore, and he whispered that the red rose was not brighter than my cheeks. Aunt Teresa scowled like a blackamoor. Oh! he was just like a real Novio, and I thought when Miguela has only two years more than I, and she's to be married next month, surely I am old enough for a sweetheart; am I not?" and Pepita examined her sister's face eagerly.

"I know not, dear heart, if thou art old enough," Dolores replied, "but tell me why thou art so sad."

"Well," Pepita continued, and there was a pathetic droop to her mouth, "last night you were all gone to the Prado, and I was left alone. I sat on the balcony late, but Manuel came not. Then I thought he had been busy at the ring, for the big fight comes on Sunday, and Señor Martinez often keeps Manuel to prepare the ribbons for the banderillos. But just before you came home he passed by and did not stop even a moment. And this morning, as I sat by the window he went down the Calle della Regina, and he did not glance up once. And, oh! Dolita mia, when he passed the next house where the Americanos live, he stopped, and from the second balcony some one threw him a rose. He put it in his cape and smiled and went away. Virgen Santissima! he does not like me any more, and I had thought it would be so nice to have a real sweetheart," and Pepita burst out crying again, and hid her face in Dolores' lap.

Her sister smiled a little at the child's vehemence, and stroked the silky black hair. "My angel, weep not," she said. "See, Manuel is a handsome lad, but truly, he is not for thee. Thy mother was a Sanchez, and, Pepita mia, a Novio thou shalt have, but not Manuel. He is only a 'Gallegos,' and thou knowest well the people of his province are no match for Andalusia. Come, little bird, dry thy tears. Surely at Miguela's wedding the bridesmaid will be as fair as the bride, and thou shalt have a new mantilla. But for this I must embroider more of those vestments Sorella Eulalia likes so well. Wilt help me, sweet?" The sisters left the room, Pepita first powdering her face and hair, an offering upon the shrine of vanity which a Spanish girl seldom omits.

The "Americanos," as Pepita

"Surely I'm old enough for a sweetheart."

called them, lived in the house next to the white-walled garden of the Señora Freutas. A political upheaval at home had sent Carey Wentworth as consul to Madrid. The Spanish character is often too reserved to be hospitable. In Spain one of their grievances against foreign governments is that usually their representatives are forced to a medium of French for their conversation. But if you speak Spanish, and have an old-fashioned Southern manner, the dons will forgive your being a stranger, always provided you are not English. The British Lion roars too loudly for Castillian ears, and when he lashes his tail he has a way of striking his neighbors which is detrimental. And then, there is Gibraltar, you know!

But Carey Wentworth knew Spanish from a long residence in Mexico, and his Southern ways came to him by ordinary generation from his

mother's people, so he had settled himself comfortably in Madrid, prepared to enjoy his four years, possibly eight, in that most charming of capitals. On this particular morning he was sitting on his balcony, smoking, and reading España Moderna. He had been a witness to the defection of Manuel, and a listener to the laments of Pepita. He smiled in a slightly cynical way, and leaned over the parapet, just in time to see the two girls enter their garden arm in arm. They glanced up for a moment and met his gaze; and he exclaimed as they passed swiftly out of sight among the orange trees, "By Jove! what a beauty the little one is! I don't think well of Manuel's taste, if he prefers any one else to her! I wonder if anything could fan to flame the ashes of my bachelor heart," and Carey Wentworth, 37 years old, with a dash of snow on his temples and a few crow's-feet at the corners of his keen blue eyes, gave a sigh as he looked dreamily down where the roses climbed over the wall between his garden and that of the Señora Fuentes.

. . . . . .

It was Sunday. Not a calm, Puritan Sunday such as had flourished in the New England village where Carey Wentworth was born; not even a metropolitan Sunday, with churches and saloons vying with each other for victory; but a gay, vivid, glowing Spanish Sunday. There was Mass in the morning, for the Spaniards go to church at least once a week, and in the afternoon there was the bull-fight, and every shop was closed. A stream of people flowed past the Puerta del Alcala toward the ring. Such a waving of fans, fluttering of mantillas, and chattering of tongues! for the fight is at its bravest in Madrid, and is dear to the heart of every Castillian.

Towards evening the consul sat on his little balcony, observing but unobserved. In the soft spring twilight the callas and violets sent their clinging perfumes to him from the prim beds in the gardens below. To the man tired with the activity of American life there was something inexpressibly attractive in all this peace. Dolores was sitting by the orange tree. She had laid aside her embroidery, and was reading — a quaint old missal the book looked like, in its worn binding. Dolores was three and twenty, very, very old for a Spanish girl. She had once had a sweetheart, but he had drawn a low number when the yearly lot for soldiers was cast, and had been sent to Havana. He never came back, and that was long ago, before her mother died. Since then, Dolores had worked; for Aunt Teresa was not generous, and the girls needed so many things.

Dolores leaned her head on her hand, and a thoughtful look came into her deep brown eyes. How should she manage it all? There was the purple altar-cloth with gold arabesques; at least 30 pesetos Sorella Eulalia had promised for that. The dozen mats, with flowers in different colors, were to go to the shop in the Puerta del Sol. There would be 20 more for them, 50 pesetos for this week's work, and as much more for the next.

"For myself, it matters little," she murmured, as she smoothed her worn black gown. "But Miguela's bridal box must be filled, and Pepita, the darling, shall have a new mantilla." Her dreams were interrupted by the clang of the garden door; and

Pepita, glowing with delight, danced up to her sister.

"Oh, Dolita! That you had been with me! Such a fight! We sat very near, and Dios! but it was fine! If I have not a sweetheart, I thank the Virgin Miguela has one, since he will take us to the fight! Even Aunt Teresa was pleased! Four bulls! only think of it! Manuel was there, but I — oh! I never noticed him!" and Pepita gave a little shrug, though there was a misty look in her black eyes. "Martinez, the best matador, fought," she went on quickly; "and at the last, when he killed the fourth bull, everybody sprang up and shouted! And oh! he smiled and bowed; and when we came away, I passed quite close, and he took some ribbons from the banderillos and tossed one right to me!" and Pepita held up in triumph the scarlet and gold trifle.

"My angel, I am pleased that you were happy!" said Dolores. "But were you not sad for the horses and the poor bulls?"

"A little, yes; the blood was dreadful! But, oh! it was so exciting and splendid! I have never been so gay," and Pepita, raising her skirts a little, danced the gavota gracefully, clicking her fingers like castanets, and singing merrily.

"Thou art a wild bird, my Pepita," said Dolores, smiling; and her sister sank down beside her, and fanned her flushed cheeks with the end of her mantilla.

"Dolita, what have you been sewing?" asked Pepita when she regained her breath.

"A green and yellow parrot on this scarlet velvet," said Dolores.

"Why sew on such an ugly thing?"

"It is for the English doctor's wife. She called it 'tropical,' and I

Pepita dancing the gavota.

heard her tell her husband I would be sure to like it, for the Spaniards liked glaring colors." Artistic Dolores smiled a little cynically.

"I should have flung it at her feet!" exclaimed Pepita.

"No doubt," said Dolores calmly; "and where would I get the money for your next gown?"

Pepita was silent a few moments, then she said suddenly: —

"Do you remember the very fine altar-cloth you made for Padre Placido last year?"

"The one which was stolen from San Josefa? Yes, why?"

"Why? oh, the drollest thing has happened. To-day as I sat by my

window, I heard the Americano's servant talking in a very excited way to his master on the balcony. The mozo said he had brought the drapery, 'really an antique, made by the holy nuns in the convent of San Spirito quite a hundred years ago, and very valuable.' It was dreadful in me, and I very well know you'll scold, Dolita mia, but I could not help it, and I peeped. Truly, it was the same altar-cloth you made!"

"How did you know?" asked Dolores.

"I saw the place in the corner where my finger bled. You remember the paroquet bit me and I snatched the cloth, and oh, how angry you were! Then you covered the spot with a tiny gold heart. I could see it plainly. Is it not droll?" and Pepita's laugh rang out merrily.

Carey Wentworth, from the balcony above, heard the dialogue and glanced grimly at the "famous antique" he had been beguiled into buying.

"A souvenir of our pretty neighbors, it seems," he muttered. "Dyed in the blood of the Sanchez!" and he pulled his blonde mustache. But just at that moment he heard a scream, and quickly jumping up, he looked below, on a scene of great excitement. Pepita stood on a stone bench, her gown in one hand, her feet drawn just out of reach of a huge mastiff, who snapped at her viciously.

Dolores waved her scarlet velvet, and tried to attract his attention, and the brute rushed at her, chasing her round and round the garden. With Wentworth, to think was to act. Snatching a riding whip from the table, he swung himself over the balcony on the wall, into the garden, and after a vigorous chase he banished the intruder from the scene, closing the gate after him with a triumphant bang.

Dolores had sunk exhausted upon a bench; but Pepita, running toward him, said, "Oh, señor, what an adventure! Per Dios, but it was droll! First the great dog mistaking my slippers" — coquettishly displaying a tiny foot — "for something to eat. Then Dolores flying about the garden, her scarlet cloth waving like a flag; the great beast after her, and El Señor after him!" and Pepita laughed gayly.

"Quita! Quita! Pepita mia," chided Dolores. "Thou art a wild bird and an ungrateful one! Thank the señor for coming to our aid."

"Gracias, señor, gracias," said Pepita. "Here is a flower from my red rose tree to reward you."

Wentworth took the rose. "The flower and the smile are too great payment for so slight a service, señorita," he said. At that moment Aunt Teresa, with Miguela and Piero, the betrothed, entered the garden. A few words of explanation, and soon all were chatting pleasantly. The consul felt thoroughly at ease with his new friends; but while he talked to all, he looked at Pepita.

Manuel's guitar was played very sweetly under the windows of El Señor Consulado that night. The patience of the lover was soon rewarded, for on this night shortly after his defection from Pepita, a window was opened, and five white fingers dropped a little glove at his feet.

The weeks which followed were pleasant ones for Carey Wentworth. He saw his neighbors nearly every day, and he found intercourse with them very novel and enjoyable.

He made state calls in the dark sala, with its high-backed chairs and antique carvings. He lounged in

the cool patio, where even at midday the sun was not too hot, and only shed a softened light between the white columns, and delicately outlined the shadows of the palms on the white-flagged floor. He smoked in the secluded garden among the myriad perfumes of the flowers, where the hum of insects almost drowned the city's din without.

Miguela's wedding was over, and she went to live in the upper flats of Piero's father's house, only three streets away, across the Puerta. The same quiet life went on in the Pisos Fuentes. They were always the same, these Spanish women, Wentworth thought. Grave Aunt Teresa was less bitter to the Señor Americano than to others. Dolores was calm and sweet, and her restful presence gave quiet happiness. Pepita was the same in that she was always different. Wentworth grew to watch her varying moods. Grave or gay, merry or sad, one moment an angel, the next a veritable little fury, she was a charming, maddening piece of flesh and blood. Each mood and tense teemed with contradictions, and each in turn seemed more fascinating than the last.

"Verily, what a fool is Manuel," said Wentworth to himself, for Manuel's defection continued. Since he had seen against the window-pane the cameo profile of the Americana and heard a soft voice from the balcony, Manuel's ardent fancy was aflame.

"Here is a flower from my red rose tree to reward you."

He never saw the consul's beautiful sister, as he thought her, but had he not a rose and a glove from her white hand? And so each evening his guitar and his fine tenor voice were heard beneath the balcony of the Americanos. Pepita, looking out from her latticed window, would clench her little fists and cry herself to sleep. Dolores thought her sister ill, but only worked the harder, that she might send her away before the worst heat came.

Wentworth, in American fashion, tried to tempt the little maid's flagging appetite with dainties, forgetting that Spanish girls care nothing for sweets. He brought her fresh figs in fancy boxes; the largest olives from the famous groves at Alcaya Real; boughs heavy with golden orange disks. He had but to hear a wish from her to fulfil it. But each day Pepita grew paler. She was not ill: "Sometimes a pain just here," she said, laying her hand on her heart. "But that is nothing," and she danced from flower to flower, making wreaths for Wentworth's hat, or sat listening, like Desdemona, to tales of his far-away country.

More liberty is allowed to Americans in Spain than to any other people; for their genial, kindly natures seem to appeal to the reserved Spaniards. And so the days passed by, and all who saw them thought the consul in love with fair Pepita. One afternoon toward the end of summer, Mr. Wentworth came to the garden where the girls were seated. He brought a bunch of roses for Pepita. As she went to arrange them, he called after her, "Pray wear the white roses for me, señorita," and a gay "Si, señor," was the response. He sat at Dolores' side on the stone bench under the asoca tree, whose gay bells swayed in the soft breezes.

"Señorita," he said suddenly, "I have something to tell you."

Dolores raised her eyes expectantly. She was chary of her words, but an excellent listener. He continued:—

"You know Manuel Garzalez?"

"Yes," she said, surprised at the question.

"He has taken to serenading us for the last few months, and every evening has stood beneath our windows with his guitar." Wentworth's eyes twinkled, but his voice was grave. "It occurred to me it would be civil to thank him for his beautiful music, so last night I called to him and said, 'Señor, will you not come in and let us thank you for your kind attentions?' He seemed surprised, but entered. When we reached the sala I said,—

"'You must allow me to introduce you to the lady you have been serenading. Señor Garzalez — my mother — the Señora Wentworth.'

"Manuel looked astonished and disappointed when he saw her; and yet my mother, with her clear-cut features, her brown eyes, and snow-white hair, is even now at 60 considered a beautiful woman. He left us very quickly, after my mother's gracious thanks for his music. Pausing at the door, he asked, 'But, señor, the rose, and the glove?'

"'The reward of fickleness,' I said sternly. 'I threw them down to you.' What do you think of him, señorita?" Wentworth asked, in conclusion.

Before Dolores could answer, a voice interrupted.

"Take your flowers, Señor Americano. I will not wear them," and Pepita snatched the roses from her belt and threw them at Wentworth's feet. "I overheard it all! You are — oh! I hate, hate, hate you!" and Pepita, scarlet with rage, burst into tears and ran into the house.

"Maria Santissima!" exclaimed Dolores. "What is the matter with the child?"

"Do you not know?" said Wentworth gravely. "She loves Manuel."

Dolores was silent. A thousand incidents flashing into her mind gave coloring to his words. Went-

worth stretched out his strong hand and took one of hers. "And I," he said quietly but earnestly, "I love you, Dolores!" Dolores started. She tried to pull away her hand, but Wentworth held it fast. Dolores was silent a moment then looking up at him with a glance that fully revealed how much his love was reciprocated: "I thought it was Pepita," she said; and then her long reserve melted into a flow of happy tears, and she pressed his hand close to her heart.

"It is not Pepita. It is Dolores," he answered.

She said nothing, but they sat side by side, her hand in his, and a great calm stole over them both.

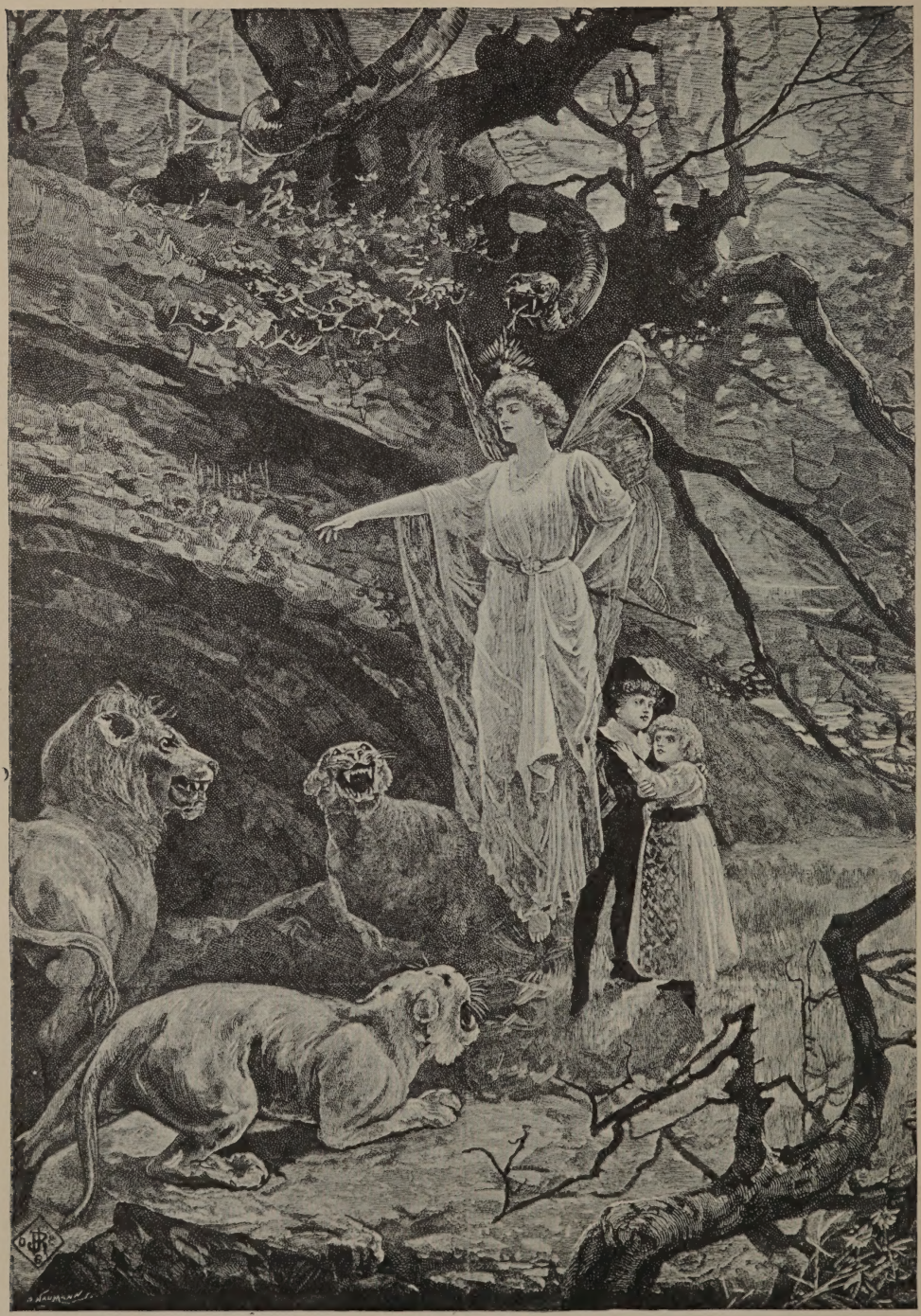
It seemed to Dolores as if the golden rays of the setting sun had brought a glory into her dark existence; and when the Angelus called to prayer, she heard it not.

"I thought it was Pepita."

But Pepita knelt in her little white-hung chamber, and prayed: —

"Padre Santo, bring Manuel back to me again!"

And as she dreamed amid her prayers, once more upon the summer air there came beneath her window the tinkle of Manuel's guitar.



INNOCENCE IN PERIL.

Valley of Loyola, with church where St. Ignatius was baptized, in foreground.

SPANISH DAYS.

BY JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

III.

LOYOLA.

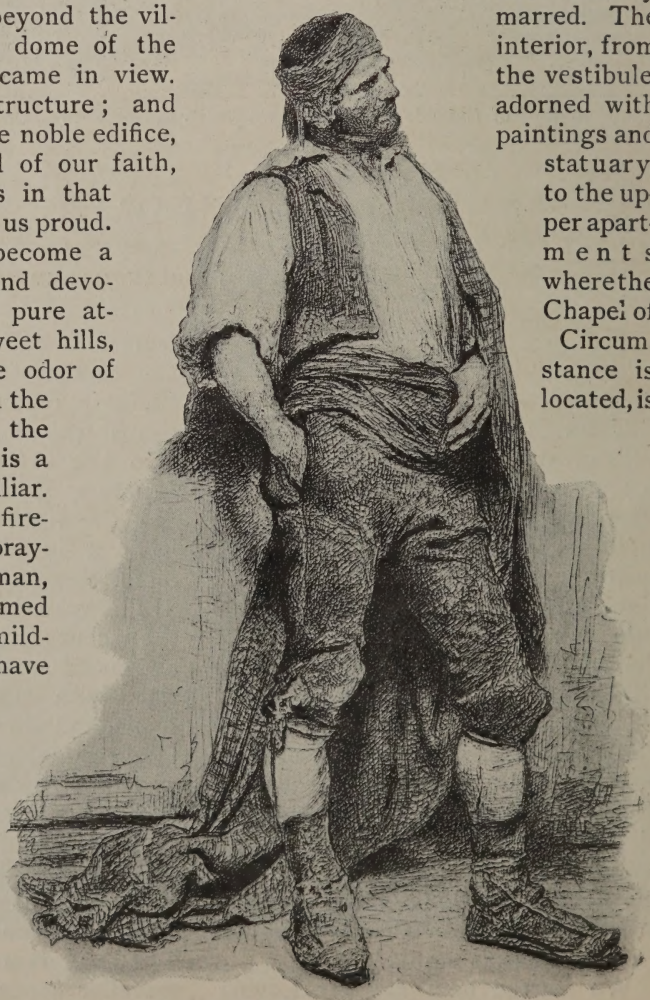
UPON the morrow we climbed the hill's crest to the citadel, and walked out into the picturesque environs where we could see the native Basque in all his genuine simplicity. In the evening we were back again; and dined at the Casino with the fashionable world. The Casino at San Sebastian is the most elaborate in all Europe, outranking the Kursaal of Ostend in the north and the Casino of Geneva in the south. The interior is dazzling. One sees the flash of jewels, and hears the chink of gold. There is a blaze of fashion around the tables; and outside, throughout the long warm evening, fireworks spread their transient glory. Vanitas omnia!

We started next day for Loyola. It is a pleasant journey southward from the Biscayan Bay. We took the cars as far as Zumarraga; and there in readiness stood the stage-coach which was to carry us back into the Aspeitia hills, where St. Ignatius, great man of God, first saw the light of day. No railroad has yet invaded the village of his birth.

The road is an up-hill zigzag, and the ascent is necessarily slow. Trees of varied species border the highway with plentiful and delicious shade, and along the route are many picturesque defiles crowded with wayward saplings and sturdy forest veterans. Brooks leap down from battlements of bristling crags, and arching bridges, rickety in appearance and quaint in structure, bend over the foam of mountain torrents. The panorama magnifies as the traveller ascends; and the purity of the mountain air is entrancing. We

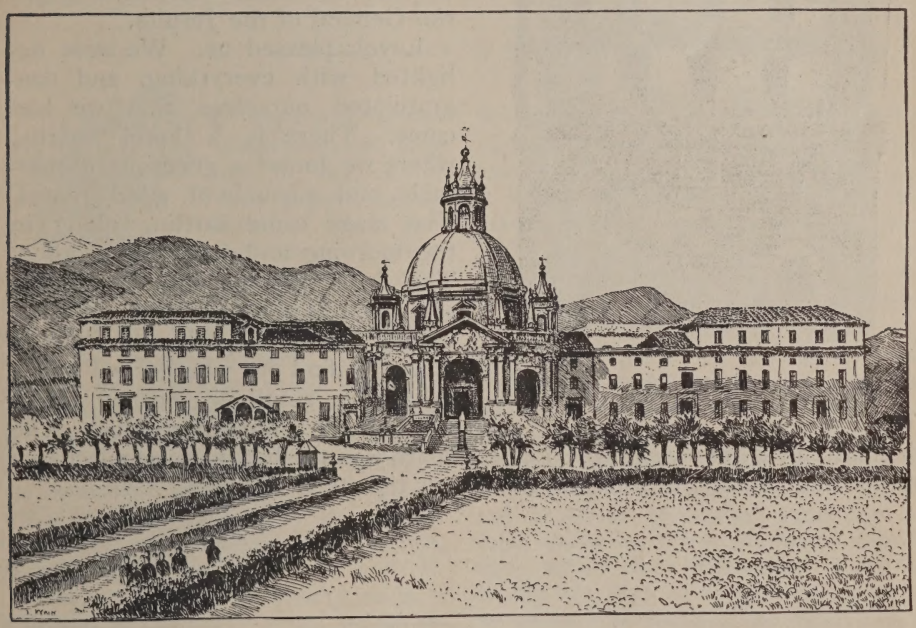
passed with a dash through Aspeitia village, the animals on a trot and the bells all jingling romantically. In the open air sat hundreds of men at their benches making Basque shoes. This trade is a flourishing industry. The shoes are laced, and have the form of a gaiter; they are made of cloth uppers and soft hempen soles, and are worn by the peasantry on both sides of the Pyreneen isthmus. In France we saw the Basque shoe worn no farther north than Sauterne. It affords a cool and comfortable footgear.

A mile and a half beyond the village limits, the great dome of the monastery of Loyola came in view. It is a stupendous structure; and the sudden sight of the noble edifice, so sublime a memorial of our faith, towering up before us in that sequestered spot, made us proud. The monastery has become a hospice of learning and devotion, set away in the pure atmosphere of those sweet hills, sweeter still with the odor of sanctity. All through the northern province the name of San Ignacio is a name dear and familiar. The people at their fireside whisper it with prayerful love. The man, whose gentle militia, armed with the weapons of mildness and persuasion, have gone intrepidly forth, fighting God's battle to the ends of the earth, is well appreciated and well known in the neighborhood of Loyola. To the non-Catholic world, St. Ignatius is popularly represented as a zealot, deliriously fanatic; in reality, he was a man of surpassing talents, but of retiring disposition, and a heart as gentle as a woman's. The monastery, with its immense out-spreading wings, was upreared in the year 1682 by Anne of Austria, and marks the spot where the house of St. Ignatius stood. Two stone lions of huge size and savage features guard the broad staircase leading up to the main entrance. The façade is of marble, now discolored, but enriched with Renaissance sculpturings which time has scarcely marred. The interior, from the vestibule, adorned with paintings and statuary, to the upper apartments where the Chapel of Circumstance is located, is



A Spanish Laborer.

replete with interest. Access is free. The visitor finds himself at liberty to roam, loiter and inspect, just as fancy leads him. The Fathers, busy at their books, or occupied with their classes, are all far away in a separate portion of the building, and only present themselves when the tourist summons them by a bell. If the tourist has any questions to ask, and does not happen to speak Castilian, he will find the Fathers able and ready to answer him in French, English, German, Latin, Portuguese, Polish, Dutch, Italian, Syrian, and Basque.

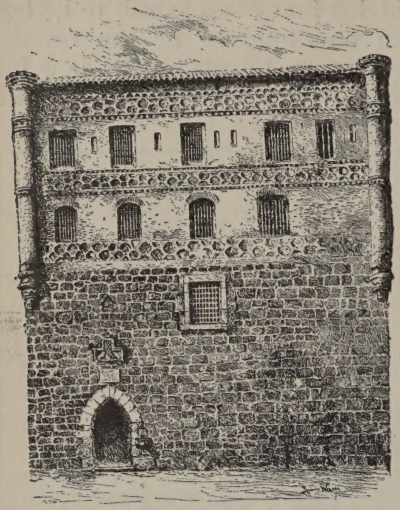


Church and College, containing the Santa Casa, Loyola.

The workmanship of the altars is wondrous in its detail. The marbles are of varied hue and species, and exquisite as regards their setting and finish. Marble mosaics, bespeaking art that is loftiest and patience well-nigh infinite, abound in the chapels both up stairs and below. The room in which St. Ignatius lay sick is still pointed out; and the altar at which St. Francis Borgia said his first Mass is still to be both seen and touched by the reverent traveller to Loyola. It is now four hundred years since St. Ignatius was christened. His birth is about all that Loyola Castle monopolizes. The rest of his career belongs to the world universal.

Another distinguished name associated with the monastery of Loyola, is that of St. Francis Borgia. His birth had placed him near the Spanish throne, when that throne was signalized as the most resplendent beneath heaven, and to the advantage of an eminent social position he added the dignity of a broad education. In the court of Castile, Francis Borgia was a man greatly honored. He had seen the palmiest of Isabella's triumphs, he had seen the

splendor of her palaces, the grandeur of her retinues, the pomp at last



Birthplace of St. Ignatius, Loyola.

which attended her obsequies. Later on he was present at the exhumation of her body, and at the gruesome sight he exclaimed mournfully: "And this is the end of her magnificence!" From that day the spirituality of the man deepened, and upon the death of his wife he allied himself with the sons of Loyola, and became the third Superior General of the Jesuits.

Loyola pleased us. We were delighted with everything, and congratulated ourselves that we had come. There is a hotel nearby, where we found a generous dinner-table, and a couple of good rooms. The stage came rattling along in the morning and we climbed a-top. The bells jingled, and the driver sang all the way down hill. At the railway station Charlie and I pulled straws to find out whether we would go further south or journey across the country toward Barcelona. The south won the battle, so we purchased our tickets for Burgos.

Pamplona.

CONSCIENCE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

JUDGE me not as I judge myself, O Lord!
Show me some mercy or I may not live:
Let the good in me go without reward;
Forgive the evil I cannot forgive!

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF RELIGION.

BY VERY REV. J. HOGAN, S. S.

AN ingenious writer undertook, not long ago, in one of our daily papers, to determine what subjects most interest the general American public, and to arrange them in the order of importance assigned to them by common consent. The list, such as he drew it up, could hardly be considered creditable to the country. Money came first; politics next; sports in all their various forms occupied, if we remember aright, the third place; while down at the bottom, even below electricity, and superior only to art, stood Religion.

A superficial view of society, as it is reflected in the public press, would go far to justify such an arrangement; but the press, though revealing with admirable faithfulness certain sides of the thought and life of our contemporaries, leaves others almost entirely unnoticed. In most men there are feelings which lie on the surface, open at all times to the public gaze, while others lie deep down and are difficult to fathom. Religion is one of them. In former times it was not so, and even to-day, in other countries, religion forms one of the most conspicuous features of ordinary life; but with many among us it instinctively hides itself, either because, as often happens among our separated brethren, too vague and unsettled to lend itself to an open statement, or, as is not uncommon among ourselves, because, though clear and earnest, it is too tender and delicate to be habitually exposed to the chill of a material and sceptical age.

Whatever the reasons, and they are many, religion has ceased to hold that high, unquestioned social position assigned to it in former ages; yet it remains, in the midst of all our modern worldliness and unbelief, one of the greatest concerns of individual souls and of the public mind in the civilized world at large, and most notably in this country of ours. Whether firmly held or anxiously sought for; whether as an occasional impulse or as an habitual practical profession, some sort of faith underlies the existence of almost all. After the imperative needs of bodily life, that of religion of one kind or another is perhaps the most widely felt. For the thousands interested in politics or in the pursuit of wealth, there are millions concerned about their ultimate end. A proof, or at least a sign, of this may be seen in the curious fact that among the books sent forth year after year by the press, there are more devoted to religion than to any other individual subject. The faiths of the human race; the sacred books of all nations, above all the Bible in its diverse parts and viewed under every conceivable aspect; the teachings of the Gospel in its manifold bearings; — such are the subjects which continue to draw the minds of the most cultured and the most thoughtful. Perhaps what awakens their attention chiefly at the present day is the social aspect of religion, and for this reason a few brief remarks on

this phase of the subject may not be unwelcome.

By the social aspects of Religion we are to understand the manner in which religion acts on the individual, the family, the state, in view of their normal development; how it affects the great secular interests and forces of society, such as material progress, the formation of character, individual courage, patriotism, the growth of and diffusion of knowledge, of liberty, the development of art, etc. The habit of viewing religion from such a mundane standpoint is essentially modern. To the deep unquestioning faith of former ages, religion was too high and sacred a thing to be judged by such standards. For them it was simply a message from God, pointing the way to eternal happiness, to be listened to with awe, and followed trustfully and lovingly. As to how it affected the interests of earth, the worldly progress of individuals or of nations, there was little concern, so long as it led directly and surely to heaven. They felt, of course, still more than the pagan philosophers of old, that religion was the necessary foundation of the social structure. They felt that if it were to be withdrawn, the whole fabric would speedily collapse, and hence the energy with which irreligion was repressed by the secular power, as destructive of society itself. As to the influence of Christian belief and practice on the interests of earth considered individually, it scarcely occurred to them to consider it.

The ages of universal faith were followed by a period of widespread unbelief. Religion remained, however, as a great social fact, and even those who had ceased to trust in her eternal promises could not ignore her abiding influence on the course and character of the world's life, and were naturally led to examine whether that influence harmonized or collided with the secular interests which to them had become paramount. Hence a new and many-sided inquiry into the bearings of Christian belief and practice on every element and condition of social welfare. As prosecuted by unbelievers, the investigation was not unfrequently unfriendly and unfair. On the other hand, defenders arose and vindicated the faith from unjust reproach. Later on the battle came to be fought between Catholics and Protestants, the tactics of the latter consisting in making the Catholic Church responsible for whatever deficiencies, past or present, real or imaginary, they claimed to discover in the nations and in the individuals who acknowledged her authority.

It is thus that Catholics have been placed on the defensive, particularly in this country, in regard to their loyalty to the Constitution, their patriotism, their love of liberty, and their devotion to other interests which the American people have much at heart. But judged even from such points of view, they feel that they have nothing to fear, nay, much to be proud of, if only the true principles be kept in view and the facts honestly stated. To explain this fully would require more volumes than pages can be given to it here. We must confine ourselves to the merest outline.

In one of the weakest of his infidel lectures, recently delivered in Boston, Colonel Ingersoll put the question, "What has the Bible done for commerce, for agriculture, for all the arts and comforts of life?

An appropriate answer would be to ask, for instance, what Mr. Ingersoll has done for the improvement of Boston harbor! The reply would naturally be, "That is none of his business." Just so; and in the same way, it is no part of the Bible's business or purpose to help in any one of the ways referred to by Mr. Ingersoll. One of the commonest fallacies of unbelievers who assail religion, and of Protestants who assail the Catholic Church, is to judge them by wrong standards, and to condemn them for failing to do what they were never meant to do.

Let us consider this more closely.

Religion has been revealed to man

for a definite purpose; and if it fulfils that purpose, it is beyond the range of criticism. Now the aim and end of all religion is to bring man nearer to God, to purify, to strengthen his spiritual being, to lift him up, or rather to enable him to lift himself up (for it is he who has to do it) and walk in the way that leads to life. And it is only for the carrying out of such purposes that the Church has been established; "not," as Cardinal Newman forcibly puts it, "to enlighten and enlarge the mind, or merely to make us good members of the community, loyal subjects, orderly and useful in our station; not to civilize the world, not to smooth the face of society, not to facilitate the movements of civic government; not to spread abroad knowledge, not to cultivate the reason, not for any great worldly object, but 'for the elect's sake,' that is, for the salvation of souls. This is what that mighty world-wide Church, like her Divine Author regards, consults for. She looks at the souls for whom Christ died, and who are made over to her; and her one object, for which everything is sacrificed,— appearances, reputation, worldly triumph,— is to acquit herself well of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring forward the elect to salvation, and to make them as many as she can; to take offences out of their path, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to teach them, to feed them, to protect them, and to perfect them. . . . It is this supernatural aim which is the folly and the feebleness of the Church in the eyes of the world. She overlooks everything in comparison of the immortal soul. Good and evil to her are not lights and shades passing over the surface of society, but living powers springing from the depths of the heart, and to purify the heart is her one great aim. She regards this world and all that is in it as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything." (Difficulties of Anglicans, VIII.)

Such, then, being avowedly the mind and purpose of the Catholic Church; such, in fact, being the object of all religion worthy of the name, by no other standards may they be fairly judged. All other issues, so far as they touch on the personal convictions of a Catholic, are outside the question; so that he need not stop a single moment to consider whether his religion does much, or little, or nothing at all, for interests, be they ever so legitimate, in which that religion claims to have no direct concern.

And yet there are many reasons why a Catholic should not remain a stranger to the manner in which the world at large is affected in its leading aims by the faith which he professes. First of all, among these aims there are many which, though confined to the present life, are part of the providential order, and consequently of God's own will. Thus man, for example, being perfectible in every direction, and progress being manifestly the natural law of human society, it is reasonable to anticipate that true religion will in some way fit in with, and perhaps help in, the highest development of the natural man, and in the most desirable form of social progress. And, furthermore, since what is highest and most desirable is not always easy to determine, it might be expected that true religion should serve as a test, those things proving ultimately noblest and best with which she finds herself in fullest harmony.

Again, a Catholic, however strong his personal convictions, has always to remember that for the great majority of his contemporaries the Church is on her trial; that it is by secular, not by religious standards that they will persist in judging her; yet, that, viewed even from that standpoint, she has won the admiration of some of the greatest minds outside her boundaries, and even drawn not a few of them to her bosom; that consequently she has a permanent interest in being studied and presented under such aspects.

Nor have such studies been wanting. In France, in Germany, in England, in America, wherever the claims of the

Christian faith have been questioned for the last hundred years, there has been no more frequent theme with Christian apologists than that suggested by the celebrated saying of Montesquieu: "Religion, which seems to aim only at leading men to heaven, proves in reality their greatest source of happiness on earth." Such in particular was the burden of Lacordaire's celebrated "Conferences." To a worldly, sceptical, unrestful generation he said: "What you are most proud to possess, what you most dearly cherish, you mainly owe to the Church — that higher element, still missing, which gives life its full value, even here below, and which you instinctively crave for, faith and the Church alone can give you." Indeed, we may take up at random any "Defence" of the Christian faith written within the present century; almost invariably we shall find a special chapter on the temporal advantages of religion to the individual and to society.

The subject is one on which philosophers and statesmen equally love to dwell, and their united testimony is one of the most striking homages paid to religion. Leo XIII., in his various Encyclicals, constantly reverts to the same point of view. In the very latest, addressed to the Catholics of America, he strongly emphasizes it. "We have," he says, "repeatedly endavored to inculcate that the Church, whilst directly and immediately aiming at the salvation of souls and the beatitude which is to be obtained in heaven, is yet, even in the order of temporal things, the foundation of blessings so many and so great that they could not have been more numerous or greater had the original purpose of her institution been the pursuit of happiness during the life which is spent on earth."

From all this we may learn in what tone of mind we should consider the bearings of religion on the questions and interests of the day. In these latter we are bound to be concerned, as citizens; in their connection with religion we are concerned as Christians and as Catholics. In dealing with them our object should be, before all, to know and to speak the truth, without exaggeration and without extenuation. Religion, in her teachings and in the results for which she is responsible, needs neither one nor the other. All she requires is to be known, having everything to expect from the truth and nothing to fear. For what the Church has done in the world under God's guidance, every Catholic has reason to be proud. For what she has failed to do by the fault of her children, it is good that we should be humbled. But when she falls short of the exigencies of others, simply because she keeps her place and remains faithful to her divine mission, let it be freely acknowledged, nay, openly proclaimed. In presence of the conflicting interests of men, it is her duty, not to throw herself blindly on one side or the other, but to hold the balance between them, even at the risk of estranging, momentarily or permanently, the sympathies of both. She has to give counsel in turn to the ruler and to the subject, to the capitalist and to those who labor, and she does it, come what may. The Church is in sympathy with all that tends to the true progress of man, with the growth of what is highest and best in him. But there are other growths which she watches with suspicion, because, however admissible and desirable in themselves, they speedily become a danger. Surely her mission is not to stimulate what of itself runs into extremes, but rather to temper and keep it within the limits of the moral law. Such, for example, is wealth. If in its pursuit Catholics, held back by conscientious scruples and alive to other and higher objects, are often left behind, shall we feel humbled for them or for the Church to which they belong?

The same may be said of all the other objections which are occasionally made from the social standpoint. Only a knowledge of the truth is needed to dispose of them. Neither politics in

the highest sense of the term, nor science in its endless forms, nor literature, nor art, nor any other human development has reason to regret having met with the Church on their way, listened to her sage counsels, or taken shelter in periods of peril and darkness under her fostering wings. In fact, the more closely a Catholic investigates all these things, the prouder he feels to be a son of the Church.*

There is a final answer which it depends upon each one to give to her opponents. It is the answer of the early Christians to their calumniators. Instead of refuting the calumny they lived it down. Accused of disloyalty, they fought the battles of the empire and shed their blood for the defence of her frontiers. Pointed out as dangerous to society, they proved themselves the most trustworthy and devoted of citizens; and in reply to the reproach of hating the whole human race, in the hour of trial they sacrificed their fortunes and risked ther lives for their accusers.

To live up to the spirit and teachings of the Church, will be at all times the most persuasive proof her children can give an unbelieving world that she truly has "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

*See the able and interesting volume of the distinguished Paulist, Fr. Young, "Catholic and Protestan Countries Compared."

THE DEAD LABORER.

BY FRANKLIN E. DENTON.

HERE, in his shirt sleeves, with the sweat scarce dried
Upon his grimy brow, a laborer lies.
Climbing a ladder with his heavy hod,
A falling timber swept him from the rounds,
And the hard pavement battered out his breath.
Push through the crowd, good friend! The ambulance
Is ringing 'round the corner! Lose no time!
For years may pass before thy heart again
Shall have such cause to melt! His job is done.
He who was doomed before his hour of birth
To do the world's rough work, and have the least
Of its good things, has quit ere it is six.
Mark well this harrowing scene, and if naught else
Can touch a sense long dulled to time's harsh facts,
But look upon the callous of these palms,
And marvel how thou ever hast been moved
To think a thought of ill of any man.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

The battle of Aughrim was fought at the pass of Urrachree on Sunday, July 12, 1691. The Williamite army, under Ginckle, consisted of 45,000 horse and foot; the Irish force, under St. Ruth, was about 15,000, and had only nine field pieces. The Williamites were thrice driven, with great slaughter, from their positions, when St. Ruth was killed by a cannon ball. To reap all the glory, he had kept the plan of battle to himself, and when he fell the Irish were without a leader. Throughout the battle the gallant Sarsfield, with half the troops, was compelled to remain idle and ignorant of all. Many Irish regiments, scorning to fly, were slaughtered to a man; and their dead bodies, stripped of everything by the Williamites, were left unburied on the field. There is a true and remarkable story of a Wolf dog belonging to an Irish officer killed in the battle, whose body the dog guarded, night and day, and would not allow anybody to disturb the remains. He would go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and return to the place where his master lay to resume his watch. Thus he continued for months, when one of Col. Foulke's soldiers, going that way by chance, unslung his piece and shot the faithful sentinel dead upon the bones of his master.

"THE day is ours, my gallant men," cried brave but vain St. Ruth.
"We win a deathless victory for liberty and truth;
This land we'll wrest from William's grasp, though we're but one to three,
And make his crew remember long the pass of Urrachree.

"All day, with myriad cannon, have they poured the fierce attack;
With valor and the naked sword, thrice have we flung them back.
They're beaten, boys! they're beaten. Still, unsheath your swords again
And on them like an avalanche, and sweep them from the plain."

Like thunderbolt upon the foe, the Irish column sped
Athlone's deep stain to wash away; St. Ruth is at the head.
On, onward rolls that wave of death. O God! what means that cry?
St. Ruth, the brave, upon his steed sits headless 'neath the sky.

"Oh! where's the gallant Sarsfield now? Is victory defeat?
O God! in mercy, strike us dead, 'twere better than retreat.
Where! where is Limerick's hero brave?" the chiefless soldiers cry,
And scorning flight, they wait the dawn to give them light to die.

"No quarter" was the slogan of the Williamites that day,
And graveless lay the murdered brave, to dogs and thieves a prey.
But even dogs more sacred held the dying and the slain,
Than Ginckle and his hireling hordes on Aughrim's bloody plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and robbery had fled,
An Irish Wolf dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of pilfered dead,
And strove, with more than human love, to rob death of his prize,
Then moaned a dirge above his breast, and kissed his lips and eyes.

The July sun shone fiercely down upon that corse-strewn plain,
Where bird and beast of air and field devoured the naked slain.
But faithful still, the Wolf dog stood, 'mid savage growls and groans,
To guard alike, from man and beast, his well-loved master's bones.

And Autumn pencilled Summer's bloom in tints of gold and red,
And Winter, over hill and dale, a ghostly mantle spread;
The weird winds wailed across the moor and moaned adown the dell;
Yet guarded well that noble dog his master where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon that spreading plain
Where, seven months, death's sentinel, the faithful dog had lain,
When carelessly across the fields a British soldier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on the sod.

Up sprang the faithful Wolf dog then — he knew a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones he loved so dear.
Fierce, defiant there he stood; the soldier, seized with dread,
Took aim and fired — the noble dog fell on his master — dead.

THE MEN AND MOVEMENT OF '48.

SOUVENIRS OF MY EARLY CAREER.

BY JAMES STEPHENS.

DURING my boyhood's days I used to read books on mechanics and engineering feats, and when I reached my 21st year, I became an engineering student under Dargan, who attained fame and fortune in his profession. I was on the point of taking out my diploma as an engineer, when the news of a contemplated revolt reached me from Dublin. I had been a member of the Young Ireland Society of Kilkenny before I joined the pupils of Dargan; and in order to explain the causes which led to the rebellion of 1848, in which I took part, I am compelled to refer to the origin and history of Young Ireland, which was exclusively the pioneer of the movement for the separation of Ireland from England.

During a summer day in 1842, Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, and John Blake Dillon, then citizens of Dublin, and followers of Daniel O'Connell in his agitation for Repeal of the Union, while sitting on a bench in Phœnix Park, resolved to start a weekly literary and thoroughly patriotic journal in the Irish capital. It was to be called The Nation. Duffy and Dillon were to furnish material, and Davis was to supply the brains, as editor of the projected sheet. Early in the fall of 1842, in the first week of October, the Nation's first number appeared. Never before in Ireland were editorials so ably and logically written. Its stirring and patriotic lyrics, Davis' and Duffy's masterly ballads, eloquent in style of diction, and resonant as the sounds of a trumpet, caused thousands of Irish hearts to throb more tenderly with love for their native land, and aroused the spirit of patriotism in their bosoms. Thomas Davis, who had the personal magnetism of leaders of men, gathered around him in the Nation office a band of bright young littérateurs whom his genius inspired with fervor in the prose and poetry departments of that journal. Under the influence of that inspiration Denis Florence MacCarthy (translator in his after life of the Poems of Calderon), D'Arcy McGee, Richard

Dalton Williams, O'Hagan, and others became the patriotic lyrists of the Nation, and wrote poems which, though simple in style, were pearls of thought, and so imbued with the spirit of liberty that they aroused the emotional Celt to a passionate desire to battle for his native land.

Davis's death, in 1845, was a cruel blow to the Nation, and to the Young Ireland movement; but Duffy took possession of his dead friend's chair, and his editorials and ringing Irish ballads sustained the literary reputation which Davis had won for that journal. Charles Gavan Duffy was aided in his labors by James Clarence Mangan, one of the most talented of the Irish poets of that most enthusiastic period, while the band of other bards, whom Davis had organized, remained true and loyal to the destiny and mission of the Nation.

Some time after Davis's death, dissensions arose in the repeal party. O'Connell was growing old and feeble. His former vigor had completely disappeared, and his son, John O'Connell, was really the leader of the repealers. He was jealous of the reputation and the popularity of the leading Young Irelanders, who were more radical in their professions of nationality than the O'Connellites. Eventually the Young Ireland chiefs, John Mitchel, Duffy, Smith O'Brien, Dillon, and Thomas Francis Meagher, seceded from the Repeal Association, and started the Irish Confederation. Their secession was caused by Daniel O'Connell's declaration that "Liberty was not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood!" — a theory which Meagher, in his memorable "Sword speech" refuted, when he said: "How did the colonies of America win their liberty from England? By the sword. How did the Greeks and Belgians gain their independence? By the sword." He was heartily applauded by his political associates in the audience.

The Irish Confederation, or, as they were called in various districts of the country, Young Ireland clubs, were established by the thousand all over the land, and their members supported Meagher's doctrines. In the first week of July, 1848, warrants were issued by the Viceroy's chief secretary for the arrest of Meagher, Smith O'Brien, John B. Dillon, Richard O'Gorman, Devin Reilly, John O'Mahony, and others. When I heard that several of these Young Irelanders had left Dublin for Tipperary county, where they raised the Green Flag in revolt against the English yoke, I decided to join them. At that time the hot, enthusiastic blood of youth coursed like fire through my veins, and I entered the struggle determined either upon liberty or death!

I went at once to Rathgormack, where I met Doheny in a farmer's house. We proceeded to Killenaule to join Smith O'Brien and his followers. It was on that occasion I was nominated by the chief as his aide-de-camp. As we received news that there was a company of English dragoons in the immediate vicinity, Smith O'Brien decided on raising a barricade against their march in a street in Killenaule. The barricade consisted of empty cars and lumber. The moment the soldiers entered the street, another barricade was erected to the rear by our comrades. The captain in command had evidently no wish to fight us. As he approached the barricade, he was surrounded by a goodly number of peasants, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and pikes.

I raised my rifle, and was about to fire on the mounted cavalry officer; but John Blake Dillon, grasping my rifle, dissuaded me from carrying out my intention. If I had killed that officer, it would have been the first shot fired in the Irish Revolution of 1848 — though I might have been slain in the conflict afterwards. I believed that as we were at open warfare with the English garrison we were justified in killing their soldiers wherever we found them.

The officer having pledged his word of honor that he would not enter into a combat with our forces, we removed the barricade, and allowed them to pass on. It was with extreme reluctance I joined in this task. I preferred to have the campaign against the English soldiers inaugurated then and there, when an opportunity presented itself for striking the first blow for Irish liberty. I expressed these ideas to Smith O'Brien, but he replied to the effect that it would be unwise to commence the campaign too soon, as we had not a sufficient number of men. Smith O'Brien was a man of overscrupulous honor. As a commander of the rebel forces, he was too chivalrous to be practical and effective in his operations; he preferred to see himself and his followers suffer severe privations rather than have them billeted in the homes of the landlords of Tipperary county. Nevertheless, he was as brave as Bayard, and stood his ground till the last hope vanished. Defeat was as bitter as gall to his proud Celtic spirit; and when disaster overtook our struggle, his only consolation lay in the possibility of a stray English bullet taking him off. With this object he courted death, rather than be captured by the English soldiers. But death would have none of him just then.

We marched from Killenaule to Carrick, where O'Brien addressed the people as follows: "You, the people, should be with us, and die with us, if necessary. We are here to demand the redemption of that pledge in the name of your enslaved country. The hour has come when the truth and loyalty of our followers is to be tested, and first among her children the trust of her honor is committed to you." Among the men of Carrick was the Rev. Father O'Byrne, who cheered Mr. O'Brien's remarks with the spirit of a true-born patriot, and he encouraged his flock to follow the advice given to them by their leaders. Still the people remained undecided. I went among them, trying to persuade them to fight for their motherland at a time when thousands of their fellow-countrymen, with their women and children, were starving, and no food was to be had; while the golden corn of their farms was transported to England, to be sold by Irish absentee landlords, in lieu of their (the farmers') rents. "Will you permit English government officials to mow your cornfields," I said, "and thus lose your flour that is the bread, the staff of your very existence?"

They still remained silent, and we left them with feelings of supreme disgust at what we then considered their cowardice.

[I must here interpolate a final word on this subject. The Irish people were never cowards. That this has been my constant, unwavering faith, I can give no better proof of than the fact of my having risked everything once more in the Fenian movement. But in 1848, the people being almost, not to say altogether, unarmed, it is not to their discredit — not at all surprising — that they did not rush on certain

destruction, and that, too, for leaders but little known to them.]

We immediately scoured the country at the base of the Slievenamon mountains, and the slate quarries that extended into Kilkenny county. The inhabitants of these districts were evidently preparing for the fight. The smiths were busy making pikes, while their wives, mothers, and sisters were sharpening these implements of warfare on stones. The carpenters were turning ash and elm wood into pike handles. A contingent of several hundred men joined our little army here, and we were led to Ballyneale, where Smith O'Brien instructed one of his followers to proceed to the chapel of the hamlet and ring the bell, in order to gather together the inhabitants of the surrounding townlands. While the sweet notes of the bell were pealing through the balmy atmosphere, fragrant with the odors of flower gardens, 7,500 young men, most of whom were stalwart peasants, armed with pikes and a few rifles, answering the summons of Smith O'Brien, appeared on the scene amid our plaudits; while shortly afterward a deputation of the inhabitants of Carrick approached the chief, and assured him that the people in and around the town were prepared to join his forces. They carried out their promise, and 500 men of that town arrived in Ballyneale next day. The pastor of the latter village, Father Morrissy, sought to dissuade the people from joining the rebellion, but he appeared to have no influence. Yet, curiously enough, they did not obey the call of Smith O'Brien, nor listen favorably to my appeals to their patriotism.

We left them with the same disgust that we had previously experienced at Carrick, and proceeded to Carrick-on-Suir, where we found 3,000 men camping on the fields, awaiting our arrival. Owing to the influence of the local Catholic clergymen, however, half of these left the camp that night, and returned to their farmsteads. We then marched to Ballingarry, where we encountered a band of police under the command of Inspector Trant. That officer, fearing that the small number of his forces could not cope with the Irish rebels on the open field, entered, at the head of his followers, the house of the Widow MacCormack, and barricaded the windows with that lady's feather beds. Our forces surrounded the house. Smith O'Brien asked Trant to surrender; but he declined, whereupon the more radical element in our ranks smashed the windows with paving stones, which struck senseless several of the policemen. Immediately Trant ordered his men to fire on us, and two of our band were killed. I was among the wounded. The members of the constabulary aimed their rifles at Smith O'Brien. Bullets whizzed over his head and to the left and right of him; but he stood calm and immovable as a statue. Aided by a few comrades, I persuaded him to escape. I used my rifle in the fight, and was among the last to leave the scene of battle, if it could be dignified by such a name. The Ballingarryites, sad to admit, were dispersed by the bullets of the policemen's rifles. Assisted off the field by two of my comrades, we were driven in a car to Urlingford, in which town I put up in a friend's house, and had my wound dressed by a local surgeon.

Thus collapsed the attempted revolt, owing to the influence of the clergy, and to the apathy of the people themselves. As for myself, when I

recovered from my wound, I rejoined Doheny, who, with Meagher and several of the other chiefs of the Irish confederation, had been battling for liberty at the base of the Slievenamon mountains. I met him at Rathcormack, a village situated amid the fastnesses of those craggy heights. We heard from a peasant that Dublin Castle had issued a proclamation announcing that a reward of £1,000 ($5,000) would be given for the heads of Doheny and myself, but none of the peasants whose hospitality we enjoyed sought to betray us. Doheny and I bade farewell to our host, who assured us that, poor though he was in the world's goods, he would never ruin his good name by accepting blood money. We ascended the mountains, where we were offered hospitality by a farmer. My wound, owing to our journey over the rocky and dangerous pathway of the cliffs, gave me some trouble; but the genial and buxom wife of mine host gave me an oatmeal plaster to bandage my leg, and nursed me in an attack of fever brought on by the excitement of the previous weeks.

The next three weeks we spent in the Commeragh mountains. One night we entered the farmstead of a Mr. Murphy; and scarcely had we got inside the house when a wild storm burst over these lonely hills, and foaming torrents of rain flowed down their flanks with an appalling velocity. Doheny writes as follows of this tornado in his "Felon's Track": "Had it surprised us where we could find no shelter, the ravens of Cuimshinans would have rioted and revelled on our flesh." On the day after we left Murphy's house, where, by the by, we were treated with the most cordial hospitality, it was almost impossible for us to climb the mountains, broken, as they were, by steep crags, and deep ravines, covered with furze and briers. Looking from the crags to the valleys, several thousand feet below, we were often overcome by dizziness during our descent on the edge of precipices. About 3 P. M. we reached the monastery of Mount Mellary, and were received with courtesy by a friar, standing at the door; but we did not take advantage of his proffered hospitality, in order not to compromise these innocent ecclesiastics with the English government; though in truth we needed rest and shelter, as we had walked some 30 miles over the mountains and through ravines, without taking any refreshments, and were hungry and tired. We entered the beautiful chapel of the monastery, and ascended to the gallery, while vespers were being chanted by the friars, and here we both prayed for a happy escape from our enemies.

After leaving the chapel we were chased by two policemen, but we quickly sped to the Mitchelstown mountains, in whose blue mists we disappeared. We then entered a cabin, where flowery potatoes and hot milk were served to us by the generous farmer's wife. I need hardly add that our appetites were keen, and that we did ample justice to the repast. We were very kindly treated next day at Castle Hyde, situated on the banks of the Blackwater, by the genial and patriotic host, Sir Patrick Hyde, the grandfather of Douglas Hyde, the Irish poet and Gaelic scholar. Sir Patrick assured us that he, too, would have gone to Tipperary, to join the rebel ranks, only for a sprained ankle. On departing from his castle he provided us with a large quantity of provisions and wines in knapsacks.

We had now travelled 150 miles of bridle pathways, and enjoyed a rest in the town of Dunmanway, in the house of a certain person whom I shall not name, for we discovered that he was plotting to betray us to the police. Consequently we left that house with the utmost speed, and reached the beautiful pass of Cuimeneigh, flanked by two colossal hills, immortalized by the sweet muse of Denis Florence McCarthy. Here we witnessed the wondrous beauty and picturesque wildness of the mountains surrounding Gougane Barra, and heard the scream of the lordly eagle from his eyrie in the crags 10,000 feet above.

Here Doheny grew melancholy. All our resources of escape, he said, had failed. Moreover, we were in a starving condition — so much so that we were forced to eat grass and dog nettles, to eke out our miserable existence. Still I had hope and even confidence. I parted with Doheny on the mountains of Glengariff. He proceeded to Cork, and entered a cattle ship at the Cove. "When I stepped on board," he writes, in his "Felon's Track," "I walked to the foredeck among the cattle, covered with rags and dirt, my eyes fixed on two detectives, who stood at the cabin entrance scrutinizing every passenger. The bell rang. The detectives went out on shore, to my great joy and surprise; my friends, who watched my movements, waved a kind adieu, the Juverna slipped her cables, and at one bound was out of the river."

Shortly afterward I, too, proceeded to Cork, and found shelter in a friend's house, where I met Mrs. Downing, "Claribel" of the Nation, a famous poetess of that day. She asked me to come to London in the guise of her maid, and added: "I will provide you with woman's clothes. You will pass unnoticed in that attire, for your features are still beardless."

I accompanied her to London, thus clothed, and resumed my usual attire at her house, from whence I proceeded to Paris. The success of my escape from arrest was due to Mrs. Downing, and partly to my friends in Kilkenny. These latter, hearing that I was wounded at Ballingarry, circulated a report that I had died from loss of blood. Two of them proceeded to Tipperary, where they purchased a coffin, and deposited therein my supposed corpse. The casket was conveyed to Kilkenny on a car, and my alleged remains received the honor of a magnificent funeral. I was then buried under the shadow of the round tower of St. Canice. The local newspapers had sympathetic obituaries, dwelling on the good qualities of the deceased, who they said was a juvenile of much promise, but who, unfortunately, in an evil hour "joined the unholy ranks of the social disturbers of his country."

Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I received from home several Irish newspapers, from which I learned that Smith O'Brien had been arrested at the Thurles Railway station on the 6th of August, 1848. He was brought to trial, and he and MacManus, O'Donohoe, and Meagher were sentenced to death on the charge of high treason, but this sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life in the Bermuda islands. On the 9th of July, 1849, the English man-of-war Swift, spread her sails in the direction of these islands, having on board Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, MacManus, and O'Donohoe. John Martin, a brother-

in-law of Mitchel, who had been previously transported to the Bermudas, and Kevin Izod O'Doherty, a medical student of Trinity College, who was also a felon, were conveyed to Cork on the 16th of June, 1849, where they were put aboard the ship The Mount Stewart Elphinstone, bound for the same islands.

A touching scene occurred at the King's Bridge Railway station, Dublin, on the morning of that eventful day, when O'Doherty was taking his departure for Cork, surrounded by a company of soldiers. His betrothed, Miss Mary Kelly, who wrote patriotic songs and ballads for the Nation under the pen-name of "Eva," approached her lover, and tenderly embraced him.

"Would you wait, my dear sweetheart, for me for fifteen years?" asked Kevin, that being his term of imprisonment.

"I would wait for you, my Kevin, for an eternity," replied the brave young girl.

John Mitchel was liberated a few years after his arrival in the Bermudas, thanks to the efforts of P. J. Smyth, a fellow Young Irelander. Smith O'Brien and the other political prisoners were pardoned some time subsequently. O'Brien returned to his Manor House, Limerick county, Ireland. Meagher became famous as a brave soldier in the civil war in the United States, and rose to be general of that gallant band of regiments known as the Irish Brigade. MacManus did not long survive his liberation. His remains were conveyed in a steamship from New York to the Cove of Cork in 1861. His funeral in Dublin was attended by tens of thousands of men who marched with the step of experienced soldiers behind the hearse. This great demonstration in memory of an Irishman who risked his life in the cause of Irish liberty in '48 was, so to speak, the result of my previous labors in Ireland in starting and developing the I. R. B. organization, after I had left France and returned to Ireland in 1856. O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Doheny, O'Mahony, and O'Donohoe have passed into the valley of the shadow of death. The only leading surviving members of the '48 movement are Gavan Duffy, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, Denny Lane, of Cork City, and Richard O'Gorman, of New York.

I may add that none of these gentlemen (with two exceptions) — through no fault of their own — took an active part in the attempted rebellion. Gavan Duffy, the proprietor of the Nation, was arrested at that time on the charge of having written a rebellious article, entitled "Jacta alea est" — "The Die is cast." During his first trial, "Speranza," Lady Wilde (who is still living and residing in London), declared proudly, as she sat in the gallery of the Court:

"I am the author of the incriminated article."

The jury disagreed. Other juries in the second and third trials of Duffy followed the example of the first, and the English were morally compelled to release him. Shortly after that event he resuscitated the Nation, which had been suppressed owing to the insertion of "Speranza's" article. Kevin Izod O'Doherty's arrest occurred shortly after that of Duffy. He was charged with writing treasonable articles in John Martin's "Felon." On his release, he and his sweetheart were united in wedlock. Since that time Dr. and Mrs. O'Doherty have resided in Australia, except one brief interval, a few years ago, when the

former rebel became a member of the Irish parliamentary party.

When I arrived in Paris, I took up my residence in a garret in the Latin Quarter. This Bohemian part of the city was chiefly inhabited by students of the Sorbonne, and a large number of political refugees from Italy, Russia, Hungary,and Poland. Among those exiles were two Italian Republicans — Cairoli, and Crispi, the present premier of King Humbert's cabinet! Crispi, who is a civilian, organized a rebellion against Ferdinand of Naples, King of Sicily; but it was a failure and he was compelled to leave the island, and reside in Paris, where he was in my time a professor of Italian.

I was not long a resident of my attic, when John O'Mahony, who with Meagher and Doheny fought against the English soldiers at the head of companies of peasants around the southern base of Slievenamon mountains, became a fellow inmate of my poorly furnished room. We were both penniless. Fortunately, however, I was taught the French language in the days of my boyhood, and was thus enabled to give lessons in English to several students of wealthy parents. Thus during a year I was enabled to keep the wolf from the door. O'Mahony became the Paris correspondent of a Madras Indian newspaper; but no remittances having come in response to repeated applications for payment, he ceased contributing to the pages of that dishonest journal.

In the dark days of December, 1851, when Bonaparte, the son of Queen Hortense, nephew of the great Napoleon, and President of the French Republic, effected his infamous coup d'état, the Republicans of Belleville and Montmartre and the students and refugees of the Latin Quarter rose in rebellion against him. They were provided with rifles, and they raised the barricades. O'Mahony and I joined the corps d'armée; but the artillery of the army in the pay of the Emperor destroyed our barricades, and many of our comrades were killed by shot and shell. Finally the insurrection collapsed all over Paris, the streets of which were red with the blood of patriots. We retired sadly to our home, and were unmolested, as we were not suspected of taking any part in the rebellion. Moreover, we were not known at the Prefecture of Police. Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and others, all leaders of the Republican party in Paris, were expelled by a ukase of Napoleon III.

O'Mahony left Paris subsequently by a transatlantic steamer from the port of Havre for New York. During the last years of my exile I became the intimate friend of three men whose names were famous throughout France: Béranger, the great French poet and ballad writer; Alexandre Dumas the elder, author of "Monte Cristo," and Col. Miles Byrne, a retired officer of the French army. Béranger was an old man in 1852. On several occasions, when we toasted Gambrinus in a tavern in the Latin Quarter, he used to dwell on the events of his early life. From the roof of the schoolhouse situated on the Place de la Bastille, he beheld the capture of that infamous prison by the people of Montmartre, on the 14th of July, 1789. "I was a literary hack in 1802," he remarked, "earning 25 sous (cents) a day, and living in an attic. My clothes were very ragged in those pleasant Bohemian days, when I had loved the Lady Poverty; for I was a dreamer, and

used to write about Arcady and Pan in my pastorals. I satirized Napoleon in my 'Roi d'Yostôt,' my first famous song, which brought me the sum of 1,000 francs ($200). I afterwards became the first ballad writer of the Empire, and glorified Napoleon, for he was then the conqueror of the kings and Emperors of Europe. I was persecuted and imprisoned by the Bourbons on account of my Napoleonic proclivities. One of my songs, 'Le Vieux Drapeau,' 'The Old Tricolor,' was very popular in Paris under the régime of the Bourbon lilies. During the reign of Louis Philippe I secured a pension for the author of the 'Marseillaise,' who was then a feeble nonogenarian, whom I had supported for several years previously."

Alexandre Dumas the elder, introduced me to a Paris publisher to whom I proposed the translation of Dickens' leading novels. Dickens was popular among the very few Frenchmen who could read English; but there was no French edition of his novels in Paris. In the period of two years I translated "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," and "Martin Chuzzlewit," and was remunerated by the publisher to the extent of 5,000 francs ($1,000) for each volume. I left my den, and rented a more spacious and comfortable apartment on the Boulevard St. Michel, where I gave on one occasion a supper in honor of the Irish rebel of '98. Colonel Byrne, John Mitchel, Father Prout, and other members of the then Irish colony attended the feast. Colonel Byrne was a tall and stalwart man. He fought bravely in all the battles of the rebellion of '98. He it was who organized the Irish Legion which formed a part of Napoleon's army in its conquering march over Europe. Under the Bourbon régime, he was colonel of a French infantry regiment forming one of a corps d'armée which was dispatched in 1829 to liberate Greece from the Turkish yoke.

I have little more to add to these souvenirs of my early career. Though I was amassing a considerable amount of Napoleons d'or by my translations, I had other and nobler ambitions. I desired to attempt a colossal task — that of the liberation of my native land. Wherefore I laid down my pen, and started for Ireland in the summer of 1856.

RECOGNITION.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

At twilight, on the open sea,
We passed, with breath of melody —
A song, to each familiar, sung
In accents of an alien tongue.

We could not see each other's face,
Nor through the growing darkness trace
Our destinies; but brimming eyes
Betrayed unworded sympathies.

SENATORS OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH:

PAST AND PRESENT.

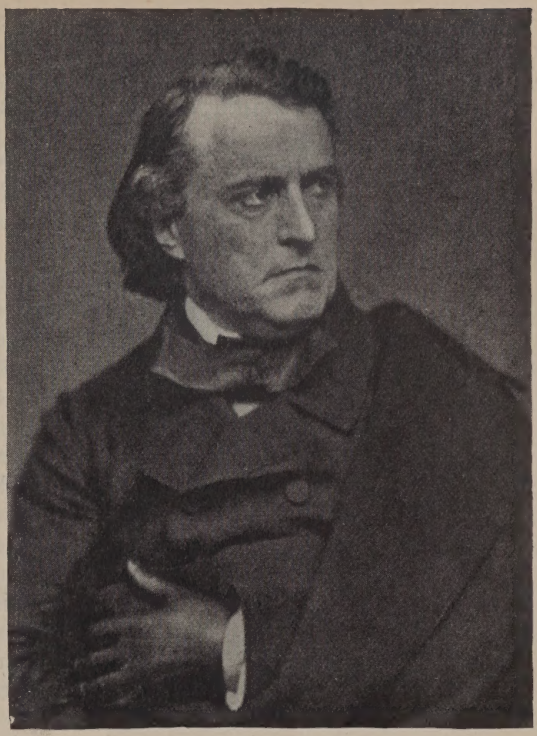
BY A. J. FAUST, PH. D.

FROM the discovery of America till the present time, — in the colonial struggles and their culmination in independence, in the war of 1812, as in that of 1861, — the Catholic name shines with no unwonted lustre on every page of our country's annals. Honors military, naval, and civic have been borne by native and foreign Catholics, and in the halls of Congress Catholics have done their full share in preserving the sovereign power of the people and the legitimate authority of the government.

Next to the office of president, or of the supreme justiceship, no prizes to be won in public life are comparable with that of a seat in the Senate of the United States. In dignity of position and civic intelligence the United States Senate rarely falls below that of the United States Supreme Court. Indeed, the former in many cases is but the stepping-stone to the latter. The most recent instance occurred during the present Congress, when Senator Edward Douglass White, of Louisiana, resigned his seat in the Senate to accept the appointment of associate justice of the Supreme Court, tendered him by President Cleveland. If we eliminate from consideration the terrible power of the "machine" in partisan politics and look at the salutary influence of Catholic citizenship, irrespective of party lines, as exhibited in the honorable careers of men eminent in public station, the Catholic population both North and South have just grounds for their appreciation of the services rendered the country by those professing the same faith. The House of Representatives is never without its large contingent of members who are known to the public generally as Catholics; but fortunately for the pacific legislation of Congress, an avowal of the faith or a defence of its principles is seldom necessary and rarely heard in either branch of the Federal legislative body.

The rise and growth of the secret organization known as the American Protective Association, like its prototype, the Know-Nothing combination of former years, has called forth an able defender of our political rights in the person of Hon. Thomas A. E. Weadock, now representing the Tenth Congressional District of Michigan. It will be remembered by those conversant

with the history of national legislation that a scene of kindred interest was enacted in the House of Representatives during the short-lived but bitter crusade of the Know-Nothing Party. It is now nearly 40 years since the late Mr. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, attempting to defame his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, addressed the House in committee of the whole, asserting that the Roman Pontiff claimed the right "to control the members of the Roman Catholic Church in secular matters." The venerable Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, long since passed to his reward, was then a member of that body, and on the 10th of January, 1855, replied to Mr. Banks. The full text of Mr. Chandler's speech is to be found in The Congressional Globe of the second session of the Thirty-third Congress. Catholic and non-Catholic spectators who heard the thrilling eloquence of Mr. Chandler refer to that occasion as one of the most memorable in our legislative annals. During the delivery of his great speech a solemn stillness pervaded the House; and when, at the close of his masterly exposition of Catholic principles, Mr. Chandler reached that splendid personal climax, a breathless awe seemed to inspire all his auditors. In our congressional oratory there are few passages so chaste in style, so patriotic in sentiment.



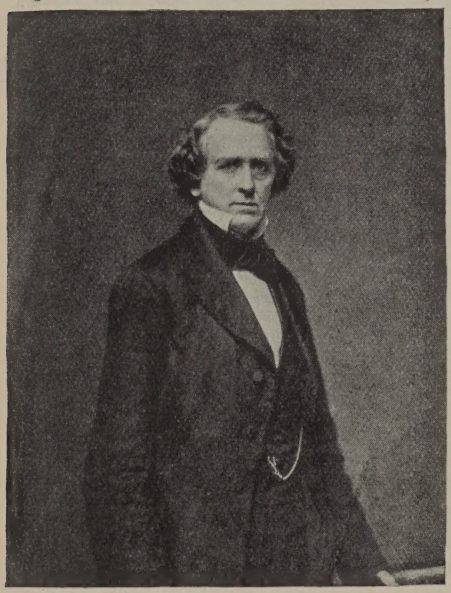
HON. PIERRE SOULÉ, of Louisiana.

"That this disavowal of a divided fealty may not be regarded as a mere generality," said Mr. Chandler, "I give it explicitness by declaring that, if, by any providence, the Bishop of Rome should become possessed of armies and a fleet, and, in a spirit of conquest, or any other spirit, should invade the territory of the United States, or assail the rights of our country, he would find no more earnest antagonists than the Roman Catholics. And for myself, if not here in this hall to vote supplies for a defending army, or if too old to take part in the active defence, I should, if alive, be at least in my chamber, or at the foot of the altar, imploring God for the safety of my country and the defeat of the invaders. Or, if the spirit of conquest and cruelty should seize upon the wearer of the tiara, and he should seek to subjugate Italy by improper assumptions, and by crime provoke the arms of other nations against his own city, I could look on the chances of the defeat of his army as coolly and as complacently as on the misfortunes and punishment of any other ambitious monarch; and safe in my love of right, and in the enjoyment of my religious creed, and the comforts of my home, I could say, "'Let the Volscians plough Italy and harrow Rome.'"

Scenes like these, in which Mr. Chandler and Mr. Weadock played a prominent part, are of rarer occurrence in the Senate than in the

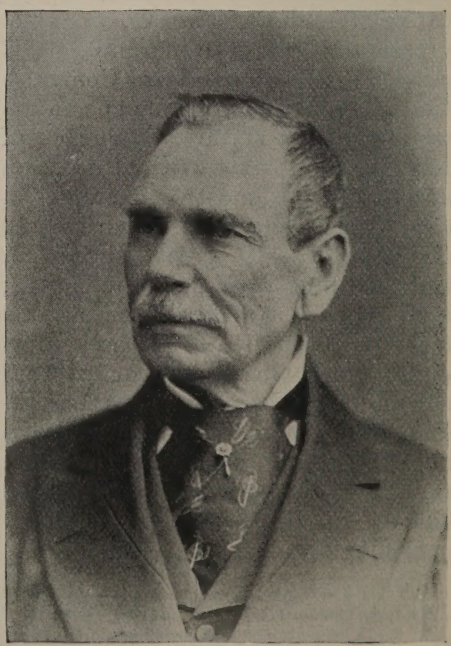
House. As far as I know, but one kindred instance is chronicled, and of it I shall presently speak.

Among the earliest members of the



HON. ALEXANDER MOUTON, of Louisiana.

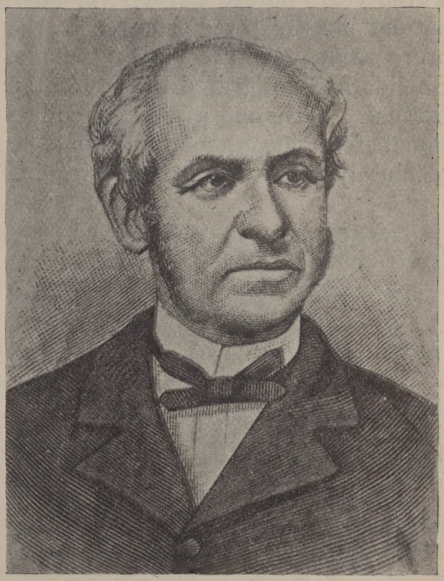
Senate who were Catholic in faith and in practice were Hon. Alexander Mouton and Hon. Pierre Soulé, both of Louisiana, and both very distinguished men before the late civil war. Mr. Mouton was a native of the state but of Acadian origin, and was born in Attakapas, now known as Lafayette parish, Nov. 19, 1804. He was a lawyer by profession, having pursued his studies with Judge Voorhees. Poore's "Political Register" and Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" state that he was graduated at Georgetown College; but the present rector, Rev. J. H. Richards, S. J., who kindly examined the early records, was unable to establish the fact that Mr. Mouton was ever a student in that ancient seat of learning. The annals only show that on the 17th of July, 1847, Governor Alexander Mouton brought his nephew and ward, William Mouton, as a student to the college. Mouton was a familiar figure in Louisiana politics before his election to the Senate of the United States, to fill the unexpired term of Alexander J. Porter, in January, 1837. As a newly elected senator, he took the oath of office in company with James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce, and William C. Preston. Subsequently he was elected to the Senate for a term of six years, but resigned on the 1st of March, 1842, when nominated for the governorship of Louisiana. As senator and governor, Mr. Mouton was noted for his work rather than for his words. His son distinguished himself in the Confederate service, and rose to the rank of major-general. He was killed at the head



GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, of Illinois.

of his command in the battle of Mansfield. Alexander Mouton died on the 12th of February, 1885, near the place of his nativity. For many years before his death he lived in retirement on his plantation. His descendants are well known in Louisiana, and some of them are now residents of New Orleans. The portraits of Mr. Mouton and Mr. Soulé, specially prepared for this Magazine, are taken from pictures made while they were in the Senate.

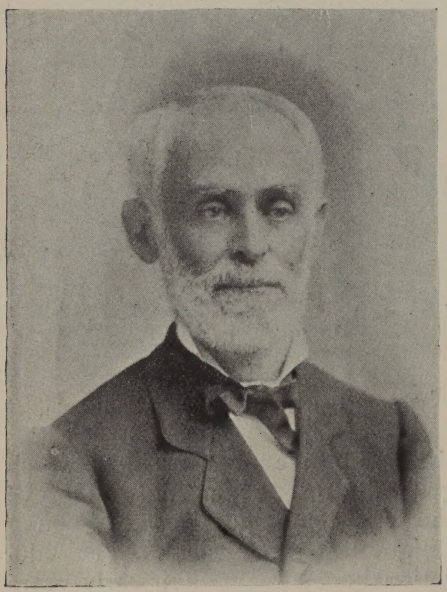
No sharper contrast can be instituted than that which existed between the suave and deliberate Mouton and the ardent Soulé, quick of speech and movement. In temperament, in habits of thought, and in personal bearing they were the antipodes of each other. Mr. Soulé came to the Senate a month after the expiration of Mr. Mouton's term as governor of Louisiana, having been appointed to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Alexander Barrow. His service of 30 days, under this appointment, was inadequate for any senatorial duty beyond the right of vote. Two years later he was elected a member of that body by the legislature of Louisiana. For the first time in the history of the American Senate, a Gallic Catholic and a Celtic Catholic both of foreign birth met as representatives in the new Congress. General James Shields, who had already won his spurs by gallant deeds in the Mexican war, was elected, after declining the governorship of Oregon Territory, by the legislature of Illinois, senator of the United States, and served from Dec. 3, 1849, to March 3, 1855. With but a difference of a few years in age, Soulé and Shields were both in the prime of life, and in the fruition of their powers. The same spirit of liberty dominated their youth, while that of adventure prepared them for



HON. EUGENE CASSERLY, of California.

the endurance of hardships, which generally test the mettle and prove the crisis in the lives of young emigrants to our shores. In educational advantages their early years were quite dissimilar. Soulé had been partially trained for the Church in the Jesuit college at Toulouse, and had acquired a self-dependent power in the exercise of the office of tutor in Paris, whither he had gone for the study of law. When but a few years beyond his majority, his pen had attained an ease of expression in consequence of his editorial work in the columns of a Liberal journal published in the French capital. From infancy to manhood, the surroundings of Soulé were in harmony with culture and refinement. It would have been strange if he had proved other than an intellectual man.

Far otherwise was it with Shields, who was born in Dungannon, county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810. Three years before Catholic emancipation had restored some of the prerogatives of the Irish people, Shields had emigrated to the United States. With but a slender educational foundation to build on, he resolutely set to work to develop his



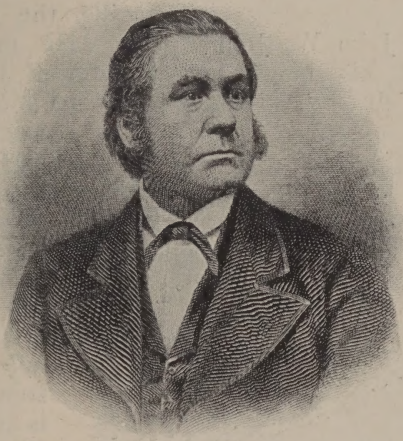
Hon. John W. Johnston, of Virginia.

mental faculties. The opportunities of culture denied him in the land of his birth were not wanting in the land of his adoption. Acquiring the profession of the law and having a penchant for public affairs, Shields filled one office after another with great credit to himself, and is the only citizen, I believe, who has had the signal honor of representing three states in the Senate of the United States — Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri. General Shields was as distinguished in the Civil as in the Mexican war, and he bore about him till the day of his death the honorable trophies of soldiery service — the painful wounds received in two wars in defence of his adopted country. He died, nine years later than Soulé, in Ottumwa, Iowa, June 1, 1879.

In the previous February, I had the pleasure of meeting General Shields at one of the charming "Reunions" of Hon. Horatio King, of Washington. Hither came, at weekly gatherings during the season in years gone by, the cultured people of the capital. From an account of these "Reunions" published by Mr. King a few years ago, I take the following extract: "Gen. James Shields, senator from Missouri, served us most acceptably by a graphic account of his early experiences and personal adventures in the Indian country, relating incidents of an exceedingly interesting character, wherein he came in dangerous contact with the hostile Indians." In December, 1893, the statue of General Shields, presented to the United States by the state of Illinois, was unveiled in Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Washington, by Miss Catharine J. Shields, daughter of the general, in the presence of the governors of the three states which had sent Shields to the Senate. Notable men from every section of the country were in attendance, and the ceremonies were concluded by a banquet in the evening at one of the leading hotels of Washington. The fame of General Shields rests secure in the goodly company of the greatest in our civic and military annals, whose statues adorn the Memorial Hall of the nation's Capitol.

Mr. Soulé resigned his seat in the Senate in 1853, to accept the mission to Spain, tendered him by

President Pierce. His career is highly interesting, and abounds in incidentals truly picturesque. As an orator Soulé ranked among the ablest of forensic speakers. To a remarkable degree he possessed the essential gifts which at once command attention — an imposing presence, a handsome face, and a rich, mellow voice. Ben: Perley Poore thus describes him in Gleason's Pictorial of March 5, 1853: "Full of vivacious Gallic confidence, and inspired by the at endance of beauty, his eloquence is vividly effective, and its interest is heightened by an unremitting by-play, now refuting by an indignant start, now enforcing by a moral shudder. No member can 'draw' such crowds to the galleries as the political refugee, who yet retains the accent of la belle home of Charlemagne and of champagne."

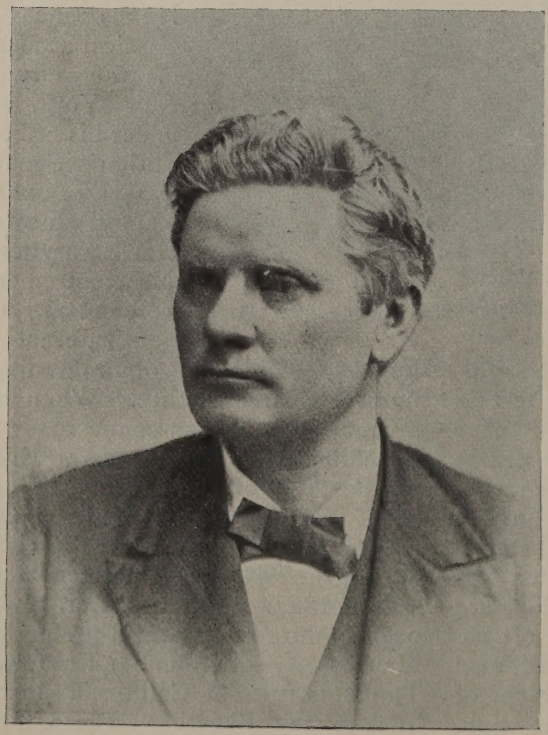


Hon. Lewis V. Bogy, of Missouri.

Passing over that period in which the permanency of the government received its severest test in the throes of civil war, we have reached the dawn of a new era in the life of the republic. The reconstruction policy presents complex issues, demanding the broadest statesmanship. Old questions, which harassed the peace of the nation, are dead. The vital interests of national renascence, ignoring sectional lines, constitute the real problem of Federal legislation. In the Senate of the Forty-first Congress two Catholics of note occupied seats as senators from widely separated sections of the country — Mr. Eugene Casserly, of California, and Mr. John W. Johnston, of Virginia. The former was a native of Ireland, and the latter of Virginia. Both were men of superior education and of strong religious faith. Mr. Casserly was a Catholic by birth, Mr. Johnston by conversion. Senator Casserly's father, who emigrated to New York early in the present century, was a splendid example of the typical Irish gentleman. Refined in manners and accomplished in scholarship, he soon won an enviable reputation as an editor and professor of the ancient classics. He opened a classical academy in the city of New York, and under his father's tuition Senator Casserly was mainly educated. His literarytastes and acquirements were among the rich paternal inheritances which so admirably fitted him for a career in life. When but a young man he was connected with the editorial department of the Evening Post and of the Freeman's Journal. In the latter he rendered yeoman's service to the Catholic cause during the "Native American" crusade of 1844. Six years later, having been admitted to the legal profession, Mr. Casserly settled in San Francisco. The legislature of California elected him to the Senate of the United States in 1867, but in consequence

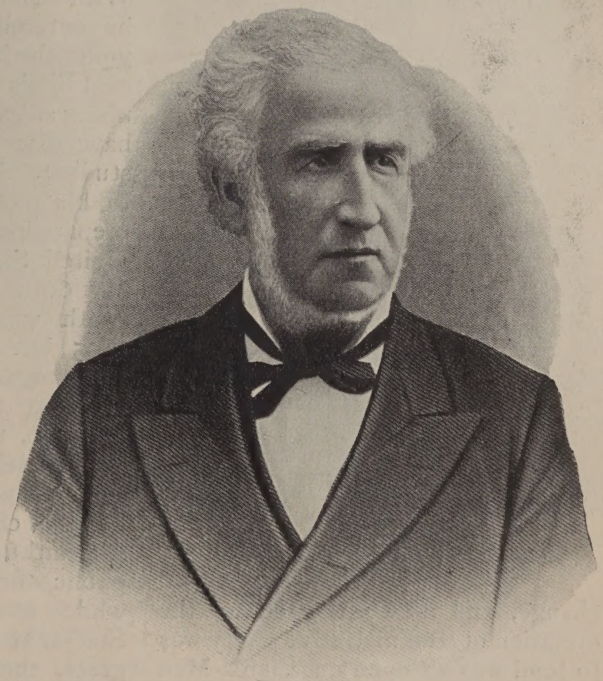
of ill-health he resigned after a service of four years. Georgetown College, appreciating his worth, conferred upon him the degree of M.A. in 1856, and of LL. D. in 1872. Mr. Casserly, like Mr. Johnston, was conservative by temperament. A Union Democrat during the war, his career in the Senate was marked by no fanatical utterances in regard to the states then seeking through representatives re-admission into national federation. Mr. Casserly died on the 14th of June, 1883, in full communion with the Catholic Church, whose faith and practice were ardently exemplified in his daily life.

The late senator John W. Johnston, who died at his home in Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1889, was a gentleman by birth, inheritance, and training. Of Scotch descent on his father's side, his earliest ancestor in Virginia was Peter Johnston, a Scotchman, who donated the land on which Hampden-Sydney College is built. It was founded as far back as 1776, hence the senator's family is coeval with American independence. After finishing his preliminary studies at the Abingdon Academy, Mr. Johnston entered the University of South Carolina, and when graduated began the study of law in the University of Virginia. He commenced the practice of his profession at Jeffersonville, the county seat of Fazewell. He married the youngest daughter of Gov. John B. Floyd. About 10 months after their marriage, Mrs. Johnston became a Catholic, being received by the late Bishop Whelan; and 10 years later a priest rode on horseback from Lynchburg to Fazewell Court House, a distance of nearly 200 miles, to receive Mr. Johnston into the Church. It is an interesting fact that Mrs. Johnston's two sisters — one the wife of Prof. George F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, and the other the wife of Mr. William Lewis — became Catholics while their father was governor of Virginia. I am privileged to make the following quotation from a letter lately received from one of Senator Johnston's daughters: "None in these days can realize the earnestness and faith of the few Catholics in the early history of the Church in southwestern



Hon. Charles W. Jones, of Florida.

Virginia. They were fortunate to hear Mass three or our times a year, and that mostly on week days, when Mass was said in a private house." Mr. Johnston took his seat in the National Senate on Jan. 24, 1870. He was twice reelected, and his term of service expired March 3, 1883. He brought to the discharge of his senatorial duties the same conscientious spirit which had animated him in every period of his life. Of a retiring disposition, he was not given to debate, but when he addressed the Senate he always received marked attention. Occasionally he exercised his pen for Catholic periodicals, and his articles "Our Citizens Abroad" and "Judge Lynch," contributed to the Catholic World in 1887, are contributions of public importance. His life, public and private, was untarnished. His charity of thought and of deed was the outcome of a deep piety which found special expression in devotion to St. John the Baptist and his daily recital of the rosary. His memory is a benediction to his accomplished sons and daughters.

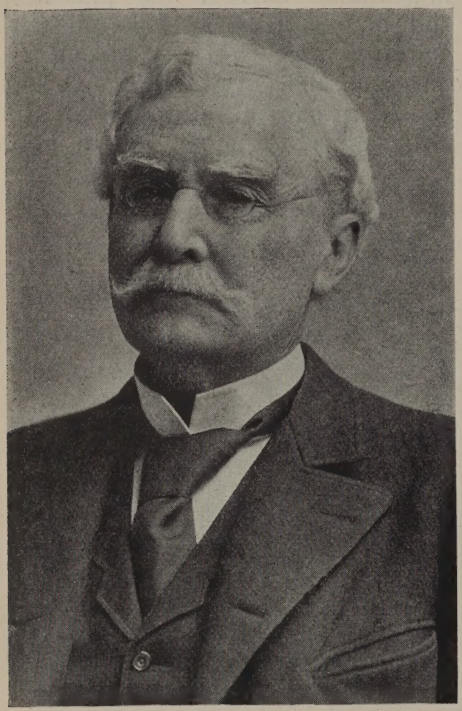


HON. FRANCIS KERNAN, of New York.

Senator Johnston was not the only Catholic in the Senate at the opening of the Forty-fourth Congress. Mr. Lewis V. Bogy, of Missouri, had taken his seat, March 4, 1873; and in the first session of the new Congress, Mr. Charles W. Jones, of Florida, and Mr. Francis Kernan, of New York, occupied their places as senators from their respective states. Mr. Jones was a good example of the plucky Irishman of indomitable energy, fine presence, and oratorical skill. Like all self-educated men, he was strong in purpose, and, other things being equal, a career quite above the ordinary seemed open before him. Broken in health of body and mind, he passed away from view, leaving, with those who knew him in his best days, the recollections of a genial, honorable man.

Never in the history of the Senate of the United States was there greater need of intelligent members of the Catholic faith who had the courage of their convictions and the ability to express them than during the Forty-fourth Congress. The last days of Grant's second term as Pres-

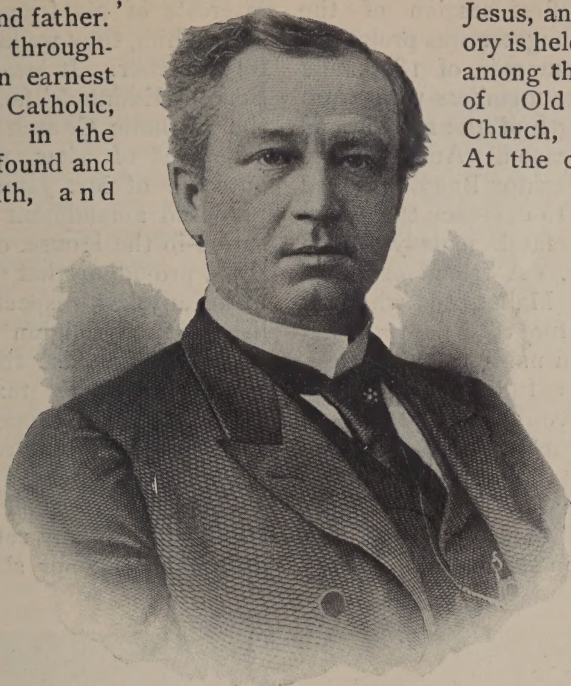
ident were drawing to a close. The spirit of the times was ominous of



HON. JOHN S. BARBOUR, of Virginia.

change, and in what direction the mutation of administrative policy was to tend was an open question. Men who looked below the surface of affairs saw a subtle, tentative effort to sound the sectarian pulse of the country, and things unattempted yet were to prepare the way for a party of proscription. Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was to re-enact the role of the late Representative Banks in an earlier period of our history. The Catholic senators of that day were equal and faithful to the exigencies of the times. Senator Bogy was of French Canadian extraction, and was born on the 9th of April, 1813, at Sainte Genevieve, Mo. In early life he met and conquered with masterful energy all the difficulties of securing an education in the then undeveloped West. For a time he was a clerk in a country store at a salary of $200 per annum, half of which was to be taken out in trade. But his aspirations were high, and haunted him by day and by night. With well-defined aims as to a career, he entered upon the study of law under the late Judge Nathaniel Pope, of Illinois. His studies were made under disadvantages which would have discouraged a less persistent student. When a lad of 18 he wrote to his mother that he intended to prepare himself for the Senate of the United States, and at the close of his 60th year the dream of his youth was realized. In the year 1835 Mr. Bogy settled in St. Louis and began his professional life. Here at the age of 65 he died, Sept. 20, 1877. The bar of the city immediately convened and passed commendatory resolutions in which he was characterized as "devoted and faithful to every duty or trust in public or private life." Dying while a senator of the United States, at the reassembling of Congress, the Senate and the House took appropriate action to emphasize the loss which the country had sustained in the departure of an eminent public servant. Both Mr. Johnston, of Virginia, and Mr. Kernan, of New York, rendered graceful tributes to the memory of their illustrious associate. The latter said that "no one could hear him talk, as he often did, of his mother, of the neighbors among whom he lived in boyhood, of the parish priest who taught him the rudiments of the Latin language, of his wife and children, without being impressed that he was an affectionate

son, husband, and father.' Senator Bogy throughout life was an earnest and sincere Catholic, living always in the light of a profound and intelligent faith, and dying with its words of peace on his lips. Mr, Joseph Tassé, in his excellent life of Senator Bogy published in Les Canadiens de l'Ouest (vol. 2, p. 167,) says: "The words of the dying man edified all who heard them; they breathed religious sentiments of the purest and most elevating character."



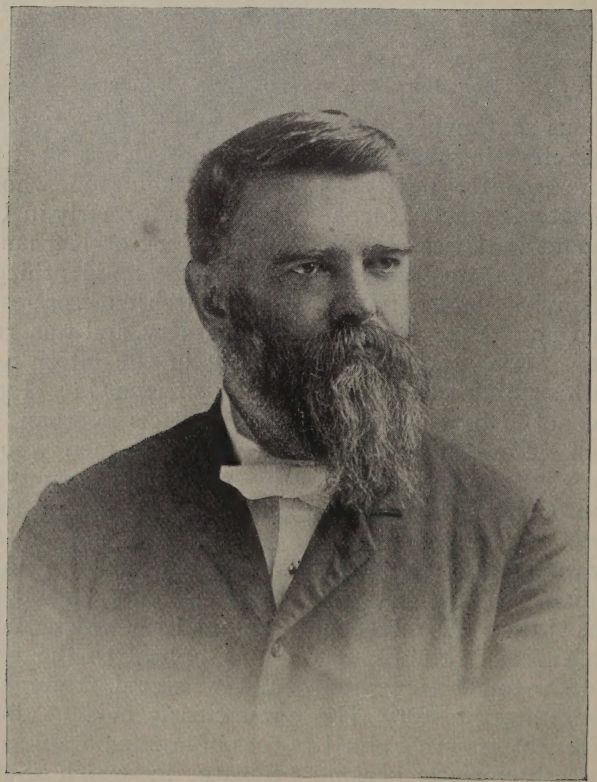
Hon. John E. Kenna, of West Virginia.

In the same month, nearly 15 years later, Senator Francis Kernan died at his home in Utica, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1892. He was a native of Tyrone, Schuyler county, N. Y., and was born on the 14th of January, 1816. His early years were spent on his father's farm, with such facilities of education as a country school afforded. At the age of 17 he became a student of Georgetown College, where he remained three years, finishing in the class known in Jesuit colleges as First Humanities. Among his classmates was Julius P. Garesché, whose brilliant career in the regular army is so familiar to all acquainted with American military history. His professor of French was Mr. Felix J. Barbelin, who subsequently became a noted Father of the Society of Jesus, and whose memory is held in veneration among the parishioners of Old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. At the commencement of Georgetown College in 1880, Senator Kernan received the doctorate of laws. His name stands high in the annals of the bar of New York.

Through a busy professional and political life he retained the character of a pure and upright citizen. Rev. Brother Fabrician, president of St. John's College, Washington, whose educational work was formerly in Utica, and who knew Senator Kernan well, writes me that "he identified himself with the church enterprises and charities of that city, and was remarkably tolerant; in the latter respect he was like his friend Gov. Horatio Seymour. Mr. Francis Kernan is one of the few eminent men who have taught by word and example that professional success and the practice of religion are not antagonistic elements in American life."

Skill, courage, and determination are qualities which, under all conditions, appeal to the reason of men; and a signal triumph of this kind was clearly evident during the progress of a memorable debate in the Senate in which Senator Kernan and Senator Bogy were conspicuous

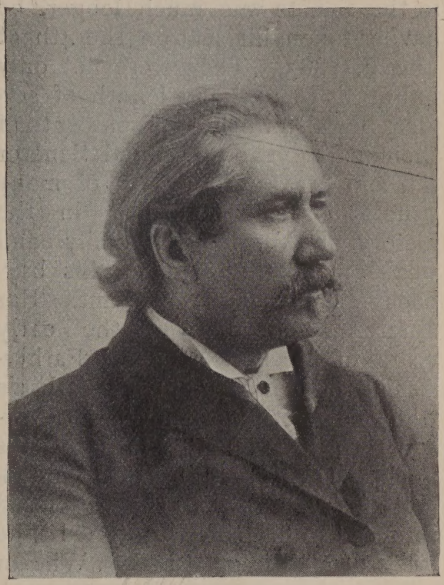
figures. The first session of the Forty-fourth Congress was prolonged into the mid-summer of 1876, and not a few of its members were worn out by the length of the session and heat of the season. Among these was the late Senator Bogy, who had already begun to evidence the symptoms of the fatal malady which ended his days. A friend of mine, Maj. Edmond Mallet, to whom I am indebted for these interesting facts, had been nominated by President Grant as Indian agent, and during the evening of Aug. 14 called on Senator Bogy in regard to his confirmation for that office. Major Mallet "found him very sick and disinclined to attend the night session"; but in consideration of the interests of his friend, who accompanied him, they walked to the Capitol together. It was the night of Senator Edmunds' famous attack on the Catholic Church from a political point of view, which was the outcome of Mr. James G. Blaine's proposed amendment to the Constitution in the House of Representatives, providing that "no state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools or derived from any public fund thereof, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect or denomination; nor shall any money



Senator Stephen M. White, of California.

so raised or lands so devoted be divided between sects or denominations." Mr. Blaine, with all his attractive qualities, was not above the arts of the politician. Unfortunately for him, the exercise of them damaged his reputation and prevented him from reaching the goal of his ambition. Among the tricks of the partisan none is more debasing than a bid for popular favor, which makes its appeal to the religious sensitiveness of a community. To play on those feelings, which ought to be the most sacred in the souls of men, is so repugnant to all the instincts of decency within us that our impatience may well find excuse in the gravity of such a breach of decorum. The text of that noted debate in the Senate, as reported in the Congressional Record, is before me as I write, and I close the reading of it with the keenest admiration for the wisdom and the good temper of Senators Bogy and Kernan under the most trying provocation. Major Mallet, feeling justly proud of his friend, says: "Senator Bogy was entirely unprepared to enter upon the discussion of the question of the Syllabus, which was then engaging the attention of the greatest minds of the century; but neither sickness nor want of preparation could prevent him from giving testimony of the faith of the race from which he descended."

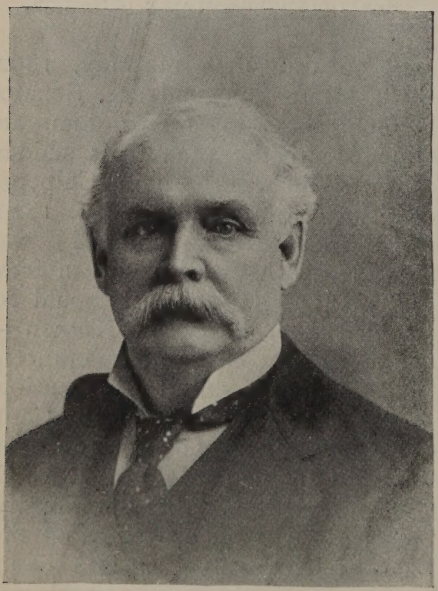
In the spring of 1892 and in the winter of 1893, Catholic religious services, unusual in the Senate chamber, attracted thither the leading representatives of this and foreign governments resident in Washington. The occasions were the deaths of two Southern members of that body—Hon. John S. Barbour, of Virginia, and Hon. John E. Kenna, of West Virginia. Full of years and honors, Senator Barbour



SENATOR PATRICK WALSH, of Georgia.

died on the 14th of May, 1892. By a strange coincidence, Senator Kenna, soon to follow him, announced to the Senate his sudden death. He was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, Dec. 29, 1820, and from early manhood was identified with every public interest of his state. His mental mould resembled that of Senator Kernan—deliberate in thought, tolerant in expression, and skilful in execution. Dying as a catechumen of the Catholic Church, her office for the dead was said in his behalf by Rev. C. Gillespie, S. J., and the sermon was preached by Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University. In less than a twelvemonth, the same ritual was again heard in the Senate chamber in behalf of the soul of Senator Kenna, who, after a lingering illness and in full communion with the

Church, died on Jan. 11, 1893. Although the junior of Mr. Barbour by many years, Mr. Kenna's service in the Senate was much longer, he having taken his seat on the 4th of March, 1883. They were not only unlike as to age and length of service, but also in the environments of their early years. Behind Senator Barbour was an ancestry of many generations, distinguished in the history of Virginia. Family and wealth made the paths of his boyhood smooth and pleasant. Far different, indeed, were the early years of Senator Kenna. Fatherless at the age of eight, he, with his widowed mother, removed to Missouri to live on the farm of his uncle. He served in the Confederate army, and when the war closed returned to his native state. In the crisis of his life good Bishop Whelan



SENATOR EDWARD MURPHY, JR., of New York

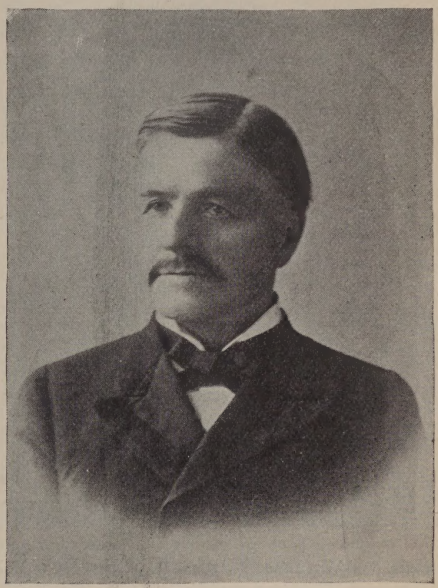
was near him. Under his advice he became a student of St. Vincent's Academy, Wheeling, and here he laid the foundation of a solid education. Few men could compare with him in physical strength, and if he had husbanded his resources his life might have been crowned with length of days. He was a genial, social man, with few enemies and countless friends. In the beautiful tribute to his memory delivered in the Senate by Mr. Faulkner, of West Virginia, his colleague, reference is made to Mr. Kenna's passionate devotion to his mother. It was the guiding star of his life, for her prayers and her blessings followed him, and, like those of the mother of Pope, whom the inimitable pen of Thackeray describes, they became essential features in any estimate of his character.

From the dead, let us turn to the living senators, of whom there are five, who profess the Catholic faith, including Hon. Edward D. White, lately made associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was born in the parish of Lafourche, Louisiana, towards the close of the year 1845. His education was received under Catholic influences, having been at first a student at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, afterwards at the colleges of the Jesuits in New Orleans and in Georgetown. Before his election to the Senate of the United States, Mr. White was associate justice of the supreme court of Louisiana. As a senator he succeeded Mr. James B. Eustis, our present ambassador to France, and took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1891. His abilities were at once recognized as a skilful debater, and a brilliant career awaited him; but early last year the President called him to the higher dignity of the Supreme Court of the United States, and he took his

seat as associate justice March 12, 1894. His namesake, Hon. Stephen Mallory White, is a native of California, and is eight years his junior. He was also educated in the colleges of the Jesuit Fathers — first at that of St. Ignatius in San Francisco and afterwards at Santa Clara in Santa Clara county, California. Mr. White is in the prime of life and with varied experiences in law and politics. He entered the Senate of the United States March 4, 1893; and with all the advantages of education and popularity, a public service of distinction seems to lie before him.

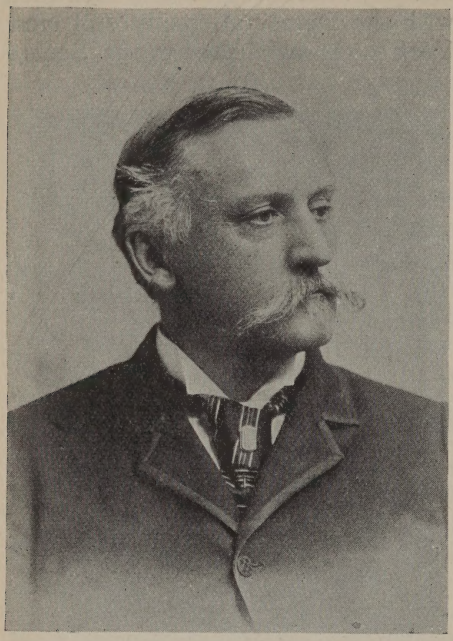
At the death of Mr. Colquitt, of Georgia, whose senatorial term would have expired March 3, 1895, the governor of the state appointed Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, to succeed him. He is a native of the county of Limerick, Ireland, and settled with his parents in Charleston, S. C., when a mere lad. Mr. Walsh's first employment was connected with journalism, and to that profession he has adhered with a success far above the average. Saving money enough from his hard earnings, he entered Georgetown College, but his course of study was cut short by the civil war. He returned to South Carolina in 1861, and from that day to the present he has been an active participant in all the public questions affecting the civic welfare of the South. He is a sincere, brainy, upright man, and it is to be regretted that his brief term of service as a senator expires March 3, 1895.

From the classic city of Troy, N. Y., comes Hon. Edward Murphy, Jr., who was born there Dec. 15, 1836. He, too, was educated under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, having pursued his studies at St. John's College, Fordham. Mr. Murphy has long been identified with the Democratic politics of New York, and was elected to the Senate of the United States as the successor of Mr. Frank Hiscock. He entered on the discharge of his duties March 4, 1893. Those who know him represent him as a genial as well as a sharp-sighted man, thoroughly alive to all the multitudinous interests of the Empire State.



SENATOR THOMAS C. POWER, of Montana.

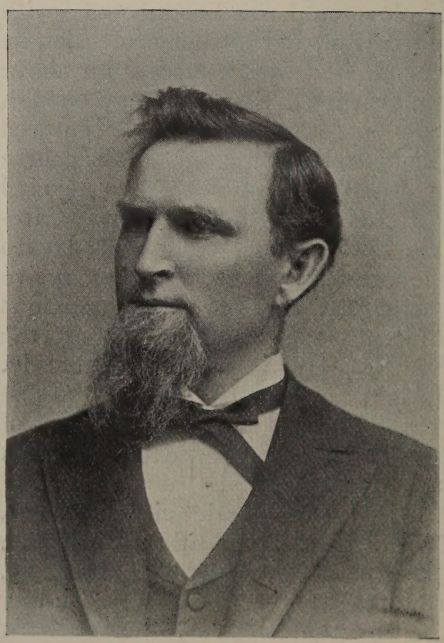
Senator Thomas C. Power of Montana, whose term of service in the Senate of the United States expires March 3, 1895, is a native of Iowa, and was born near Dubuque, May 22, 1839. Having a taste for scientific pursuits he took an extensive course of study in civil engineering in Sinsiniwa College, Wisconsin, and found a wide field for his profession in the undeveloped west. Like his successor in the Senate, Hon. Thomas H. Carter, his politi-



SENATOR WILLIAM N. ROACH, of No. Dakota.

cal affiliations are with the Republican party of his state. As a member of various committees of the senate looking to the internal interests of the far west, Senator Powers has contributed invaluable aid to his constituency. Industrious and methodical in his work, he is alive to the demands of the progressive advancement of Montana in the sisterhood of states. He is a Catholic in faith and practice, but as unostentatious in his religious creed as he is in his public life.

Citizens of the District of Columbia have more than a passing acquaintance with the senator from North Dakota, Hon. William N. Roach. Born in Washington city Sept. 25, 1840, educated in her schools, and in her oldest University, that of Georgetown, and until his removal to Dakota Territory in 1879, Senator Roach was known to the business community of the Federal Capital as a business man. His numerous friends regard him as shrewd and far-seeing, and quite able to hold his own in any political emergency likely to arise in the Senate or out of it. Again, Mr. Roach has identified himself with the Catholic interests of the national capital by becoming a member of the Carroll Institute, an organization which has developed great energy in the new life which the Catholic University of America has imparted to the catholicity of the District of Columbia. Senator Roach's term will expire March 3, 1899; but in the next Congress, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the A. P. A. conspiracy to defeat him, Senator-elect Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, formerly commissioner of the General Land Office, will increase the list of senators of the



SENATOR ELECT THOMAS H CARTER, of Montana.

United States who profess the Catholic faith. In the next session of the Senate, Catholics will be found in the ranks of both political parties, thus accentuating a well-recognized principle that Catholic belief and tradition do not interfere with the political creed of Catholic citizenship. Under the benign influence of American catholicity, citizens of the Catholic faith are free to elect for themselves to which political party they will yield allegiance, strong in the conviction that there is no ecclesiastical power in the land to molest them in the exercise of their civic rights.

A DREAMER.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

He is a dreamer, let him pass;
He reads the writing in the grass;
His seeing soul in rapture goes
Beyond the beauty of the rose;
He is a dreamer and doth know
To sound the farthest depths of woe.
His days are calm, majestic, free;
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; all the day
Blest visions throng him on his way
Past the far sunset and the light,
Beyond the darkness and the night.
He is a dreamer — God! to be
Apostle of Infinity,
The mirror truth's translucent gleam —
He is a dreamer, let him dream.

He is a dreamer; for all time
His mind is married unto rhyme,
The light that ne'er on land or sea
Hath blushed to him in poetry.
He is a dreamer and hath caught
Close to his heart a hope, a thought,
A hope of immortality.
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; lo, with thee
His soul doth weep in sympathy.
He is a dreamer, and doth long
To glad the world with happy song.
He is a dreamer — in a breath
He dreams of love, and life, and death.
Oh, man, oh, woman, lad and lass,
He is a dreamer, let him pass.

THE germ of poesy within her breast
To active life from latent being springs,
Lifts up its voice in melody and sings
The songs of life and love at her behest.

MYLES TYLER FRISBIE.

SHOULD A PRIEST BE A SCIENTIST?*

BY JOSEPH SELINGER, D. D.

CONSTANT intercourse with the world will likely give one a better opportunity to know the wants of ecclesiastical training, than the quiet seclusion of the seminary. If those wants arise from a defective information in the sciences, he will be best prepared to meet them, who, besides being a theologian, is also an expert in the sciences concerned. This was emphasized by the Holy Father in his late encyclical on scriptural studies, though he did not insist that Scripture is the only branch of study for the candidate for the priesthood, nor that all should apply themselves to that branch with equal results.

It is the purpose of the seminary to furnish the whole priest, not the specialist; but there may be a lack in the general attention paid to natural sciences in our seminaries, or the prominence of the natural sciences in human thought and investigation is so noticeable in our age, that they deserve a larger treatment in institutions of sacred learning.

Without explaining that, rather assuming such to be the case, I desire to point out some advantages and disadvantages likely to arise from a more thorough study of natural sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries. I shall not discuss whether our ecclesiastical seminaries fail in their duty, because they have no laboratories equal to those of Johns Hopkins, or no collections to be compared to those which the Smithsonian Institute can afford.

The necessity of natural sciences for the mission of a dispenser of the mysteries of God is in proportion to the advantage they insure to the announcement and defence of the Gospel. Any advantage they can bestow is, however, not essential to divine truth. Divine truth stands its own witness, and divine truth is first and most important in the education of an ecclesiastic. The scientific requirements of the Catholic priesthood are, indeed, many and difficult, and they increase as time goes on; but the one preëminent science necessary even for the world, is the science of divine revelation, which for the priest is indispensable.

Let it not be imagined that the advantages of a more thorough course in natural sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries are disparaged, because its disadvantages are set off. The writer should neither be counted among liberal theologians because he sees advantages, nor among narrow conservatives because he presumes disadvantages from a more complete scientific course.

At the start it is necessary to understand the general relation of natural sciences to revealed religion in our age. The present attitude to those sciences in the ecclesiastical seminaries, of this country particularly, will then be better appreciated.

The science of revealed religion, theology, in its broad, yet proper sense, deals with a fact of history as well as with doctrine. It treats of truths of supernatural origin, of supernatural purpose, and of supernatural efficacy. The criteria of the divine origin of those truths are capable of human judgment. They and the truths they attest may be compared with results of scientific research, and be made to appear in serious opposition to natural reasoning. At this juncture, then, defence of divine revelation becomes necessary. If divine revelation were left to take its own way, certainly no harm would befall human society; indeed, men who accepted it

* Suggested by Father Zahm's articles on the Study of Sciences in Seminaries, published in DONAHOE'S. Father Selinger is a professor of theology in St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

and lived by it would be highly benefited, even in temporalities.

But, apologetic theology, defence of divine truth against objections taken from physical and ethical sciences, is, after all, only part of the great science of revealed religion, and, though it is of valuable service to the minister of God, it is not his sole study, nor main care. Difficulties preventing the complete dominion of Christian Doctrine, as the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and of Regulars in its late circular on preaching expresses it, rise rather from the heart, than from the mind, especially among Catholic peoples. St. Augustine believes such a thought is suggested by the Psalmist: "The fool says in his heart there is no God." It is true assaults are now made against divine revelation with increased anticipation of success, and it is to be regretted that the cry of victory from the enemy's camp has made some eminent Christians restless, and ready to change tried tactics. The chief in this warfare, however, has infused new enthusiasm to continue on old lines. "Nothing, therefore," he assures us, "can be gathered from the nature of things, nothing from the monuments of history, that really runs counter to the Scriptures."*

Those assaults are directed mainly against divine revelation contained in the Sacred Scriptures, which all non-Catholics consider the whole embodiment of God's Word; and while, for the simple faithful, there is a sufficient exposition of scriptural dogma, there is need of a better polemical refutation of scientific, historical, and chronological errors imputed to Sacred Scripture. It is a sad fact that the learned professions are highly prejudiced against Bible faith on account of those imputed errors. Not only for the benefit of the better informed is such a polemical refutation desirable; even the larger number of less informed, because they are easily misled, would be greatly benefited by it. "Since these contentions are concerned with sensible objects," the Holy Father writes, in the encyclical alluded to above, "they are all the more dangerous, especially for youth who are fond of literature, and who, when they have once lost their reverence for divine revelation in any of its parts will easily give up all belief in the whole." That danger is particularly threatening with us. While German rationalists generally offer their adverse criticisms on biblical research in unpalatable rhetoric, the French and English agnostics spread theirs in such an abundance of imagery that superficial readers are carried along without resistance. On Catholics, therefore, for whom the Sacred Scriptures are only a source of divine revelation, with the Church as preserver and expounder, the duty of defending the Bible is none the less incumbent.

The Sacred Scriptures, however, are not the only care of the Catholic priest. He has ordinarily more dealings with man's moral action, than with man's act of faith. Knowledge of the human heart is practically more needful to him, than knowledge of the operations of mind. The former is the key to a larger usefulness, the latter is restricted to the few. In fine, the relation of natural sciences to divine revelation in its complete form is fundamentally amicable, though on the surface it may not appear so. It is a subordinate relation in fact, natural sciences promoting the supernatural sciences and receiving from the latter an effulgence of truth infinitely surpassing the native ken of created intellect. This radical truth is at present suffering in learned minds from an apprehension of final antagonism, to result rather from the discovery of documents in scriptural lands, than from scientific developments in nature's laws. Although the Catholic theologian has no fears of such sort, he should be anxious for the preambles of faith, and untiring in carrying them safely forward.

Such, in general, being the present relation of natural sciences to revealed religion, what is the attitude to natural sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries?

First of all, it is necessary to explain

* Encyclical on Scriptural Studies.

the different seminaries, and their arrangement. There are preparatory seminaries in which young men are educated in the classics. Their purpose is to fit the aspirant for theology. They are either entirely separated from theological seminaries, or combined with them. Most of our American colleges, besides giving a commercial course, instruct also in the classics; and many young men graduate from them, and are entered theologians in seminaries proper.

The question, then, must be on the attitude also of such institutions in which young men are prepared for theology. Indeed, the question obtains more with them than with theological seminaries.

In the answer to this question it must be remembered that the Church was ever anxious to have her future priests set apart from early youth. The training necessary for them is a special one; and because their moral and scientific qualifications are most arduous and difficult to acquire, she desires their separate training from boyhood. In Europe, as well as in this country, that demand is not fully satisfied, in spite of repeated conciliar decrees, and for causes different in either hemisphere. But they need not be explained here.

I will only explain what comes first in the intellectual equipment of a candidate for theology, and what continues to be first in his study of theology. The first necessary attainment for a student entering theology is to know his Latin, and, I will add, to have a classical education. Latin is indispensable to a Catholic priest. Though the Church is limited to no nation, to no locality, — excepting that the See of Peter is fixed in Rome, — and to no modern language, yet without a good knowledge of Latin the seminarian would be a stranger in his own land. Unhappily, the vernacular s substituted for Latin in some semnaries in order to make theological nstructions available. That supposes defect in preparatory training, if not in appreciation of Holy Church's idiom. It is sometimes substituted under a plea of greater utility; for the student is thereby saved the trouble of putting his knowledge of theology into his own tongue. That very trouble would prove beneficial to him. While extremes in this case are apt to meet, it remains a conclusion borne out by history that neglect of the classics by the clergy leads to a decline in theological science. In general, no one doubts the necessity of cultivating classical studies by clerical students. The question at present is whether better results would be derived from a greater attention to natural sciences in the preparatory studies of a seminarian.

The answer to that question depends not on what is only imagined to be, but what in all cases really is necessary for a seminarian. In this country preparatory studies for the learned professions are ranged unlike those of a lycée in France, a gymnasium in Germany, or a ginnasio in Italy. Still in those countries, and to a great extent in England, a classical education is considered paramount to a preparatory course in the sciences. And while there is full freedom in this country to educate the clergy according to Holy Church's desire, peculiar circumstances have as yet withheld uniformity and high proficiency in the preparatory education of theological students.

There is no doubt that if a more thorough study is to be introduced, the introduction must begin in institutions that prepare for theology. The reasons are obvious: the student's mind at that stage of life is fresh, and his memory tenacious, and his future professor of theology must suppose that he has exercised them with ordinary diligence. Every priest will, however, concede that he must be in sympathy first of all with the interior operations of theology, with the inward life of the Church. The attacks from without are largely owing to a want of grace. And though he should be capable of rendering an account to his opponent of the reason ableness of divine faith, he should be

yet more conversant with the internal construction of Christ's church. It is true that suspicion in matters of faith and doubt may arise within, that demoralizing maxims may encroach on Christian virtue, which cannot be met and defeated unless the minister of Truth and Sanctity is acquainted with the current of thought without. Still his first mission is not controversy, but announcement of the gospel. And in that respect a classical course is paramount in the education of a seminarian.

The attitude of seminaries proper is easily conceived from what has been said. Their design is to furnish the future priest with all necessary implements. The priestly character, though not fully developed, is still cast by seminary discipline. Further, the attitude of the seminary to its preparatory institution is not like the attitude of the university to the college. The course of a theological seminary is special, indeed, and universal in whatever is required by the sacred office, but it is exclusive also, and restricted to candidates for the priesthood. There are some studies common to the university and to the seminary. In matters of history, of sciences, and of ethics they meet; but they differ in method and purpose. The science of divine revelation supposes history, sciences, and ethics; they concur to explain, and in a manner to prove. But they are only auxiliaries of theology, not theology itself. In that respect they must not be underrated nor overestimated.

What, then, is their value as auxiliaries to theology? First, they have a value for theology which is constant, and a value which varies according to circumstances. And precisely on account of present circumstances they are considered of highest importance for the priest of our age, with no limitation as to country or to race. But there is a difference of standard by which that importance is conceived. There are those who conceive the importance by the progress of natural sciences alone, and they are in danger of deception; there are those who conceive the importance by revealed truth first, without depreciating ascertained results of scientists, and they are on the safer side. There may be some difficulty for the theologian to see his way clearly and the difficulty may arise from his ignorance of divine truth, or from his ignorance of ascertained natural truth, and maybe from his ignorance of both at once; but if his information on Christian doctrine is generally good, he will be able for the practical purposes of priestly life. To preclude such ignorance, in general, at least, is the office of a seminary training, while it infuses, develops, fosters, and confirms the character necessary for Holy Orders. That training, in truth, may be more or less efficient according to the quality of the seminary.

In summing up, therefore, the advantages and disadvantages of a more thorough study of natural sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries, no undue reflection is meant on any arrangement of our seminaries past or present. Our bishops, in council assembled, have witnessed to the peculiar wants of our country, and have repeatedly expressed their wish as to our seminary courses of study. They justly look to the seminaries of this country as to the apples of their eyes.

The first advantage of a more thorough study of natural sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries would be the removal of a false accusation. It is a trite arraignment always in the mouths of antagonists to Catholic education, that the Church is opposed to the natural sciences. I do not mean to insinuate that every adverse opinion of prejudice and of malice ought to disturb Catholic theology, nor that the proficiency of Protestant and non-Catholic education is not extolled, even by Catholic writers in our country, beyond merit. The non-Catholic writer finds a more willing reader, and the non-Catholic speaker a less prejudiced audience, and that, to a great extent, accounts for their respective excess of public sympathy.

Natural sciences were at no time neglected in our Catholic schools of theology to the detriment of revealed science. Whoever takes the trouble to peruse the great writers on theology and philosophy during the Middle Ages will be surprised at the results they achieved in the different branches of natural sciences in spite of such scant instruments as their time afforded them. Although natural sciences had not grown so prominent in the ages of faith, they were still considered important branches of philosophy. Aristotle, long before those ages, considered them "wonderful delights."* The great schoolmen of mediæval times continued to delight in nature's phenomena, they noted down and taught the results of their investigations, they compared them with revealed truth, with the great facts of revelation. Blessed Albertus Magnus, probably the most advanced scientist of his day, described at length the agreement and disagreement of animate and inanimate things, of rational and irrational beings, thus delineating the larger lines of biology and anthropology, and comparing natural and supernatural science. †

There is some danger, too, for theology in adopting the broader, higher views of modern sciences. They are often assumed by sacrificing old, cherished, and more truthful views. In this there is a disadvantage, earnestly to be avoided. Sciences have, to a considerable extent, been severed entirely from revealed religion; they have been put in opposition to it, not by any inherent cause, but by exterior circumstances, and thus it has come to pass that "whoever philosophizes minimizes theology." That condition must be changed, and the change will be most assured if our seminarians are instructed in the sciences, without, however, neglecting aught in the education of that supreme science which is the life and thought of Christ's holy church. We need more Kaulens and Gutberlets, Vigorouxs and Wisemans among the clergy. "Nothing," says the Holy Father in his encyclical, "ought we consider of greater importance than that faith should have more numerous and more powerful defenders." We need them among the laity. "Nothing," he continues, "could be more effective in impressing on the masses the duty of accepting the truth than to see it publicly professed by those who have gained distinction in any particular walk of life."

No science is studied for itself alone. Natural sciences form no exception to that rule. Eminent scientists, less eminent in matters of Christian faith, are consciously or unconsciously led to contrive a religion. Religion is revealed to man by God, and nature reveals God, but there is a radical difference in the revelation, and both are factors of human knowledge and of human action. Theological education is to display their harmony. The seminarian should, however, be impressed with the importance of theology above all; compared with the eminent science of Christ, all other sciences are servants. More men are probably lost by ignorance of the elements of religion, than by a lack of controversial exposition even after they have received a solid instruction in Christian doctrine.

But, some say, the time for merely practical men in the ministry has passed away. However that may be, it is well to have a learned clergy, able to teach and to defend. Whether a more thorough course, longer time of study, will make the future priest less practical; or whether in all dioceses extended time of study and increased expense can be allowed; whether, in fine, a different arrangement of study, without lengthening the time, would meet demands, I am unable to tell satisfactorily. I will only say this in conclusion, that a great service would be

*See Aristotle. Ethic. c. 8.

† See Albert Magnus' "De Animalibus," lib. I.; and "De Comparatione Aliorum Animalium ad Hominem Sec. Convenientiam et Differentiam," lib. II. et ss.

rendered to religion by a more thorough course of natural sciences in our seminaries, since the development of Christian doctrine, keeping pace with the developments of natural sciences, would the better demonstrate the harmony existing between them. And thus faith would be found in perfect accord with human reason in the animated discussions of modern times.

I will not broach the question whether such an extended course in the sciences necessitates a reform or change of our seminary programme. Change would be a disadvantage in my opinion, inasmuch as our seminaries are modelled on approved, traditional provisions of the Church. As it is, every one actually engaged in the education of seminarians knows what difficulties attend the correct teaching, and what obstacles there are in the solid study of theology in its various branches. An increase of subject matter deserves serious thought even from a pecuniary point. Explaining experiments in natural sciences by chalk-drawings, or by printed charts is no longer sufficient. An afternoon hour, even twice a week, for the complicated developments of physics alone will not do. And yet, not to speak of the seminary itself, when could students of theology spare time, with dogma, moral, scripture, canon-law, church history, liturgy, and other details staring them in the face, none of which is superfluous, nor easily curtailed? All will admit that a priest should be an accomplished scholar, able for all practical purposes in the ministry, without being a specialist in the sciences; but few will likely suggest how to make him more accomplished in the sciences by a more thorough study of natura sciences in our ecclesiastical seminaries.

GOOD-BYE.

BY MARY F. M. NIXON.

GOOD-BYE — The words are trite, methinks,
And sometimes spoken with a smile;
And yet they form connecting links
'Twixt light and darkness often while.

Last eve, when on my head you laid
Your hand, joy came and banished pain,
And then — "Good-Bye," you gently said,—
And sorrow surged o'er me again.

Only the big brawny blacksmith himself was singing.

A VILLAGE DANTON.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

A DREARY winter night in Ballybotheen. Even in the new forge, usually the cheeriest place along the mountain-side at nightfall, conversation was subdued and laughter was entirely absent. The farmers' sons and laboring boys sat around moodily smoking or reading, all of them under the impress of recent calamity and mourning. It had been eviction day in Ballybotheen.

Only the big brawny blacksmith himself was singing, his deep bass voice mingling with the hollow roar of the wind in the glowing fire as he worked his bellows. His song was not one of merriment, but of defiance and vindication.

"We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battlefield.
God on our side, we will do so again—
Give them back blow for blow,
Pay them back woe for woe—
Out and make way for the Fenian men!"

The song was characteristic of Maurthan Gow. He had a wonderful repertory of fiery Irish revolutionary songs. He did not care much for any other kind, he said; but these he used to roll forth with a rugged vehemence that, as Davy Dillon enthusiastically put it, "thrilled like the clash of spears!" Maurthan's professed political principles were in accord with those of his ballads; if anything, they were more intense.

Only a month had passed since he, a perfect stranger,— from Munster, as his accent betokened,—had come and established his forge in remote Ballybotheen; and already his reputation was well established as a skilled tradesman, an all-round athlete, a keen politician, and an ardent patriot. His forge, which at once became the resort of young men of "advanced" tendencies, was referred to by local landlords and the police as "a den of rebels" and "a propaganda of sedition." On these grounds an attempt was even made to evict him; but it failed — a lucky thing for the

would-be evictor, thought the young men who had heard Maurthan declare, with a fearful oath: —

"The man who evicts me won't live to evict any one else!"

Under these conditions, and with such an outburst of popularity to contend with, it was no wonder there was a sad dwindling in the business of old Andy Dwyer, Ballybotheen's ancient son of Vulcan, who, by reason of Maurthan's sudden ascendancy, was driven to shoe horses, mules, and asses in the landlord interest; for which display of treason Andy was boycotted and would have been compelled to seek refuge in the workhouse but that the parish priest, with much difficulty, succeeded in having the boycott removed.

"Well, boys," said Maurthan, addressing the few loungers in the forge, "this is a nice civilized country we live in! We've been reading about

"If I only had his skull under this hammer."

these landlord outrages long enough. Now they are at our own doors, and all on account of that miserable spawn of a Cromwellian, Ormsby. Ah, if I only had his skull under this hammer!"

A brilliant fountain of sparks sprang forth as the hammer descended on the red-hot iron.

"You couldn't knock anything so bright as that out of old Ormsby's head, Maurthan," remarked one of his audience; and the first laugh of the night, a very feeble one, went round.

"Quite right, Mick," returned the Gow; "the old villain's brains are too darkened with infamy and soddened with whiskey. But the daylight will soon show them all up. It's a long lane that has no turnin'."

The boys looked at one another uneasily. A fault of Maurthan's was, they thought, that he was often dangerously outspoken.

He noted their anxiety, and uttered a low mocking laugh as he turned his sharp gaze from one ruddy face to another. Maurthan's smile was sinister, nor was his laugh pleasant to hear; but he made a fine picture as he stood erect by his anvil, his muscular, hairy arms begrimed with forge-dust, and the firelight playing on his rugged features.

"Pooh! some of you fellows are afraid of your shadows. Lord help freedom when she attempts to shriek in Ballybotheen! I'm afeard she'll die like a hen choked with a potato. It's a purty job trying to teach patriotism in this blessed mountain hollow. Ballybotheen, indeed! The name means the town of the shillelahs. Ye were given to smashin' one another's heads, but ye never raised a hand against the oppressors that crushed and trampled ye. By this blessed hammer, ye're not worthy of liberty!"

"Bad luck to you, Maurthan!" said a young man in a chiding, deprecatory sort of way; and his companions laughed, choosing to consider the blacksmith's denunciation in the light of a good joke.

The door of the shanty opened, admitting a whirl of sleet; also a shaggy little mare led by a peasant, who explained that the animal was in need of

a shoe. "One of the poor min who were thrown out to-day," he said, "just got the loan of her to carry his things to a neighbor's who's givin' him and his family shelther."

Maurthan uttered a low whistle as the animal was led into the light. "That's Mick Muldoon the landgrabber's mare," he said.

"Yes, but in the cause of charity"—

"Charity or no charity, divil a grabber's mare will ever be shod in this forge. How dar you bring her here, you spalpeen! Take her away to the ould boycotted fossil at the other end of the village — that's his business, shoein' grabbers' beasts, but not mine. Be off, or by heavens I'll run the hot iron through you!" Maurthan inflicted a heavy kick on the side of the poor mare, as the alarmed peasant led her forth again into the stormy night.

"Oh, just take yourself easy, Maurthan," indignantly said a stout, hearty-voiced young fellow who had just entered and now stood wiping the sleet from his face; "you might have shod that mare and not be a bit the worse of it, in principle or any way else. You may be a good man and a great patriot, but you're not without your mistakes — not a bit of it."

"Oho, indeed! Hello, Davy, my boy, is it yourself?" said Maurthan, his voice softening considerably as he recognized David Dillon of the Lough, the son of a well-to-do farmer. "And what do you mean?"

"I mean that if you were thrown with your family, if you had one, in a dirty damp drain on a night like this, you wouldn't be very particular about using even a grabber's mare to get away from there."

"That's all right, Davy; I didn't think things were so bad" —

"They are, then, and infernally bad. Why, man, there's poor sick women and tender children out there under this terrible night, crouching under carts and behind boxes and tables. The sleet has put out nearly all their fires. The most pitiful sight, boys, I ever saw. Something has to be done, and quickly, I tell you, and a few of us have started a collection" — Davy took a book and pencil from his pocket.

"Not a d——d cent from me!" shouted Maurthan Gow, flinging his hammer with an angry clash on the anvil.

Davy Dillon of the Lough looked at him in surprise, which immediately turned to contempt. "Every man to his own taste, Maurthan;" he coolly remarked, and proceeded to take the subscriptions of the others present, a succession of shillings and sixpences cheerfully given by those who could but ill afford to part with them.

"It's hard-earned money goin' to waste," exclaimed Maurthan, "it's sure to find its way into the greedy pocket of the landlord. I'd pay the tyrant in another way. Not a penny will I give for bread, but I'd give pounds for lead, to be put to good purpose. My advice is, save your money for something better, and keep the gun goin', boys!"

"God save all here," said a muffled voice at this juncture, and an old white-haired clergyman led his nag into the smithy. "Poor Kate cast a shoe along the road," he continued. "Will you kindly see to her, my good friend? She nearly threw me in the dike there without; but it wasn't her fault, poor thing; she's growing old like myself." The old clergyman unwound a large muffler from about his throat and ears, drew off his well-worn gloves, and extended his thin hands, trembling with cold, to the forge fire. A hacking cough shook his slight frame.

"That's a bad cold, Father Pat, to be carrying about with you on a night like this," remarked Davy Dillon.

"Ah, good-night, Davy," returned the priest, recognizing the voice. "How are you and your people, and how are you all, boys? What a dreadful time we are having, and what a wretched night for the poor evicted people! I've just been on a sick call among them, and their position is heart-rending. There's one poor woman will hardly live till morning."

Maurthan's task was quickly accom-

"Well, that's because I'm sick and tired of these eternal homilies."

plished. The aged pastor turned to depart, but first he addressed the blacksmith: —

"My son, on entering here I was surprised and grieved to hear you use some very bad and dangerous language. In fact, it was nothing less than an incitement to murder. Now, we must all be patient and forbearing, and leave vengeance to God, to whom it belongs. Remember there is a commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill'" —

"Yes, yes, your reverence, I remember," rudely interrupted Maurthan, "and I remember too that the landlords about here should commence by showin' the example if they want that commandment kept; else it may be broken on both sides. What does Ormsby care about commandments when he turns women and children out of their homes to die of cold and hunger? Not a tinker's curse."

"My friend, you are too violent in your language and opinions."

"Am I? Well, that's because I'm sick and tired of these eternal homilies on patience and all that. The people have had too much of that; they want a change. The priests are good enough, but they're too often found on the side of the Saxon and the landlords. It was so when the English Pope pretended to give Ireland to Harry the Second; it was so in the 14th century, when ye denounced us as 'mere Irish' or something like vermin; it was so when ye created discord and dissension among the patriots of Kilkenny, and cursed them in all directions with bell, book, and candle until Oliver Cromwell came over and gobbled up the whole divided crew; it was so when the Boyne Water was fought — everybody knows the Pope was on the side of Orange Billy; and it was so in '98, when the fire of Irish patriotism was kindled in the forges of the blacksmiths of gallant Wexford — yes, begorra, just as it's kindled in this very spot, in landlord-blighted Ballybotheen!"

The blacksmith looked around in triumph as his resonant voice rang through the forge, and noted the effect of his speech. The faces showed awe and consternation. Maurthan had promised to "lay out" Father Pat McGowan in political argument whenever he got the chance, and here he was, eagerly taking first innings.

"My! what an avalanche!" commented Davy Dillon sarcastically. He seemed annoyed and embarrassed at the turn affairs had taken.

For a few moments the priest stood astonished at the torrent of invective. Then a flash of crimson leaped into his

withered cheeks and his gray eyes sparkled with anger. "What you say is untrue, sir," he said; "the true Irish priests have always stood by their people, and they will never fail to do so. But, Mr. Maurthan Gow, they draw the line at murder, and that is why I object to you, a black stranger, coming among us as an apostle of crime. I will see that you work no further mischief in this parish."

"Oh, your reverence may quench the candles on me if you wish," retorted Maurthan defiantly; "it won't frighten me a bit. Many a better Irishman was excommunicated."

"Who talks of excommunication?" inquired a lisping, drawling voice, and another customer entered the smithy — a dapper little fellow in riding rig. Small watery eyes veiled by glasses, hook nose, and large yellow mustache waxed at the ends were the main points in the features of Mr. Chetwynd Chapman, district inspector of the Royal Irish constabulary. "So, it's your precious soul that's in danger of the anathemas of the Church, eh, Mr. Fenian blacksmith?" he continued languidly. "Don't mind the demmed fellah, Mr. McGowan; excommunication would run off him like water off a duck's back — haw, haw! There's no remedy for his peculiar mental disease but the jail or the rope. Here, Fenian, have a look at my horse's hoofs; I fawncy there's something the matter."

"None of your d——d impertinence to me, Mr. Chapman," cried Maurthan fiercely. "Keep that kind of language for serfs and slaves, for I'm not going to stand it." He lifted and examined the horse's hoofs in rapid succession. "There's nothing the matter with this poor brute barrin' the unmannerly load he has to carry."

"Extremely obliged, I'm sure." The inspector passed a coin to Maurthan, who slipped it with a growl into his pocket.

"Mr. McGowan, if you're goin' in my direction I'll have the pleasure of accompanying you part of the way. Ho, ho! my friend the Fenian blacksmith, the Danton of Ballybotheen, has quite a promising school here." The inspector adjusted his eyeglasses and twirled his yellow mustache as he superciliously surveyed the assembly.

"A bad school for young people," said Father Pat. "My friends, if you respect my advice, you will avoid this person. He is a very dangerous man, whose like has often brought young men to misfortune."

"Oh, good-night kindly to your reverence, and good-night, Mr. Chapman — Father McGowan will see that you're not shot on your way," retorted the brawny blacksmith with a loud sardonic laugh, as his two belated customers departed.

"Ye go well together," he commented with an oath, as the door closed behind them. "The pair of ye are well met — priest and peeler, the double curse of the country."

"For shame, Maurthan," exclaimed Davy Dillon hotly. "You should have more manly spirit than to attack a good, decent old clergyman like that, who would give his last shilling to relieve the poor, and who is up early and late attending to his priestly duties, although he has one foot in the grave. It's a burning disgrace, that's what it is!" And there was a general murmur of concurrence.

"Excuse me, boys," said the Gow; "I was carried away; I was beside meself entirely through thinkin' of them infernal evictions. I'm sorry if I hurted the priest's feelings, and I'm sorry if I hurted yours. I hope you'll forgive me."

"To be sure, Maurthan, with all our hearts," came the responses, as his keen eyes travelled searchingly round the circle. Then, noticing that the smith was beginning to darken his fire preparatory to quitting work for the night, the visitors began to drop out. The last to linger, in compliance with a signal from Maurthan, was Davy Dillon.

"Well, boy, is everything arranged for the job?"

"Everything."

"And it's to be done?"

"To-morrow night." The young man's face was very pale and his voice unsteady. His manner was tense with excitement.

"That's right, Davy. The lots were fairly drawn, and yourself and three others cast for the work; so there's no gettin' out of it — you know the penalty. It's time the ould divil was put from doing evil. Well, good-night, boy; safe home. I wish you a steady aim and success."

As soon as Maurthan Gow was alone in his smithy, he drew from his pocket the coin given him by District Inspector Chapman, and unfolded a small piece of paper which had been wrapped around it. This paper he examined, and discovered that it bore the written words: —

"Meet me to-morrow night at nine in the wood behind the schoolhouse. Bring your list."

He smiled his ugliest smile, thrust the scrap of paper into the red heart of the smouldering fire and watched it burn, then quenched his lamp, locked up his forge, and set out for his dwelling, a short distance away. The sleet had ceased, and the moon shone through broad fissures in a drifting rack of clouds, driven before a chill gale. The leafless boughs of ash and sycamore tossed and moaned along the road. On one side the mountain ridge gloomed black and cheerless, with a few scattered cabin lights flickering along its base; on the other faintly glimmered the poor camp-fires of the evicted. Suddenly came a rush of hoofs and wheels, followed by a sharp crash and halt, as a jaunting-car driven at a rapid pace came in contact with an obstruction in the roadway, and the occupants sprang alertly to the ground — a stout, elderly, hatchet-faced man, accompanied by two policemen armed with carbines — Mervyn Ormsby, the local evicting landlord, and his usual protecting escort.

The landlord, whose breath was alcoholic to a high degree, swore lustily at perceiving the obstruction, a large log lying in the roadway. "The vicious dogs! — they put this here to help us break our necks. Hullo, you skulking night-bird, who are you?"

"None of your business, me ould evictor," replied Maurthan with a jeering laugh. "Go your way, with your peelers to guard you, you drunken tyrant. "I'm an honest man and not afraid of being fired at."

"Devil fire you, Maurthan Gow, you enemy of law and order!"

As if animated with the spirit of his ancestor, the Ironside drummer who got the forfeited lands of the O'Shanahans, old Ormsby jumped forward and dealt a sweeping whack of his cane, which caught the smith on the forehead and sent the blood streaming down his face. With a furious exclamation the Gow wrenched the cane away from his adversary, and would have returned the blow with interest but that one of the black-coated escorts interfered — a tall, strapping, young constable of pleasant face and cheery voice.

"Hold on, friend," he said, laying a detaining hand on Maurthan's arm. "This is very unfortunate, but see the condition the old fellow is in. Summon him if you like and —. Good heavens, Bill Barry!"

"Whisht, you fool!" sharply whispered the smith, wincing under that surprised scrutiny. "Take that drunken old rascal home; I'll have justice against him if it's to be got in the county," he continued, raising his voice. Breaking Ormsby's cane across his knee, he hurled the fragments on the road.

"Remember, Kyrle Gertie," he said in a low tone to the young constable, "remember that it's a wise tongue that says little."

With this Maurthan Gow continued on his way. Ere he reached his home he put his hand to his head, now throbbing painfully, and laughed bitterly when the moonlight showed him his palm covered with blood.

"I meant to save the life of that old

whiskey barrel," he muttered; "but now, by ——, I'll let them make cold meat of him."

Meanwhile the car had resumed its journey. Constable Kyrle Gertie, sitting with his carbine under his arm ready for immediate service as ordered by the regulations, was doing some deep thinking. He had but just been sent back to the district after a month's sojourn elsewhere. It was in his absence that the redoubtable blacksmith had established a local habitation and a name in the limited politics of Ballybotheen, and got up an oath bound circle for the punishment of land tyrants. And this was the man.

Gertie's comrade noticed his silence, and proceeded to rally him through his interpretation of it; for if all the world loves a lover, it also loves to have an occasional laugh at him.

"So that's your first sight of your rival, Gertie? Fine-looking fellow, isn't he? A great chum of young Davy Dillon, too, — Davy is first lieutenant, or something like that, in his secret band, — and he's down every other Sunday at the Lough, enjoying his fine dinner of amber-fat bacon, white cabbage, mealy potatoes, and porter, just like an ordinary member of the family; and maybe he'll be one pretty soon, if what people say is true."

"Oh, give us a rest and give us a light, you Mullingar diaramus," rejoined Constable Gertie as he took out his pipe. He affected to laugh at his companion's humor.

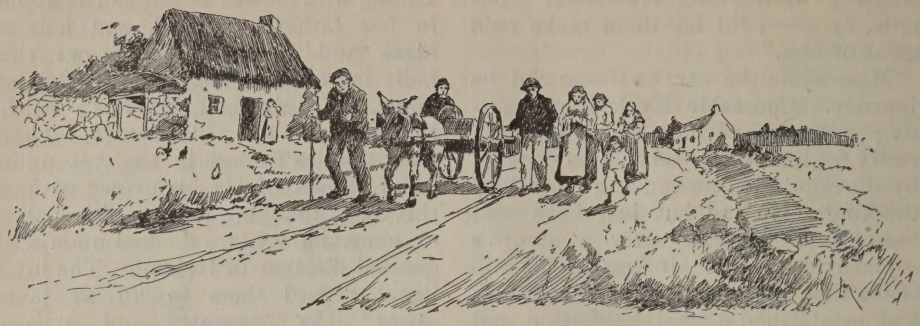
"Laugh as you like; but when you see that sturdy bellows-blower in his white shirt and his Sunday clothes, — real Blarney tweed, the exact pattern of what was smuggled into William O'Brien in Tullamore jail — you'll admit, my boy, he's a magnificent and formidable adversary."

But Constable Gertie was plunged deep in reverie and made no answer. As the car rolled along, there came before him the winsome face of Nellie Dillon of the Lough, sister of Davy Dillon, with cheeks as red as the apples in her father's orchard, and hair as black and glossy as the crows that built in the tall trees overhanging her home. He clinched his teeth as he thought of the blacksmith. There were tangles enough in the yet unfinished thread of his love story without this last annoying ravel. The police, or constabulary, are looked upon with general disfavor in Ireland. The intelligent regard them as "Irish janissaries"; the peasantry and artisans contemptuously term them "peelers"; they are looked upon — and unfortunately to a great degree justly — as a class ever ready, at the beck of a British official, to shoot, bludgeon, arrest, and inform upon their countrymen, particularly those engaged in national or patriotic movements. Their barracks, equipped with loop-holed armor-plate "flankers," to fire from in case of siege, are simply modern castles in a hostile country.

Of course among this detested force there are many decent fellows, notable exceptions; and Nellie Dillon, with justice, we trust, looked upon her admirer as one of the latter. But her folks smarted at the idea of her having anything to do with a policeman, even though Gertie had said: —

"As soon as I get a little more money together, Nellie, and you name the day, I'll pull off this jacket and we'll go to some country where things are different; some place where we can draw a breath of relief after all this bother."

All this was in Gertie's thoughts when, next morning, leaving the "big house," where the servant was fetching up brandy and soda to old Ormsby's bedroom, Constable Gertie took his way down the road leading to the village. On his way he passed a small cart drawn by a donkey and surrounded by a number of the peasantry, male and female, who glanced at him with repugnance: they had seen but too much of that dark and ominous uniform the previous day, when the



On the cart lay a rigid form covered by a quilt.

doors of their homes were nailed up, leaving them out shelterless in the biting weather. On the cart lay a rigid form covered by a quilt.

"The poor woman died this morning in the ditch, Lord be merciful to her," explained a barefooted girl.

The constable gave a half-crown to a little boy who walked crying after the cart. Then he quickened his pace, and a look of determination leaped into his face as he heard the ding-dong from Maurthan Gow's forge. He found the smith busy, and carolling as blithely as a lark in full matin song. A scrap of court plaster hid the wound made by Ormsby's cudgel. The smith's ugly smile came into play as he noticed Gertie.

"Morning, Kyrle. So we've drifted together again. Excuse me for not shaking hands — coal dust is a nuisance."

"So it's at this work I find you, Bill Barry?"

"Not that name here, man; Maurthan Gow, if you please. Yes, just this work, my boy. You know I learned the trade in that old Munster village of ours before I joined you at the constabulary depot in Phœnix Park. Comes in very useful now, doesn't it? Makes me the typical village anvil-whacker."

"You are on secret service here?" said Gertie in a low voice, ignoring the smith's sneer.

"In the Royal Irish Constabulary, to win a character for efficient tact and discretion, and the approval of one's superior officers, one should exercise a little common-sense," replied the latter severely. "Anyhow, for your information, I may remind you that where there are evictions there is usually murder, and where there's murder there are criminals, and where criminals are there ought to be detectives. Now there's a simple lesson in the business of your profession."

"Yes," persisted Gertie; "but I'm aware you're making criminals, swearing them into a secret gang, filling them with murderous notions, leading them into the meshes of the law" —

The blacksmith threw down his hammer, rushed over and laid a heavy hand on the speaker's shoulder.

"Not another word, you idiot!" he exclaimed. "Come, get out of here — your visit is dangerous. For what you've said I can have your jacket stripped off and yourself kicked out of the force."

"I don't care a straw for the jacket or the force when men's lives and liberties are at the mercy of such a ruffian as I know you to be," declared the young constable hotly. "At least I'll try to save some of your dupes from the jail or the gallows."

The smith laughed scornfully. "The boys won't believe you," he hissed, "but they'll believe me, ay, and obey me; and let me tell you, my fine fellow, I can have you shot, and nobody be any the wiser. One word at parting — don't be so needlessly uneasy about

the Dillons — you see I know your motive in coming here — and keep away from the Lough. Good-day."

With a final brief note of defiance Gertie quitted the smithy. On his way he met a farmer leading in a horse to be shod, and he growled an oath as he heard the smith's deep voice raised in sarcastic song, —

> "'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
> For they're hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green."

Discomfited and indignant, Kyrle Gertie retraced his steps towards the "big house." His troubled gaze went straying vaguely over the landscape until it rested on a distant clump of trees, backed by a flash of water — the Lough. He crooked his arm, and regarded the exact spot on his sleeve where the golden chevrons of "acting sergeant" were likely, under ordinary circumstances, to appear in the near future.

"Let it go!" he said to himself with an imprecation. "Her brother is in the toils of the most expert and unscrupulous bloodhound in the country, and it is my first duty to see to it. I'll slip over to-night and put Davy on his guard — show him the man he's dealing with and the noose that's dangling over his head." But when the constable returned to the residence of evictor Ormsby, he had immediately to don his cartridge-box, take up his carbine, and set out with that individual on a drive to a neighboring town, from which they would not return ere nightfall.

Meanwhile, to the members of a certain limited circle, the black shadow of death grew deeper and grimmer over Ballybotheen; and the growing dusk, when it came, was peopled with awful shadows. At an earlier hour than usual, Maurthan Gow closed his forge and bade good-night to a small and solemn-visaged gathering. Quitting the road, he skulked across fields and along hedges, making for a clump of trees at the rear of the Ballybotheen schoolhouse, the trysting-place appointed by the police inspector.

By turns he whistled and chuckled to himself. Then he halted to wipe his brow, which was glistening with perspiration, despite the cold, and he took a long draught from a flask he carried. "Pretty near the time," he remarked, looking at his watch. "Nothing can stop it now. Within a few minutes there'll be such firing and cross-firing around here as was never heard before in Ballybotheen. Ormsby may get shot — serve the old scoundrel right! Davy Dillon may stop a carbine bullet — a decent fellow, but his sister wouldn't listen to me, so every one for himself. Kyrle Gertie may get riddled — devil mend him! There will be one or more dead men to-night, a crowd of criminals in handcuffs in the morning — I have the list of all the boys here in my pocket — some murder trials after that, with myself a first-class Crown witness in the box, then some hangings, then a pile of money and good promotion for somebody. Your health again, Head Constable William Barry! You are a credit, sir, to the force." The blacksmith took another pull at his flask. As he returned it to its place, a paper fell from his pocket and lay on the ground unnoticed. There was a low whistle, Inspector Chapman stepped from the shadow of the wood, and the two men stood together in the moonlight.

"Well?"

"All goes well, Inspector. I'm afraid they'll make the attempt to-night. If so, you can nab every mother's son of them before break of day. Another thing I've got to tell you; my life isn't safe here any longer. Up to the present nobody but yourself and the resident magistrate knew that Maurthan Gow the blacksmith was a disguised policeman in the secret service of the government. Now a third party knows it; Constable Gertie, a townie of mine, has recognized me."

"Pshaw! I'll have the fellow trans-

ferred to another district. Besides, if your work is done, what need you fear, Barry? Come further this way. I want to know the details, and" —

As their figures disappeared among the trees, there arose from a ditch close to the spot where they had stood, the figure of a young man with a pale, alarmed face. In his hand he held a rabbit trap, which he cautiously laid down at the hole where he had been setting it for the night. He picked up the paper the blacksmith had dropped, glanced at it for a second or two, then stole cautiously out of the wood, and darted away like a greyhound.

. . . . . .

A stout rope was stretched about a foot above the ground, across the highway a quarter of a mile from the "big house," where the road ran between embankments topped with bushes. At intervals a face peered over the top of the embankment, and a couple of gun barrels glinted in the moonlight, as from the distance, in the clear air of the winter night, came the rolling sound of a vehicle, momentarily growing louder and nearer. Suddenly, from the opposite direction, came the beat of running feet. A young man came dashing along the road. He tripped over the rope and rolled over on the road with a yell and an oath. Rebounding, he clambered up the embankment like a cat.

"Are you there, boys?" he cried hoarsely. "Look out! Treachery!" A sudden murmur of conversation, and the light of a match revealed four or five faces intently peering over a written document. A dark figure darted down the embankment, untied the rope, and returned with it. Then various figures seemed to melt away in the night, and the bushes were undisturbed save for the cold breeze that rustled them.

Maurthan's treachery discovered.

A minute later the car conveying Mervyn Ormsby and his escort passed safely by. Then the stillness of night settled down over everything.

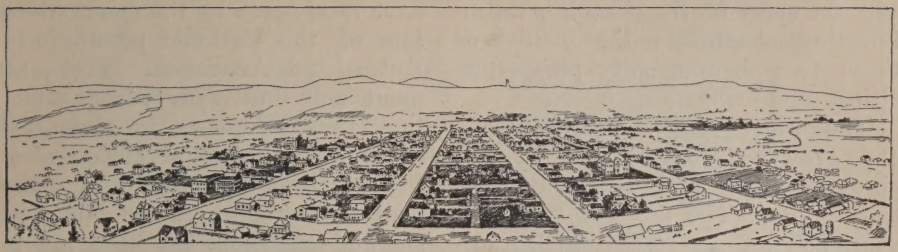
. . . . . .

There is little more to add.

Old Mervyn Ormsby died suddenly of apoplexy. His heir was obliged by the new Land Act to deal more mercifully with the tenants.

Kyrle Gertie left the police, married Nellie Dillon, and took her away from Ireland. He now owns a flourishing livery stable in a big city of the United States.

They shot Maurthan Gow, or Bill Barry. He remained one night too long in Ballybotheen, and the local Frankenstein he had created fell upon him and rent him asunder. His body, a mine of slugs, was found near his forge, and the blacksmithing of the place went back in a lump to old Andy Dwyer, although he was only a bad singer, and couldn't talk picturesque politics to save his life.



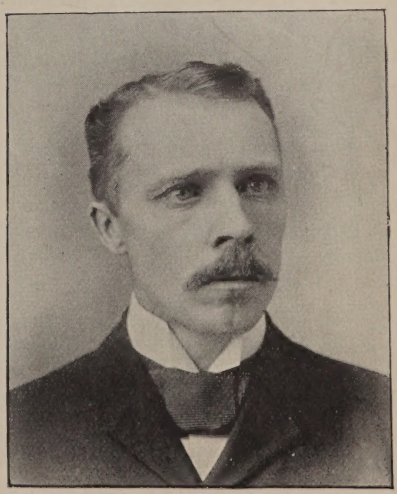
Bird's Eye View of Anaconda, Montana.

TWO MONTANA CITIES.

RELIGIOUS AND MATERIAL GROWTH OF BUTTE AND ANACONDA.

BY J. M. KENNEDY.

THE material progress of Western cities is a constant source of comment. Cities have sprung up beyond the Mississippi almost within the time formerly employed in the building of a single house. The mining states have become alive with thriving townships in places where only a few years ago the footsteps of the adventurous prospector alone broke the solitude. The development of the great West is one of the marvels of American history, and it is an interesting study to note the pace that moral and religious interests have kept with the advancement of Western communities in material prosperity. It is an evidence of deep religious feeling on the part of pioneer miners, that almost simultaneously with their aggregation in great numbers on the site of a profitable mine, arose a house for the worship of God and religious institutions for the fostering and care of the spiritual needs of the community. Perhaps no more striking illustration of these facts can be found than in the history of the sister cities, Butte and Anaconda, in the rich mining territory of the state of Montana. Lured



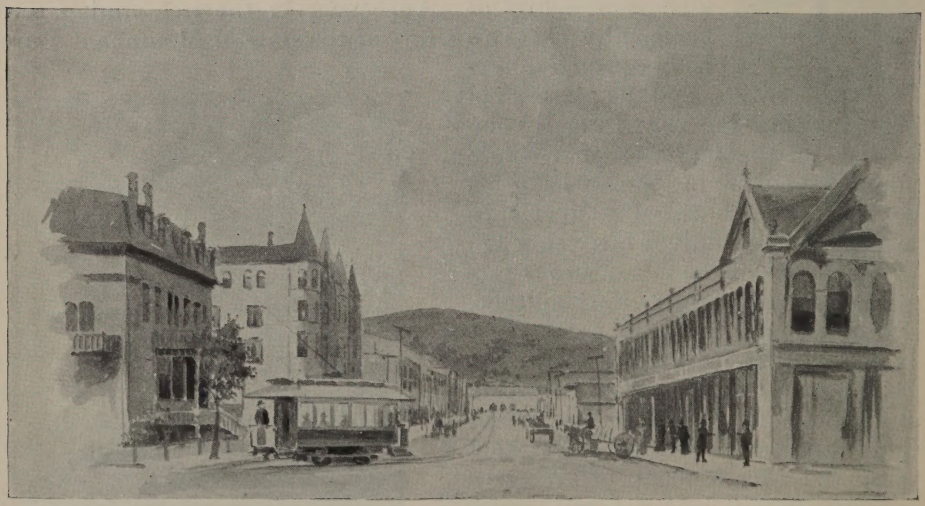
E. O. DUGAN. Mayor of Butte.

to the spot by the prospects of speedy temporal returns for their labors, the founders of these cities have, nevertheless, proved their devotion to the higher interests of life,

and the story of the church is an interesting chapter in the history of these two phenomenally prosperous cities.

The story of the establishment and growth of Catholicity in the cities of Butte and Anaconda is a simple tale. The lapse of forgotten years has not invested it with tradition pleasing to the imagination; no impressive legend of the misty past clings to the modest edifices wherein the Catholics of this region worship. It is a plain story of pioneer life in the rich mining regions of the great West, and involves only the trials and adventures incident to every-day life on the frontier. Nevertheless the faithful historian of the future will find many incidents of heroism, self-sacrifice, and unfaltering devotion in the lives of the pioneer Catholics of this section of Montana. Heroes have sung the Masses, and noble deeds of charity, Christian benevolence, and sacrifice have been crowded without number into the daily lives of the devout men who have ministered to the spiritual welfare of the Catholic population of Butte and Anaconda. This statement will find ready recognition in thousands of homes in these sister cities where many a burden of sorrow has been lightened and many a poor soul, groping in the darkness of sin and affliction, has been led into the light of faith by the kindly aid and pious ministrations of the Catholic clergymen who have labored here.

One bitterly cold day in the early spring of 1863, Father Giorda, S. J., while on his way from the great placer diggings of Alder Gulch to St. Ignatius Mission, at the western gateway of the state, stopped at the home of John Grant, in the Deer Lodge Valley. That day holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in the county of Deer Lodge. The record preserved at St. Ignatius tells of baptisms performed at Cottonwood, as Deer Lodge was then called, in March, 1864. At that time the county of Deer Lodge embraced all of the territory now included in

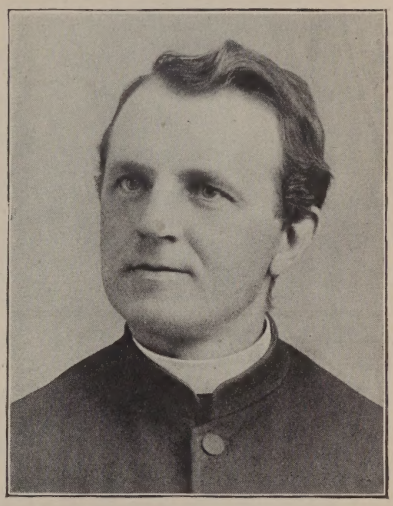


Street in Anaconda.

the county of Silver Bow, of which Butte is the metropolis. There was no city of Butte at that time, and it was more than 17 years afterward that the first foundations of the present growing city of Anaconda were laid. Called to the placer diggings of Silver Bow to see a sick miner, in May, 1865, Father Kuppens, S. J., was undoubtedly the first clergyman to visit the site of what is now the greatest centre of mining industry on earth. Attracted by the fabulously rich gold diggings of Deer Lodge county, a large number of adherents of the Catholic Church were among the pioneers who came with pick and pan. In the early spring of 1866 there were more than 800 Catholics working in the golden sands that sprinkled the banks of the numerous creeks of the county. In July, 1866, Rev. Remigius de Ryckere was assigned to the Deer Lodge Mission. During the 28 years that have since elapsed, that pious priest has resided in Deer Lodge and has ministered, without intermission, to the spiritual wants of the faithful.

REV. PETER DE SIERE.
Pastor St. Patrick's Church, Butte.

Father De Ryckere, like nearly all of the priests of this diocese, was



FATHER ALLAEYS.
Pastor at Anaconda.

born in Belgium. He arrived at Vancouver, Washington, late in the year 1865, his assignment to the Deer Lodge Mission following early the next spring. A man of deep piety and earnest purpose, he has borne the burdens incident to the life of a pioneer priest and missionary with that Christian spirit which invariably commands respect and admiration. From the parent mission at Deer Lodge, on the banks of the Cottonwood river, Father De Ryckere made visits at stated periods to numerous adjacent mining camps, and before 1870 he had regular missions established in various parts of the county. Occasionally during the years between 1867 and 1874 Mass was celebrated in Old Silver Bow. The mining industry in that region was confined at that time to work on the gold placers. In 1874 the gold in the beds and bottom of Silver Bow creek had been pretty well washed out; so at least the miners

JAMES H. LYNCH,
Postmaster, Butte.

JUSTIN BUTLER,
Pres. Young Men's Institute, Ravalli Council.

HON. J. J. MCHATTON, Butte., Dist. Judge Silver Bow Co.

JAMES LEYDEN, Chief of Police, Butte.

Dr. J. A. TREMBLAY, Butte.

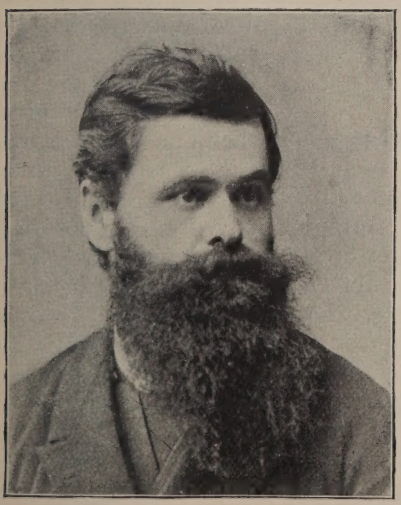
thought, and they began to turn their attention to the development of the marvellously rich ledges of gold, silver, and copper which had been discovered in the rugged hills that stood sentinel over the old placer camps. In the later 70's the Alice mine developed into a bonanza, and the great Anaconda was just beginning to yield up its fabulous wealth of silver and copper.

In the first months of 1877 a movement was started in Butte for the erection of a Catholic church, the adherents of the faith having already reached a multitude in the camp, and Aug. 1, 1879, witnessed the formal dedication of St. Patrick's, Butte's first Roman Catholic church. The impressive services of blessing the edifice were conducted by Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, the martyred prelate of the Northwest, who was then making the first episcopal visitation to this part of Montana. Father De Ryckere and his assistants at Deer Lodge continued in charge of the Butte Mission up to the spring of 1881, when the county of Silver Bow was carved out of Deer Lodge. Then Butte was set apart as a separate mission, and Rev. J. J. Dols, at present parish priest at Great Falls, Mont., was assigned to the pastorate of St. Patrick's.

Father Dols was born in Holland

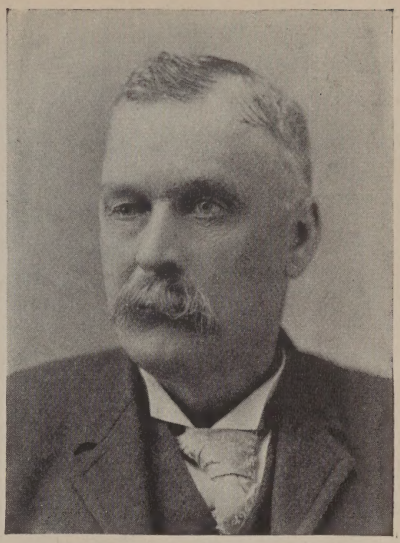
in 1848. He was educated in Belgium, and spent several years in Oregon before coming to Montana in 1881. There was no lack of enthusiastic interest among the Catholics of Butte. Money was ready in every instance for the prosecution of the work of the church. The closing days of Father Dols' first year in Butte saw the completion of a comfortable residence built for the priest, at a cost of nearly $4,000.

The avocation of the miner is at all times attended by great danger to life and limb. Lured into the bowels of the earth by nature's hidden treasures, many a poor fellow's life has been blotted out in a twinkling by a falling rock, the flash of a premature explosion of blasting powder, or a sudden sweep of flame or foul air through the stopes and levels of the workings. There is need of tender nurses in a mining camp. Hundreds of the hardy men who pursue the



THE LATE REV. L. G. TREMBLAY.
Died in France in 1882.

hazardous business of deep shaft mining find their homes in rude



W. J. MCNAMARA, Capitalist, Butte.

cabins on some rugged hillside. The comforts of the modern home have been strangers to many of them for years; and when accident overtakes them, there is often dearth in their humble cabins of medicines and appliances to relieve their sufferings. It is to such unfortunates that the hospital of St. James, founded by a colony of Sisters of Charity from Leavensworth, Kan., in 1882, has been a welcome boon and haven. Butte has witnessed her full share of mining horrors during recent years, and these mournful events have given eloquent testimony to the value of the institution and the heroic work of the Sisters. Two or three times since the erection of the first hospital building in Butte, the good Sisters have found it necessary to make additions and improvements; the building as it stands to-day is a conspicuous monument to the self-sacrificing labors of its founders and to the generosity of the inhabitants of the Silver City.

It is asserted upon authority that

A Glimpse of Montana Scenery.

of the 30,000 inhabitants of Silver Bow county not less than 10,000 are Catholics. It was to accommodate his constantly increasing flock that Father Dols, in 1883, let the contract for the erection of the present Catholic church in Butte. Considering the multitude of believers in the faith residing in the city and suburbs, St. Patrick's is an extremely modest edifice. Perhaps it would tax its seating capacity to the utmost to accommodate 700 worshippers. Some day, ere long, let us hope, Butte Catholics will assist at the Holy Sacrifice in a cathedral of imposing dimensions, commensurate with the size and vast wealth of the congregation. Meantime they continue to worship in a church which cost about $20,000. Though small, it is a neat and comfortable edifice. The corner-stone was laid by Rev. F. J. Kelleher, in May, 1883, and the building was dedicated Sept. 17 of the same year.

In 1885 Father Dols was permitted to visit the old country for about a year, and his work in Butte fell upon Rev. L. G. Trembly. He labored with great zeal and ability in the upbuilding of the church, but in the winter of 1886 he was compelled to retire from the Butte Mission owing to ill-health, and returned to France, where his lamented death occurred. The spiritual welfare of the faithful of St. Patrick's was next given in charge to Father Van den Ven, who in the fall of 1888 was given an assistant in Father Van den Broeck, the former a native of Holland, the latter of Hall, Belgium. The parish remained under their charge until 1893, when Rev. Peter De Siere was removed from the Anaconda Mission, much to the regret of the people of that parish, and assigned to the work in Butte, where he still continues to labor with a pious zeal which invites the admiration of every fair-minded citizen. His assistants are Rev. Fathers Artz and Batens.

The number of Catholics in Butte is rapidly growing. In trade and commerce, in social and political circles, they find themselves a large

factor in the life of the city. One of the monuments of their liberality is the splendid parochial school of St. Patrick, erected in 1889, at a cost of about $70,000. Under the charge of a number of Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth, nearly 500 Catholic children are receiving an education in this institution.

To-day the city is richer and larger than ever. The closing of the mints to silver did not close a business house in her streets. While banks by the score were putting up their shutters in all parts of the union during the dark days of 1893, Butte's half-dozen banks stood the shock without a tremor. During the past 12 months the city produced nearly $20,000,000 worth of copper alone. Thousands of men have found constant employment in her fabulously rich mines, and not a man in all the vast army raised a pick or struck a drill for less than $3.50 per day. It is strictly within the lines of truth to state that, in proportion to population, Butte pays more cash money for wages than any other city in the world. With the price of silver below 90 cents, there is no profit in mining that metal. Under a political policy that has degraded the white metal to the condition of a commodity, to be sold at so much per pound, like coal and bran, hundreds of valuable mines have been closed in this state; but when the shafts of Butte's silver mines were closed to the miner, he found ready employment in the stopes and levels of the great copper producers. And thus Butte is able, on call, to show greater evidences of prosperity than can be found in any other city of her size. In her splendid development, in her magnificent achievements, Catholics and non-Catholics alike have borne a share of the burden. The honors of unequalled success fall undivided upon them.

Marvellous as has been the growth of the city of Butte, no less wonderful is the history of her sister city, Anaconda, 28 miles away. In 1883 its site was part of a great wild ranch. To-day it has a population of at least 7,000, with broad, level

COL. T. O'LEARY, Anaconda.

CAPT. JOHN MCCORMICK, Miner, Butte.

O. C. VOSS, Anaconda, President Young Men's Institute.

D. F. Hallahan, Anaconda,
County Treas. Deer Lodge Co.

M. J. O'Farrell.
Gen'l. Supt. Anaconda Co., Butte

Dr. Spelman, Anaconda,
1st Vice-pres. Montana State Medical Association.

Wm. McDermott, U. S. Marshal, Butte,

Garrett Kirby, Pres. A. O. H., Anaconda.

streets, lighted by electricity, handsome residences, the finest hotel between St. Paul and Tacoma, a daily newspaper, two railroads, and, besides several smaller industries, the largest copper smelting plant in the world. It is a prosperous and thrifty little city. Like Butte, it stood the financial storm of the last two years without feeling the shock. During this period Anaconda did not experience a single failure; on the contrary, most of the merchants report an active and increasing business. Nobody has complained of hard times. The big pay rolls at the smelters have suffered no diminution; the foundry and brick manufactory have kept in unceasing operation, and every 24 hours have seen from 120 to 150 car loads of ore rolling into town, to be transferred into copper matte, together with great long trains of wood and coal to be used as fuel in the smelting process. New houses have been going up, furnishing employment to scores of carpenters, bricklayers, and masons; real estate has been steadily rising in price; the people have worn an air of contentment and prosperity, and have gone on increas-

ing their savings, enjoying the good things of life, and going about their business and pleasures, as if nothing had happened in the world to bring anxiety and distress to the great mass of mankind. Anaconda has been an oasis in the financial desert.

It is but the simple truth to state that this anomalous condition of affairs is attributable to the sagacity and enterprise of Marcus Daly, a man among 10,000. No other mining superintendent, even with such phenomenally rich properties as the Anaconda mines under his control, would have dared proceed on such a mammoth scale, or have projected and carried out a business of such colossal and commanding proportions. The ordinary business man would be frightened at the very suggestion of some of Mr. Daly's least important projects. Other men of thorough knowledge and brilliant abilities would have conducted the Anaconda Mines solely with a view to extracting the most money out of them. They would have taken 10 years to develop the mines to an extent reached by Mr. Daly in one. To make a net profit of two or three million dollars a year and expend every cent of it in new and additional development would have struck them as needless, if not dangerous, business. With such men in possession of the Anaconda properties, the city of Anaconda, in all likelihood, would never have been founded.

But Mr. Daly has not conducted

MISS NETTIE E. O'DONNELL, Anaconda.
Delegate of Young Ladies Institute to San Francisco.

JUDGE M. J. NAUGHTEN, Butte.

JOHN MAGUIRE, President Irish American Club, Butte. PATRICK CONLON

the Anaconda mines solely with a view of getting the most money out of them with the least possible outlay. Having satisfied himself as to their enormous resources, — resources inexhaustible at least in his day and generation, — he believed in so working them as to give employment to the greatest possible number of people, on the theory that such a policy would eventually yield the greatest profit. For a smelting plant of the magnitude he had reason to believe the Anaconda works would attain, he foresaw the necessity of a better water supply than Butte could afford; and so in the summer of 1883, after careful and patient search for a site that would meet the requirements of such an enterprise and at the same time possess natural qualifications for a great city, Marcus Daly selected the ground upon which Anaconda now stands. The topography of the place is perfect for the purposes of a city. The surrounding scenery is marvellously picturesque. It is one of the most attractive spots in the Rocky Mountain region.

Great as they were then, Mr. Daly's plans and projects have expanded vastly since 1883. He has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in experimental work, with a view of simplifying the processes of smelting and refining, and over and over again costly machinery and apparatus have been replaced by new inventions, by means of which the

HELENA M. GLEASON,
President Young Ladies' Institute, Anaconda

ore could be treated more economically, more expeditiously, and with a greater saving of the gold and silver which it contains in addition to the copper. Altogether, the Anaconda company has spent $44,000,000 in Montana.

Unlike some American towns to which those who are not acquainted with the Copper City might compare it, Anaconda is free from all objectionable features in respect to the treatment of the workingmen. There are no company stores, no company boarding-houses, no company cottages; every man is perfectly free to buy, sell, rent, and board where he pleases. Anaconda has no use for the lazy, the dissolute, or the vicious; such classes find it a very poor place to get along in. It is a town of law and order. The people are thrifty and law-abiding; crimes are very scarce, the police court records showing that, in these regards, Anaconda will compare very favorably with a New England village. The bigot, too, finds here a poor field for his insidious operations; there is an entire absence of that unpleasant sectarian strife which unfortunately hampers the peace and prosperity of many American cities to-day. Side by side, men of all creeds and nationalities work in harmony for the general advancement of the flourishing little city in which they find together happy homes.

J. M. DELURY, City Treasurer, Anaconda. PETER HALE, Ex-chief of police, Anaconda
M. DONAHOE, Vice-Pres. B. A. & P. Ry., Anaconda.

Following close upon the laying of the foundations of the mammoth smelting plant, came the establishment of a Catholic mission in Anaconda. Father De Ryckere and his assistants visited the Anaconda Mission at stated periods up to 1888. In September of that year Father De Siere, who had been assisting Father De Ryckere since his arrival in Montana, in April, 1887, was assigned to take charge of the new

DANIEL DWYER,
Ex-Mayor of Anaconda.

C. F. KELLEY,
Delegate Y. M. I., to San Francisco.

JOHN W. COTTER, City Attorney, Butte.

PHILIP J. HARRINGTON,
Pres. Robert Emmet Literary Association.

J. D. FITZGERALD,
County delegate A. O. H., Anaconda.

mission in Anaconda. Father De Siere was born in Belgium in 1843, and was ordained in 1867. Among the many pious priests who have labored in Butte, and Anaconda, Father De Siere, by reason of his eminent piety, his learning, his Christian benevolence and zeal, is first in the hearts of his flock. The unnumbered expressions of sincere regret heard in Anaconda upon the occasion of his removal to Butte in 1893, gave eloquent testimony to the esteem in which he was held by the people of all classes and creeds in this city. During the years of his labors in Anaconda he accomplished great good. On Nov. 28, 1885, a pretty and commodious brick church was dedicated under the patronage of St. Paul. The following year saw the completion of a pastoral residence, of brick, adjoining the church, and of commodious and comfortable dimensions.

One of the noblest of all the institutions in Anaconda is St. Ann's Hospital, a magnificent brick structure of commanding proportions, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Sister Irene, who came to Montana years in advance of the railroad builder, a woman of deep piety and marked benevolence, is Superioress.

MISS B. W. HOLLAND, Butte,
Ex-supt. of schools, Silver Bow Co.

MISS ANNA NASON,
Past President, Y. L. I. Butte.

MISS M. B. LYNCH,
President, Y. L. I. Butte.

As in the hospital conducted by this order of devout women in Butte and other cities of this state, St. Ann's is a haven for the unfortunate of all creeds.

In Butte and Anaconda are numerous Catholic benevolent organizations, chief among which are the Young Men's Institute and the Young Ladies' Institute. These societies are of a character purely religious, organized for mutual aid and benevolence, and the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of their members.

The Anaconda parish is now under the charge of Father Allaeys, who succeeded Father De Siere. He is a

J. S. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Supt. Anaconda Co.

JAMES MCNICHOLS, City Marshall, Butte.

DR. F. L. ST. JEAN, Anaconda.

man of zeal and ability; the affairs of the mission are his constant concern, and under his direction the Catholicism of Anaconda is flourishing and growing at a similar rate to the progress of the faith in the older city of Butte.

WINTER SONG.

BY MAURICE W. CASEY.

The snow lies pale on hill and plain,
The sleet cuts like a knife,
The dull sky bears no gleam of sun,
The dark clouds seem at strife;
But soft, by times, south breezes wake,
And while they pass they sing;
The hopes that brave the Winter's blight
Shall bud and blow in Spring.

The shrouded lane is dreary now,
Once gay with hosts of flowers;
And dismally the cold flakes fall
Haze-wrapt in spectral showers;
But through the mist sweet songs slip free
From snow-birds on the wing —
The hopes that brave the Winter's blight
Shall bud and blow in Spring.

Ho! Pilgrims of the Way of Life,
By densest murk beset,
Quail not though hazy skies arch dark,
While piercing winds beat wet;
Sunshine and calm must reign again,
And Faith its solace bring —
The hopes that brave the Winter's blight
Shall bud and blow in Spring.

PROHIBITION IN ITALY.

FROM SLAVERY TO THE CLOISTER.

BY L. W. REILLY.

N the convent of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, in Baltimore, is an aged colored religious who for nearly 60 years has lived a consecrated life, laboring for her own sanctification by working for the salvation of others. With faculties almost unimpaired and still faithful to the rules of her order, so far as her great age will permit, Sister Ellen is an object of veneration for the novices, the pupils, and the orphans of St. Francis' institution.

In bondage, in the hut of her slave parents, on a plantation near

SISTER ELLEN.

Marlboro', in Prince George county, Maryland, Ellen West was born in April, 1800, the youngest of six sisters, in a family of twelve children. As soon as she grew old enough to work, she was set at such tasks as a child could do, and from her earliest years she was made to feel the meaning of servitude. While she was still a young girl, her master moved to Washington with his family and dependents, and there she saw President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe, Secretary of War Armstrong, and other distinguished citizens of the time. She has vivid recollections of the appearance of the city then, which was more like an ill-regulated hamlet than a town of order and beauty. She remembers well the scenes of ruin left by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, when they made their assault on the city and burned the Capitol, the President's house, the Treasury, and other government buildings.

At the age of 27, Ellen West became a Catholic, attracted by the Church's defence of the manhood and marriage of the slaves, and the recognition of their religious rights. She sought instruction from the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, by whom, later, she was baptized. Shortly after she received her first Communion, she was manumitted, and, going to Baltimore, she became a domestic for the Misses Cottringer, keepers of a fashionable school on Franklin street. With them she remained for about 10 years, a trustworthy, industrious, truthful, and economical servant.

But experiencing a desire to leave the world for a more perfect religious life, she on May 6, 1838, entered the Convent of St. Francis in Baltimore as a postulant. At present she is the sole survivor of the members received into the order by its founder, the Rev. J. Joubert, whose last illness she soothed with daughterly devotedness, and was present at his peaceful death in 1843.

In the convent Sister Ellen soon showed that she had found her true place. The Jesuit Fathers, in charge of St. Joseph's parish in Baltimore, in 1858 thought of opening a school for colored children; and Sister Ellen, with two other Oblates, was sent to take charge of it. The first night of their presence there, a mob, incensed at the idea of educating negroes, attacked the Sisters' dwelling, burst in the door, and compelled them to fly for refuge to the home of some white Catholics near by. The school was re-established later on, and did excellent work for years among the colored children of South Baltimore.

By direction of her superiors, Sister Ellen returned to St. Francis' Academy, and there she has remained ever since, faithful to her religious duties and devoted to the Christian education of young girls of her race. In 1888 she celebrated her golden jubilee. The chapel of the institution was tastefully decorated for the occasion. It was crowded with white and colored friends of the happy Sister. Fifteen clergymen were present, including the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and the present Bishop of Detroit. Representatives of some of the most prominent Catholic families in Maryland, like the Carrolls, the Jenkinses, the Chatards, the Dugans, the Shrivers, and others, assisted at the fête. A solemn high Mass was celebrated and an appropriate sermon was preached. During the sacred function, Sister Ellen renewed her vows and Cardinal Gibbons crowned her with a wreath of gold. The children of the school later on gave an entertainment in her honor. Gifts and congratulations came in from many distant places. Altogether, the celebration made a red-letter day for the convent and its friends.

The present mother superior said recently: "Sister Ellen is so full of piety and charity that we all hold her in deepest veneration. Her one thought is how to benefit the poor and needy. I was only five years of age when I entered the orphan asylum, and Sister Ellen was then a grown woman. I have been in the institution about 55 years, during 43 of which I have been a Sister, and during all those years she has been a mother to us all."

Although her growing infirmities make Sister Ellen feeble, she persists in attending the community Mass at half past six o'clock every morning. Then returning to her room, she gives herself up to prayer, the only way open to her labor for the good of the convent, and many a blessing is no doubt the fruit of her continued entreaties. Her 95 years bear lightly upon her. Her mind is clear, and her senses have not failed her. She is able to take short walks, and is full of interest for the success of the institution. She is calmly waiting for the summons that will doubtless bring to her the greeting, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

IN THE SPRING.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

FASHION employs "mony a whimsie" to evolve artistic effects from a chaos of dainty odds and ends. Where there is so much liberty in art and color, the fitness of things is too often subordinated to personal yearnings after the grotesque and uncommon; hence the hideous combinations and exaggerations of style one occasionally meets, or that scrappiness of detail so distasteful to lovers of flowing lines and harmonious color blending.

Simplicity has given place to a decorative rage that seizes upon everything from mink tails and jet points to artificial floral novelties, from fluffy silk and lace combinations to embossed velvet accessories and rich Eastern embroideries; costumes are cut, slashed, and braided, intersected by faintly suggestive lines of color, or broken off sharply into contrasting masses; the sleeves varying from the skirt, and the skirt from the bodice, while the collar may match any one of the three shades, combine all, or be strictly independent. However, there is one consolation for conservative women, who eschew novelties: fashion, though freakish, is not tyrannical, and permits her votaries to dress pretty much as they will, merely insisting upon compliance with her dictates on certain salient features.

There is a magnificent choice of materials in suiting goods: meltons, and rough cheviots, canvas and basket cloths, silk warp Henriettas, diagonal stripes, camel's hair, whipcord, flannels, hop-sacking, showy textiles in wool and silk, serges, lustrous corded silks, broadcloths, shepherd plaids, and novelty goods in mosaic designs, all

exquisitely wrought, and every one with its own coterie of admirers.

The color scheme is indescribably varied and beautiful, offering such combinations as fawn and plum, old rose and Scotch gray, amber and geranium red, turquoise blue and apricot silver and pine green; then, for quiet tastes, there are the standard blues, greens, browns, and varied grays, with rich fruit shades, and that universal stand-by, black. Evening tints come in pale pinkish mauve bluet, English pink, magenta, white, cream, cerise, and mignonette. In checked and fancy textiles the designers' art has been taxed for exquisite effects in Dresden patterns for lighter goods, in stripes and plaids, glints of brilliant hues showing under lustrous surfaces in dark solid colors, gay tufts woven in diagonal lines on shaggy grounds, shot effects outlining tasteful checks, and silky threads branching out like tendrils over a sheeny surface.

These novelty textiles are very tempting, but a delusion and a snare for the woman of limited means: they are too dainty for every-day wear, and resent it by growing shabby in an incredibly short time, as they will not submit to the plebeian practice of sponging, turning and making over. They will be avoided by the wise, or only purchased for waists to be worn with skirts of standard cloths.

Apropos of skirts, it may make some woman happier to know that an eight-yard hem is not necessary to establish her status in fashion's ranks. No less an authority than Redfern limits the width to five yards for tall women, and four yards and a half for small figures. The eight-yard skirt is the exception rather than the rule. The superb set or "hang," not the width, is the important feature.

The fulness is massed in the centre of the back; the skirt tapers gradually from waist to knees, and then flares out sharply to the desired width; the number of gores and methods of lining are matters of individual taste, some insisting upon stiffening all

through, while others use it only in the back width to the waist, and from the knee for the other widths; the godet skirt adopts this plan, using a stiffer grade for the back. As shown by the plates, the draped skirt falling in graceful folds is again in vogue, as is the panelled variety, but the plain model is deservedly the favorite; it may be relieved of its severity by jet vandykes sewn on the seams, designs in galloon, or bands of velvet or passementerie laid in parallel lines above the hem.

The tendency towards plainness of skirt is perhaps due to the fact that it has become merely a subordinate part of the feminine costume, the waist being now the distinctive feature, the objective point upon which designers and modistes concentrate their attention, the evolution of the sleeve and collarette taxing to the utmost their creative fancy.

It is now some years since the decree separating the waist from the skirt was promulgated, the blouse of unhappy memory being the first manifestation of this feature of dress reform. This ungainly garment bore no resemblance to the dainty fabrication of to-day, but woman's need was urgent, so seizing upon it she gradually made of it a thing of beauty and comfort, a friend to all the sex, lending itself to each one's needs and means with the most charming adaptability. The accepted up-to-date style is the round, full model with leg-of-mutton sleeve, or full puff above a close forearm. Round, pointed, or puffed yokes, bands of lace insertion, large cape collars, and saucy collarettes afford variety. Lace frills, falling over the hands, are a revival of the antique, particularly pleasing to women with thin wrists, while deep frilled collar and cuffs of sheer lawn give to dark waists the snowy finish so much affected by a certain class.

There is no restriction in regard to material; anything in silk, wool, or cotton is permissible, and with the exercise of taste and judgment may be fashioned into the daintiest of garments.

Basques have become so abbreviated that the merest suggestion of a skirt is allowable, and this is sometimes so slashed that it loses its identity, assuming the appearance of a fancy belt, an innovation that is not becoming to women of generous proportions. However, fashion is sufficiently lenient to allow them marked deviations from prevailing modes, and also suggests such cunning connection of skirt and waist lines that the line of junction is lost. Basques, like round waists, are subject to endless variations, the little jacket fronts over full vests remaining in favor for slender figures; the bodice

laced at the back is in again, and bids fair to divide the honors with that feminine enigma, the waist that apparently fastens nowhere, and yet fits the figure as trig as if moulded on it.

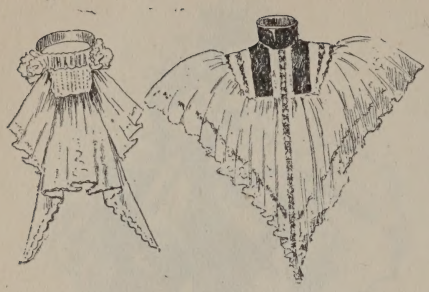
Sleeves remain in collusion with manufacturers, their wearers absolutely refusing to diminish the size, but also protesting against abnormal development. After all, the big sleeve is really economical. It doesn't yield so readily to the friction of wear, and contains in itself possibilities of remodelling; its old-time prototype was an ephemeral thing, destroying itself in its effort to crush feminine bone and sinew. Another advantage is that any woman can make a modern sleeve for herself and wear it fearlessly under the eyes of the keenest dressmaking critic. Where all is fulness, its arrangement at eye seam or shoulder seam matters little.

The three-quarter coat has had its day; the new jacket is in line with the basque, short and very jaunty. Eton jackets appear in modified form, and short capes are shown to be worn with tailor-made suits of the same material. The new redingote bids fair to be very popular, and is the mitigating circumstance in the woes fashion has inflicted on these unfortunates — the very stout and very tall. Fancy wraps, dainty pelerines, single capes, and graduated series of capes, plain, set in yokes, vandyked, and finished in calvx-like collars, appear in endless variety, and in all kinds of material from meltons and cheviots to combinations of lace, ribbon, and passementerie; Venetian and ladies' cloths, German broad cloth, and velvets in every shade make up handsomely, and with elaborate trimmings are designed for dressy wear.

If the bill classing the big hat as an obstruction becomes an act, there are portentous possibilities of the law and the lady being in frequent conflict. The picture hat is too becoming to be suppressed even by legislation. Women will wear it; it is in again, aggressive as ever, with towering bows

and plumes enough to nod defiance to all the edicts ever issued for its proscription.

On the other hand — or head rather — a little toque so small and apologetic that it might be called an extenuating circumstance in millinery, indicates the conciliatory character of many of the sex, willing to efface themselves that man may enjoy a wider range of vision. This little trifle is very dainty, but rather scrappy; a bit of lace, a ribbon end, a tuft of grasses or feathers, and presto! a bonnet! Then there is the happy medium, the nondescript, running to neither extreme in size, but indulging in many flights of fancy with regard to shape, color, and trimming. The rim may be flat, flaring, rolled, or dented; the crown low, medium, square, oval, or chopped off sharply like a truncated cone. Sometimes the original crown is cut out and replaced by a soft puff of velvet or dress



material. Hats to match suits emphasize the color scheme, and straws are shown in all the new tints. Black hats intensify their sombreness by adding black birds of every known species, even the crow being pressed into service. Rosebuds and violets will beautify many of the coming hats, and orchids are used in profusion. The novelty ribbons are shot, striped, and spangled, and are twisted into most artistic trimmings.

The new walking boot is a trifle heavy, has pointed toe, fewer buttons, and thick, strong soles. It comes in calfskin and kid, the latter a concession to women who object to the heavier material. Evening slippers generally match the dress, have high heels, low vamp, and are decorated with tiny steel or rhinestone buckles.

Gloves vary little from tried models; for street wear there is a new chamois glove, lacing over the wrist and warranted to wash. Gloves for dress occasions are shown in all the new tints.

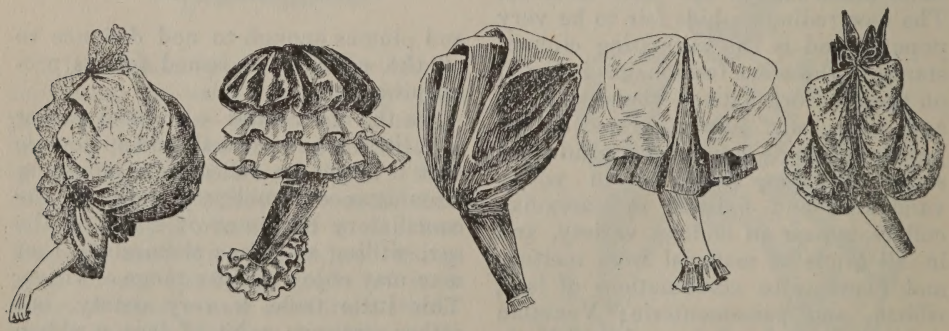
ODDS AND ENDS.

Accessories are numerous and very artistic.

Buttons are returning to favor playing an important decorative part.

Collars merit a page to themselves, the large velvet collarette in particular adding distinction to any bodice.

Chiffon is a delicately lovely fabric, and costly enough to make it uncommon; of course a cheap imitation may be had, but like all sham garnitures it is tawdry, and stamps the wearer, not only as possessed of limited means, but also of less taste and sense.



It is not often that a fashion is in itself so pretty as the black silk gowns, worn just now with colored belts, collars, etc. An attractive gown, for a fair woman, is black silk trimmed with green velvet and silk of not very brilliant tint. There are many lovely colors suited to various complexions; only avoid magenta, even if fashion bids its use.

The bonnet worn with these gowns at a lunch or reception should be of the same color as the belt and collar, or black with a suggestion of the color used for trimming the gown. The gloves should be black.

I saw a slender girl, dressed for an evening concert, in a gown of the most delicate ashes of rose, one of the many heliotrope shades; over it fell to her feet a full cloak of the same hue and material. With her dark hair and ivory skin the combination was beautiful, and she looked like a princess in a fairy tale. The charm was in the color and form of the costume. The cost was probably very small.

The use of false sapphires and other imitated gems is to be avoided. No power of fashion or example can make mock jewels acceptable to persons of good taste.

Discussion runs high as to the best means of stiffening skirts. One rule should be observed, to have the linings and facings as light as possible. To carry a fabric weighing nine or 10 pounds hanging from the waist is not merely uncomfortable; it is dangerous and may cause grave maladies.

In buying stockings for children it is well to take an old stocking as a pattern. Sizes vary with different "makes" and a new stocking, of the same number as the old one, may cause pain to the little wearer, and even injure the foot permanently.

In buying a new set of furniture for a double room, it is well to get two single beds of brass or enameled iron instead of a double bedstead of some expensive wood. The difference in cost is not great, and the arrangement is in accordance with modern ideas of hygiene.

E. F. C.

Social Settlements.

A PECULIAR development of modern philanthropy is the social or college settlements in the most crowded parts of great cities. One of the most successful of these is Hull-House, No. 335 South Halsted street, Chicago. The original residents came to Hull-House about five years ago, and two of them are still there, giving the influence which only perseverance in self-sacrifice can exercise. The college extension courses are followed by 250 students. There is a summer school at Rockford, Ill., which the same students can attend at small cost, and there they get recreation as well as instruction. The arrangements are very satisfactory at Hull-House, including lecture rooms, a reading room, studio, a hall where choral societies meet for practice, club rooms for various classes of members, dining rooms, kitchens, gymnasium, and a temporary lodging-house. As new needs are discovered, new remedies are developed. The children's clubs and the kindergarten are very useful; and most attractive of all, there is a day nursery fitted up in exquisite taste. The little living babies talk to babies on the wall; the Divine Child is there in the arms of His mother, and there are reproductions of the works of Raphael and Luca della Robbia.

The Jane Club is suggestive and worthy of imitation. It is a co-operative boarding club, which was founded by seven working girls and now numbers 50 members. The one original flat is increased to five. The club is self-governing, has no matron, and chooses its own officers, who serve for six months gratuitously. They live together harmoniously, and manage their own affairs with entire success. That perseverance is needed on the part of the men and women (usually college graduates) who take charge of such a settlement, is self-evident. Young people who are willing to give their services for a few weeks may afford permanent workers time to take a much-needed rest, and so do good; but they are likely to learn there more than they can teach to students so well read in the lessons of life as the pupils in college settlements.

About Female Modesty.

A SUNDAY paper gave its pages not long ago to a symposium concerning the virtue of female modesty. The discussion opened with a startling narrative of the entrance into Antwerp of the Emperor Charles V. surrounded by a guard of honor formed of the noblest damsels of Antwerp, clad in very little besides pearl necklaces. "History tells this," said the writer, "and Hans Makart has immortalized it on canvas."

If Hans Makart had painted the picture in the first half of the 16th century, his testimony would be valuable; but as he painted it in the last half of the 19th century, it would be interesting to know whence he drew his historical information and to test its accuracy, I brought the passage to the notice of a native of one of the Hanseatic cities, and received this reply: "I remember well that when Hans Makart's picture of the entrance of Charles V. made its first tour of exhibition through Germany, a storm of adverse criticism was showered upon him because of its historical inaccuracy. All educated persons and students of history denounced the conception as contrary to the spirit of the time of Charles V. Robertson, the eminent authority on Charles V. and his time, nowhere mentions such a pageant. Moreover, the historical paintings of that time do not introduce nude figures of women."

On this testimony it would seem that the narrative referred to is wholly untrustworthy, and the cynical deduction of the symposium writer, that "not one of the thousands present on the occasion is known to have questioned the modesty of these noble ladies," is

therefore ridiculously impotent.

Another argument in the symposium opens with a statement equally amazing: "Modesty, like morality itself, is more or less a local issue." The writer cites the Mohammedan woman swathed to the eyes, and the South Sea Islander wholly nude, as opposite illustrations of her theory. The Oriental woman wears a face veil, not from a sense of modesty, but because the low standard of morals in the community makes such protection necessary, according to the ideas of her husband, father, or master. It requires only a brief perusal of travellers' journals, to find that savage life and an absence of moral restraint usually go together.

A third writer speaks in defence of the members of a ballet troupe by saying that some of the spectators in the best boxes are less decorously clad than the dancers, and this I shall not deny. But though such fashionable women have their imitators, too thoughtless or too cowardly to have a taste and standard of their own, their practices are condemned and ridiculed by men and women of sense and refinement. It is suggested that only unattractive women uphold decorum in dress. This is untrue. I have memories of many women, beautiful, gracious, and attractive, leaders in the best kind of society, whose dress accorded with the refinement of their minds. I am not speaking of prudery, which has no nearer relation to modesty than primness has to elegance of manner. Happily for us all, modesty is a Christian virtue, and cannot be set aside by ridicule.

It would be a distasteful task to trace indecorous fashions to their source, — to the influence of some Diane or Ninon, to this marchioness and that duchess whose caprices have marred the happiness of nations, — but it would be a useful study, as showing that there is a distinct connection between modesty and morality.

Lady Henry Somerset, in an interesting address at a meeting concerning social morality, made the following statements: "In the early ages woman was on a par with man; in the middle ages she had gone a step higher and had taken man's avocations into her own hand; at the close of the 30 years' war, however, she was robbed of her true rights, which were lost forever." This opens an interesting subject for discussion in our Catholic reading circles. When and why did woman's position begin to decline? That it has declined since the 16th century, most students of history will agree, putting an earlier date to the commencement of the fall than Lady Henry Somerset has assigned. It would be an interesting study — that of woman's position in the primitive church in feudal times, when the men were gone to the Holy Land, and throughout the age of chivalry, when women were the inspirers of noble deeds, both by their nobility of soul and their need of protection.

Emma Forbes Cary.

The Late Mrs. Eliza McDonnell.

THIS noble soul lived like the prophetess Anna, waiting for the coming of the Lord; she served her neighbor as tenderly as she loved God, and many hearts are orphaned by her death.

Mrs. McDonnell was matron of the Channing Home, a hospital for chronic patients, at 30 McLean street, Boston, the first of its kind established in that city. It was founded by a lovely and highly gifted woman. Harriet Ryan, afterwards Mrs. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H. She had genius, an exquisite personality, and I venture to believe that she had faith in an heroic degree. The soft fire of her glance and smile consumed obstacles, and without resources of her own she founded a hospital which is as vigorous at the end of 40 years as it was from the beginning.

One of our most valued physicians tells that "Harriet Ryan" said to him one day: "I have got two consumptive girls in my own room, and am nursing them there. Don't you think something could be done?" Something was done; the vestry of the old Federal street Church was given to her for a hospital, and hence the name of "Channing Home." The work soon outgrew this kindly shelter, and was removed to South street, and later to McLean street.

At the death of Mrs. Albee, her sister, Mrs. McDonnell, took charge of the hospital, and held the office until the time of her death, Jan. 25, 1895. She was the widow of Robert McDonnell, who is remembered by many of our older Catholics as an interesting and remarkable character.

"If Christ came to Boston," to use a phrase more fashionable just now than accurate, He would find His own divine way of working carried out in the Channing Home. The patients are like tenderly loved children, without distinction or partiality, unless the preference given to the greatest sufferers could be called partial. Christ has watched over the house these many years, and His presence has been felt by the two sisters as vividly as it was felt by the sisters of Bethany.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Mr. Moody and the Northfield Catholics.

WITH everything in his special career, in his habitual environment, and in the traditions of his special work, to make him intolerant, Mr. Moody's sympathies have only broadened with time. Some years ago the Roman Catholics in Northfield determined to build a church. They went round the township collecting subscriptions, and by and by approached Mr. Moody's door. How did he receive them? The narrower evangelical would have shut the door in their faces, or opened it only to give them a lecture on the blasphemies of the Pope or the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman. Mr. Moody gave them one of the handsomest subscriptions on their list. Not content with that, when their little chapel was finished, he presented them with an organ. "Why," he exclaimed, when some one challenged the action, "if they are Roman Catholics, it is better they should be good Roman Catholics than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic Church than none; and as for the organ, if they are to have music in their church, it is better to have good music. Besides," he added, "these are my own townspeople. If ever I am to be of the least use to them, surely I must help them." What the kindly feeling did for them, it is difficult to say; but what it did for Mr. Moody, is matter of local history. For, a short time after, it was rumored that he was going to build a church, and the site was pointed out by the villagers — a rocky knoll close by the present hotel. One day Mr. Moody found the summit of this knoll covered with great piles of stones. The Roman Catholics had taken their teams up the mountain, and brought down, as a return present, enough building-stone to form the foundations of his church. *Professor Drummond in McClure's Magazine.*

The Basis of Religion.

MAN is handicapped by nature — by heredity. Here religion gives its aid, substituting a spiritual environment for the physical environment which has become a hindrance, now that progress is to be chiefly spiritual. This is the real mission and message of religion to man under all garbs of doctrine and by whatever books proclaimed.

Religion can no more be attacked by invalidating portions of the Scriptures than science can be impugned by invalidating portions of the synthetic philosophy — not so much so, for the latter is a chain of reasoning where flaws may well exist; the former rests on the basis of a simple statement of fact, which invites and challenges universal test.

Religion, then, challenges scientific recognition upon the very grounds of scientific demonstration, as the verification by daily experience of a fact of daily life — the verification of the spiritual in human life and action, even as science itself is the verification of the spiritual in nature. The fact of gravitation rests upon no firmer basis. . . .

Thus we see that faith, instead of being 'no longer in contact with fact of any kind,' is daily coming into line with the known facts of nature and man. But however conflicting and diverse the views of theology, back of all lies the solid fact of human experience. This is the basis of religion — the verification of the spiritual in life. Doctrines of theology, like theories of science, have their day, and give place to better, but the basis of both is the same. Faith is thus not a dream; it is not merely the substance of things hoped for: it is the evidence of things unseen. — *A. J. Du Bois in the Century.*

LENTEN RECEIPTS.

DURING Lent this year we shall have cod, haddock, smelts, halibut, and fresh herrings. Shad will come in towards the end of February, but will be high priced until the middle of March, when its price will go down.

All the salmon to be had by ordinary mortals is frozen, whether it comes from Oregon or Maine, and is not to be recommended. Smoked salmon is now usually prepared from Western salmon, and has a coarse grain and strong flavor. In preference, finnan haddie, smoked herrings, and kippered herrings are recommended. Lobsters are expensive, but clams, oysters, and scallops we shall have in plenty.

Of soups for Lent the following are very good. When cream is recommended, it is merely as an improvement, not as a necessary part of the dish. Some of the recipes are from private sources and have been well tested by household use.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP.

To each quart of corn, whether fresh or canned, add three pints of water. Boil until tender; and then add two ounces of butter that has been well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Boil for 15 minutes more; season to taste. Just before serving add a heaping cupful of whipped cream.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

Boil 12 stalks of celery, cut in small pieces, in three pints of water for half an hour. Add half an onion and two blades of mace, and pass through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter; add to the soup, with a pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. A cupful of cream added just before serving makes a great improvement.

The cream can be left out in making these soups. A good substitute for it would be three eggs (more if needed) dropped separately in boiling water, and slipped gently onto the surface of the soup just before it is sent to the table. — [Ladies Home Journal for December, 1894.

AGNES' FISH SOUP.

Stew slowly, for three or four hours, a large cod's head, strain off the liquid and let it stand all night. The next day it will be a jelly, in fact, a strong stock made of fish. Add to the jelly milk and water in such proportion as you choose, and make a rich soup. If you wish white soup, add flour and butter well mixed together; also put in onions, and other seasoning to taste. If you wish a brown soup, fry the onion in butter until both are brown and add the mixture to the soup. Brown a little flour to thicken the soup and deepen its color.

Fish stock made in this way can be used in all kinds of vegetable soups, and a little ingenuity in flavoring with curry, herbs, etc., can give much variety.

A good preparation to have on hand for coloring and flavoring soups, is the following: "Melt half a pound of butter; add one pound of flour; mix well, and leave on a slow fire, stirring occasionally until it becomes of a light mahogany color. When cool it may be kept in the larder ready for use." — [Royal Cooking Book, Gouffé).

The same process carried farther makes the black butter spoken of in French cook-books. It is kind of caramel.

FISH CHOWDER.

A jelly made from cod's head is a good foundation for chowder.

Put the fish whether cod or haddock into the pot in large pieces after taking off the skin. Add pepper, salt, flour, and sliced potatoes. Fry onions in butter, mix with the melted jelly, and pour over the fish in the pot. Use in thinning the preparation as much milk or water as you choose, and boil the whole slowly one hour. Put some split crackers to crisp in the oven, and add them to the chowder just before sending it to the table. — [M. S. Cook Book.

AGNES' PRUNE PUDDING.

Soak one pound prunes all night; in the morning stew, stone, and strain them. When the prunes are cold, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, one tablespoonful sugar, one half teaspoonful salt, one quarter teaspoonful soda. Mix all well together and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Cover with whipped cream. Make a custard of the yolks of the four eggs and a pint of milk, and flavor with vanilla. Serve in a separate dish as a sauce.

The following are from "the Chemistry of Cooking."

I. Mix grated cheese with eggs as in making an omelette. Add a small quantity of milk and butter. Pour the mixture into little dishes that can bear fire, cook gently and serve. This is a Swiss dish, much used by men who climb mountains and do other hard work.

II. CHEESE PUDDING.

Mix bread crumbs with grated cheese in a shallow tin dish. Pour over the mixture a batter made of eggs and milk. Bake to a nice brown color, and serve very hot.

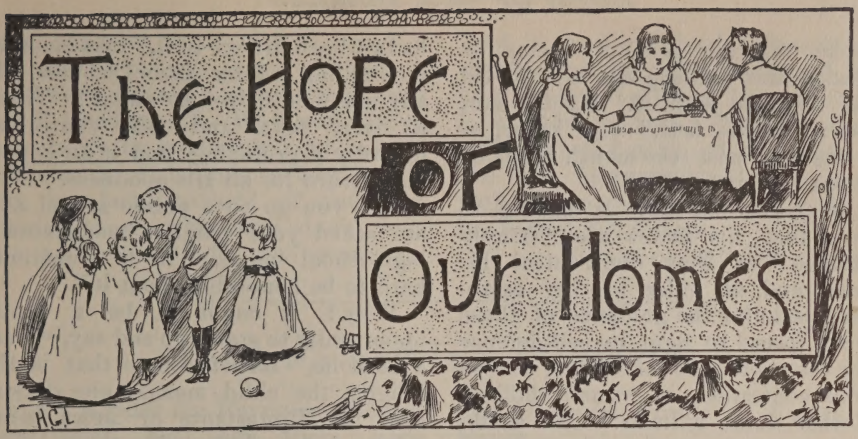
Both these dishes are nutritious, and should make the principal part of a meal.

Mr. Mathew Williams recommends the use of a small portion of bicarbonate of potash mixed with the milk in making these dishes. This would neutralize the free lactic acid, and also supply a necessary constituent of human food. Probably my readers will doubt the value of this addition.

AGNES' CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

One pint bread crumbs, one quart of milk, two eggs, and eight tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Mix all together and flavor with vanilla. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve with a sweet sauce. Whipped cream can be served on this pudding, and then the sauce is to be omitted and a tablespoonful of sugar mixed in the pudding.

(To be continued)



PRIZE CONTEST.

"WHAT is an Honorable Boy?"
"What is an Honorable Girl?"

"What would the world do if we were all dishonorable?" asks a thoughtful young contestant. What, indeed, Nellie? It would be a very unpleasant place to live in with everybody watching everybody else, and all sorts of ugly suspicions crowding out beautiful trust and confidence. As it is, the world is really a good place, and will be still brighter and better if all our boys and girls practically demonstrate their ideas of honor.

And how these young people are trooping in with such thoughtful illustrations and original suggestions! It was no easy task to read the Department mail this month, but there were so many pleasant features in the work that the reader was well rewarded.

The boys are beginning to arrive, coming in groups to make up for having been just a little slow last month; and whole schools have taken up the questions, showing the most commendable zeal, and doing credit to themselves and to their teachers.

St. Mary's Parochial School, Shelton, Conn., was the first to enroll in the Children's Department of the new Donahoe's, and we are pleased to see that our young friends have not lost interest; their neat copy was recognized before the familiar names appeared in view. St. Andrew's School, Allegheny, Penn., makes its bow, and presents its answers carefully written on paper of uniform size, neatly fastened, and all mailed in one parcel, thus simplifying the examiner's work. These new members are heartily welcome, as are the pupils of the Hazard Memorial School, Newport, R. I., St. Francis' Academy, Mason City, Ia., St. Joseph's, St. John, N. B., and numerous other schools not so largely represented. The girls of St. Joseph's should interest their brothers, the St. Malachi's boys, in the contest. And what about St. Vincent's, St. Peter's, and St. Patrick's? There used to be some very progressive young people in those schools.

We are very sorry for the little girl, one of our earliest members, "who can't go to school any more." Annie's cross has been given to her early; she is crippled with rheumatism, but shows a bright, cheery spirit that will help her through her trial. Perhaps she may like to read Miss Mulock's "Noble Life;" there is a beautiful lesson in it for those who have much to bear, but we trust that our little friend's sufferings will be only temporary.

Wyoming sent several representatives into the contest; and out in Peru, Ind., a little girl is moved to complain

that her brother generally gets the Magazine first, and she has to wait till he is through with it. Hardly fair, James; "Ladies first," you know, or you might at least take month about, or why not read it together?

A nine-year-old boy is willing to believe that his mates are "strictly honorable" if they don't steal his pencils; and an elder brother establishes a code for the guidance of those who are forced to fight in self-defence or for the protection of others, classed by our contestant as "small children and other dumb animals." He would first try moral suasion, then would call the offender a coward; and if he still continued "tuff," would "pitch in and polish him off." That George has lofty aspirations and will not always write slang, is indicated in his closing sentence, "With the help of God, I mean to be a priest."

A St. Mary's girl makes a good point when she instances reading other people's letters as dishonorable conduct. It is dishonorable, contemptible to the last degree, and marks the guilty party as unworthy of respect. It is always disreputable, whether the motive be to acquire important information or to satisfy vulgar curiosity. Apropos of the latter weakness, a right-minded girl suggests that harmful, idle gossip about others will not be indulged in by honorable people. Of course the Department agrees with her, and would add that in addition to being sinful it generally emanates from an otherwise empty head.

To be "the smartest girl in the class" is made a compulsory part of an honorable character by an energetic young contestant. Not at all, dear child. A boy or girl may be stupid enough to drive teachers distracted and yet challenge their respect by unswerving adherence to the tenets of honor.

"George Washington was strictly honorable because he only swore once, and never told lies," writes a boy of the father of his country. "And he wouldn't have sworn even once if he hadn't been driven to it," says another boy telling of his school chums. Is any one ever driven to swear? Think it over, boys, and ask yourselves honestly if profaning God is an honorable return for all His goodness.

"If you go to a public school and are asked your religion," comments a high-school pupil, "it is sometimes hard to be honorable about it."

Why? It ought to be a proud opportunity to stand up and say, "I am a Catholic," for of course that is the religion the child means; one doesn't hear of Protestants or Jews being ashamed to acknowledge their belief. Are we not in fault ourselves even to admit that others could think less of us for being Catholics? There is a narrowness in the thought that lessens a boy's or girl's respect for religion, making of it a material thing, a passport to position.

The boy who considers "hanging out the clothes-line on washdays" an honorable deed starts a discussion on domestic duties, and by his intimate knowledge of the various chores demanded of a boy proves himself a useful member of the family.

In fact, our young people's letters have suggested so many thoughts that to discuss them fully we would be forced to encroach on the grown-up part of the Magazine. Of course, the elders often intrude on our space, but what of that? It is the prerogative of the mighty to prey upon the weak, and we ought to be thankful for even a corner.

Many thanks to our stanch little friend in Maine who pays such a tribute to the Magazine's worth. Bessie must tell her little sister to try; she need not be at all afraid.

Next month's number will contain the names of the fortunate winners. Three contestants sent in very well-written essays, but forgot to give name or address.

Now, boys and girls who have not yet entered the lists, remember that the contest closes on March 1, and do not delay another day. When the

prize answers are published, many a boy and girl will say, "Pshaw, I could have written a better piece than that if I had tried." Well, now, prove your ability by sending in your answer beforehand. It will not be very honorable, you know, to hold off, and then criticise those who have done their best and carried off the premiums. Look in the New Year's or last month's number for the conditions, and have your effort in by March 15. After that it will be too late. The department will print the name of every boy and girl who has competed and complied with all the conditions. Now, do not lag behind any longer.

EDITOR OF THE DEPARTMENT.

POLLY'S LENTEN PURPOSE.

FOR a wonder the Reynolds children were quiet, but then there were only Polly and Maisie and Joe in the room. The little folks were upstairs with their mamma and the baby, stuffing brownies. Joe was suffering from a cold, and was subdued enough to talk seriously to his sisters.

"There are so many things that even children can do to show their love," said Polly very softly, "and this intention is so beautiful I wonder if we couldn't carry it out all through Lent."

In her unobtrusive way the little girl was a zealous promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart. She had drawn Maisie, Terry, and Joe into membership, and by precept and example kept them up to their duties.

"Our Polly doesn't nag a fellow," her brother always said as an explanation of her influence over him; "she'll just say, 'We must not forget the first Friday, Joe,' or 'You'll wear your badge, won't you, Terry?' And you can't help but offer the intention, for she pins it up where you must see it."

"Increase of love for our neighbor means so much," continued Polly, "if we could only think of it always."

"Do you know, Polly," said Maisie, "I tried to remember it all through February, but still I couldn't like Kittie Desmond one bit better."

"You never fell out with her even once," reminded Polly, "and you lent her your books and your new skates."

"Yes, and she tore the books and changed the straps in the skates," added Joe. "There's a mean streak in all that Desmond crowd. If I were you, Maisie —"

"Oh, Joe, please don't," pleaded Polly. "You're forgetting the intention."

"So I am," admitted Joe. "I guess you'd better drop me out, Polly; I can't keep up to it, and I won't be a hypocrite."

"I think you're doing splendidly," said thoughtless Maisie. "You are ever so much kinder to Polly and me, and you don't bully" —

"And you help mamma so much with the younger boys," interrupted the peacemaker, noticing the color in Joe's cheek's, "and were so good about giving up your own plans to please papa when he couldn't afford to let you join the bicycle club. Why, it was only the other day Mrs. Benton said to mamma, 'Your Joe is such a comfort!'"

The boy flushed again, but from another cause, and to cover his embarrassment drew the ribbon from Polly's hair, and tied it round the cat's neck.

"I didn't know I was half such a good fellow," he began awkwardly. "Oh, I say! here's Terry! Doing time again, old boy?"

The newcomer shook the snow from his coat, threw his books on the table, and turned a rueful countenance towards his friends.

"Mathematics?" queried Joe in a sympathetic tone.

"No, history; got Columbus and Farragut mixed, and was sent down in disgrace."

"Oh, Terry, how could you!" gasped Maisie.

"Didn't know any better," confessed the culprit. "I do now," he added reflectively; "spent an hour grinding the old chaps into my head."

Terry was a prime favorite with the Reynolds family. He had a special corner in their hearts and in their crowded, happy-go-lucky home. Polly felt his disgrace keenly, and Maisie was roused to indignant reproof.

"Twice in one week, Terry Tierney! I should think you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am," he admitted humbly; "but the first time was for fighting, Maisie."

"And you downed that sneak so handsomely," put in Joe, "that any one but old Howard would have let you off."

Polly's alert conscience was troubled. The exultant look in the boys' eyes wasn't in keeping with the occasion.

"I'm so sorry, Terry," she began gently.

"So am I, Polly." He ran his fingers through his hair till it stood on end, and twisted his collar still more out of place. "He is going to talk to old Terry."

Old Terry was his father; the name was a pet one he had picked up in his babyhood from his pretty young mother. much to the amusement of both parents.

Terry couldn't remember the time when the lovely mother went out of his life, but had a vague memory of a stern old lady who used to say, "It really isn't respectful, Terence," and had tried to make him say "papa."

He didn't know that she gave up trying when the elder Terry said, "I like the other best, Aunt Patience. Don't you see it helps me some?"

So he was still "old Terry" to his motherless boy except on formal occasions, when young Terry said "my father" in the tone he might have used in speaking of an unknown potentate.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Maisie.

"That's the worst of it; if he'd just flare up like other fellows' fathers and have it out with me, I'd feel kind of square; but he'll just look sorry and say, 'Old Terry isn't up to his work, my boy,' or 'you need a better father, Terry, lad.' You see that cuts a fellow all to pieces."

"Don't you think, Terry," suggested gentle Polly, "it would help you some to increase your love?"

"I couldn't for him," said the boy warmly; "I love old Terry dearly."

"You give him no end of trouble all the same," said Joe thoughtfully. "And you're such an all-round good fellow, Terry, if you only could give up shirking work and fighting."

"I don't mean to shirk," asserted Terry, "but my mind runs off to rigging cogs and wheels, and making models till I forget everything else; and as for fighting, well it does seem the squarest way to settle things with a fellow's fists, and so I am just a trouble to old Terry."

There was real regret in the boy's honest eyes as well as in his words, so the little mentor hastened to comfort him.

"You can try again, Terry," she said in her pretty gentle way; "and if you try hard enough you must do better. Let us all try through Lent to be kind and thoughtful, to do our work carefully, and in every way that children can, to show our love for our neighbor."

Nobody answered, but Polly knew that the promise made in their young hearts would be heard by our Lord in the desert.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY are users of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat Irritations. They afford instant relief. Avoid imitations.

WHEN Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost 20 *cents a bar*. It is *precisely* the same ingredients and quality *now* and *doesn't cost half*. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

Sterilized Milk

IS the only safeguard against the many diseases insidiously promulgated by ordinary milk. You may rest assured that the contents of every can of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream are thoroughly sterilized.

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

WATER, Fire, the Wind, and Honor had always been good friends and when the time came for them to part they were very sad. The only thing that softened their grief was the hope of meeting again some day. The Wind happened to think of that, and said to his companions:

"When you see the golden heads of grain bending low, when you hear the tempest roar — then you can surely say, 'That is the Wind.'"

"The reeds and water lilies will warn you of my presence," continued the Water.

"Just as the lightest smoke will tell you that I am there," said the Fire.

Honor remained sad and thoughtful.

"And how about you, Honor?" asked the three friends. Honor shook her head. "Whoever loses me, never finds me again."

HEIGH-HO! MY LADDIE, O!

BY WILLIAM S. LORD.

HEIGH-HO! my laddie, O!
'Tis bed time now for dearie;
By-low! away we go
To rest the limbs so weary.
At last my boy grows tired of play
That fills with joy the livelong day,
And welcomes night when shadows gray
From the underworld comes stealing.

Heigh-ho! my laddie, O!
The stars a watch are keeping;
By-low! they're shining so
To guard my boy while sleeping.
And soon, relit, the world all new,
With skies to match your eyes of blue,
Another day will dawn for you,
Every hour new joys revealing.

No. 25. Hidden Name.

BY M. J. M.

My first is in come, but not in go;
My second is in rain, but not in snow;
My third is in tag, but not in lick;
My fourth is in hoe, but not in pick;
My fifth is in oxen, but not in steer;
My sixth is in love, but not in dear;
My seventh is in night, but not in day;
My eighth is in school, but not in play;
Dear cousins, try and you will see
My whole is what all good people should be.

Waiting.

Sent by ANGELINE.

I SAID, "When will the summer come,
Mamma, is it not late?"
She smiled, and answered, "Bye and bye;
Be patient, child, and wait."

I asked papa if he would buy
A new wax doll for me.
He pinched my cheek and said, "Not now;
Be patient, and I'll see."

"Nurse, tell me when my dear rose bush
A blossom red will bear."
"Oh, bye and bye, my dear. Don't fret.
Come, let me brush your hair."

"When shall I grow so tall, papa,
That I can reach your head?"
"Quite soon enough, my little one;
Wait patiently," he said.

"Dear me," I thought, "they all say 'wait.'
I'll put my dolls away,
And go and sit upon the stairs
As long as I can stay."

Now I have waited patiently
For hours and hours and hours,
And yet the dear doll has not come,
The summer, nor the flowers.

I have not grown a single bit,
And now I know it's late
I'm going up to tell mamma
It does no good to wait.

I'll Try.

"I'LL TRY" is a soldier;
"I Will" is a king;
Be sure they are near
When the school-bells ring.
When the schooldays are over,
And boys are men,
"I'll Try" and "I Will"
Are good friends then.

He Leads Us On.

HE leads us on
By paths we do not know;
Upward He leads us though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, doubts and fears.
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded day.
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He at last
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After all our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THOSE who believe that the Pope's temporal power is a thing of the past, should study the ever closer relations which the empire of Russia is entering into with the prisoner of the Vatican. In the spring of 1894, Europe was astonished at the formal accrediting by the late Czar of an envoy to the Holy See. The wonder at that decisive movement has been increased, and its significance intensified, by the action of Nicholas II. in despatching Prince Lobanof to Rome with an autograph letter informing the Pope of his accession to the throne. If this step be not an open recognition of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, it is difficult to fathom its meaning; for there would be little reason for the Czar, the head of a country which is the greatest contestant of the supremacy of the Catholic Church in the domain of religion, to give such recognition to the Pope as a spiritual ruler. It is a notice to the governments of the world that the question of the Pope's temporal power has still to be settled.

This action of the Czar and the recent request of the Sultan of Turkey that the Pope act as arbitrator in the Armenian question are the latest tributes to the exalted place which Leo XIII. has attained among the sovereigns of the earth. These acknowledgments of his eminence must be gall and wormwood to the Italian government, and must excite in the minds of the enemies of papal power the most serious concern lest the land they have usurped is on the point of slipping from their grasp. The late hedgings of Crispi prove that the wily minister of King Humbert is alive to the dangers of the situation. He is well aware that should circumstances bring it about, there could be but one issue in a conflict between the Pope and bankrupt, incompetent Italy at the esent time. This is probably the explanation of the crafty overtures which Crispi has been making to Leo XIII. in insinuating that the civil power alone is unable to cope with present Italian problems, and that religion must act as its handmaid and helper. It is not that he loves religion or the Pope the more, but that he sees in the growing influence of the Holy Father throughout the world the gravest peril for the regime of fraud and inefficiency which has been set up in the Eternal City.

THE attitude of the New York Sun towards President Cleveland has always been very amusing. Its strictures never did Mr. Cleveland any harm, while they afforded a great deal of entertainment to the Sun's readers. Its latest attack on the President, however, anent the revolution in Hawaii and its holding the President responsible for the sentences of death pronounced against the convicted rebels, ceases to be mirth provoking. It is morally wrong and reckless, and unworthy of any organ which professes to mould public opinion. When the Sun contends that the prisoners should be put to death, and that their crime and punishment should be laid at the President's door, it carries personal opposition to Mr. Cleveland to a length of unreasoning malice, which should go far to alienate from it the support of fair-minded men. It is by no means certain, considering the manner in which the Hawaiian Republic was established, that the present administration of affairs there should exercise to the extremity contemplated what the Sun calls "the right of self-protection inherent in all independent States." It is but little more than a year ago since President Dole and his supporters were in exactly the same attitude towards the existing government at that time as the insurrectionist are to-day. Suppose that the attemp

to establish the Republic had failed, and that Lilliuokalani had attempted to execute Mr. Dole and the leaders of the Republican party. Can any one doubt that the New York Sun and its jingo followers in America would have called such a proceeding anything short of monstrous tyranny? Is it too much to ask that the new government exercise towards its circumvented rebels the same mercy, so far at least as human life is concerned, that they would have expected if their own plot had failed? The cruelties practised on arrested prisoners for the purpose of eliciting incriminating evidence against the plotters, if correctly reported, are shocking to Americans whose ideas of liberty do not include the right to string captives up by their thumbs or to freeze them to the point of death in ice-cold water, to wring political secrets from them. Senators Hawley and Hale, in spite of the New York Sun's denunciations, spoke for every temperate American when they protested in the Senate against the carrying out of the capital sentences against the Hawaiian insurgents; and every Christian heart will cry out against the inhumanity meted to the victims of the mediæval barbarity inflicted in the name of the Republic. It is yet an open question whether the rapid changes in the complexion of the Hawaiian government are not the results of self-seeking and the promotion of schemes for personal profit rather than the patriotic desire to place Hawaii under the sway of a free, popular government; and if President Dole does not interfere to commute the death sentences already imposed, and to repair as far as possible the outrages upon the tortured men, he will stain the birth of the new republic with an ignominious, ineffaceable blot, and blast his own reputation in the eyes of the civilized world. No jingoism or anti-Cleveland mania on the part of the Sun can ever palliate such an offence against freedom and executive clemency.

The characteristics of President Faure, as given in the press despatches, would seem to show that the new chief executive of France is well qualified for the onerous and precarious position to which he has been elected, and that his selection augurs well for the republic. M. Faure differs from his predecessors in the presidential chair in the fact that he is through and through a self-made man and that his distinctions are the product of his own unaided energy and ambition. Forty years ago, as a boy of thirteen, he started out to make his way through life. By degrees his hard work brought him success and money which he put into a small business in Havre; and from that day until the present, his progress to wealth and fame has been a steady one. During the war of 1870, M. Faure distinguished himself by many acts of personal bravery, and his subsequent career among the legislators of France has been in every way worthy of his previous record. Of sure judgment and good sense, of gentle character, of uncommon force, of polished manners and distinguished appearance, he combines qualities which should not fail to endear him to the French people; and the success which has attended his preceding career will, it must be hoped for the good of the nation, be continued during his presidency. His election means the protest of the majority of the deputies against ultra-radicalism, socialism, and violence; and the choice of him as against Speaker Brisson, who has been the tool of the demagogues, speaks well for the wisdom of the electors and the stability of Republican institutions in France. Opposition and misrepresentation doubtless await the new president as they did his immediate predecessor; but his reputation for courage, force, firmness, and calmness will bear him through, if they will not wholly suppress, the storm of calumny and harassment which overwhelmed Casimir-Perier. A fair epoch for his country has dawned in the elevation of President Faure. May it continue so throughout his administration!

The young men of the day whose

intellectual development is allowed to terminate upon the receipt of a high-school diploma should see in Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt a conspicuous illustration of the fact that money and pleasure are not the only ambitions to be pursued. Here is a young man, with means to gratify every whim or caprice, and to enjoy life to its utmost, without a care for anything beyond the gratification of sense and fancy, who has, nevertheless, so employed his leisure that he has become a wonder of scholarship. He is master of eight modern languages, and has a useful knowledge of Hebrew and Sanskrit. He has studied the dialects of the Indian tribes of America, and has trained himself in several of the sciences. To philosophy he devotes himself with the greatest assiduity, and possesses one of the finest libraries on this branch of learning in the world. His ardor for study is refreshing to contemplate in an age like the present, when young men's minds are so easily diverted by baser things from the acquirement of knowledge. It would be well for the Catholic young man of the day to take from Mr. Vanderbilt a much-needed spur to mental cultivation.

Evidences continue to multiply that Lord Rosebery, however able as a statesman and attractive as a man, is a failure as the leader of the English Liberal party. The reaction in favor of the Conservatives is borne out by the fate of Liberal candidates in the recent by-elections and in the disinclination of prominent Liberals to stand for the suffrages of the people in other approaching contests. Lord Rosebery has been credited with being not only an eminently brilliant politician, but also with possessing the judgment and temper of a very practical mind. It is difficult to find, in the loss of prestige by the Liberal party since his accession to the premiership, much justification for this high repute. It is deplorable that, in the present crisis of affairs in England and in Ireland, there should be the smallest doubt of the ability of the prime minister to carry his party to success; it is particularly to be regretted by those who are bent upon the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland and the abolition of the effete anachronism known as the House of Lords. Until these two important matters are decided by acts of Parliament, there is little hope of material progress being made in the solution of many other vexed questions in the empire; and Lord Rosebery's failure to win on these issues or to advance materially the prospects of their attainment means years of stagnation for many other important movements.

Ever since he became premier, Lord Rosebery has made great complaint about the amount of work and care entailed by his position. No complaints of this sort were made by Mr. Gladstone, until the increasing infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish his post. During his years of office he found time to perform not only all the duties of the premiership, but an amount of exacting outside work which would have completely filled the life of a less energetic man. Gladstone's mantle yet lacks a figure capable of filling it, and it is greatly to be feared that Sir Charles Dilke's remark, that while Lord Rosebery could win the Derby, he cannot win elections, has a deeper significance than the mere loss of a few contests at the hustings would ordinarily signify. The truth probably lies in that other remark made by one of the prime minister's critics, that "had he not been called to govern, Lord Rosebery would have been considered possessed of all the qualifications necessary to do so."

Meanwhile, the fight for Home Rule is being further complicated by the intense personal ambition of Mr. Healy and the annoyances to which his tactics are putting the members of the Nationalist party and their friends on both sides of the hemisphere. Between the inactivity or the incompetency of the prime minister and the incessant

disgraceful squabblings of the Irish Nationalist minority, Home Rule is rapidly becoming a forlorn hope, for this generation at least. The predicted speedy downfall of the ministry and the return of the Conservatives to power, with Balfour in Lord Salisbury's place, means a further postponement of the cherished hopes of Ireland. As far as America is concerned, if Mr. Healy and his henchmen are not careful, the complete prostration of interest in the cause is one of the imminent probabilities of the future.

In the midst of the storm of adverse criticism which Marion Crawford's latest novel, now running as a serial in the Century, has evoked from Catholics, on account of the offence given by the author to Catholic sentiment, comes a letter from Mr. Crawford, asking his readers to suspend judgment until the conclusion of the story has been made public. It may be as well to accede to Mr. Crawford's wish, in the hope that in later chapters he may present some good reason for writing the abnormal and highly improbable story of which the character of Maria Addolorata is the central point. It is difficult, however, to imagine any good to be derived by Mr. Crawford in such a lurid, sensational tale. A writer of avowed fidelity to Catholic principle should hesitate to shock the faith and taste of his Catholic admirers, even granting the possibility of the occurrences he delineates. At a reception given Mr. Crawford during his recent visit to the United States, he publicly thanked God that he was a Catholic. Under these circumstances, his fellow-Catholics would seem to be justified in expecting a manifestation of his devotion in his literary works. We fear that Mr. Crawford is more novelist than Catholic; and finding or imagining an opportunity for a dramatic narrative, he has ignored every other possible effect save the transitory one of thrilling his readers by a well-told romance. This is too bad, and in Mr. Crawford's case especially unnecessary. His prolific genius could no doubt suggest dozens of plots as interesting and stirring from the novelist's standpoint as that which is being serially evolved in "Casa Braccio." The book, even if justified by Mr. Crawford later, can serve no good purpose which could not be equally well accomplished in another way less offensive to Catholic instinct. It is hardly credible that it is in Mr. Crawford's power to make this story answer the purpose of art There is something about a broken vow of chastity, particularly in the case of a Carmelite nun, something so essentially repulsive, that it prevents it from ever being made subservient to the highest artistic possibilities, and "Casa Braccio" will undoubtedly take its place among the failures of its author's literary career. The genius of Shakespere might be equal to making the sin and punishment of Maria Addolorata serve an artistic as well as a great moral purpose; but unfortunately Mr. Crawford, with all his talent, has as yet given no evidence of the surpassing power, which so high an achievement would demand. Like Howells' "A Foregone Conclusion," "Casa Braccio" is a tremendous mistake if nothing worse.

The opening of the new Public Library in Boston was an event of far more than local significance, and at last modern Athens may pride itself upon the possession of one of the world's most beautiful and best appointed depositories of the treasures of learning. The architectural and ornamental features of the building, however, are none too magnificent for the stores of knowledge contained within its walls and which constitute the Library's chief glory. Its completion and perfect equipment denote a great onward stride in the dispensing of intellectual improvement to the citizens of a modern city. It was a mistake to open the Library without some exercises commensurate to the occasion and calculated to impress the public with the significance of such a treasure-

house of learning in their midst. It would have been a fitting celebration of the event to have had the opportunities for education which the Library affords, so presented by the city, in addresses from the people's leaders, that the possession of such a channel of mental culture would be in itself an incentive to their ambition for self-improvement, and an inducement to become more worthy of the citizenship which carries with it such popular privileges.

Bishop Keane's annual report on the Catholic University speaks encouragingly of the prospects of the University to complete its plan and to equip itself with everything necessary to carry out its curriculum of studies. The Bishop states that everything has been done by those on whom the responsibility of organizing the University was laid, to carry out faithfully the wishes of the Holy Father, and expresses gratitude for the full approval of the latter as given in the Encyclical. The chief agencies for the promotion of the scheme of the University are the two associations to which the report is addressed — the Divinity Fund Association, recruited from the clergy, and the University Fund Association, organized by the laity. Each member undertakes to contribute annually during 10 years, or as long as it is practicable, $100 for the organization of the various departments. Thus far, the united contributions have averaged $9,000 per year, which the Bishop says has been an indispensable help. He urges the filling up of the ranks of each of these bodies, and states that the $20,000 thus raised every year would fully accomplish the desires of the Pope in respect to the University. He also counsels the swelling of the ranks of the Chapel Fund Association, which is a voluntary body of members contributing $10 per year to the Divinity Chapel expenses. The spiritual privileges accorded to members of these various associations are many, and the appeal of the rector, coming immediately after the Encyclical, should meet with a wide and hearty response from all who can afford it. The Catholic University at Washington is something in which every adherent of the faith should take a broad and active interest, and nothing should be left undone by Catholics of means to aid in establishing it on a firm and perpetual basis.

The famous Borden murder trial has been more than overshadowed in features of interest by that of Madame Joniaux at Antwerp, for the poisoning of three of her relatives to obtain the insurance on their lives. The whole of Belgium has been stirred to the utmost by the developments of this celebrated case. The proceedings extended over weeks of time, and every class in the community made it the object of the keenest curiosity. The prisoner is acknowledged by all reports to be one of the most remarkable criminals that ever faced a court of justice. Her qualities of self-control, her keen dodging of damaging questions, her outbursts of emotion, her sarcasms and tauntings of opposing counsel, her eloquent lying, and clever explanations of compromising circumstances were phases of her actions during days of the closest cross-examination, and moved the throng of spectators to the greatest wonder at her powers. As a psychological phenomenon she is far more mysterious than Miss Borden. A dramatic feature of the proceedings was the prisoner's reiterated statement that before the conclusion of her trial, Providence would raise up a witness to relieve her of the suspicion of guilt which every part of the evidence fastened more closely upon her. But the end came and no Lohengrin appeared to champion her cause. She was found guilty, and has been sentenced to the lingering death which the law of the country imposes upon condemned murderers. She is to be confined in a dark cell, in solitude, and will never see the face of a human being again. Her food will be passed through an

opening in the cell door, and such will be her fate until madness and then death expiate her crime.

It is like a passage from the history of penal days in Ireland to read of the Englishman who has recently been driven to death by the legal machinery of the British Empire. A man named Henry Granger, living in Sunderland, was unable, through lack of employment for several months, to send his children to school, as the law required. The offended majesty of English law brought the unfortunate fellow to court and condemned him to pay a fine for neglecting to comply with the terms of the Act of Parliament. Being penniless and unable to satisfy the demands of the law, he was jailed for three days, and when that term had expired was turned out of the prison into a cold, pelting storm. He managed to walk seven of the fourteen miles which lay between the prison and his poverty-stricken dwelling, and then, unable to proceed farther, from the effects of hunger and infirmity, he crawled into an empty lime-kiln for shelter, where he was found the next morning almost frozen to death. The law then conveyed him to the work-house, where he obligingly died, delivering his country from any further trouble on his account, but leaving his helpless hungry orphans a burden to the nation. If they are not sent to school now, the law will probably repeat in the case of the widowed mother what it did with the father, perhaps with the same effect. The mighty British Empire will leave nothing undone to sustain her proud place among the civilized nations of the earth, and education must prosper, though starving delinquents die.

The shocking Elbe disaster was remarkable for the many illustrations of human cowardice it afforded. The vessel which sent her to the bottom cruised away from the scene of the disaster without pausing to lend a hand of assistance, on the plea that self-preservation was the first law of nature. The crew crowded into the only boat that escaped, leaving the passengers to go down with the ill-fated ship. One of the officers, to save his own life, dragged a feeble boy from a place of security and sent him to his death. One woman out of all the females on board was saved, by accident, not by the design or assistance of those who should first have looked after the helpless ones on board. It is a sad commentary on human nature, after 19 centuries of Christianity. It was a grim feature of the casualty and a pat reminder of the condition of much of the world's morality, that one of the bodies washed ashore was that of a defaulter who was attempting to seek safety from the consequences of his embezzlement of 200,000 florins, by fleeing to America.

The "Question Box" seems to be coming into favor in the giving of Catholic missions at the present time, particularly at services participated in by non-Catholics. The Paulist Fathers in New York have established this method of reaching the objections of non-Catholics, and the idea has passed a practical and successful test. Something of the same nature was done in a recent mission by Rt. Rev. Bishop Haid and Father Dennen, O. S. B., in South Carolina. At the evening service the contents of the box were examined by the preacher, and answers given to as many of the inquiries as could be handled during the time appointed for the sermon. Many of these inquiries showed the reasonable doubts of non-Catholics in matters of Catholic faith, and the answers were in nearly every case instructive and convincing. This is a practical and timely way of getting at what people most want to know about the Catholic religion to-day, and it would seem to be a departure calculated to spread thorough enlightenment on important Catholic questions. On this point it is a satisfaction to state that the "Box" department of this Magazine is one of its most popular features, and has stimulated inquiry in all parts of the country.

THIRTY-FOUR hundred and fifteen novels were issued last year. Ten years from now, if the last two figures of the number are remembered, it will be an extraordinary percentage. In half a century the number will have sunk to less than five. In connection with this quantity of rubbish issued under the much-abused name of novel, it is interesting and at the same time consoling to note that for 10 published, nearly 100 are suppressed by publishers; of 100 manuscripts, novels of course leading numerically, more than 90 per cent are rejected by the houses to which they are first sent, and more than 75 per cent never find a publisher, being condemned as hopelessly bad by the first reader to whom they are sent. If the first reader only had the deciding vote in all cases, there would be fewer "asters" and "carnations" *et id genus alia* in the literary garden. Give the first reader more power, publishers. One per cent of all the novels ever written is more than enough to satisfy the real wants of the literary public.

THE long line of foreign commentators on American manners and customs is again increased by the English novelist, Mr. David Christie Murray, who is contributing to the newspapers a series of comments in the form of weekly letters. After the close analysis of American character and the status of things social, moral, and religious which has been furnished by Mr. Paul Bourget, the remarks of Mr. Murray are the most trivial commonplaces. He is more petulant than a whimpering school-boy who has lost a big apple, and his observations, when not silly, are worse. The sooner he brings his syndicate communications to an end, the better for his own reputation as a traveller and a student of foreign customs. Mr. Murray may be a good second-class novel writer and a capital platform entertainer, but as a critic of America he has touched a vein which he cannot work with any other effect than to give him first place among the contemporary light-weights of literature.

A SUGGESTION has been made that Mr. Gladstone employ his retirement in writing a biography of Daniel O'Connell. The idea is a most happy one. Daniel O'Connell, at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, would be sure of just, eloquent, and adequate treatment. The change of mental attitude towards Ireland and Irishmen which came to Mr. Gladstone in his old age, is one that with his literary talent ideally fits him for the treatment of the life and works of the great Irish agitator. The ex-premier would put into it all the sympathy born of his conversion to the cause of Home Rule and his experiences in advocating it. Such a book would not only be the greatest memorial to Daniel O'Connell, but the crowning literary achievement intellect of Gladstone himself.

To the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians who have so kindly and promptly responded to our proposition relative to the Celtic chair at the Catholic University at Washington we offer our cordial acknowledgment and thanks. The correspondence on this subject being very general from divisions throughout the country and requiring a great deal of tabulating we will defer publication of the names of new A. O. H. subscribers until our April issue. Meanwhile we repeat our invitation to all divisions not yet heard from and to individual members everywhere. The Order's project is a most worthy one, and the Magazine's offer of co-operation will greatly facilitate its accomplishment.

THE MAGAZINE regrets to announce that the illustrated article on "The American Catholic Historical Society" by its president Dr. Lawrence Flick, which was announced for this number has been unavoidably postponed. It will appear in the April number.

BOOK REVIEWS

Biography.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Noah Brooks comes in the "Heroes of the Nation" series. The author thus states his aim: "In writing this brief biography, I have been moved by a desire to give to the present generation, who will never know aught of Abraham Lincoln but what is traditional, a life-like picture of the man as many men knew him. To do this it has been necessary to draw material from various sources, to paint in a background of the history of the times in which he lived, and to place the illustrious subject in his true relation, as far as possible, to the events in which he was so large a participant. So far as I have been able, I have subordinated the events to the man." This promise the author has well kept. In simple and direct language, the life of Lincoln is portrayed, and when the reader has perused the book he has a distinct portrait of the hero imprinted upon his mind. To the author Lincoln is every inch a hero, from his rough, untaught childhood, through his independent and vigorous manhood, to the culmination of his and the nation's destiny. He impresses upon the reader the towering eminence in intellect, in patience, and in gentle hope, as well as in physique, of the "Sangamon Chief." The "duel" incident with Shields, a man who was afterwards a senator from Illinois and a Union general, might have been treated in a better spirit. No one probably was more ashamed of his part in it than Lincoln himself. The author, too, might learn from Booth's diary that the conspiracy against Lincoln was not to kill but to capture him, and that the unexpected surrender of Lee wrought upon the frenzied mind of Booth so as to change the unfulfilled plan of capture into murder. The author well sets forth Lincoln's deep and abiding belief in God and His Providence. In the gloom and despair of the early years of the war, his belief in God's care and justice sustained the President. The book is nicely bound and well printed. In addition, it has an excellent index. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Historical.

"For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain," commend us to the Military Commission that tried and condemned Mrs. Surratt. In THE JUDICIAL MURDER OF MARY E. SURRATT, David Miller De Witt has rendered an invaluable service to truth. The reader must pause at times to ask himself if the book is the recital of historical facts, or a well-woven story of fiction. It is as absorbing and as interesting as a novel. Would it were only such! In the light thrown upon the subject by Mr. De Witt, the monstrous injustice done this unfortunate woman must stand out more clearly; and as men recede farther from the time of Mrs. Surratt's murder, they will the more deplore the prejudice, the unholy zeal of those who sacrificed her to the *manes* of their beloved commander-in-chief. The author has presented in a strong light the injustice done to all accused of murdering Lincoln, by subjecting them to a military, rather than to a civil tribunal, the cruelty and intemperance of the trial itself, and has proved conclusively to every fair-minded investigator the criminality of the procedure by which Mrs. Surratt was shut off from all hope of mercy. It seems incredible that Secretary Stanton, Judge Holt, and Judge Bingham could be such men as their own testimony and deeds proclaim them. The author has searched everywhere for information, and has probed to the very heart of the conspiracy that brought death to an innocent woman, that she might serve as an awful example against those Southern women who aided and abetted the men who fought upon the field of battle. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

"Men believe what they wish to believe" is truly said by the author of THE LIBERATION OF ITALY, the Countess E. Martinengo Cesaresco. The countess herself may well be charged with submission to her own maxim. The book is written in a spirit of enthusiasm, and with something of dramatic fervor, but it lacks that unprejudiced, reasoning element so essential to history. It is difficult, indeed, for one who has been almost directly in the struggle to look at events with a calm judgment. The reader naturally sympathizes with her in the struggle of Italy for "independence from the Alps to the Sea." The student of history marvels and grows indignant, as he views the "transaction of handing about Italians to suit the pleasure of princes, or to obey the articles of forgotten treaties." He is glad to see Austrian, French, and Spaniard retiring beyond the Alps or down the Mediterranean, for he believes in "Italy for the Italians."

To him who would pursue the development of present Italy from the downfall of the first to the withdrawal of the last Napoleon, this book affords a graphic narration. The style is, however, somewhat intricate and foreign to an English reader. The characters and actions of the leaders for Italian unity — Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, are delineated by a lover of their hopes and their deeds. The king, by the author's confession, is a scapegrace, and surely

he is ungrateful to Garibaldi, whom he treats, when he has used him, as no better than a brigand. The countess would excuse Cavour of duplicity if she could; but this task is too great for even her endeavors, and Pius IX. is represented as harmless, good-natured, ruled by those whom he "thought cleverer and more experienced than himself," while Austria, Spain, and Naples are set forth as the upholders of "priestly despotism,"—handy word.

The book is unjust to Pius IX., to his motives, and to his actions; and the Catholic heart grows indignant at every insult offered to the holy, patient sufferer of the Vatican. Language like this indicates too well the character of the writer: "On the 8th of December the 21st Ecumenical Council assembled in Rome. From the day of its meeting, in spite of the strenuous opposition of its most learned and illustrious members, there was no more doubt that the dogma under consideration would be voted by the partly astute and partly complaisant majority, than that it would have been rejected in the 20 preceding councils. On the 18th of July 1870, the Pope was proclaimed infallible." The countess must have had great admiration for some conceited, egostistical individual from whose lips fell this lump of wisdom. 'Twere well for the countess to learn the definition of infallibility before she again insults the bishops of the Vatican Council, as well as those of all preceding Councils.

No doubt there are Catholics in Italy — and outside of it — who rejoice at the overthrow of the Papal States. But many who follow the trend of affairs in Europe to-day assert that the independence of the Pope and the restoration of his temporal power will soon become the essential conditions for the continued unification of the rest of Italy.

Fiction.

LITTLE COMRADES is a sweet story, by Mary T. Waggaman, and should afford much delight and instruction to children. The writer's fault is to make children of 14 talk and act more wisely than grown people. She has, too, an impossible "Imp" in a mere boy. Apart from this, the story is attractive for the young, and the children who read it will draw good lessons from it. It has quitted the beaten track of children's stories. The writer is one who believes, and her heart is in her work. Her description of the First Communion Mass, and its effect upon an unbeliever present, is beautiful. "Don't it" on page 65, for doesn't it, may be a boy's manner of speech, but the child who reads may think it correct, and adopt it. This book contains two other short and interesting stories, and can be cheerfully recommended. Philadelphia: H. L. Kliner & Co.

On inherited insanity and inherited drunkenness is hinged the plot of HER MAD LOVE. Every one in the book loves the wrong person. A chess-table, with a revolving top, and the power of one villain's eye to hold the other villain's eye, are the conditions for retribution and the triumph of — what? New York: Ogilvie.

A novel without a plot, a story without interest, is SIDNEY FORRESTER, by Clement Wilkes. There is nothing in it on which a reader might profitably spend any time. Such volumes are only for idlers whose time is so valueless that even vacuity may fill their intellectual wants. New York: H. W. Hagemann.

In a pamphlet of a dozen pages, containing about 400 lines,— not poetry,—George A. Taylor tells THE FABLE OF THE ASS. Under the form of a satire, he speaks of the cruelty of war, the ingratitude of rulers, and the slavery of the multitude. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.

Religion.

DEVOTION TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST is the title of a very small book bearing the imprimatur and approbation of many of our prelates. The book rightly laments the lack of special devotion to the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, and sets forth as a practical form of prayer a Chaplet, or Rosary of the Holy Ghost, which is short, simple, and doctrinal. The lessons conveyed are taken from the writings inspired by the Holy Spirit Himself. Even the short scriptural quotations in the little volume will afford matter for meditation and prayer. The author has gathered together the most necessary information for the faithful regarding the Spirit of Truth and of Light, and his work will help to cultivate devotion to the Comforter and Guardian of the Church. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

Popular Scientific Lectures.

It is a laudable object for the man who has devoted his days to research in the field of knowledge to set forth the result of his labors. In "Popular Scientific Lectures," Professor Ernst Mach does not try to embody more than a small portion of his investigations. In a series of lectures covering a period from 1864 to 1894, he has endeavored to make manifest the value and the charm of scientific research. To students, as well as to those occupied with other cares, these lectures open an avenue attractive to their curiosity and imagination. Professor Mach endeavors to clothe his investigations with the charm of poetry. He has, among other gifts, the faculty of interesting one, by indicating the many byways that lead from and to the main road. Here and there, however, an expression escapes him that is surprising. To take one example: "In making man disappear in the All, in annihilating him, so to speak, they (the physical sciences) force him to take an unprejudiced position

without himself, and to form his judgments by a different standard than that of the petty human." Taken by itself, this expression is pantheistic; but from the general tone of the author, we would be inclined to deny that he is a pantheist. His conclusions are his own, and will not always convince the reader. To the lover of the classics and of literature, he brings no strong arguments against their study. The translator of these lectures has done a service to English readers. The book has a thorough index, and 44 cuts and diagrams. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Science.

QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF INORGANIC SUBSTANCES, AS PRACTISED IN GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

This book is the result of practical class work. It is composed of analytical tables, supplemented by explanations and laboratory directions. It has been adapted to colleges, academies, and higher secondary schools. Only indispensable facts have been inserted. The author offers it as a compilation both as to matter and method. In the hands of a good teacher, it will prove a most valuable text-book. The printer's art has been brought into requisition, and the result is an arrangement, especially of the tables, that appeals strongly to the eye of the student.

The main purpose to be gained by its study is that the student must test everything for himself. By following out the working directions, avoiding the sources of error indicated, and by giving reasons for each step of the operation, he escapes the too common danger of falling into purely mechanical habits. New York: American Book Co.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The most interesting, curious, and sensible work on HYGIENE, that has been written in this hygienic age, is a volume from the pen of Dr. Joseph Edwards, published by the Catholic School Book Co. of New York. It is intended for all schools, and for private reading, and is handsomely brought out by the publishers with numerous original illustrations, fine paper, and large type. It is very much more than the ordinary text-book. Some account is given of the human anatomy and physiology in their relation to hygienic conditions. The average reader will find it a most useful and enlightening book on many subjects. In addition it will be found entertaining from the marked individuality of the author's style. Dr. Edwards has the impatience of sham peculiar to earnest and successful men, and he loses no chance to put a hole in the hygienic kites which affect the American sky. He gives his reasons with the frankness and sharpness of a special pleader. His book is therefore plumper, livelier, stronger than could be a text-book; and its illustrations having in good part been designed by himself after his own theories, their originality is remarkable as their suitability. The book ought to receive a hearty welcome in home, convent, and school.

BARON KINATAS, A TALE OF THE ANTI-CHRIST, is a weird horror from the pen of Isaac Strange Dement, written in a style so bad that one gets curious to see the author, the publisher, and the readers of the book.

S. E. MOFFETT'S SUGGESTIONS ON GOOD GOVERNMENT is not entertaining, but it promises to be useful in calling attention to good things in the ideal way of governing a people. It seems to be honestly written. Rand, McNally & Co. are the publishers.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS is a pretty volume from the Benziger Bros. which will interest all readers, although intended for the children. The author, A. Fowler Lutz, has collected the pretty stories from every land, and the publishers have done all that can be done to make a book pretty.

New Music Received.

FROM Oliver Ditson & Co. Voice: "Song of Farewell," soprano or tenor, and "Daybreak," tenor, Gerard Barton; "While rowed by the Gay Gondolier," "One Kiss," "In Thee Confiding," duet, "In Lovely Old Castile," "I'm Happy To-day," all by J. C. Goodwin and T. B. Bishop; "The Wandering Clown," J. E. Webster; "Vicar of Bray," in C; "Star of My Life," H. D. Hewitt; "Look for the Star," D. M. Gray; "Autumn," May K. Wood; "Toniello's Song," G. Barton; "Pretty Phillis Gray," Song and chorus, Harry Moore; "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace," F. Batchelder; "Dream Love," John Wiegand; "The Coming Glory," S. W. Paine; "Quid Retribuam Domino," A Member of the Order of Mercy; "Spring is Here," Frances F. P. Chace; "Spring Song," A. C. Mackenzie; "The Dearest Girl," Safford Waters; "Ho, for the Sea," E. L. Morris; "An Irish Lullaby," Carolina F. Needham; "Norah McCarthy," Charles S. Hill; "Scythe Song," Maud C. Blanchard; "A Romance," Mary K. Wood; "Far from my Heavenly Home," F. R. Burton; "I dream, I dream," E. S., Jr.; "Music of Hungary," two keys; C. D. Heckscher; "Sun of my Soul," John S. Holmes; "Present in Absence," D. S. Hollingshed; "I will lift up Mine Eyes," F. W. Batchelder; "King of Glory," F. Abt; "O Lamb of God," Th. Bradsky; "'E dunno where 'e are," F. Eplett; "O Tell me," F. W. Batchelder; "Cast thy Burden on the Lord," ditto.

Instrumental. Pianoforte: "Ida," caprice, D. R. Hayes; "Acacia," E. Holst; "La Belle Caprice," valse de ballet, J. F. Gilder; "Barcelona," waltz, A. C. Knight; Chromatic Octave Galop, two and four hands, C. Wels; Minuet L'Antique, F. E. Sawyer; "Caprice in Thirds," Charles Becker; "Phyllis Caprice," Lillian Irish; "Christmas," J. M. Pattison; "Sailor Chorus," and "Spinning Chorus," four hands, W. Dressler; "Juanita," Spanish Dance, E. Holst; "Visions of Best Waltzes;" Guitar, F. C. Sheam; "Only to see Thee," ditto; Berceuse in A, for organ, G. Delbruck; "Ontario March and Parlor Queen Mazurka" for guitar and mandolins, Johnson Bane; "Romance" for violin and piano, J. Depret.

From White-Smith Publishing Co. Voice: "Thine Eyes will Tell," two keys; C. H. Rees; "The Daisy Girl," F. S. Grant; "The Bird and the Rose," Amy E. Horrocks; "Jus' a-Listen," banjo and mandolin accompaniment, B. M. Davidson; "Good-night, Papa," D. Fitzgibbon; "The Lord's Prayer," W. A. Gaylord; "Pledge of the Rose," Jessie L. Fox. Piano: "The Bird's Message," E. Harniston; "Le Chant Du Berger," Nocturne, C. Galos.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subject. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

How could Mary be at the same time a Virgin and a Mother? — H. S. J.

This is the question that Mary herself asked of the angel, who said to her: "Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son." "And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, for I know not man." "And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." "And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word." (Luke 1.) "And in that instant the Word who was in the beginning, the Word who is God, became flesh." (John 1.) "That is to say, formed unto Himself a body out of the most pure blood of Mary, — the Eternal Father produced in the bosom of the Virgin that same Son whom He has from all eternity begotten within His own bosom. In that all happy moment, this blood, this virginal body found itself pervaded and absorbed by God."

S. B. inquires: 1. Why does the Church forbid the eating of meat on Friday? 2. Was there ever any attempt by the Catholic Church to demand public funds for the support of her schools? 3. Can a person who has lived up to the religion in which he was born, enter heaven?

1. The Church commands abstinence from flesh meat on certain days as an act of mortification and penance. She ordains abstinence on Friday in memory of our Lord's death upon a Friday.

2. In the United States, the Church has not, as such, demanded state aid for her schools. In some places the pastors have presented their claims for support in proportion to the number of children who were being educated in Catholic schools. In some communities these claims have been allowed; in others, not. In England, Ireland, and in the greater part of Canada, the Catholic schools are allowed a pro rata part of the school fund. The English government looks upon this as proper and just. The decision of the highest English authorities upholds the Catholics of Manitoba in their appeal against those who deprived them of their share of the school fund.

3. A man must live according to his conscience. And if through life no doubt or fear comes to him as to the truth of his religion, if he lives according to the light that is in him, believing that there is a God, who rewards good and punishes evil, and tries to conform his life to this belief, he can be saved. But if the thought comes that his religion may not be true, he is bound to investigate, to remove the doubts and uncertainties of his conscience, and to embrace *at any cost* the religion he finds to be true. Duty, conscience, and reason require that one shall give up the religion in which he was born as soon as he is convinced it is not the true religion. Sentiment and feeling must yield to the voice of God. And one who puts sentiment before duty forfeits the right to heaven.

From various sections comes the inquiry: "Why does the Catholic

Church oppose the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, and the Sons of Temperance? And why does it tolerate the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Columbian Knights, the latter being an anti-A. P. A. Western organization, and both being oath-bound?"

As regards the condemnation of the three societies which were the subject of the recent letter from Rome, we append the following from the American Ecclesiastical Review: —

"These societies are ostensibly nothing more than beneficial unions formed for the purpose of promoting good fellowship, affording mutual assistance in the social and industrial sphere, and giving pecuniary aid in case of sickness or death. The members are, as a rule, respectable citizens whose public conduct inspires no misgiving as to their loyalty to the state, or their honorable character as members of the social body.

"Nevertheless, the supreme authority of the Church, after years of delibefation, demonstrating on its part the desire to restrict the use of odious measures, designated the abovementioned societies as forbidden to Catholics.

"For this step there is good and cogent reason. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that the societies of 'Odd Fellows,' 'Sons of Temperance,' and 'Knights of Pythias' are — what has often been denied — *secret* societies in the same sense in which the term is applied to the Freemasons, Carbonari, Fenians, and other orders whose destructive purpose has not only been avowed by their members, but demonstrated by the political events in Europe during the present century. The oath of *absolute* secrecy and *unconditional* obedience which is exacted from members on admission to certain grades of these societies is essentially subversive of social order and morality, because it gives them a power which no legitimate authority can control. For the individual it means a surrender of his judgment and free-will without sufficient cause and for a doubtful end. This makes it ethically wrong."

Notice in the extract these words: "The oath of *absolute* secrecy and *unconditional* obedience." It is not the mere promise, or compact, or even oath of secrecy and obedience, that makes a society worthy of condemnation by the Catholic Church. What the Church condemns is that oath of *blind*, *unconditional*, *absolute* obedience, to accept in advance, and to obey whatsoever orders may emanate from the chief authorities. No man has the right to make such a surrender of his free-will. And no government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, can rightly permit men to band together under such an agreement.

The Hibernians to-day have no such promise, or oath, or secrecy. They are willing to make known their doings to competent authority, and the presence of priests and bishops in their ranks, even as chaplains, guarantees that their aims are not in opposition to authority. Moreover, they have no oath at all.

As to the Columbian Knights, we have no definite knowledge, other than given by our correspondents. But we have heard anti-A. P. A. societies condemned from our altars and castigated in our Catholic journals. Any society that is formed to proscribe a fellow-citizen because of his religious or political faith, whether it be a secret or open society, oath-bound or not, is condemned by its own principles, or rather lack of principles. We must leave to the A. P. A. such unholy privileges as they possess. Our Catholic societies can oppose them only by fair, open, and honest living, that will merit the confidence and approbation of a just and discerning public.

New York City Reader asks: If God knows everything, and is a just God, why will He create a man, when He knows that man's soul is to be damned, as we are taught that the wicked are to be punished in hell?

God has charge of the universe. We are only atoms in the vast expanse, and are incapable of sounding the reasons of all things. Why did God make us at all? Why did He give us reason and free-will? Why does He permit sin? Why does He punish it? Why is grass green, and sky blue? The works of God are self-justifying; and if we cannot understand this now, we will understand it in the day of general judgment, when God will justify Himself before all. Meantime, the practical for us is to escape hell by avoiding sin. God did not make us for hell, nor hell for us. He made us for heaven. He gave His own Son to death in expiation for sin, and He provides every means for us to keep ourselves out of hell. He could take away our free-

will, but He doesn't. Why not? That is for God alone to know and to decide.

A Child of Mary asks: How would you explain to a Protestant the term, 'Seal of Confession,' and how is a confessor bound in regard to secrecy? 2. Is absolution valid, if the confessor knows a penitent to be guilty of sin unconfessed? 3. For what intention do we say seven Our Fathers and Hail Marys to gain the scapular indulgence? 4. Do we gain more indulgences by wearing the five scapulars than for just the brown, and what are they? What priests can bless the five?"

1. A lawyer is bound to keep secret whatever his client tells him; a physician whatever he learns about his patient's sickness, especially when the patient could and would object to being spoken of, and a priest is bound to keep silent about the sins confessed to him by a penitent. The lips of the priest are sealed concerning sins confessed to him. The obligations of honor and justice that require secrecy of the lawyer and the physician bind the priest. To this is added the obligation of religion, that forbids him, under pain of mortal sin, to reveal the sins that the penitent has told him. So far does that obligation extend, that even in a court of justice he is not allowed to speak either for or against his penitent. As a confessor, he has taken for the penitent the place of God, has in the name of God received the confession, and in that same divine name and power, representing the person and authority of Christ, forgiven sin. He must die rather than speak. So died St. John Nepomucene, and he is venerated as the martyr of the seal of confession. Not even to the penitent himself can the confessor speak of what the former told him unless at his free and explicit wish.

2. If the penitent forgets a sin, it is forgiven as if confessed; if he wilfully conceals a sin, the confession is worthless and sacrilegious. The knowledge of the confessor has no bearing on the *validity* of the absolution. But this other question comes, Is the confessor *allowed* to give absolution if he knows the penitent is concealing a sin? This involves a discussion too long for our columns, and practical only for the confessor, who is guided by the rules of theology and the circumstances offered him in each particular case. It may be said that in general the confessor will accord belief to the statement of a penitent, even against his own apparent knowledge.

3. The seven Our Fathers and seven Hail Marys are said daily in honor of the seven joys of Mary: her joys at the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Finding of Jesus in the Temple, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. An indulgence of 40 days is granted daily for saying these prayers. Many say these prayers in place of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, as a condition for gaining deliverance from Purgatory on the Saturday following one's death.

4. Yes. The indulgences are very numerous, and can be gained on many different occasions. Consult some book that treats about the different scapulars. We cannot here indicate all the indulgences to be gained, for lack of space. Generally, priests who are engaged in giving missions can invest with the five scapulars. Often, too, the priest in the parish will have the same faculty, as it is granted to those who apply for it.

P. R. D. inquires about the disappearance of the cup used at the Last Supper.

Our Divine Lord sent his Apostles into the city, to prepare the Pasch. In all probability the cup was the property of the good man of the house, and stayed in his possession after the supper. We do not know of any special tradition about it, such as we have of many instruments of the Passion — the nails, the crown of thorns, and the cross itself.

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ON GOOD FRIDAY.

See Page 415.

THE ALLELUIA OF THE PASCH.

See Page 403.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS—A REMINISCENCE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE stories told us by ancient writers of the power of such orators as Demosthenes sound a trifle wild at times, and we find it hard to credit these famous speakers with the magic power they were said to have wielded over the citizen assemblies. Granted that their orations are all that the critics claim, it does not seem probable that their delivery often obtained the influence over a mixed assembly which their style and matter exercise over modern students. We take the fervid descriptions of Plutarch with a grain of salt. Still the charm of the human voice in a great orator, as in a great actor, is beyond words, and we can grant to the perfect speaker a large measure of power over any audience, even while discounting the tales of the ancients.

The circumstances under which I heard Wendell Phillips for the first and last time taught me that wonders can be worked with the tongue, and that one may wisely hesitate before sneering at the extravagances of writers who had sat in the audiences which heard the greatest orator of the world. The triumph of our American orator, here described, is one that cannot be found in his biographies; yet I believe no success of his career bore testimony more emphatic to his power as a speaker and his influence over an audience. Strangely enough Phillips himself never recognized the importance of the incident; he probably never thought of it a second time; and of those who were able to appreciate the situation, very few, if any, ever gave it a thought at all. This description of his achievement is laid on the grave of the orator as a tribute to the beautiful eloquence that never so thrilled as when used in behalf of suffering mankind.

In the winter of 1878 the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Toronto secured Wendell Phillips to give a lecture in Shaftesbury Hall. The subject of the orator was "Daniel O'Connell." It was always a mystery to the American students in Toronto at that time, how the orator came to be invited and how this particular subject was accepted, for Toronto was a peculiar city in its way. It had one love and three hatreds. It hated the Irish, particularly the revolution-

ary Irish like Daniel O'Connell; it hated all Catholics of any nationality, and O'Connell had been of the Catholic faith; it hated all Americans and the friends of Americans, and those abetted by Americans, and Phillips was an American, and O'Connell had been abetted of the Americans. The one love of the citizens, after the natural love for their native soil, was the British Empire.

The result of these four passions was that, for a student, Toronto became an interesting city to live in. It seemed to be ruled by Presbyterians and Orangemen. Religious and political questions ruled all conversation. The Sundays were enlivened by the number of red-hot sermons delivered against Popery from Orange and Presbyterian pulpits, with an occasional fulmination against the United States. If the Catholics had a religious procession the Orangemen stoned it. On holidays there was a riot or two on the score of religion or patriotism, and the students were always on hand to cast the impartial stone at any head. When a Home Rule M. P. visited the town, the entire population turned out to stone or defend him. When the Pope proclaimed a jubilee, the Orangemen got their weapons ready for any Catholic that dared to perform its conditions in public. William O'Brien got a hot reception in Toronto; and the present Archbishop, on entering to take possession of his seat, had the windows of his carriage smashed, while a few of his suite retired from the reception with broken heads. However, there was little blood shed, not even when O'Donovan Rossa, the most exasperating being to an Orangeman on the earth, came to give us a lecture. The outraged citizens swore to scatter his gore over the pavements, and we students were there to see it scattered; but although the fun was immense, and all the windows in the neighborhood were smashed, Rossa escaped without harm.

When the turbulent among the citizens were not scolding and rioting on religious grounds, their attention was usually centred on the United States, hereditary enemy of England and the abettor of the Irish revolution. The American student had to defend his country from his roommate, his professors, his landlady, his laundress, his clergyman, and his physician. The American question cropped up in the very soup. And no doubt our affected superiority, since all the big figures were on our side and went off well in an argument, irritated our opponents unnecessarily. An incident will show the anti-American feeling in Toronto. In some public celebration, probably the Queen's birthday, the flags of England, Ireland, France, and the United States were flung from the steeple of the Cathedral to the four points of the compass. These flags had been borrowed for the occasion from the consulates, and it happened that the American flag, six times as big as its companions, was blown around the steeple in such a way as to swallow up the other flags, leaving only the American flag in sight. A deputation of citizens demanded the removal of it, as an insult to the country, and for a time it looked as if the burning of the Cathedral would result. The authorities went out to investigate, discovered the rapacity of the American flag, and nailed it to its proper place. That was many years ago, yet Toronto is still sensitive and lively, as the reports in the journals show.

It was to this city that the American orator came with his oration on Daniel O'Connell. It can be imagined with what interest we, who knew the ways of the citizens, read the announcement, and how much at a loss we were to account for the wonder. It was Phillips' first visit to Toronto, certainly his first lecture there, and he could have known little of the temper of the citizens. They were Canadian and British sympathizers naturally, and his opening words showed his appreciation of that fact. As he had a good number of set lectures, it looked malicious on his part to have chosen Daniel O'Connell,—and such a Daniel O'Connell! —for a British audience. Surely, never had orator a worse task than to interest his hearers in the career of a man despised and hated by most of them. For it is the plain truth that of the 1,200 who went that night to hear the orator for the sake of his fame, very few regarded O'Connell and his cause with any other feeling than dislike, indifference, or hatred. They were drawn by the fame of the speaker, and on the platform with him that evening sat the best-known men of the city, judges and other officials, who would rather have sat with his satanic majesty than with the great Irish liberator, whom Phillips loved as he loved all true leaders of men. The American students were on hand, as a matter of course, to see how their great representative would bear himself on so trying an occasion.

Shaftesbury Hall was packed in spite of the sleet, slush, and wind of a bitter winter night; it was a respectable, cultured audience for the most part, cold as the winter, but properly appreciative of the greatness of Phillips, who, though an American, unfortunately, had done the negro some service. They applauded him gently as he entered. A judge introduced him in complimentary language, with much warmth in it, too, and a good word for O'Connell. In Toronto the judge was considered a clever talker. His voice was silvery, his words came easily from the tongue, he was fluent and picturesque; yet his five-minute speech only emphasized the abyss between fluent speech and oratory, when Phillips had delivered his first paragraph. It was Toronto's first glimpse of the American orator, as he stepped to the front of the platform; a tall, bent figure, a wonderful face, power in the easy attitude, every inch a man. How proud we exiles were of him! We could have cheered, but cheers at that moment would have chilled the cold audience into an ice floe. We wondered, as he began in a dignified, unconcerned way to tell of the glories of O'Connell and the infamies of England, if he yet knew the blunder he had made in the choice of a subject.

His voice was deep, sweet, resonant. The range of it was not large, for any approach to the higher notes resulted in harshness, which invariably sent him back to the lower register. He had a quick ear. The introductory was simple but fetching. It fetched that audience, anyway, from the remote corner of suspicion and prejudice in which it had sheltered itself against the possible fascinations of the orator. The exact words I do not recall, but the sentiment was as follows, Phillips being well acquainted with Quintilian's rules for winning an audience: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occa-

sion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted with the British flag, I paused. I had little love for it; it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgetful alike of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freemen that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single human slave."

A thrill shot through the audience, and brightened it as a flood of sunlight might have brightened a glacier; it was so surprising, so flattering, so true, so American! A little apologetic ripple of applause flew over the hall and died away again; but Phillips knew that he had his audience in his vest pocket, as it were, and from that moment proceeded to do as he pleased with them. His big, beautiful voice and splendid presence dominated everything; and were he sounding the praises of Her Majesty, Victoria, the applause could have been only a shade more generous and spontaneous than was given to his apotheosis of the Irish liberator. How he harried the feelings of the audience can only be guessed from a description of the lecture and a reference to what has already been written of the political sentiments of Torontonians.

Before painting the portrait of O'Connell, he told them he must first give them the background of the canvas, that they might the better understand the man; and then he proceeded to describe with an orator's malice the penal laws enacted by the English for the benefit of Ireland. It was just such a merciless arraignment of English rule as Phillips often made against his own country in slavery days, not sparing American sinners the lash. It can be imagined how thoroughly he laid it on the shoulders of the long line of tyrants that once ruled in Dublin as viceroys or secretaries. No Irish orator could have done the lashing with half the effect; for this orator was perfectly passionless in manner, as cold as the audience he addressed, as indifferent as the corpse of the past which he was there dissecting. He was heard in profound, even painful silence; the sins of our fathers do not often sound well in the mouths of strangers. Directly in front of me sat the editor of the one Irish paper in Toronto, an every-day man of as little enthusiasm as an Irish patriot could possibly hold. He knew the audience, and remained silent through the entire lecture; but at the perfectly heart-rending description of the sufferings of a helpless people under the penal laws, he broke forth into muttered exclamations of wrath against the English tyrant, and fairly exhausted the curses and maledictions of the language in the attempt to ease his feelings. Only those about him heard his expletives, which were thought excusable under the circumstances.

When Phillips had finished his background of O'Connell's portrait with an endorsement of some one's statement that "the penal laws could not have been framed by human beings, but must have had their origin in hell," the audience promptly accepted the sentiment by a burst

of long-continued applause. They might believe in the union of Great Britain and Ireland, but the most patriotic could not stomach the old system which was supposed to sustain that union. And be it remembered that these were the people who afterwards frowned on Parnell's visit to Toronto and stoned from the gates of their city the audacious William O'Brien.

Phillips went on with his portrait of O'Connell in the same unsparing fashion, never shirking a detail that might have spared his audience a pang. He put an extra touch of color on the features that were sure to be offensive: the great leader's dislike and distrust of treacherous England, his devotion to Rome, his scorn for heresy. Yet so did he mingle the bitter with the sweet, so manifest was his power when he seemed to be offending worst, that his audience never missed the moment for applause, and even laughed indulgently when an Irishman in the gallery gave a Donnybrook yell of delight and defiance at some telling point in favor of his native land. You could see the cold people warming up as the orator hurried to the end; there was no longer any doubt of his power for them; they had seen themselves applauding his denunciations of what they had always favored; he had won them to passing enthusiasm for greatness which they hated; they became conscious that genius was holding its lamp to their blinking eyes, that they were taking part in a great scene; so they threw away reserve and caution.

The close of the lecture was as audacious and catching as the exordium. It summed up in one paragraph the triumph of the whole evening. Phillips went no farther in O'Connell's career than the moment of his greatest triumph, when the Irish leader had a party in the House of Commons, and the government's majority had so diminished that without the Irish members no ministry could stand. Overtures from Whigs and Tories made O'Connell the great hero of the hour. "There he stood," said Phillips, "this despised leader of a scorned people, this representative of an extinct nationality, as they thought, this priest-ridden Papist, this agent of a dead religion, this mere Irishman, with the Whigs in one hand and the Tories in the other"— and he raised both arms and looked from Tory to Whig in either hand in amused scorn — "debating to which he would give the government of the British Empire." He stood a moment thus with his tall figure and the great arms extended, then bowed and withdrew from the stage, while the enchanted audience cheered and cheered again, and looked at the door which had hidden him from them, and could hardly persuade themselves to leave the scene. And we Americans, being young, were filled with a love for him that yearned to express itself in foolishness. We had seen the impossible wrought by one of ours in the ranks of the unbeliever, and, like the fanatics we were, we longed to be the ground that he walked on, or at least, as we do it nowadays, the horses or donkeys to his carriage. These things were denied us, of course, but we were content with the gentle process of "rubbing it in" on our Canadian friends for that winter at least.

THE LILIES' EASTER OFFERING.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

THE lilies slept in the warm brown earth, awaiting the resurrection. The star of Bethlehem had heralded the Christ-child's birth; the snow-drop, emblem of purity, bloomed in fragile beauty for the Presentation; and the rose of Jericho exhaled its fragrant homage under the Saviour's feet and drooped at the foot of the cross.

The angel of the flowers looked on them with love, as he flitted by, so softly that the lilies heard him not, till their hearts thrilled with the Easter tidings, "Awake! the Christ is risen!"

And the lilies awoke, resplendent in paschal beauty. "He is risen indeed!" exulted the angel. "It is meet that the fairest flowers bloom for His altar."

"Gather me first!" commanded a regal blossom. "My place is next to the Presence, as befits the imperial lily, the emblem of majesty."

"Not so," said the angel, in gentle reproof. "Pride of position would be an unseemly offering to One who was poor and lowly. What place seek you, little lilies of the valley?"

"Let us lie at His feet, dear angel," pleaded the tiny flowers, lifting their fragrant chalices. "He placed us here in the shade where we were sheltered and happy. Let us lie at His feet, an offering of love."

"It shall throb in His heart," murmured the angel. "The sweetness of thy chalice shall overflow in the tabernacle."

A stately crimson lily drooped on her stem when the humble flowers were chosen. "Ah, my sorrow and my disgrace! gather me not!" she cried as the angel drew near; "know you not that I am unworthy?"

"You are fair to see," he answered gently; "your petals glow red as the Precious Blood shed for man's redemption."

"Once they were white," lamented the lily. "When He walked in the garden all flowers bowed low, I alone refusing Him reverence. His sorrowful gaze sank into my heart, and the blush of shame forever crimsoned my lustrous blossoms. Pride rebuked has naught to offer."

"Offer Him repentance," whispered the angel. "A contrite heart makes joy in heaven."

And the lily grew glad at the angel's words, and offered her tribute on the altar, where it glowed like a beacon of hope to troubled souls.

"My ways are lowly," said the orange lily. "I grow in humble gardens and brighten dreary places; I bend my head to the storm and open my heart to the sunshine, and all the time I am happy. A contented spirit is all I can offer."

"It will please Him much," said the angel, accepting the gift; "to cheerfully do His will is a noble mission."

"My one gift is beauty," said a lustrous calla. "I have treasured it up for Him. Take it, dear angel; let it shine on His altar, divinely transfigured."

"Consecrated beauty," murmured the angel, "lustrous purity, contentment, repentance, humility, love"—

"And prayer," breathed the annunciation lilies. "When the angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, the angelus sung in our hearts foretold the joys of Easter."

"Your offering is worthy, O lilies!" exulted the angel. "Prayer brings peace to weary hearts and strengthens faltering souls; it shall rise on the fragrance of incense and flowers."

"Great is our joy," murmured the blossoms; "rising with Him for the paschal feast, exalted are we, the lowly lilies."

FOREIGN CRITICS OF AMERICAN MANNERS.

BY MICHAEL J. DWYER.

M. PAUL BOURGET is only the last of a long line of European travellers and litterateurs to give his impressions of American life and manners to the press. The list of his predecessors reaches back to the days when the first families of the land were housed in wigwams, when Newport and Chicago were mere stations among the summering grounds of the wandering red men, and before even a dream of the wonderful White City, which the clever Frenchman came specifically to see, had entered the realms of possibility.

The first real accounts of travel and manners in this country were the products of Frenchmen. Books on America were written by the score during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but they chiefly referred to the discovery of the continent and the progress of colonization and adventure here. The original literature of study of American customs combined with narratives of exploration was written by the seventeenth century French explorers and by the French missionaries in their "Relations" concerning the Indian missions, in New York, New England, and the West. After them came a number of works by eminent French travellers and writers who were here previous to and during the struggle of the colonies for freedom.

L'Abbé Robin, a chaplain in Count Rochambeau's army, wrote upon the the life, character, and habits of the Americans, in a number of interesting letters, later collected in book form. His opinions were valuable in their day and still retain an historic merit for the student of those times. He wrote largely of New England domestic life, which both attracted and repelled his sympathies.

In the memoirs and letters of other noted Frenchmen of the period, exiles of the revolution and military officers in the American rebellion, are preserved a vast number of opinions and impressions of the American character and country 100 years ago. The most distinguished of these writers are Count Rochambeau, Talleyrand, Segur, Chateaubriand, Michaux, Murat, Brillat-Savarin, De Tocqueville, De Beaumont, Lafayette, and De Gaspain.

A number of books on America by English travellers and officers were published during the eighteenth century. Of these writers, the most disinterested recorder was Dean Berkeley, whose visit to America on an educational mission took place in 1729, and was the inspiration of his celebrated poem from which is often quoted the verse:—

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall end the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Thomas Moore, the poet, in 1803 made a tour of portions of the United States and Canada on his way home from Bermuda, where he had been for a few months as registrar of the admiralty court, and in his "Odes and Epistles," published in 1806, he wrote flippant and impertinent verses

on this country as he found it in his cursory visit. But Moore lived to know better, and some years later he characterized his own criticisms as the fruit of his immature youth, and made ample apology for his early lack of justice in our regard.

From Moore in 1806 to Paul Bourget in 1894 the list of European writers on the American people is bewildering, and their observations are as diverse as their imaginations and prejudices. Admirable descriptive power and keen speculative insight into our national character are to be found side by side with the wildest exaggerations, the flimsiest superficialities and rankest invectives. The work of Capt. Thomas Hamilton who discussed "Men and Manners in America" in 1833, with less rancor and ignorance, and with better descriptive powers than others of his countrymen, and the American writings of Harriet Martineau, given to the public at a later date, are exceptions to the general rule of flippant patronizing, or wanton abuse which was the rule with British authors on America during the first half of the century.

Mrs. Trollope, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," published in 1832, made the most weighty and lasting impression in this country, and created more discussion and dissatisfaction than any foreign writer up to the time of Dickens' memorable visit to our land. Mrs. Trollope frankly disliked "the States" and was on the qui vive for every social incongruity or vulgarity of habit prevailing here. Her tour was largely through those portions of the country where, from their newness, such anomalies were more frequently encountered, and she used her material with bitter and unsparing harshness. Her tirades incensed the people of this country very much, but they lost most of their power to sting from the fact that she did not note a single fault in our life and manners that native American critics had not themselves previously inveighed against and striven to correct.

Thirty years after his mother, in 1862, Anthony Trollope gave to the world the fruits of his study in his volume on "North America." His writing the book fulfilled "the ambition of his literary life," but not the place of an accurate digest of American life and character. He wrote very largely upon the rebellion, but saw in it only the similitude of "a quarrel between a man and his wife," or "of two parties throwing brickbats at each other across the street, to the great discomfort of neutral passengers." His accounts of other things are marked by the same superficiality and are colored by his insular prejudice. Still, his intentions were good and kindly, and he told many wholesome truths. The one thing for which he gave Americans more credit that Englishmen was the "matter of education," which he believed was the cause of our "unrivalled population and wealth," and consequent "comfort and happiness."

The broad exaggerations and undeserved sneers of Charles Dickens in his "American Notes" have sunk too deeply into the remembrance of Americans to need any particular mention, especially, since the "Great Reporter" endeavored to make amends for his first ill-formed, ill-natured opinions, and was more than forgiven by the great heart of America, on account of its delight in his immortal characters. Curiously enough, it was Dickens himself who gave utterance, significantly, to the

reason why English writers persisted in heaping calumny and detraction upon America's unoffending head. The suggestion of Tony Weller to Sam anent Pickwick's escape: "Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. Let the gov'ner stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikens as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

Most of the British travellers who wrote before Dickens, anticipated Tony's advice to the letter, and Dickens himself followed it with additional eagerness, but it is doubtful if all realized their "expenses" from the undertaking. His "American Notes" certainly did not help Dickens himself as an author.

The Scotch writers on America, worthy of remembrance, wrote with much greater forbearance and sympathetic consideration of the growing republic. In 1848 "Archibald Prentice," in a modest booklet on a "Tour in the United States," wrote with frank enthusiasm of our scenery and people, and James Stirling, M. P., in his "Letters from the Slave States," published in 1857, was truthful, liberal, and just in his views and arguments on our social and economical conditions.

Writers from Sweden, Denmark, and Russia have during the last half-century published sensible books upon America, and from Germany have come some of the most impartial and valuable studies of the American character. The works of Von Raumer, Lieber, Von Wied, and Schultz are noteworthy examples of German criticism of American institutions. The work of Francis J. Grund, published in Boston in 1837, contradicts many of the false impressions produced by hostile English critics.

The Italians have written more or less about America, since Columbus discovered it, but there are hardly any accounts of Americans in the Italian language that rise, like the French, German, or English publications, to the dignity of standard works upon the subject.

In the latest disquisition upon American life, M. Bourget made it evident from the first that he was not going to follow the elder Weller's ferocious advice about "blowing" us up enough. While his impressions have not met universal approbation from American readers, there is no question that his studies of American character and social conditions have been made with keen mental application and psychological insight. Where his imagination occasionally betrays him, the error is not so glaring or important as to produce dissatisfaction, and the erroneous impressions are not radical enough to prevent their effacement after deeper thought. His "Outre Mer" will undoubtedly take high rank among all standard writings on the Americans.

HISTORY AS TOLD IN COINS.

BY GEORGE P. UPTON.

THE utility and the pleasure of the study of numismatics are shown in many ways. Caraccio, Aretine, and Raphael studied the figures on the old oboli and drachmas. So did Le Brun. Rubens was the most conscientious coin and medal gatherer of his time, and applied them seduously to the furtherance of his divine gifts. Petrarch found time between his sonnets to Laura to make the first classified collection on record, which he presented to the emperor of Germany, with his well-known and remarkable letter. Alphonso, king of Naples, visited all parts of Europe gathering coins in an ivory casket. The splendid Cosmo de' Medici commenced a cabinet which formed the nucleus of the Florentine collection. Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, made a cabinet, and Francis I. of France laid the foundation of the Paris collection — the finest in the world. All artists recognize the value of coins, medals, and medallions. From them they get the model faces and heads of the Greek and Roman, the copies of lost statues, the folds of the chlamys and the graceful sweep of the toga, the eagles and ensigns, rams and trophies, the altars, idols, and sacrifices, the Olympian games, and the instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. They reveal the secrets of a thousand antiquated names and ceremonies, which but for the engraver's chronicle must have been utterly lost.

Coins throw additional light upon history. They illuminate the dark passages, clear away the obscurities, and bridge over the gaps. Hugo, in "Les Miserables," says men solidified their ideas in architecture before the printed page came from the brain of Faust. He might have added, they wrote their histories upon these bits of gold, silver, iron, brass, and bronze. Vaillant wrote the chronicles of the kings of Syria from a jar of medals, as Cuvier would build up the mastodon and give you the monster's habits from a tooth or a tibia. The Roman denarii give the best idea of Cæsar's well in the forum. The Epidaurian coins with the snake of Æsculapius tell in brief characters how the Roman senate sent an embassy to the great father of medicine to come and heal them of the plague. The migration of the Phocian colony to Asia Minor is succinctly told in the seal, which followed the early Mayflower stamped upon one of the earliest of the Grecian coins. The late coins of the Grecian series, with the portraits of Alexander, Ptolemy, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and others, have lent to the historian a fresh and life-like picture of those stern days, and have been silent but incontrovertible witnesses of the truth of the records which have come down to us. Cymbeline, of Shakespeare, dates back to the Cunobelin of an ancient Saxon coin, struck before Boadicea's time. Who would have known of the Grecian domination in Bactria, long after Alexander's time, but for a casual traveller who found the fact, together with a lost language, upon a series of coins un-

earthed in that part of Asia? The coins of Alexander fix the capture of Egypt; those of Vespasian, the capture of Judea; and those of Trajan, the capture of Parthia. They were the "brief chroniclers of the time" — Stantonian bulletins, announcing each fresh conquest.

One of the saddest pictures in all history is the first mention that is made of money. Sarah was dead, and Abraham was sojourning among strangers in a strange land. He mourned for his wife, and stood up before the sons of Heth, and begged of them to intercede with Ephron, the Hittite, for the cave of Machpelah, as a burial-place. Ephron liberally offered him the cave and the field, but the patriarch insisted upon payment; whereupon the Hittite answered: "My lord, hearken unto me; the land is worth 400 shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? Bury, therefore, thy dead." Abraham weighed the "400 shekels of silver current (money) with the merchant," and the field and the trees and the caves were Abraham's, and Sarah was buried. The first use of money is the last, and the cave of Machpelah, typical of the last resting-place of all men, is the most important because it is the most imperative use of money. We buy and sell, we loan and speculate, we hoard our shining wealth as Crœsus hoarded the golden sands of Pactolus in the treasury of Delhi; but when we come to the cave of Machpelah, we leave it at the entrance, and go into the darkness unencumbered.

The earliest and standard specimen of Roman coinage was the *as*, subdivided almost indefinitely, and originally weighing a pound. This ponderous coin subserved a purpose which our penny does to day. It had upon the obverse the double-headed Janus, and upon the reverse the keel of a ship, rudely done, but answering the requirements of the light, juvenile gambling known as pitching coppers. *Capita aut navem*, "Heads or the ship," the Roman boys cried, as Young America cries now, "Heads or tails." It is an eminently conservative custom, and Master Freddy, as he tosses his new bronze cent, may summarily answer paternal reproof by showing that Master Tullius, 2,000 years ago, pitched the *as* his father coined, and, for aught we know, grew to be a wise emperor and a great man.

Judea is represented upon several coins of the time of Titus and Vespasian by the figure of a woman with flowing hair and bared breasts, seated upon the ground in a posture of sorrow and captivity, above her the wide spreading branches of the palm, and behind her a stalwart Roman soldier in mail, leaning upon his spear. Thus exactly did the Roman engraver follow out upon these coins the language of the Scriptures. The Psalmist describes this posture in the lamentations of the Jews over their captivity. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." Still more remarkable is it that the prophet, in a passage foretelling this identical captivity, likens Judea to a woman sitting upon the ground wrapped in sorrow.

It is not often that coins have been used as vehicles of wit or for plays upon words, but there are examples upon record. Some of the German coins represent in the legends the years in which they were minted. A coin of Gustavus Adolphus also is an excellent illustration of this practice. The legend is: "ChrIstVs DVX ergo

trIVMph Vs." Take the capitalized letters or numerals from the words, and arrange them in their proper order, and you have 1627, the year in which the coin was struck. Upon a coin of Trio Lucretius, a member of the *Lucretia gens*, who would have remained unknown to this day but for his coin, a case of punning by means of types occurs. The obverse has the head of Apollo; the reverse, the crescent moon and seven stars, or rather *triones* — the constellation of the Ursa Major. The sun and moon refer to the family name, while the *triones* are an allusion to the surname. Pope Urban VIII., upon repairing certain roads, struck a medal with the legend: *Beati qui custodiunt meas vias*, "Blessed are they who keep my ways." The "speaking types" of the ancient Grecian coins are very curious. The coinage of Rhodes has a rose for a type, which flower bears the same name as the island. The coins of Side have a pomegranate, in Greek, *side;* Melos, the apple, in Greek, *melon;* Ancona, in Italy, the elbow, in Greek, *ancon;* Cardia, the heart, in Greek, *cardia*.

The coins of Constantine the Great, 306 A. D., will always remain of peculiar interest, as connected with the early history of Christianity. Constantine, after forcing his brother-in-law, Licinius, from his Eastern dominions, built Constantinople, and made Christianity the state religion. The principal emblem upon his coins is the Labarum, or sacred banner, bearing the monogram of Christ.

A rarer type of Constantine's coins has the monogram, and the legend, *In hoc signo vinces*. The *signum* was the vision of a beautiful cross in the heavens, which was presented to the view of Constantine, near Milan, during his march against Maxentius. To this cross he attributed both his victory and conversion. These Christian emblems remained upon the coins of his successors until the reign of Julian the Apostate, who removed them and substituted pagan emblems. Nor do they again appear until the accession of Michael Rhangabe (811–813), when the bust and sometimes the full length of Christ is on the obverse, with the *nimbus*, and the legend, *Jesus Christus nica(tor) rex regnantium*. Upon the reverse, the emperor, with a singular degree of boldness, is seated by the side of the Virgin, the two holding aloft the banner of the cross.

We come to more modern coins. England and Ireland were in continual trouble about the standard of coinage. On the accession of Mary, she declared the intention of restoring the old standard of silver coinage, viz., 11 oz. 2 dwt. fine, to 18 dwt. alloy; but instead of that, the new coinage was a pennyweight lower than that of Edward. Nor did it mend matters that her handsome face and Philip's were on the obverse. The wits of the day had many a joke over it; and Butler's sarcastic pen could not omit the opportunity of writing: —

> "Still amorous, fond and billing,
> Like Philip and Mary upon a shilling."

The first manifestation of displeasure between the mother country and the colonies was with Massachusetts, of course. The old Bay State was as impatient toward masters then as later in the Revolution against George, and still later with the slaveholders. Charles II. was displeased with the colonists for coining money, which he considered his royal prerogative, and intimated to Sir Thomas Temple that they must be

punished, and the business stopped. Sir Thomas was considerable of a wag, and showed the king one of honest John Hull's shillings, on the reverse of which was the pine tree. The king asked him what sort of a tree that was. Upon which Sir Thomas replied that, of course, it was the royal oak, which had saved his majesty's life. The king smiled at the courtier's wit, but it is not reported that he allowed Hull to continue the coinage.

The proverbial misfortunes of Ireland have attended even her coinage, and her troubles in that direction commenced as early as the reign of Henry VIII. He coined sixpences for Ireland worth only fourpence in England. Mary issued base shillings and groats for Ireland, and Elizabeth issued still baser ones, while she purified the coinage of England. James I. struck copper farthings of two sizes, that if they failed in England, they might be used in Ireland for pence and halfpence. Charles I. established a mint in Dublin, but, in the confusion attendant upon his death, the Irish lost it. Cromwell gave them tokens in place of coins of the realm; and James II. base silver money, made principally from brass cannon, and even this alloyed stuff was gradually diminished in size. White metal followed, then lead, and finally tin. George I. granted a patent to William Wood in 1737 for coining pence and halfpence for Ireland, but he coined them of smaller size than was stipulated in the patent. Dean Swift, with his merciless satire, drove them out of Ireland, and his majesty, having no use for them in England, sent them to his American colonies. Circulating media were scarce here at that time, and anything in the shape of coins was welcome. George II. did better for Ireland, and gave her honest coins. In 1760 the famous *voce populi* halfpenny appeared, a company of gentlemen in Dublin having obtained permission to issue them. There was a bit of quiet revenge in this halfpenny. The head of the sovereign, though apparently done in the usual manner of the king's portrait, was in reality a portrait of the Pretender. The coins attained a considerable circulation before the trick was discovered, and then they were suppressed.

The three-farthing piece struck in Elizabeth's reign is often mentioned in the poets. Shakspere has an allusion to it in "King John." He introduces Falconbridge, ridiculing the personal appearance of his legitimate elder brother, having just before compared him to a half-faced groat: —

> "Because he hath an half face, like my father,
> With that half face would he have all my land."

Farther on, he says he would not have such a person (body): —

> "My face so thin,
> That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
> Lest men should say, Look where three farthings goes;"

alluding to the rose which was on both the obverse and reverse of the coin. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the "Scornful Lady," show the difference between the penny and three-farthing piece, and inform us of a knavish trick then practised, to impose upon ignorant people the lesser as the greater coin. Lovelass, speaking of Morecraft, the usurer, says: "He had his own toward issue, whipt and thin cropt, for washing out the rose in three farthings to make them pence."

In England, during the reign of

George III., an act was passed to amend an act of the 51st of the king, respecting the gold coin and the notes of the Bank of England. By this act the provisions of the former statute were extended to Ireland, and the notes of the bank there were placed upon the same basis as those of the Bank of England. While this act was passing the House, the following epigram appeared in the public papers: —

BANK NOTES AND GUINEAS.

Bank notes, it is said, once guineas defied
To swim to a point in trade's foaming tide;
But ere they could reach the opposite brink,
Bank notes cried to gold: "Help us, cash us, we sink!"

That paper should sink, and guineas should swim,
May appear to some folks a ridiculous whim;
But before they condemn, let them hear this suggestion:
In pun making, gravity's out of the question.

There is a romantic incident in the early history of Massachusetts, which has been often told. Money was scarce, and in 1652 the General Court passed a law for the coinage of sixpences and shillings. Captain John Hull was appointed the mintmaster, and was to have one shilling in every 20 for his labor. All the old silver in the colony, wornout plate, battered tankards, buckles, and spoons, and especially the bullion seized by the buccaneers then sailing the Spanish Main (for all was honest that came to Hull's melting pot), was brought in for coinage, and the mintmaster rapidly grew to be the millionnaire of the colony, and suitors came from far and wide for the hand of his daughter. Among them was Samuel Sewall, who was the favorite of the plump and buxom miss. Hull, the mintmaster, roughly gave his consent. "Take her," said he, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough." The wedding day came, and the captain, tightly buttoned up with shillings and sixpences, sat in his grandfather's chair, till the ceremony was concluded. Then he ordered his servants to bring in a huge pair of scales. "Daughter," said the mintmaster, "go into one side of the scales." Mrs. Sewall obeyed, and then the mintmaster had his strong-box brought in, an immense iron-bound oaken chest, which the servants were obliged to drag over the floor. Then the mintmaster unlocked the chest, and ordered the servants to fill the other side of the scales with shillings and sixpences. Plump Mrs. Sewall bore down hard upon her side of the scales, but still the servants shovelled in the bright, fresh pine-tree shillings, until Mrs. Sewall began to rise. Then the mintmaster ordered them to forbear. "There, son Sewall," said the magnanimous old money-maker, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her; for it is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver." And Master Sewall took Mistress Sewall and 30,000 pounds (not avoirdupois, but sterling).

The liberty cap was first used as an emblem by the committee of safety organized at Philadelphia early in 1775. At a meeting on the 31st of August of that year, it was resolved by the committee that Owen Biddle provide a seal for the use of the board, about the size of a dollar, with a cap of liberty, with this motto: "This is my right, and I will defend it." Upon the first cent issued by the United States Mint for circulation, in 1793, the cap appears. This cap is the Phrygian cap, and all nations recognize it as the badge of liberty. When Spartacus rose at the head of his fellow-slaves against

their Roman masters to obtain liberty, his followers were distinguished by this cap. Though their effort was unsuccessful, the principle of liberty still exists, to be fought for until the last manacle is struck from the last slave. And mankind has recognized that early struggle for freedom by adopting the cap as one of the attributes of the goddess of freedom.

The freaks of currency are singular. The early Greeks bartered with cattle; hence we derive *pecunia* (money) from *pecus* (the flock). Cowry shells have bought slaves on the African coast, and wampum answered for money with the Indian. The Carthaginians, Frederick II. at the siege of Milan, Philip I. and John the Good, kings of France, used stamped leather, the latter inserting a silver nail in the centre. St. Louis of France issued the black coin made of billon. The Anglo-Saxons used rings, torques, and bracelets. Homer says the Greeks carried on their traffic with bars and spikes of brass. Salt is the money of Abyssinia, and codfish in Iceland. In Adam Smith's day, the Edinburgh workmen bought bread with nails, and drank from foaming tankards paid for with spikes. Marco Polo found mulberry-bark money in China, stamped with the sovereign's seal, which it was death to counterfeit, as was the case also with the continental currency of our own country. The first families of Virginia, who fought for the ideas of aristocracy and labor owned by capital, are the lineal and recent descendants of shiploads of women exported from the crowded capitals of Europe, with little regard to character or condition, and bought at so many pounds of tobacco per head. The cannon used by James II. in his desperate struggle for the throne were melted up and coined into the famous gun money; and the bells of Paris which tolled over the horrors of the guillotine, in the bloody days of Robespierre, met a similar useful end. Charles I., with a Vandal hand, melted up the plate of the aristocracy and the almost inestimable relics of Oxford into siege pieces. In 1641 Massachusetts enacted that wheat should be received in payment of debts; and during the French Revolution, the convention, upon the motion of Jean Bon Saint André, discussed the propriety of making wheat the standard of value.

From coins to wealth is but a step. The ancients surpassed the moderns in splendid wealth and lavish extravagance. Seneca, writing superb treaties in favor of poverty, was worth nearly five millions of dollars. Lentulus, the astrologer, made his black arts yield him over three millions. The delighted heirs of Tiberius found nearly thirty-six millions in his coffers, and in less than a year Caligula spent the whole of it. Milo's debts were Titanic, amounting almost to six millions. Cæsar had a list of creditors whose name was legion before he obtained any public office; but he was soon enabled to present Curio with six hundred thousand dollars, Lucius Paulus with four hundred thousand, and Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a trifle of a pearl worth over thirty thousand. Mark Antony's house was sold to Messala for over half a million, and Scaurus' villa was burned at a loss of over twelve millions. Otho spent over fourteen millions in finishing the wing of a palace commenced by Nero. One of Caligula's dinners cost a million dollars; and one of Heliogabalus'

breakfasts, twenty seven thousand dollars. Œsopus, the actor, swallowed a pearl worth eleven thousand dollars, and Apicius, the gourmand, ate over seventy-seven millions during his worthless life, and then committed suicide, because he was reduced one day to only a hundred thousand dollars in his purse.

What a world of history is embraced between the huge iron token which Ptolemy struck in commemoration of his conquest of Egypt, and a new coin of the United States, fresh and sparkling from the Mint. The one antiquated, rude, corroded, and begrimed in its long conflict with time, and the other bright and vivid, its field and exergue unmarred, its emblems and legends clear and sharp. The coin of Ptolemy has a history. The obverse gives us undoubtedly the head of Jupiter, the cloud-bearer, rugged, massive, stern, iron-featured, taurine neck, hair in great serpentine coils and shocks; the reverse, a magnificent spread eagle, and the inscription in Greek, *Basileus Ptolemaion.* Ptolemy, flushed with the victory he had won for Alexander, issued it over two thousand years ago. After subserving the purposes of Athenian barter, some swarthy Egyptian obtained it; but our friend the Egyptian, in time, was gathered to his fathers. He was embalmed, and slept in the shadow of the Pyramid, where his royal predecessors were sleeping, and by the side of the eternal Sphinx, whose riddle he could not read in life. Perhaps death unsealed the mystery of those stony lips to him. The token was placed in the mummy case upon the Egyptian's lips, perhaps as Charon's toll. But in that event, evidently our friend the Egyptian never crossed over the black river of Death, but is still wandering — a miserable shade —along its banks, seeking rest, and finding none. Token and Egyptian remained in their tomb while Thebes flourished and decayed, Tyre and Sidon crumbled into ruins, Rome, mistress of the world, cowered beneath the scourge of Goth and Vandal and Hun, and the earth was eclipsed in the night of the ages.

Still the Pyramids towered toward heaven, the Sphinx gazed on with calm, earnest eyes, Memnon made music of welcome to the sun, and our token sealed the shrivelled, silent lips of the Egyptian. The world emerged from its night. Dante and Aquinas, Copernicus and Galileo, Gutenberg and Faust, Bacon, Leibnitz and Newton, Watt and Morse, tore away the seals before our token saw the light. It came forth into a new world by the hand of a missionary, preaching a religion founded 300 years after it closed the lips of the Egyptian. The heathen god was upon its field, but the Christian religion had set aside the old mythology of which it was a representative. I turn from this relic of the past to the coin of the present, and upon the latter I find the acknowledgment of that religion, and of dependence upon its immutable Author: "In God we trust;" and from this legend I augur deliverance from the troubles that beset us, the vindication of outraged laws, and the integrity of the Republic.

ON CAMPEACHY BANKS.

BY HARRY LAWRENCE.

MARCEL ROMERO turned out of Canal street into the French Quarter. The lights and gayety of the main thoroughfare maddened him, and he instinctively chose the narrower streets, like a hurt animal seeking shelter. He was done for now, he thought; the end of all desire had come since Georgia would not listen to him. The easy swing of his natural gait became a stagger; he reeled against a shop-window, and the sight of the reflection of his own face against the dark interior startled him.

The window was filled with little wax Mexican figures; and he stared so steadily at one of them that the shop woman importuned him, in somewhat cracked English, to buy it; but he only looked at her stupidly and went on without speaking. He saw nothing around him. His mind held only the vision of Georgia's beautiful head, its glorious gold hair and mocking eyes, the red mouth curling disdainfully as she sent him away.

One would scarcely think that Romero could be disappointed in love. With no other advantages than his magnificent physique, and the beauty of his dark, frank face, most women could hardly resist him. Add the good savor of his family name, and the cleverness with which he had himself recouped his estate, bringing it up to the level of "befo' de wah," while his neighbors still lagged in poverty, and only a woman of devouring ambition could have refused him for the worldly reasons Georgia Van Harlingen had given him.

Miss Van Harlingen was young and an orphan heiress. The success of her coming-out season at her home in New York had been dwarfed by the attention she had received from the magnificent hospitality of New Orleans, and her head was so completely turned by it that she felt as though nothing less than royalty would satisfy her ambition. To marry a man whose plantation was a paradise to him, seemed to her young fancy impossible. Moreover, a certain unconventionality in Romero's manner offended her. He had the careless freedom which has replaced in many Southern men of to day the lordly dignity of the slave-owner. Romero spent his leisure cruising in the Gulf, and had a touch of the sailor in his manner. He had it also in the warmth of his devotion to his cold north star.

Wandering on, without caring where he went, he found himself on the levee. He was somewhat aroused from his stupor by the sight of the vessels, their tapering spars, and the maze of rigging.

"I might be one of those poor devils of sailors," thought Romero, "for all she would care." A half-formed, misty desire to hide himself took possession of him. The fresh up-river breeze, with its sniff of salt from the Gulf, the light hum of the cordage aloft, sent an invigorating thrill through him.

Round a narrow slip in the docks he saw a little schooner-rigged yacht. Her bow was a perfect wedge to well abaft the fore rigging, and from there her beautiful, clean run curved away to nothing at her stern post. Her head booms were rather short for a racer, and this, as well as the shortened top-masts, denoted very plainly to Romero that she was a cruiser. He noticed her name, Donna Bella, of New York, and his eye took in the seamanship displayed in the lead of her rigging, the rake of her spars, her snugly stowed sails. His admiration for the boat acted like a stimulant, and took his mind for a moment from his burden.

It was already late, and the lovely southern moon shone high overhead; in a silver flood of light the shadows of the sailors flitted weirdly across the decks and along the dock. The yacht was taking in stores, evidently preparing for an early departure.

"Stand clear!" called a gruff voice in Romero's ear, and three or four sailors approached with straps and slings to get the heavy case on which he was seated.

"Now, then, men! get yourselves under it. Tom, stand by with that big strap, and take a swab hitch around that case as soon as they cant it for you. Under you get, Tom! If you get smashed that's your business! Hook on your tackle! heave away!"

Romero stepped up to the man in blue and brass buttons, who had given the orders and asked, "Got all hands, sir?"

"Dunno," responded the mate, "want to ship?"

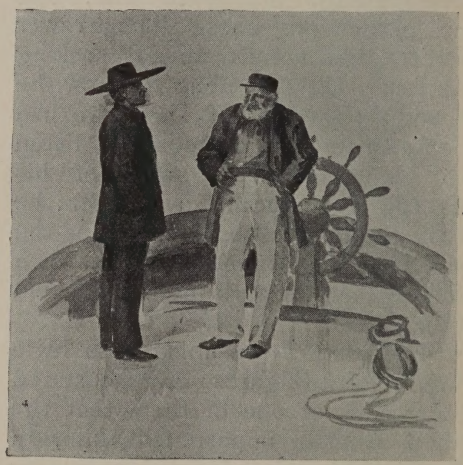
"Yes, if there's a chance. Where are you bound?"

"Cruisin' down Yucatan; but here comes the old man. He was lookin' for a second mate yesterday; better tackle him."

The captain came up out of the companion-way, and stood a moment on the quarter eyeing Romero and the mate. Suddenly he shot out, in a hoarse, rasping voice, "Got them stores aboard yet? Get a rush on! Who's that?"

"Man wants to sign, sir!"

"All right! Send him here." Romero went aft and found himself confronted by a big, stoop-shouldered man, with a hooked nose and a pair of deep-set, glittering eyes. "Want



"Want to ship, do you?"

to ship, do you? Ever been to sea?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Romero.

"Well I want a second mate; you get your duds down here to-night, and be ready to turn to in the mornin'?"

Romero turned away mechanically, and went along the dock till he found an open shop. He bought what he considered necessary for the voyage, and returned to the yacht immediately, for he did not want to give himself time to repent of his mad freak. He was shown a narrow little stateroom at the foot of the forward companion-way. After tossing sleeplessly all night in his bunk, tortured by the thoughts of Georgia, and more madly in love

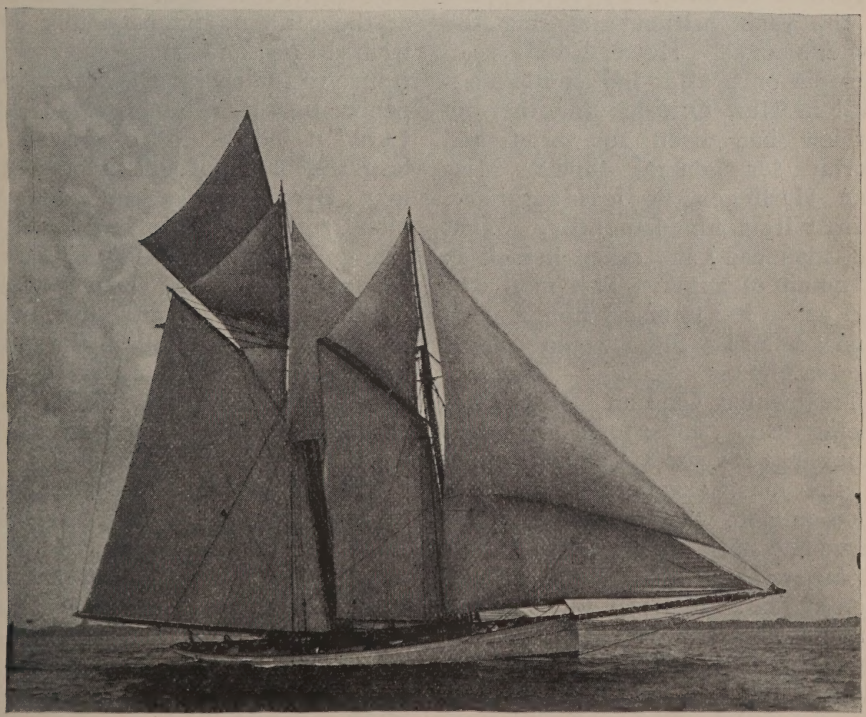
with her than ever, he turned out at his call, haggard and pale. Coffee over, the mate hailed him with, "What name do you sail under?"

"Marcel, Jacques Marcel," said Romero.

"All right, Mr. Jack Marcel. Take a couple of men and black those two anchors. Don't spatter the paint or there'll be the devil raised."

Romero aye-ayed but he felt strange. What would Georgia think now to see him with his hands soaked in lamp black and kerosene? In the afternoon, while he was at work in the chain locker, he knew from the light talk and laughter on deck that the yacht party had arrived. A woman's sweet voice exclaimed, "Oh! you always have to climb to get on a yacht, up or down!" and a man's deeper tones replied. Shortly after all hands were ordered to stand by to get under way. A tug-boat came along side, the last line was gone from the dock, a man at the wheel, and the Donna Bella started for Yucatan.

When John Van Harlingen, the owner of the Donna Bella, came into the port of New Orleans to see his cousin Georgia, he had no definite plans. They had spent the winter among the Windward Islands, and only he and his wife remained of the former party. In New Orleans he met an old friend who was going to explore the ruins of Yucatan, and he offered to take him there in the yacht. Georgia at first refused their invitation to go with them, but feeling a strange sense of unrest after Romero went away,



The Donna Bella started for Yucatan.

haunted by the pain in his dark eyes, she hurriedly consented to go.

As they went down the companion-way to dinner, Georgia caught sight of a figure among the sailors which sent a little shiver of unexplained interest over her and stirred her memory painfully. "You are eating nothing, Georgia," said Mrs. Van Harlingen.

She went on deck before the others. Romero, whose watch it was, had just taken a peep at the compass to see if the helmsman was steering true. He glanced up and found himself looking into the eyes of Miss Van Harlingen. Captain Slagg on the quarter caught the look of amazement that overspread their faces when they recognized each other. The rich blood flamed into Romero's face and out again, leaving him ghastly pale. He was furious at his own folly for shipping in the yacht without learning the owner's name. He had only seen Georgia once after her cousin's arrival in New Orleans, and that interview had been too brief and stormy for general topics. Miss Van Harlingen, no less surprised, turned from him haughtily. What did this mean? she asked herself in a tumult of anger. The man who had asked her to marry him, a common sailor! She would never forgive him.

Meanwhile Captain Slagg was pacing back and forth in deep thought. He was a Yankee skipper of the most exaggerated type; a good seaman, who would control his nerve and keep his head cool in time of danger, and face death without sign of fear. His talk was nautical and nasal to the last degree. He could be civil enough to his employer, but he ardently hated a "dago," as he called any Southerner, approaching in appearance the dark Creole type. This promised ill for Romero, for Slagg was by nature cruel, and the sea had made him harder as it does those whom it does not make more tender-hearted.

The mate, Bob Simmons, was his brother-in-law, a most congenial spirit, and woe to any poor tar who excited their wrath for they knew 10,000 ways to make them suffer, particularly if they saw in him any signs of good breeding, a thing they sneered at.

"Bob," said Slagg, as they sat in the mates' watch below, "there's something behind that second mate we've signed."

"That so, Cap? What makes you think so?"

"You know that stunnin' flash young craft that takes the wind out o' all our sails? Well, while Marcel was on deck to-night taking a peep at the card, up jumps young Miss from below and stops at the entrance to the cock-pit. Marcel happened to catch her eye, and, O! Lord! it 'ud ha' killed you to see how the bloomin' gal fetched him up! He flared up and then the blood run out o' his face like the tide going out o' the Bay o' Fundy. She give a gasp, and them sparklers o' hern spit fire, and she swung around like a pivot gun and sailed away without answering his signals. Marcel looked like he'd been through a typhoon, and was liable to go down the next minute."

Bob laughed sneeringly. "I hate him, anyway, Cap. Goin' to sea and tryin' to act like a dandy! We'll put him through, and if he ain't ready to heave to 'fore we raise Cape Catoche, I'm a liar."

It was during the soft splendor of the warm nights on deck, that

Georgia found a gradual change taking place in her heart's perception of the value of things. There is something in the silent immensity of night at sea, the immeasurable difference between the little bark and the

Miss Van Harlingen lay in her hammock, languid and pale.

great ocean ; the unfathomable deep below, the height of the stars above, which makes the petty ambitions of the world fade away, and truth and goodness assume their proper proportions. She found herself constantly watching the tall figure of the second mate, and, though separated by the inexorable etiquette of the sea, her heart, by a sort of instinct, understood better the depth of his devotion to her, and the sharpness of the pain which had driven him to such a position, than if he could have still spoken to her on equal terms.

The weather had been all that they could wish, and the Donna Bella had made her best speed. Captain Slagg said, on the fourth day out : " If this flyin' fish weather holds on, we ought to pass Cape Catoche in two more days, or less ; " but that afternoon the breeze failed, and the yacht lay gracefully courtesying on the broad swell. The awnings were spread, hammocks swung, and fans were brought into constant use, for a calm in the tropics is sweltering. Georgia, languidly resting in her hammock, could see Romero working in the broiling sun on the main deck, his back resolutely towards her. Her novel lay disregarded, and her mind was a tumult of pity and regret. The water was glassy, the sun so scorching that even the cabin-boy, a Haytian mulatto, exclaimed, " My gosh ! sah ! but it's very hot, sah ! I nevah see him so hot befo', sah ! so believe I tell you true, sah ! "

Captain Slagg was working out his position, and looked a little worried, for the glass showed an ominous fall. " No trustin' this

bloomin' gulf," he muttered; "fickler nor a woman, all smiles, and 'fore you can wink t'other eye, all frowns."

"When are we going to get a breeze, Captain?" asked Van Harlingen.

"Well, sir, I don't like the looks o' things. I'm afraid when we do git it, it'll be more'n we can manage. 'Taint no use to alarm the ladies, though, for it may pass away, and not blow 'nuff to bother a mosquito on a royal yard. You can't tell in these parts." But even as he spoke the whole southern sky turned a dark green. "I think you'd better ask the ladies to go below for a bit. It won't be long before they'll be cool enough," said Slagg. Then he turned to Romero, and said, "Get all the men out, clear away the awning, and put your stanchions below." In a few minutes the deck was shorn of all its gay trappings.

"Make ship snug for bad weather!" said the captain. "Clew up your fore and main topsails; aloft there, two of you, and tie them up snug. Haul down that jib topsail and flying jib. Lay out and furl them."

The men scampered at Romero's bidding, and by the time it was done, the storm-clouds, black as ink, were charging down on the once-smiling blue sky like a pack of hungry wolves on a flock.

"Double reef fore and mainsails," shouted Romero. The last reef point of the foresail was not more than tied when the first fitful gusts of the gale struck them. Up to windward a line of white was coming down on them. Before the yacht had felt half the wind, she was tearing through the water, like a race horse, leaving a clean white streak behind her. The angry water flung itself on her like a tiger on its prey, and she came out with her decks running full and her lee-rail under.

"Will she never stop?" thought Romero. "Hard down your wheel! Let fly the fore-stay sail sheet! Cut that fore sheet!" As the yacht righted, the thought of Georgia rushed back to his mind. Was she frightened? Was she safe?

The foresail had gone to ribbons, and the men were lowering and securing the naked gaff, when, to his horror, Romero caught a glimpse of a golden head coming up the companion-way. Her eyes kindled at the fierceness of the storm, then turned around anxiously seeking Romero. She crossed the deck indifferent to her danger. The yacht gave another deep plunge. "My

He caught her in his arms back from the boiling surge.

God! Georgia, don't go near the rail!" he shouted, before he knew what he was saying, and like a flash he was by her side, and caught her in his arms back from the boiling surge into which she was slipping.

"Oh! my darling! if you had gone, how gladly would I have gone with you!" he murmured, a world of tenderness welling up in his heart, and speaking in his eyes, and hers answered him with a flash of sorrow and forgiveness, but she said nothing, for Van Harlingen had come in search of her just in time to see her caught by Romero.

"That was bravely done, my man," said Van Harlingen, warmly; but Romero started, sharply stung by the patronizing phrase. He had forgotten where he was since he held Georgia in his arms, but in a moment he recalled himself and turned away without a word.

The wind became less puffy, and the Donna Bella made splendid weather in spite of the building sea.

Next day some of the men were shaking the reefs out of the mainsail, and others bending a new foresail to steady her in the heavy sea, when Simmons said to Romero with a sneer, "I guess, Mr. Marcel, you wouldn't mind a steady job like that one yesterday, squeezin' a fine gal like that, eh?"

The hot blood rushed to Romero's head, and, swinging round, he hit the mate a stunning blow between the eyes. Simmons dropped like a log and lay writhing on the deck.

The consequence of this act meant disgrace, perhaps even irons and imprisonment, and when Romero realized his position, he would have welcomed death in preference to further degradation in Georgia's presence. He listened in miserable silence to the captain's tirade given in the presence of Van Harlingen, and when he was ordered to the forecastle as a common seaman, he cursed the folly that had brought him on this cruise.

Miss Van Harlingen lay in her hammock, languid and pale, her glorious blond beauty dimmed like a scorched rose. In vain did the anxious sympathy of her two cousins try to rouse her; in vain did Bingham describe the wonders of Yucatan, the marvellous dead cities, with massive ruins and grotesque carvings, hidden amid the splendors of tropical jungles. The names of Uxmal, Aké, Chichen-Itza fell on careless ears, and Georgia looked across the blue water that covers the bar of Campeachy towards the unseen shore as to the opened gateway of her prison.

The last night out, as she lay sleepless in her hammock on the quarter, she heard a slight noise near the bow, and, looking that way, saw Romero. With swift decision she slipped out of her hammock without waking her companions, and approaching him:—

"Mr. Romero," said she timidly, "I am so sorry for you."

"Thank you," he answered bitterly. "I have been a fool."

"Why did you come on this cruise?" The pity in her face softened him, and he answered more gently:—

"I wanted to forget you, Miss Van Harlingen. It has been a failure, has it not?"

"Do not forget me," she said with sudden tenderness.

"What?" he whispered. "Georgia can you, do you love me?"

"Hush!" she answered. "I think some one is coming. I will tell you at Progreso."

"John," said Miss Van Harlingen the next morning after breakfast,

"I want to speak to you." They went on deck, and Van Harlingen's cigar died out in his hand while Georgia told her story.

"By Jove! you are a queer girl! Why couldn't you have found out in New Orleans that you liked the fellow?"

"I do not know," she said, with a sudden blush.

"I do," he replied, affectionately; "it is the old story of the softheartedness of women over misfortune. But how do things stand now? Have you come to any clear understanding with your disguised prince?"

"Not exactly," said Georgia, hesitating, for she did not care to mention the conversation of the night before to her cousin. "I can see him at Progreso."

"I prefer you and Yucatan.

"Good heavens, Georgia! At Progreso if nothing is done to prevent, your man will be hauled before the American Consul, and everlastingly disgraced."

"Oh, John! don't let that happen," pleaded Georgia."

"Well, if I interfere, I must think up some reason to give Slagg for meddling with his discipline."

"Georgia," said her cousin in an undertone, "does Mr. Romero speak Spanish?"

"I think so, his grandfather was a Spaniard."

"Then go down to the cabin and wait for me. I have an idea." He went to the captain and said, "Mr. Bingham wants a Spanish guide as soon as he lands. If that trouble-

some ex-second mate of yours can speak Spanish, it will be a good chance for you to get rid of him."

"Well," said Slagg, rather sulkily, "Mr. Bingham won't want a murderin' fellow like that around neither."

"Oh! let Mr. Bingham look out for himself. Anyhow send the fellow down to the cabin, and let us see whether he will do."

Romero looked very big and handsome when he came into the cabin in his white duck sailor's uniform. His dark eyes glowed with hope as they fell on Georgia, and he took warmly Van Harlingen's out-stretched hand.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Romero, that you have had such an uncomfortable cruise with us. Now, I think the best way for you to escape from your present position will be to land and go with us to Merida."

When left alone with Georgia, Romero grieved. "At Merida, then, I must leave you?"

"I am afraid so; it would hardly do for you to sail back as passenger in the same boat in which you had played 'sailor man.'"

"There is an alternative, but perhaps you will think it eccentric."

"Oh, that is in its favor!" said Georgia, smiling. "What would you suggest?"

"Marry me in Merida, and go through Yucatan and home through Mexico by rail."

The fresh air blew through the port hole, and cooled the blushes on Miss Van Harlingen's cheeks. The Donna Bella swung a little, and the huts of Progreso came into view. Georgia gazed at them steadily and trembled a little.

"Look," said Romero, "how near we are! which shall it be, Mrs. Grundy and the Gulf, or love and Yucatan?"

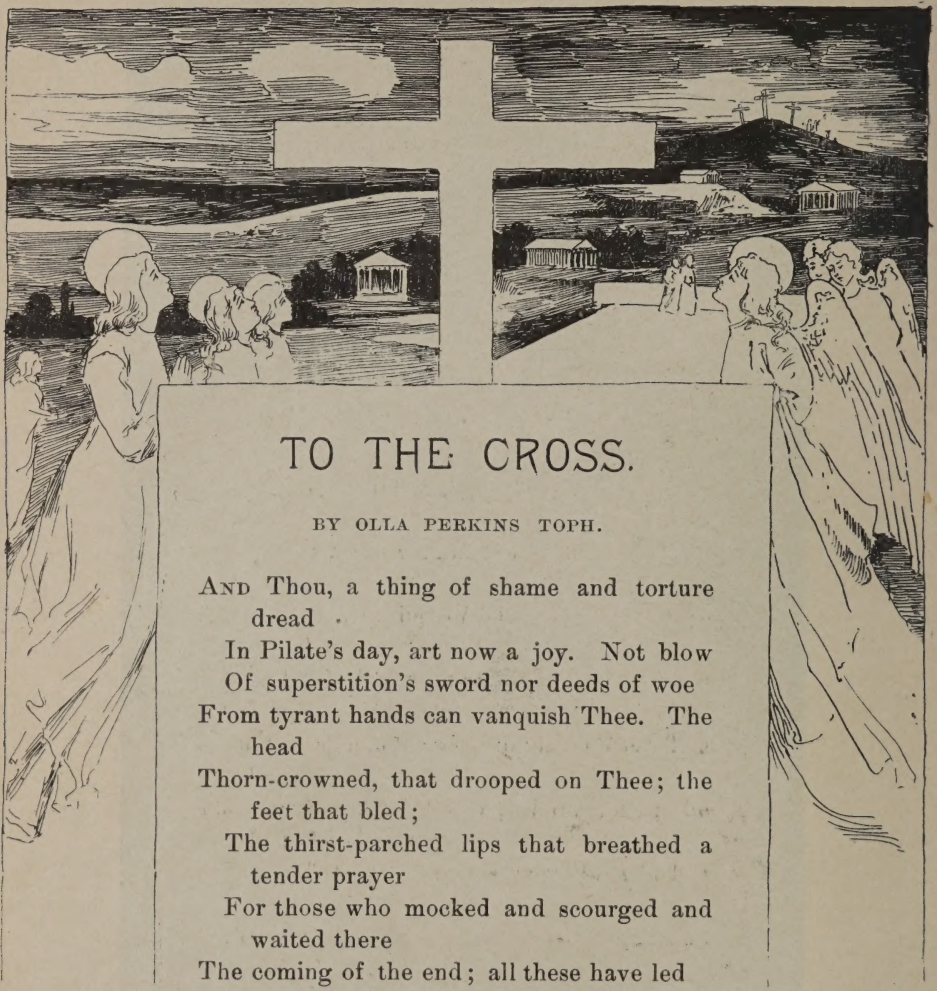
"I think," said Georgia, a moist brightness in her sweet eyes, "I prefer you and Yucatan."

"Her ankles brush the dew-wet grass,
The birds are blithe to see her pass,
Along the daisies, golden-bright,
Run little shivers of delight."

JAMES B. KENYON.

"Though ignorant of nature's secret lore,
Unskilled in science, and undeft in speech,
Her eyes the charms of native beauty teach
And gentle help goes daily from her door."

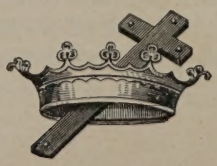
JOHN EDWARD HARE.



TO THE CROSS.

BY OLLA PERKINS TOPH.

And Thou, a thing of shame and torture dread
In Pilate's day, art now a joy. Not blow
Of superstition's sword nor deeds of woe
From tyrant hands can vanquish Thee. The head
Thorn-crowned, that drooped on Thee; the feet that bled;
The thirst-parched lips that breathed a tender prayer
For those who mocked and scourged and waited there
The coming of the end; all these have led
The nation's march to truth. Through mists that frown
On faith and righteousness and purity,
Thou gleamest white, O blessed Cross divine,
And through the slumbering ages, even down
To years unborn, the voice from Calvary
Still crieth out: "Go! conquer in this sign."



THE ALLELUIA OF THE PASCH.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ALLELUIA! the bells are ringing,
Up, high up, in the golden dawn;
Alleluia! the choirs are singing,
Passiontide and its shadows gone.

Alleluia! the birds are trilling
Over the eggs in their new-made nests,
Field and meadow and garden filling
With the joy o'erflowing their feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises,
Clad in resurrection-green;
The world of grace all heav'n surprises
With risen glories, earth unseen!

Alleluia! chants the river
To hill and mountain, sky and sea!
Evermore and still forever,
Float the echoes back to me:

Echoes of an angel chorus
(White-robed in the garden gloom),
Shouting to the welkin o'er us,
"Christ hath risen from the tomb!"

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of that word;
"Alleluia!" (glad repeating):
"Hail! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!"

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

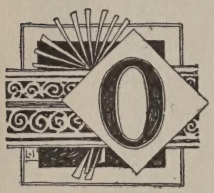
A TALE OF OLD AND NEW FRANCE.

BY LAURE CONAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Inscrutable are the depths of the human heart."

MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.*



UR story opens in the early spring days of the year 1625. Mons. Garnier, Master of Requests in the Council Royal, had already left his Paris residence to take up his abode at his charming country seat, near Auteuil. One evening, on his return home, his wife, as soon as she perceived him, asked him whether he had been to Port Royal.

"I have just come from there," he replied, seating himself near her, opposite the fireplace, "and acting on your advice, I first spoke to the Lady Abbess."

"And what did Mother Angélique say?" inquired Mme. Garnier, folding up the tapestry-work on which she had been employed.

"What did she say? Why, that she was very much pained by the news I announced, for Mlle. Méliand's departure would cause general mourning throughout Port Royal. She begged me to say nothing at all to the child herself about it, as she would speak to her on the subject when the time of departure drew nearer. The abbess seems to think that Gizella would be so disturbed at the idea of leaving the convent, that she would do nothing at all after hearing of it."

"We would never have thought of that," said Mme. Garnier, smilingly, "but the Arnaulds have such good heads, and Mother Angélique takes after her family."

"What a strange life hers has been!" said the magistrate — "abbess of Port Royal at 11 years of age, reformer of her order at 18!"

"I admire Mother Angélique," said Mme. Garnier warmly.

"Every one admires her. In spite of the singularity of her vocation, she has turned out marvellously well. Between ourselves, however, I always come away from there feeling chilled at heart." And the magistrate, stretching out his feet, warmed them at the fire.

"The place cannot be said to be exactly gay," said Mme. Garnier, "but it assuredly has a charm about it."

"And I am certainly impatient to fetch Gizella from there. Poor little thing! With her artist nature I pity her for having been so long shut up between those massive walls, whence the air and sun are excluded, and where she can never gaze on the beauties of nature."

"Are you going to waste your pity on her?" replied Mme. Garnier gayly. "She possesses that which may well replace all else, and I look

*Foundress of the Ursuline Order in Canada.

on her as highly favored. I am sure she is forever listening to celestial melodies."

"One thing is certain: she herself sings like an angel."

"To find such a fiancée at one's own home on arriving from sunny lands! Only think what a rare piece of good fortune!"

"As rare as agreeable. Charles is certainly a fortunate man, but" —

"Is he not charming?" interrupted his wife, pointing to a portrait on the mantelpiece.

"Such is indeed my opinion," said the magistrate, and a proud, tender smile lighted up his wearied but intelligent face. His sight was not good, and rising, he approached a portrait of his son Charles, a very handsome young man of about 20 years of age.

Charles Garnier, at the close of his studies, had desired to visit Italy. Though the youngest of the family, he was like an only child; for his two brothers had never even cast a glance on the world or its attractions, but on leaving college had immediately entered the religious state.

"We shall soon see him," said the magistrate, resuming his seat. "He must have left Rome immediately after Easter."

Mme. Garnier did not reply, but her face showed plainly with what joy she looked forward to her son's return. She was still an elegant and graceful woman, and had been a very pretty one. Her fair complexion was somewhat faded, but time had not stolen from her the charm of her sweet smile.

"When shall we go and fetch Gizella?" asked Mons. Garnier an instant later. "She has been long enough hidden away behind the convent gratings — I would like her to be here at Bois Belle for the spring." Their country seat was called by this somewhat fantastic name, and was renowned for its fine woods and extensive gardens.

"Providence has disposed all things well," said Mme. Garnier, replying to her husband's thoughts. "Both are still so young to have conceived so great a love, and one of such long standing! Will not Bois Belle be a sort of earthly paradise when we shall have both of them with us?"

"I would like to hasten that happy time," said the magistrate gravely. "I am anxious to see Charles settled in life."

Mme. Garnier gazed inquiringly at her husband. "Does the change there is in him make you uneasy?" she asked. "Do you attach any importance to his views about the religious life?"

"Yes — at times —; but my decision is made."

"Do not be uneasy, dear husband. His brothers' example must naturally make a great impression on him; but he has loved Gizella so long and so well!"

CHAPTER II.

Gizella Méliand, the daughter of a distinguished member of the magistracy, was the ward of Mons. Garnier and a distant relative of his wife. Having been left an orphan when still of tender years, she had been brought up at Port Royal des Champs. This celebrated abbey, less than a century afterwards, was razed to the ground and even its cemetery devastated by royal orders; but in the days of which we are writing it was in all the glory of its reform, St. Francis of Sales calling it his dear delight (ses chères délices.)

Mons. and Mme. Garnier finding themselves in charge of the little orphan, had thought they could not do better than intrust her to the nuns of Port Royal for her education. Gizella had grown up therefore in this too famous convent, the mere mention of which recalls to mind so many great names and such strange histories of renouncement and of pride. Built in the deep hollow of a barren valley, surrounded and overshadowed by wild-growing woods, Port Royal had a singularly gloomy look. There was nothing to brighten its sombre and misty solitude.

The only garden at the abbey was a kitchen garden in which some few well-grown chestnut trees alone gladdened the sight. Even the church presented no cheerful aspect; it was gradually sinking with the settling of the ground, and at this period was entered by a descending flight of 10 steps. Still, as we need hardly recall to our readers' minds, this old abbey, though built in a narrow, confined hollow, exercised a sort of fascination over the souls of many. Mme. de Sèvigné called it "a Thebais in a frightful valley." "I must confess," wrote she to her daughter, "that I am delighted to have seen this holy solitude of which I had heard so much."

Gloominess, however, has little charm for children; and Port Royal, which was so dear to Pascal and to Racine, must have seemed very old, dull, and sombre to young imaginations. It is needless to add that even the pupils in the old abbey led a strict, hard life.

In those robust days no one wondered at this, and young ladies of the highest French families were brought up at Port Royal. Gizella had been sent there when she was seven years of age. At that period there were no such things as holidays in convents; therefore the young girl had passed nine years uninterruptedly within the four walls of the abbey, rising, winter and summer, at four o'clock and working from morning till night.

Her days resembled each other like grains of sand. Fortunately Gizella had hidden in her heart that which can give life to all and can sweeten and shed a refulgence over everything — a deep love. By the death of her parents she had become a member of the Garnier family, calling its head her uncle. She had conceived an extraordinary affection for the youngest son, and this childish attachment had grown with her growth, and had found food everywhere, and even while increasing the wearisomeness of her absence, had beguiled its length.

From time to time, Charles visited her in the abbey parlor. He also often wrote to her, thus infusing a sweetness and brightness into her young life and enabling her to endure cheerfully the cold austerity of Port Royal and the gloomy solemnity of her surroundings.

The gift of song, too, had materially aided her tender and sensitive soul. Song was the only luxury permitted at reformed Port Royal, and all the writers of that day agree in praising its excessive beauty. Admirably executed, it accompanied whatever work might be on hand, as well as the prayers that were offered, and the offices sung in choir.

Gizella thoroughly enjoyed this, for she had an innately poetic love of music and possessed a very fine voice, the sound of which had frequently made tears flow in the gloomy old church.

"I seem to be listening to an angel exiled from Heaven," Mère Angélique would say, who in those days was always called "The great Angélique." Sometimes this celebrated religious, finding the child's voice so delightful, would send for her and, had the rule permitted it, would have taken pleasure in listening to her for hours. The Mother therefore felt very sad when she learned of the young girl's approaching departure, and the whole community shared in this regret.

CHAPTER III.

The hour for needle-work had just commenced for the elder girls at Port Royal des Champs. Seated on benches with no backs, about 20 young ladies were sewing, embroidering, or knitting, while one of their number read aloud the "Lives of the Fathers of the Desert." The room was dark, and the very walls, blackened by age, seemed chilled and melancholy, but the pupil who was reading had a singularly agreeable voice and read very well.

"Mlle. Méliand," suddenly said the mistress who was presiding over the work. The reader raised her head, and on a sign from the nun closed the book and went over to her. Her walk was graceful but somewhat slow. She was fair to look at in spite of her ungraceful costume and untidily arranged hair. All eyes were turned towards her as she crossed the room.

"The Lady Abbess wishes to speak with you in her room," said the mistress to whom this message had just been given.

The young girl left the room gently, took off her gray linen apron, and, approaching the gothic window let into the thick wall, cast a glance outside. A cold, dull vapor hung about the branches of the trees, still destitute of leaves. "How ugly and sad-looking it is!" she murmured to herself. Threading the corridors and staircases, she went to the abbess' room and knocked at the door.

CHAPTER IV.

A young novice who filled the post of secretary opened the door to her and bade her enter quickly, since the abbess was awaiting her.

The large, bare room which she entered, had no decorations, but against the wall was a bleeding Christ, and a discolored marble statue of St. Bernard stood near on a pedestal. At the foot of the crucifix there was a carved ivory skull, admirably wrought and painfully real. A gold crosier was leaning against the abbatial seat which was fixed to the wall. Standing before a very common table, the abbess of Port Royal was busily occupied opening her letters.

"Come here, my child," she said on perceiving Mlle. Méliand. Gizella obeyed and saluted her by courtesying deeply.

Mother Angélique greeted her with a smile, and, dismissing the novice by a sign, said graciously to her, "Please return to me presently." The young nun courtesied and withdrew.

Gizella had always looked on the days that she was allowed to approach Mother Angélique as being particularly happy ones. Youth needs some one to respect and admire, and the young girl's feelings towards the illustrious religious were something more than those inspired by a passing emotion.

The abbess of Port Royal was at

that time 35 years of age. Her figure was imposing, though she was not very tall, and her manners were distinguished. When in repose there was nothing at all remarkable about her face, which was marked by the traces of smallpox, and had a faded look, probably caused by the austerities she had practised; but when she looked up there was a strange beauty in her blue eyes, shaded by reddish eyelashes. Her glance revealed the inward fire of her character, and when once seen could never be forgotten. Over a coarse black woollen habit she wore the long scapular of her order, girt at the waist by a leathern belt. The rosary hanging at her side was of wood and steel, but on her right hand was a magnificent ring, the mark of her rank. She received the young girl very kindly, and, seating herself, made Gizella take her place on a stool at her feet. Then, going straight to the point, as was her wont, she said: "My child, your guardian finds that the time has arrived for taking you from here. It was to tell you this that I sent for you."

Gizella colored violently, casting down her eyes so that she might hide her heart-felt delight at hearing this good news.

"What do you say to my communication?" asked Mother Angélique.

"Since Mons. Garnier wishes it, I can but consent, Mother," replied the young girl, still casting down her eyes.

The abbess gazed at her with her usual clear and penetrating glance. "Allow me to ask you a question," she said. "Have you ever felt any attraction to the religious life?"

A smile rose to the young girl's lips. "Never, Mother, never;" and she raised her fine, truthful black eyes to those of the abbess.

A shadow passed over Mother Angélique's face. "I had always hoped," she said in a low tone, "that to all the other graces He has bestowed on you, God would have added that of calling you to be entirely His; and when listening to your singing, I have many a time dreamed it would be so." She paused a moment and then resumed: "You are going, then, to pass from your present hard and busy life to one which will be easy and most pleasurable. You are entering on a path beset with difficulties."

"I should not have thought so," said the young girl, smiling.

"You speak like a child. Pleasure is full of danger, and has never led to anything great," was the noble reply of the abbess. "All the saints agree in pronouncing privations to be worth far more than pleasure and enjoyment."

As if to impress this truth on Gizella's mind, she laid her hand on the child's head and gazed fixedly at her.

Even during the ungracious years of very early girlhood, the Mother had often remarked the face of this young lady, whose voice had the power of raising the good nun above the trials and sorrows of earth. At that period, however, the girl's thin pale face had possessed no other charm than that of its passionate and dreamy expression.

Time had gone on. The delicate child had grown strong; and her beauty, of which she was not conscious, had assumed a brilliant and striking character. Regretfully had the nun perceived this.

"The unfortunate child is just such a young girl as will be idolized in the world," said she to herself; and her heart filled with compassion, she traced the sign of the cross on the forehead of her young friend. This was the only form of caress

that she ever bestowed, and Gizella experienced great joy on receiving it.

"I will never forget you," pursued the abbess in her firm, sweet voice. "My thoughts, my prayers shall be with you wherever you may be; but, dear child, let me beseech you not to expect too much from the world and from life."

Gizella had the greatest respect for Mother Angélique and, in spite of the joy which overflowed her heart, was much impressed by these words.

"You speak," said she, somewhat troubled, "as if only difficulties and sorrows awaited me; but I shall not be alone to face the world. Mons. and Mme. Garnier have always shown me the greatest affection."

The abbess smiled at finding herself somewhat misunderstood and replied: "Mons. and Mme. Garnier merit all your gratitude and affection, for they love you as if you were their own daughter. My dear child, it is not indifference or neglect that I fear for you; you will be but too well loved, and therein lies your danger."

These words were uttered in a tone of tender, sincere pity, for Mother Angélique had a talent for expressing herself which almost amounted to eloquence. Nevertheless, an involuntary smile lit up the countenance of the young girl, and a bright, joyous glance flashed from her eyes. Her look was soon concealed beneath her heavy, richly fringed eyelids, but not before Mother Angélique had perceived that her own words had taken no effect; and this, for a moment made her pensive.

She knew well that the child, through her highly wrought nature, had far greater powers, both of loving and of suffering, than were possessed by more ordinary and less gifted natures. It seemed to her terrible that this lofty soul should come in contact with base realities, and she would have wished to see Gizella safe in a cloister.

"You are 16, are you not?" she asked.

"Sixteen and a half, Mother."

"You are particular about fractions," said the Mother, smiling. "Mons. Garnier has not kept me in ignorance of his designs concerning you, and speaks in very high terms of his son. No union, therefore, could appear to be better assorted. However, believe me, happiness is not to be found in this world, and loving hearts find even less of it than do others: loving hearts so quickly consume whatever falls to their share!"

"Still I would like to be happy," murmured Gizella.

"Do you know what happiness would do for you?" asked the abbess seriously. "It has been well said, happiness is like those intoxicating liquors which can only be safely taken in very small quantities and then much diluted. Let God do with you as He sees best; and if He wills to send you suffering" —

"Suffering!" exclaimed Gizella.

"Yes, suffering — that suffering which elevates the soul, which strengthens the heart, and which destroys all illusions, showing life to be short and evil. Illusions, my dear child, are but shadows that hide from us the thorns and issues of life. Happily," added she, with a touching pathos, "these shadows, contrary to all others, clear away at the approach of evening."

The sound of a bell, sweet and sad, reached their ears. "The bell for vespers," said the abbess, rising.

"Mons. Garnier told me he would fetch you to-morrow. Go and prepare your packages. I would like to hear your voice once more, therefore you will sing at mass to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER V.

Gizella Méliand hardly slept at all during her last night at Port Royal. A night-light shed its feeble rays through the dormitory. Around her, her companions were sleeping the quiet, deep sleep of youth, but Gizella lay awake counting the hours that struck from the tower-clock. She thought daylight would never break. However, day came at last, and at length also Mons. Garnier's carriage arrived.

Gizella bade grateful farewells to her mistresses, and then went up to the dormitory to change her dress. She was not vain, but still she felt great pleasure in laying aside her gray dress with its cape, and in assuming the elegant attire which Mme. Garnier had brought for her.

For the last time she gazed around the dormitory and let her eyes rest on her little bed. She then descended slowly, taking a last look at every object, as if to carry away with her the picture of a spot which she would never again behold.

A poetical sadness seemed to hang about the old cloister, the long corridors, and the stone staircases, the steps of which were worn away with the many feet, heavy and light, that had trodden them.

She felt desirous of beholding the church once more, and at that hour she was sure of finding no one there. As she knelt down, a thousand memories of the past came crowding on her mind. "My God," said she, weeping, "how many times have I sung Thy praises here!"

The oaken benches, the pine stalls for the nuns, the old, half-obliterated frescoes, the great black cross at the entrance of the burial-vault, all became beautiful under the enchantment of her farewell glance, and as she went round the choir she was overcome by her emotion. Mother Angélique's prayer-book was on the front of her stall. Gizella pressed it to her lips, and then after a final prayer she left the church calmly. Two nuns, each holding an enormous key, were waiting at the convent door.

"It is very sad opening the door to our Saint Cecilia who is leaving us," said the first in office, putting the key into the lock.

Mlle. Méliand saluted the two Sisters, who, drying their eyes, kissed her cheek.

"Farewell, Gizella, farewell!" exclaimed those of her companions who had followed her to the door. They surrounded her, and, half suffocated by their embraces, she tearfully sallied forth, promising to visit and to write.

CHAPTER VI.

The spirited horses were pawing the ground in the little courtyard; and as Mons. Garnier placed her in the carriage he said to her, "Mlle. Méliand, I am glad to fetch you away from here."

Night was falling when they arrived at Bois Belle, and Gizella could distinguish nothing clearly, but a thousand confused remembrances rushed to her mind.

Her guardian assisted her to alight and conducted her to the drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted to welcome her. After having installed her in a large arm-chair, he abandoned the light tone in

which he had previously addressed her, and said seriously and feelingly:

"My dear child, you are truly welcome under my roof, and I hope you will be happy here. That you may never inhabit any other home than this, is my dearest wish."

Gizella thanked him and felt moved to tears by his kind welcome.

"And now let us go to supper," said Mme. Garnier cheerfully, and in an instant she had relieved the young girl of her bonnet and mantle. The evening was passed by the fireside, and its tranquillity was delicious to Gizella.

The conversation fell chiefly on the one who was still absent, and Mme. Garnier made Gizella read his letters, and placed his portrait in her hands. Gizella could hardly contain herself for joy. The house where he had lived and to which he was about to return, seemed a terrestrial paradise to her. Her joy did not break out into words, but betrayed itself in her eyes, in her smile, and on her calm, beautiful brow.

Mme. Garnier experienced infinite pleasure in looking at the young girl, and easily read her heart. On finding herself alone with her, she said, stroking her lovely black hair, "Gizella, do you not find that Providence has arranged all things well?"

Mlle. Méliand smiled, and a slight blush mounted to her ordinarily pale cheek.

"When I went to fetch you, at your mother's death," continued Mme. Garnier gently, "you were deeply affected, and you wept your loss in a manner altogether extraordinary for so young a child. No matter what I said to you, you remained inconsolable, and in spite of my care you were fading away like a poor little uprooted plant. I can assure you that I was beginning to feel very uneasy about you, when all at once the idea occurred to me of sending for Charles from college."

"Do you remember what terrible weather it was when he arrived?" asked Gizella quickly. "I fancy I can still see his fair head all wet, his pretty schoolboy appearance, and the sweet, compassionate gaze which he fixed on me."

"He was a dear, lovable child, and I can still recall how attentively he listened to me when I told him you would die if he did not succeed in getting you to love him and to play with him. That evening, if you remember, I made you sup together at a little table before the fire."

"Ah! yes, I remember it!" said Gizella gayly, "and what a nice supper we had! How it happened I know not, but the dark gloom into which my mother's death had plunged me seemed to clear away. I liked him very much, and when supper was over we had a chat at the fireside, and soon became great friends. I confided all my woes to him, and he spoke to me of his First Communion and of Heaven, and his childish words penetrated into my heart like a genial warmth. I felt that a new bright light was dawning on my life."

"You already sang well, and you consented to sing something for him. He was proud of his success, and came whispering in my ear, 'She loves me! She loves me!' And he too already loved you so well that he cried heartily when he had to return to college."

Gizella listened, enraptured.

"When he had left," she said, "I had a strange, lonely feeling. The house and garden seemed terribly big, and there was a void everywhere."

Something in the tone of her voice went to the heart of Mme. Garnier,

who well knew that this girl loved nothing on earth like her son, and that these early impressions formed a part of that affection which she felt for the young man.

In spite of the 10 leagues she had driven in the open air, Mlle. Méliand was not sleepy ; but as Mme. Garnier thought she must be fatigued she soon led the way to the dainty room hung with rose-colored silk, which had been prepared for Gizella. "My dear child," said the good lady, kissing her young charge, "even disfigured as you have been in the convent costume, you are not by any means bad looking. Those tresses, plaited in the Port Royal fashion, make you look like a twelfth-century queen. No matter, to-morrow I will myself arrange your hair and dress you."

When Gizella found herself alone in her room, she could have cried with joy. Far too happy to think of sleeping, she opened one of her windows that led to the balcony ; but the surrounding country was plunged in darkness and, as at Port Royal, the sky alone was visible.

CHAPTER VII.

The following days were truly enchanting to Gizella. She was at that age of extreme sensibility when love seems to feed on all it meets, even on what would hardly seem akin to it. She was in the seventh heaven of delight and happiness. Her liberty, the open air, the sun, the spring, her own youth, all helped to intoxicate her and combined to heighten her approaching happiness.

"I am content and happy, more than happy," she wrote to one of her Port Royal companions. "It is so nice to see the horizon and gaze on the sun. Accustomed to the gloom of Port Royal, I had no idea of this lovely and brilliant light. I am in a constant state of delight. I long to be singing the whole time — endless hymns of praise rise to my lips ; and besides, I have such fine long dresses. I do not always resist the temptation of making cheeses ; but no one knows anything about it, and I am quite a grown-up person ; there is no doubt about that. My aunt even says that I have already exhausted one pleasure — that of growing up."

Charles' letters were not exactly all that Gizella could have wished. Even in those which pleased her on first reading them, she would afterwards discover something constrained, a tinge of sadness ; but this impression soon died out amid gladder and more exciting ones. Life was like a draught of sparkling champagne to the maiden of "sweet sixteen." She had moments of giddy gladness, of childish gayety, and would pass hours playing with Numa, Charles' big dog.

"But," Mons. Garnier would remark, "when one looks below the surface, one sees there is something serious in her." He took her to the museums, to the palaces, and made her visit many spots that are famous in history. A man of taste and of large means, the magistrate had made a lovely home of his country house. In this he had been ably seconded by his wife, who thoroughly understood the art of arranging furniture to the best advantage, making it harmonize with ornaments of all descriptions, so as to produce the finest effect. Gizella loved this beautiful villa, where everything combined to render life joyous. She could never sufficiently admire the verdant and flowery gardens, and would pass

hours in examining the pictures, furniture, and tapestry. "No more gratings, no more funereal inscriptions," she would say joyfully.

But in Charles Garnier's room there was a picture which made her pause and inspired her with serious thoughts. This picture, painted by a master-hand, represented St. Ignatius of Loyola gazing up at the heavens. "Charles is much attached to this picture," said Mme. Garnier to her one day when she found Gizella admiring it. "He is never tired of looking at it, and it seems to him as if the saint were about to say once more, 'Ah! how vile does the earth appear to those who look up to Heaven!'"

Certainly the good lady had no intention of saddening Gizella; nevertheless, her words had that effect. She perceived this, and stroking the young girl's black hair she added, smilingly: "Come, my dear, you must take things as they are. You already know that your future husband has strayed here from Heaven; and to be convinced of this, you need only look into his beautiful eyes, that are forever holding intercourse with an invisible world. But do not disturb yourself about that; the flame always tends upwards. Would you wish him to have an every-day heart?"

No, certainly Gizella desired no such thing, and asked herself whether she would love him so well if she looked up to him less.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a pleasant day of that same month of April, 1625, a man was coming out of the minister of state's office in Paris.

He was a finely built, robust man, with a noble countenance. His complexion bore evidence of his having been much exposed to the ardor of the sun's rays. His fine, large, black eyes imparted great brilliancy to his sunburnt and somewhat anxious-looking face. He appeared to be in the vigor of his age, and wore the uniform of an officer in the Royal Navy.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, he crossed the minister's ante-chambers without looking at any one; but he stopped on arriving at the principal staircase and, leaning his hands on the balustrade, he raised his head and gazed straight before him. Away across the far-stretching city which lay at his feet, the palace of the Louvre might be seen through a regular forest of steeples, pillars, and cupolas; and on this palace floated a white flag bestrewed with golden lilies. It was on this flag, heedless of aught else, that the sailor fixed his eager eyes, a look of ardent love lighting up his noble and serious countenance. With a quick step he descended the staircase, and, entering a carriage which was awaiting him, ordered the driver to proceed to the village of Auteuil, to Bois Belle.

A young and charming woman was already seated in the carriage, and was evidently tired of waiting there. On perceiving her, the sailor smiled, and his smile was so charming that the lady brightened up immediately.

"I have been longer than I expected. How did you manage to wait so long?"

The lady wrapped her mantle about her and replied gayly: —

"Do not try to humiliate me. You know very well that there are limits to my patience."

"Then, my dear wife, never try

to interest a minister in a national work for the national benefit." He said these words with ill-concealed dejection, and seating himself by her side gathered his mantle round him. The horses set off at full galop, and, after a moment's pause, the lady said to her companion, still looking at him: "It is a great pity that you smile so rarely, for you have such a pleasant one."

"Really?" said he, laughing.

"Yes, really; as your friends the Hurons would say, your smile is like a sunbeam piercing the clouds."

"You ought not to employ metaphors," he replied, "for a civilized man can understand flattery without their aid. Besides, one may well be excused for not smiling too often when one is struggling with the fur traffickers here, and the Iroquois out in Canada, while one meets with nothing but indifference from those in power."

He bent his head down and remained thoughtful. His wife laid her hand on his shoulder and raising herself to the height of his ear, whispered softly: "In spite of one and all of them you will succeed about your New France."

The sailor was encouraged by the evident conviction with which she spoke and which was reflected on her sweet face. His gloomy countenance cleared, and fixing his penetrating eyes on the frail-looking creature by his side who had ventured to answer for the future, he pressed her hand with silent but powerful emotion.

"I, too, feel confidence in the future, but indeed I have to bear a heavy load and to face great trials that almost discourage me."

"Would that I could bear your burden for you; would that I could take on myself what you have to suffer through the baseness and inaptitude of others."

He laughed gently and replied: "I would be very sorry for you, and even already feel inclined to commiserate you, for, like other women, you must necessarily love a quiet life."

"The greatest charm of life," she quickly said, interrupting him, "is being able to admire what one loves; and if you doubt my assertion, I shall say that you know more about forests and oceans than about a woman's heart."

"Dear child," he replied, more delighted than he allowed to appear, "you should not speak thus to your old husband. Do you know that at times I would wish to have nothing else to do than to love you?"

"Such times must pass quickly and return seldom," she replied gayly. "There is too much heroic and adventurous blood in your veins to allow you to remain contentedly at your fireside."

"My fireside! Ah! if you only knew how dear it is to me when you are there! Do you remember our evenings at the *habitation** and at Fort St. Louis?"

"I can recall every moment I have passed with you."

"You are flattering me terribly, but no matter. It was so nice to have you with me in that wild solitude — to find you of an evening awaiting me at our own fireside, on the hearth on which there were always some blazing logs."

"And then and there to talk incessantly of New France," she put in banteringly.

He took no notice of this raillery

* The name given to Champlain's residence during the infancy of Quebec.

on her part, but, altogether taken up with her last words, exclaimed, "New France! New France! It sounds like a dream, a poetic dream — as I have been sometimes told disparagingly; but, some day in the future, this dream will be a magnificent reality! May God grant it; and as you were saying just now, in spite of all obstacles, there *will* be a New France. Yes, in that new Canadian land I will implant the old-time honor, the old-time faith of France, and I will implant them so deeply that the deeds of heroism I shall have sown will take root and germinate, and never be uprooted till all else shall be overturned and destroyed."

He pronounced these words with overpowering energy and emphasis, and then leaning back in the carriage did not speak again; but it was easy to see that his thoughts were no longer sad, that mentally he was clearing away all obstacles. His companion did not attempt to arouse him from his abstraction.

For a long time the carriage followed the high road and then turned into a narrow, winding avenue bordered by large trees. At the extremity, across the springing verdure, stood a lovely old villa of Italian style, the flat roof of which was ornamented with shrubs.

"Here we are at Bois Belle," said the lady. The mariner roused himself and looked round him. The villa, bathed in sunlight and surrounded by verdure, presented a singularly agreeable and peaceful aspect.

"Oh, the charm of rest!" he murmured. He sprang from the carriage and helped his wife to alight. An instant afterwards they were announced as Mons. and Mme. Champlain.

(*To be continued.*)

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

GRANT me, O Lord, not envied wealth or power,
Nor strength of body battling fell disease,
But wisdom low Thy blessed will to please,
And grace to conquer in the trying hour.

Plant in my soul the seeds of every flower
That blooms in virtue's soil; and chief 'mong these,
Sweet self-abasement. May it e'er increase!
And other blessings on me needful shower.

Walking the way of thorns Thyself hast traced,
Bearing the cross which Thou Thyself hast borne,
Suff'ring the stripes by which thy Flesh was torn,—
Drinking the dregs which bitter Thou didst taste,
Be such my life, and happy shall I be,
When I, Thy follower, shall bide with Thee.

THE OLD NORRIDGEWOCK BELL.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

ALONG a foot-road that ran across a narrow plain, then over wooded hills and through brook-worn hollows, strode two persons, a white man and an Indian. Both carried guns, and wore hunting knives in their belts. The white man had a hatchet also. On their right, through the trees, glimmered the river; its strong and steady flow indicated by the murmur of the waves sharply dashing along the shore.

"Rivière turn now, an' go 'bout Naurautsouak," remarked the Indian; his French and English curiously blended with his own Abnakis vernacular. "Best go through to farrer side."

The shadows of the wooded hills threw all the lower ground into shade. Only here and there a streak of sunshine played upon the dark surface of the river. The pair had walked far that day, following the Indian trail up the Kennebec from Cushnoc (the site of the present city of Augusta), and both cast themselves for a few moments' rest on the green turf of the river bank.

"Jesu!" cried the Indian, as the sound of a small tower bell, slowly ringing, penetrated the solitude. "Bell ring sancte," and he rose upon his knees from his reclining posture.

The sound of a bell in this wilderness seemed strange to his white companion, as it was known in that period in few even of the white men's villages. His swarthy fellow traveller, too, showed him a form and fervency of devotion to which he was a stranger. The sound ceased in a few minutes; and the Indian then told him that the bell was on the Indians' church in the village (Naurautsouak), and that when it rang in this manner all the congregation were at prayer. The tones of the bell seemed the very voice of peace; and at this time its tale was true to the fact; for the Indians and the English had ceased from hostilities. The white man had come from the settlements, guided by the friendly Indian, to find his young brother who had not been among the prisoners restored, according to treaty, to their families.

In the morning a loud ringing of the bell called the villagers to the chapel, and following the procession of tawny worshippers, the white man approached the edifice. It was a solid structure of hewn logs, and above the porch rose a small tower in which swung the bell — sent to the mission by its patrons in France.

When the settler ventured a step within the door, he beheld the plain wooden halls hung with bright pictures of the Saviour on the Cross, of the Blessed Virgin, and of St. Peter and St. John, while the chancel was decorated with crosses and illumined with candles. Before the altar stood the priest of the mission, the Jesuit Father Rale, celebrating Mass for his dusky congregation. When he raised from the altar the small

silver plate on which rested the wafer to be consecrated, the bell in the little tower began to ring, the strokes continuing at intervals, until the priest had partaken of the sacrament.

Neither history nor tradition tells whether the settler found his brother; but the first informs us of the fate of the church, and the latter, of the fortunes of its bell. Only a few years later another war arose; and in 1724 a strong force of English, from Massachusetts and southern Maine, attacked the village, killing many of the inhabitants and the heroic priest, while many old men, women, and children were drowned in trying to escape across the river. The bell went down amid the flames that consumed the building, and was buried in its embers.

Two days later, when the grief-stricken remnant of the tribe learned that the English had left the vicinity, a few ventured to return to the ruins of their pleasant village to recover whatever of value had escaped destruction. Among others came an Indian lad, an acolyte of the church, who had been carefully taught by the dead priest.

The ruins of the church where he had so many times assisted at the service were the chief object of his thought. The sacred silver vessels, so precious in his eyes, he hoped might not have been wholly melted in the flames; but all his search availed not to find a trace of them. In digging among the ruins, however, he struck against the fallen bell, and eagerly removing the loose and scarcely cool material, he lifted it from the ashes. The wooden yoke had been burned away, but the metal was unmelted and unbroken. In a strange spirit of secretiveness, he called no one to his aid, and said naught of his discovery, and when the shades of night had fallen upon the scene, he came alone to the sacred spot; and passing stout thongs of birch twigs through the eyelet of the bell, he drew it upon his back, and walked heavily and stealthily into the shadowy forest.

In the morning the lad was seen in a wigwam with his accustomed companions; but no one knew whither he had been wandering, nor under what burden his young back had bent. Later, when a few families of this tribe rebuilt their wigwams and resumed their residence on the old site, the ashes of the church were ransacked for the bell, but it was unexpectedly found to be missing. A little to soften the sorrow of the lonely survivors of the disaster, the lad at length informed them of having carried the bell away; but as long as he lived he refused to reveal its hiding-place. To all questions in regard to it he would reply that the bell was safe; and he more than once added, "Maybe Indian hear ringing matins some moon for big village."

If the sanguine boy looked forward to the building of another church by his people, his last years must have been saddened by hope long deferred; for no church has since arisen at Indian Old Point; and if the sound of a church bell in the neighboring villages reaches the spot, it is of one calling together the worshippers of another religion.

. . . . . .

The war of 1812–14 was over, and the disbanded militia of Maine scattered to the pursuit of their several vocations. Again the sharp buzzing of the mill-saws was heard on the rivers, and the blows of the woodchopper's axe resounded along the banks. One of these axemen,

looking for trees for mill-logs, wandered through the noble wood which still borders the river above the site of the former Indian village.

The woodchopper trudging along with axe on shoulder, took no note of the subtle rhythm of the woods and waters, but went busily on scanning the trees for the purpose he had in view. Suddenly he came upon a huge maple, recently uprooted by a heavy wind, and an object protruding from the upturned mass of soil and roots attracted his attention. It was like the top of a kettle, and seemed to be mere rusty mould. He struck it lightly with the back of his axe, and started at hearing the ring of metal. Then he dug away the dirt which enveloped the object, and pried it out with his axe handle. It was a bell, mouldy and rust-eaten, but unbroken and complete, with an iron tongue that rattled against the sides as the bell rolled from its position along the ground. It was the hidden bell of the Indian church. The hole it left in the roots proved, on inspection, to be continuous, with a hollow in the trunk of the great tree; and this had been its place of concealment for almost a century.

A few weeks later the bell was carried to the present charming village of Norridgewock, a few miles down the river; whence, before many months, it was removed to Brunswick, becoming the property of the Maine Historical Society. Suspended in a rude wooden frame, it remained many years in a dark room of the building used by the Maine Medical School.

From its dark recess in the college it finally passed to the new building of the Historical Society in Portland, where it now rests, — an object of interest to the visitor, and impressing the mind of the meditative with suggestive thoughts and pictures of the tragic historic events which preceded its long sylvan seclusion.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

THE hermit thrush of singers, few might draw
  So near his ambush in the solitude
As to be witness of the holy awe
  And passionate sweetness of his singing mood.
Not oft he sang, and then in ways apart,
  Where foppish ignorance might not intrude
To mar the joy of his sufficing art.

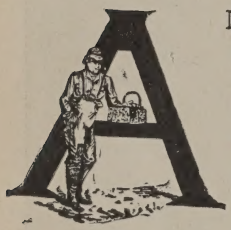
Only for love of song he sang, unbid
  And unexpectant of responsive praise;
But they that loved and sought him where he hid,
  Forbearing to profane his templed ways,
Went marvelling if that clear voice they heard,
  Pass thrilling through the hushed religious maze,
Were of a spirit singing or a bird.

ŒDIPUS AND ANTIGONE.

Antigone, the paragon of pagan filial piety, soothed the wanderings of her blind father Œdipus, when the latter was driven from his throne by his other children. The original picture was painted by Emil Teschendorff, a pupil of Piloty in Munich.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY LAWRENCE F. FLICK, M. D.



MONG the many excellent Catholic organizations that have sprung up in the United States during the last few years, the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia occupies a unique position, not only by reason of the scope of work which it has laid down for itself, but also because of the great success which has attended its efforts. Its history is a complete refutation of the charge, made by some and formulated in the minds of others, that Catholics do not take interest in Catholic educational movements. In illustration of its progress as compared with other organizations of a similar character, Protestant as well as secular, I may cite the fact that it has already, in the eleventh year of its existence, outgrown its present quarters, which were occupied and found amply large by a secular association of similar aims, for 40 years. Nor has the development of its library been the only evidence of its prosperity; it has outstripped most other organizations in the increase of its membership, and it has rivalled many in the wealth and usefulness of the matter in its publications.

The inception of the Society was the crystallization of the individual enthusiasm of a few men who had for some years previous devoted themselves, alone and spasmodically, to Catholic historical research. These gentlemen, scarcely numbering half a dozen, came together in the city of Philadelphia, on July 4, 1884, and issued a call for organization to which their own signatures and those of a few friends were attached. In response to this call a meeting was held on July 22, when an organization was formed. During the first year or two of the Society's existence, the efforts of the few enthusiasts attracted but little attention, and it was as much as they could do to keep their forces together. However, by hard work and persistent endeavor, they succeeded in breaking down the prejudice which they encountered everywhere, and in securing for themselves at least an opportunity to be heard in regard to the work they had undertaken. To these few men Catholic Americans owe a debt of gratitude the full weight of which will only be appreciated in future years.

On April 30, 1885, the Society

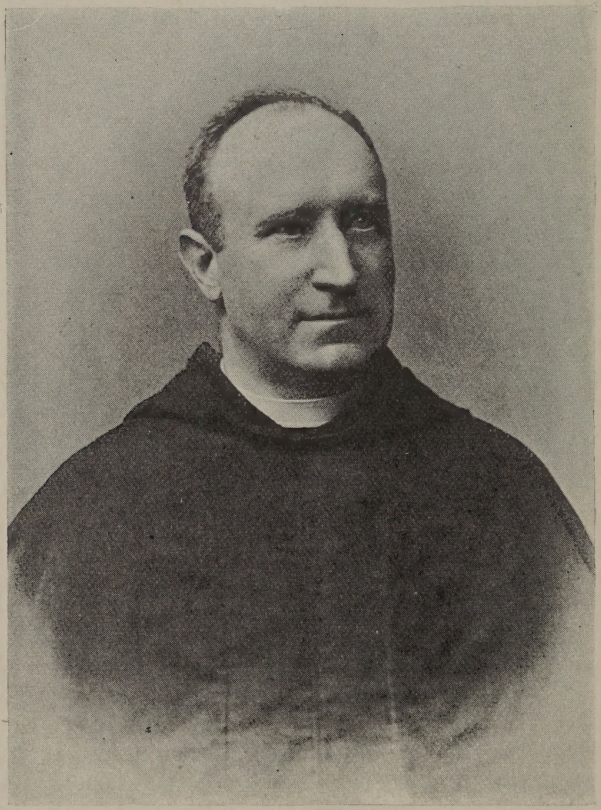
RT. REV. IGNATIUS F. HORSTMANN, D. D.
Bishop of Cleveland. Second President of the Society.

held its first public meeting, at which His Grace Archbishop Ryan presided, and papers were read by Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O. S. A., and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Robert Seton. On Dec. 26, of the same year, a charter was procured in the courts of Philadelphia, and the Society thereby became an incorporated body. On July 10, 1886, our Holy Father, Leo XIII., extended his blessing to the Society and its members, and on Sept. 6 of the same year, His Grace Archbishop Ryan gave his formal approbation to the Society's work. By these few formalities it may be said the Society obtained its right to exist. It, however, had not yet made much progress, for at this time it numbered less than a hundred members.

Early in 1887, in spite of the discouragements it had met with, the Society issued its first volume of "Records," an octavo volume of 388 pages, full of interesting Catholic historical matter. The publication of this volume was begun with scarcely a dollar in the treasury, but proved to be the beginning of the Society's prosperity. Since 1887, it has published two annual volumes of "Records," and has established an historical magazine which is now beginning its third year. In

the five volumes which the Society has given to the public it has not only recorded much interesting Catholic history, but has published many documents which had never seen the light before, and whose publicity are necessary for writing the history of the Church. Many of the articles published have received most favorable comment, and there is reason to believe that the publication as a whole has created a taste for Catholic history, and to a considerable extent has stimulated the production of Catholic literature.

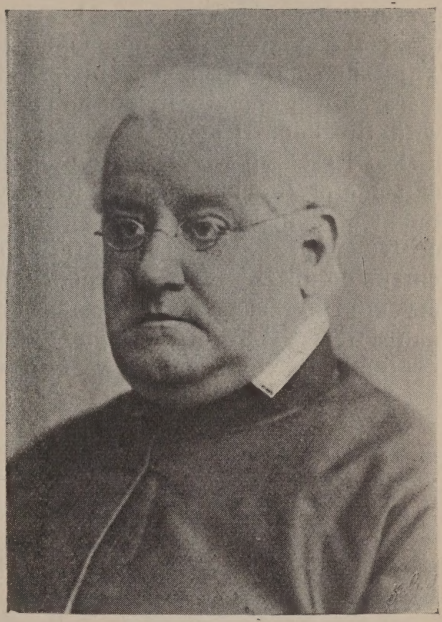
In its library department the Society has made even greater progress and shows more useful results than in its publications. During the ten years of its existence it has collected and arranged for use a library of many of the rarest Catholic historical books and pamphlets, which constitute an excellent working library for Catholic literary purposes. Among the books that have been collected there are not a few Catholic Americana the existence of which were not known to Catholic bibliophiles until they had been discovered and placed on record by the Society. The greatest wealth of the library probably consists in Catholic pamphlets, the preservation of which



VERY REV THOS. C. MIDDLETON, O. S. A., D. D.
First President of the Society.

is of much importance, because of the light which they frequently throw upon obscure points in Catholic history, and because of the danger of their being lost, owing to the unstable condition in which they are usually put forth. Next in importance to the collection of pamphlets is the collection of Catholic manuscripts, letters, and leaflets. Of these a great many have fallen into the Society's hands, and on many occasions bundles have been secured which, when arranged, turned out to be complete biographies of Catholic men and women who played important parts not only in the growth of the Catholic Church in this country but in the development of the social and political condition of the country as well.

Possibly the most far-reaching result of the ten years' effort of the Society has been the creation of the machinery necessary for the performance of its work. Without anything to go by, or any other society to copy from, an organization has been built up, extending over the entire country, and capable of dealing comprehensively with the great work of bringing into existence a specifically Catholic American literature. The Society has now in the neighborhood of 2,000 members, representing nearly every state in the Union and even Canada, and embodying within itself much of the talent, standing, and influence of the Church throughout the country. It carries on its roll men and women of literary ability, who can give us a Catholic literature, and others of wealth and influence which need only to be united and properly directed to supply the requisite facilities for the production of such a literature. It has in Philadelphia a well-organized following of men and women thoroughly alive to the importance of the work before them,



REV. P. A. JORDAN, S. J.
SIGNER OF THE CALL FOR ORGANIZATION.

and willing to make sacrifices in the prosecution of their undertaking. The Board of Management, as now constituted, is made up of men and women whose standing in the community is in itself a guarantee of earnest endeavor and prosperous results. Their efforts are, morever, enthusiastically supported by an auxiliary committee of women which comprises all the women members in the city, and is in itself a force powerful enough to accomplish any purpose.

Members in other localities, who are willing to take an active interest, are to be organized into sub-committees on historical research and into women's auxiliary committees, so that in their respective communities the usefulness of the Society may be extended, and its spirit

kept alive by stimulating investigation on Catholic historical subjects, and encouraging the collection and preservation of documents bearing upon the history of the Church. The sub-committees on historical research will operate in conjunction with the home Committee on Historical Research which is composed of some of the most active literary talent in Philadelphia. To this committee with its sub-committees is entrusted all the research and literary effort of the Society as an organization. Its full development as contemplated by the by-laws of the Society will make it a most powerful lever in the great work of establishing a Catholic American literature.

In the home management of the Society there are also other well-organized departments having charge of the publication, the library and cabinet, the finances, and the hall. Each of these departments is equipped so as to perform thoroughly the work entrusted to it. Their work is entirely executive and necessarily local, but they play a most important part in the stability of the Society's make-up. The Hall Committee, in the pursuance of its

Wm. J. Campbell, M. D. Ph. D., Martin I. J. Griffin, Francis T. Furey,
Charles H. A. Esling, Francis Reuss.

SIGNERS OF THE CALL FOR ORGANIZATION.

Miss Sallie A. Moore, Treasurer. | Mrs. Richard P. White, Chairman. | Mrs. T. F. Halvey, Secretary.

OFFICERS OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

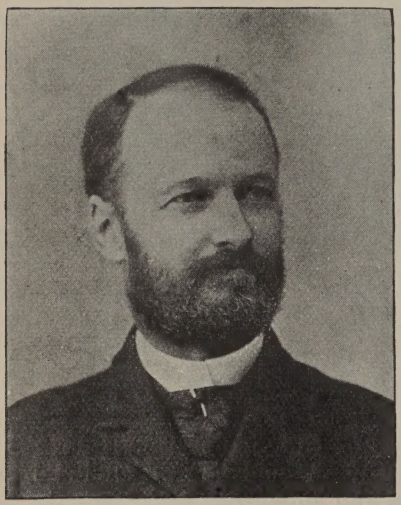
special work of raising a Hall Fund with which to provide a fireproof building for the library, has inaugurated movements under the direction of the Board of Management, which not only have been and will be instrumental in raising funds, but are powerful forces in the general work of higher Catholic education. It has now under way a course of illustrated lectures on Catholic historical subjects which will be a new departure in Catholic education, and will serve as a stimulus to bring into this field the best Catholic talent of the country.

This course of lectures will be made an annual feature of the Society's work, and will be given not only in Philadelphia, but, where possible, in other large cities. Thus it will be seen that the machinery of the Society has been well built up, and has demonstrated itself capable of doing the organization's work. The organization of such machinery has been no small task, and its accomplishment in the short time of the Society's existence is in reality an evidence of Divine blessing and support.

What has been accomplished so far may be accepted as an indication of what can be done in the future. If the same line of action which has been followed during the past 10 years is continued, and the work of the Society is properly brought before the Catholic people throughout the country there can be no doubt as to the result. Every intelligent Catholic must be in accord and hearty sympathy with the work which the Society has laid down for itself, and while men may differ about plans and methods, all will be glad to coöperate in any concerted effort which promises success. Of the few organizations that have entered this field of labor the American Catholic Historical Society is at the present time the only one that can show stability and point to such a record of usefulness as will warrant confidence and support.

It now remains to state concisely

the scope of work and ultimate objects of the Society, as they are understood by its Board of Managers and implied in its fundamental laws. In logical sequence the purposes



DR. LAWRENCE F. FLICK.
Present President of the Society.

of the Society may be set down as being, first, to gather and properly house a complete Catholic reference library; secondly, to write the history of the Catholic Church in America; thirdly, to create a distinctively Catholic American literature; and fourthly to keep more prominently before the public the activity of the Catholic Church in the interests of humanity and morality, and to stamp upon current literature an impress of Catholic views and doctrine on the many important questions which concern the happiness of the human family at the present day. These various purposes hang so closely together that the accomplishment of one implies the prosecution of the others.

Literature is so essentially dependent for its inspiration on the deeds of those who have gone before us that a preservation of the documents recording those deeds is the first step in any comprehensive scheme for its production. If American Catholics wish to accomplish anything in literature they must, therefore, first of all, have a Catholic reference library. And what should such a library contain? Everything that can be of interest or value to a Catholic writer. It should be a storehouse of Catholic information from which inspiration and ammunition for any form of Catholic writing can be readily and speedily obtained. It should contain the data for Catholic history, the plots for Catholic novels, the inspiration for Catholic poems, the ammunition for Catholic controversy. In it the historian, the novelist, the poet, the controversialist, and the journalist should find everything he may need to enable him to do his work.

As Catholics alone were active on the American continent during the first century after its discovery, many of the most valuable Americana are necessarily Catholic. Indeed, all our information about the primitive condition of the American Indian, the primeval state of the American forests and rivers, and of its animal and vegetable kingdoms have come to us from Catholic sources. Many of the early Catholic missionaries were men of great learning and keen powers of observation, and their records form the basis of the vast literature which has sprung up about the condition of the American continent, and its inhabitants before its settlement by Europeans.

Catholics have probably entered this field too late to be able to gather all these treasures under one roof, but by watchfulness and

promptitude they may secure a great many. Some of the valuable collections that have been made by individuals during the last half century will again go under the hammer. Then, if Catholics are in a position to compete, they may get possession of them. An idea can be formed of the value of such collections from the price that is being asked for one of them now in the market, viz., $400,000. Of this particular collection probably three fourths are Catholic, an indication of the wealth of Catholic Americana. An examination of any of the catalogues of the large book dealers in Europe will show a surprising richness in the same kind of literature. While Catholics, therefore, may not be able to gather everything in the line of Catholic Americana which ought to be in a Catholic reference library, they can nevertheless make a collection which will be unique and one of the most valuable in the world. It is from these books and documents that the history of the Catholic Church in America prior to colonial days will have to be written.

Such a library should not only contain everything in the way of documents and books that is Catholic and American, but everything that can be of use or interest, or a source of inspiration to Catholic Americans. In such a library the Catholic American should not only be able to point with pride to every record of the deeds of his co-religionists in his own fair land, but to an objective refutation of the many slanders that have been hurled against the intellectual activity of the Church during the Middle Ages. Why should not Catholic Americans enter into competition with the progressive intellectual world for the possession of those sacred evidences of the strong faith and ardent zeal of the holy men and women who during the struggle of Christianity for a foothold in Europe, not only courageously saved what has been handed down to us of pagan learning, but opened up new avenues of human thought and directed the human mind along a nobler and more successful course to human happiness? The creation of a library of such vast proportions is, of course, a gigantic undertaking, but surely not beyond the power of Catholic Americans.

Concomitantly with the establishment of a Catholic reference library, the Society aims to stimulate the production of a Catholic American literature. Such a literature must be broad enough to cover every want. It must fill the field of history, fiction, poetry, controversy, and science. It must furnish Catholic food for every taste and every capacity. Catholics must be given an opportunity to imbibe their religion with their intellectual recreation as well as with their intellectual athletics. By this is not meant that they should always read pious books, or that everything they read should contain Catholic dogma, but that it should be possible for every phase of human knowledge and thought to come to them through Catholic channels.

In these days of marvellous capacity and performance of the printing-press, literature in the broad sense, which implies everything read by the people, is a most potent factor for good or for evil. It is the universal educator after school-days, and often completely eradicates or remodels school day education. It fashions and directs public opinion; it colors and modifies

ethics; it influences religious thought and shapes public morals. To a great degree it has supplanted environment in its influence upon the individual. It has unarmed the orator and weakened the power of the preacher. It sways the world more arbitrarily than did ever prophet or general. Even Mammon adores at its shrine. So subtle, so insinuating is its influence that men's characters are moulded by it and their conduct shaped by it even when they profess to contemn it. A power of such magnitude should not be neglected by Catholics.

It is to be feared that in the past, Catholic Americans have not sufficiently appreciated its influence, either upon themselves or the world at large. It cannot be gainsaid that many Catholics, by reason of their associations and the literature which they make their daily mental food have grown so "liberal" that they no longer appreciate the great treasure of Catholic faith of which they are the happy possessors and responsible guardians. In their hypercriticism of Catholic doctrine, their carping at Catholic discipline and their over-generous apologies for social sins that are the legitimate offspring of more indifferent religious beliefs, they give forcible evidence of the influence which the social and literary atmosphere in which they live has had upon their maturer religious education. Had their minds been nurtured upon Catholic intellectual food during adult life, had they acquired their knowledge from Catholic sources, they would more thoroughly understand their religion and appreciate to the full its potent influence and power for making life noble and happy.

Literature, to be palatable, must smack of the soil in which men live. The people of the United States are an entirely new product of civilization. They differ in every particular from all other peoples. Their traditions, customs, laws, aspirations, education, in short, everything that appertains to their pursuit of happiness, is different. Literature must therefore be a product of their own history to meet their wants and have a power over them. Hence, a Catholic literature must be essentially American to answer the purposes of Catholic Americans. One of the ear marks of the Divine origin of the Catholic Church is her adaptability to the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of a people wherever they live and whatever their conditions of life. Many of the customs, social as well as political, which are exemplified in European Catholic literature, are most unpalatable to Catholic Americans, not because of any moral question involved, but because of inability to understand the spirit and motives underlying them. Catholic Americans therefore should have a literature which is not only Catholic but American.

The question will, no doubt, now be asked, *can* Catholic Americans produce the literature here outlined, and which every one will concede they ought to have? That Catholics have the ability, the means, and the power to accomplish such a literature will certainly not be questioned. It is entirely a matter of a proper understanding of the subject and organized effort. The history of the American Catholic Historical Society, as far as it has been developed, is a fair assurance that the work can be accomplished.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE BARREL.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR.

IN the beautiful days of chivalry, there lived in Brittany a powerful baron who had taken his chevalier's oaths in a contrary way. Instead of defending the feeble, he oppressed them. Instead of succoring the widow and the orphan, he robbed them. Instead of venerating the pilgrim, he brutally closed his door on him; if he could have had any profit from it, he would have taken his staff from him; and if there had been anything in his wallet, he would have emptied it with a good heart. Those with goods to sell dared not venture near his dwelling; for they knew that this fierce watcher, always on the lookout, would rush upon them. As to the poor serfs, they trembled in thinking of him, and it was only very softly that they uttered his dreaded name, — so softly that it has not come to us. None raised a voice in his presence — except the raven or the owl. None saluted him in passing except the vulture — his compeer. As soon as he appeared in his vast halls, his valets seemed petrified, the chevaliers of his suite felt their courage leave them, and the turnspit stopped of itself.

One day — it was Good Friday — the baron arose the first, and made a great commotion to awaken his servants. When they were all assembled before him, he commanded in his loudest voice that they prepare a splendid feast, and that they go out and invite the neighboring lords to partake of it. Scandalized by such a design on such a day, the domestics looked at one another, and each seemed to say to his neighbor, "It is for you to speak." In the group of chevaliers it was the same thing.

At last the most aged of them took courage to say to the savage baron: —

"Do not think that we shall participate in this impious banquet, and that we shall rejoice with you while the Church is weeping for its sins at the feet of its crucified Lord! We intend going to-day to consult a holy hermit who dwells in the neighboring forest. Will you come with us? You have hitherto given all of your days to the devil. For once give an hour to God."

Here the old chevalier believed that his last hour was come, so terrible was the glance of the enraged baron. But suddenly he became calm and burst into a fit of laughter! Ah! What a laugh! The osprey was awakened by it, and flew into the great hall with a cry which frightened every one except the terrible baron.

"So be it, my lords! March! I am willing," said he. "It is not that I trouble myself over your Pater Nosters; but I am rejoiced to see your contrite faces and to assist at your genuflections."

All mounted their horses; and

when the last chevalier had disappeared behind the trees, a general sigh of satisfaction was heard in the manor. For the first time in years one dared to speak aloud.

The baron gambolled along, singing in a full voice refrains which would have made the boldest blush, while his companions prayed God to touch that hardened heart.

At last, arrived at the door of the rustic chapel, "Go on, go on, my lords," cried he. "I will await you here. What have I to do within? If I could go over my life I would not change anything in it."

So saying, he overthrew with his sword a little nest of moss half hidden in a bush. There arose then from the branches so plaintive a lamentation that a robin which was celebrating the springtime, stopped short in the middle of its song, and an old rook with a white head cried out in indignation. The baron did not notice. He had another care.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "who knows but that at this moment some rich merchant is passing my manor. I shall have lost my day."

Meanwhile the chevaliers came out of the chapel, the hermit following them. The peace of heaven was on his brow. He advanced with a gentle and humble air toward the baron, saying to him in a moved tone: —

"To-day, my lord, the Church is celebrating the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. I, his unworthy servant, come to beg you, in His name, to have pity on your poor soul. Tell me, will you not obtain a pardon from the King of kings?"

"What are you saying of pardon?" quickly interrupted the baron. "Know that I owe no account to your Christ nor to you for my actions. I have found them good. That is enough."

"Alas, my lord, think well. There is still time. But if you tire the patience of God, a day will come when you will seek it in vain and then" —

"And then?" laughed the baron. "Finish! You wish to speak of hell, do you not? Know that I do not fear it. Would your God dare to condemn me to it?"

"Miserable one!" cried the monk, "if you do not change, your victims will salute you in the name of the accursed at your arrival in the eternal life, and God will not have need to tell you your terrible lot."

The baron ceased laughing. "Oh then," said he rudely, "what ought I to do? Think you that heaven may be opened to me? Speak, and a truce to a long discourse."

"You must first," said the hermit, "confess your sins. Then you will fill that little cask which you see at the entrance of the chapel. That done, I shall teach you the way to heaven, and your heart will be joyful."

"If you are mocking me," cried the baron in a voice of thunder, "you shall pay dearly for it. My lords," added he, addressing the chevaliers who were praying for him, "come and listen to the recital of my life. Woe to him who interrupts me, unless it is to say 'well done.'"

Certainly the man of God had heard more than one terrible confession, for more than one brigand had come to him, weeping and beating his breast, to confess his remorse. But he trembled as much as the chevaliers at that long enumeration of crimes of all sorts. The baron had done everything except one good action. When he had related all, or I should say, when he had finished the history of one day selected at hazard (they were all as much alike as sisters born at the

same hour), he took the little cask and rolled it toward the fountain, which ceased to murmur on perceiving this sombre visage where disdain and wrath were reflected in turn. With a bold hand he plunged the little barrel into the water, but, strange to say, not a drop entered it.

"You have corked your old barrel, detestable hermit," cried he.

He quickly introduced a twig of hazel into the narrow opening, turning it round and round. That done, he again essayed to fill the barrel, but — would you believe it? — without better success than before. Then, his eyes flaming, and his face purple, he cried: —

"I have vowed it, cursed monk. I will fill the barrel; and I will know your secret. If you are playing with me, woe to you!"

And jumping on his horse, he rode furiously away. He paused when he reached the seashore. The waves were coming in with a great noise. They were again clashing against the granite cliffs which they beset in vain each day; and when they sank back exhausted on themselves, they seemed calling to their aid the billows which whitened the horizon.

The baron plunged his barrel into the agitated water, but not a drop entered it. He went farther and farther still; he was almost carried away by the waves. Vain labor. The barrel remained empty. Then he recommenced his frenzied course across the fields and hills, his ears open to the least murmur which would reveal a spring to him. Alas! still the cask remained empty. Furious and desperate, he went over in his mind all of the monk's words.

"I have it!" he cried suddenly. "Ah — ah — my father, it was not water which you wished in your barrel, but some beautiful gold pieces with which to build a chapel! Very well, you shall have them. And when I know your secret, you shall die. I swear it."

So saying he put spurs to his horse and regained his manor. He quickly collected all of his gold and silver pieces near the barrel, with the pearl collars and precious armlets which he had taken from some merchants. All passed through the narrow opening of the little cask. All! and singular thing, it was not yet filled.

The baron returned to search his chests. Then when he could find nothing more in his great coffers, neither a single gold piece, nor a single pearl, nor one ruby, nor a piece of brass, he broke his silver ewers, and angrily threw the pieces into the barrel and raised it in his arms to carry it to the hermit. But what surprise! All the treasures remained on the ground, and the barrel was empty!

The baron tore his hair, stormed, howled, struck the little cask with his clenched hand, and ran to the hermitage.

The old monk was torn from his devotions by a rude hand beating him on the shoulder, and by the most terrible imprecations which ever came out of the mouth of a sinner.

"Your last hour has come," said the baron at last, in a voice choking with anger. "You will finish your prayers in heaven or in hell," and he drew his long sword from its sheath.

"Strike," said the monk softly. "I should die with joy if I dared hope that this fresh crime would make repentance enter your heart."

The baron let his sword fall on the turf, and remained motionless, his eyes fixed, and his air frightened.

What had he then seen? Ah! something truly frightful — his soul! For the first time he beheld it, and suddenly that chevalier who had never known fear began to tremble like a child. It seemed to him that a band of iron was encircling his heart and was choking him, while the sun vanished, and from the midst of the shadows menacing voices were raised and cried to him, "You are cursed."

"Mercy," he feebly sighed; "Lord, pardon! Lord, have mercy!"

Then a tear fell from his eye — a tear of anguish, a tear of repentance all brilliant, which hollowed a furrow in his cheek.

"O my son!" said the hermit, pressing the humbled sinner in his arms. "Look at the barrel now!"

Marvellous! That single tear had filled it.

But no joy appeared on the baron's brow. He still wept, and still repeated, "Mercy, Lord! Have pity!"

"O my son," cried the monk, 'he has already had pity on you. Turn your thoughts away from yourself, and raise them to Him. I have promised to teach you the way to heaven. Listen. The way — it is to receive you in His heart that He extends his arms on the cross, and it is to listen to your sighing that He inclines his thorn-crowned head towards you. Fear no longer. He has expiated all for us. It is in His blood that He will wash your soul. On your knees! Bless the God of your deliverance!"

The baron still wept, but for joy. Oh, joy of safety, — what words could express it!

"My Saviour," cried he, "I am yours. I give myself to you. From henceforth you are my master, my king, my refuge, my hope, my happiness, my love, and I would have a thousand lives to consecrate to you."

Then from the height of heaven was heard the far-away accord of angelic harps, and the evening wind brought on its wings the joyful chant of cherubim and archangels, —

"He is saved. Glory to God."

LOVE'S INDEX.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

You may live for sterner duty,
And may hold yourself apart,
But you cannot hide the beauty
Of the joy that's in your heart;
For the face reveals the glory
Of a passion strong and fair,
And love has no hidden story
But will leave its imprint there.

IS SCIENCE BANKRUPT?

FROM THE FRENCH OF FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.

BY JAMES CLARKSON.

THERE has rarely been a more important appreciation of the attitude of Leo XIII. towards our present civilization than that contained in an article by Ferdinand Brunetière in a late number of the Revue des Deux Mondes. There are many circumstances that lend additional interest to the reflections of the distinguished Academician. He has always refused, and, for aught we know, still refuses, to accept the authority which he believes can alone save humanity from a social cataclysm. His position is a singular one, and yet its very singularity throws some light on the wonderful religious revival that has been affecting many of the brightest minds in Paris during the past ten years. M. Brunetière has been a materialist, a disciple of Comte, an ally of Taine and Littré, and now he tells us, with all the candor of a naturally upright mind, that his labors have had for result disgust and disappointment; that science is "bankrupt;" and that the only hope of man, individually and socially, lies in religion; and possessing, as he does in a preëminent degree, the logical lucidity of his race, he sees that Catholicism is the only possible form of religion. His acknowledged position as the most solid and commanding critic that France has produced since Sainte Beuve, with qualities that Sainte Beuve lacked — earnestness and sincerity, for example — gives further impressiveness to the thoughts suggested by his interview with the great Pontiff who excites almost as much reverence and admiration among those outside the fold as among those within.

M. Brunetière was received by Leo XIII. in a private audience of long duration on the 27th of November. As to what occurred on that occasion he is silent, thereby showing a respectful reticence which has not always been customary among authors so highly favored. However, his visit suggested certain reflections which he thought might have a bearing on the problems at present vainly waiting for a solution, and the result has been the pages, of which the following is a translation. M. Brunetière says:—

"We are not very far removed from the time when the union of incredulity and learning passed commonly for a mark or a proof of intellectual superiority. The importance of "religions" in history, and, particularly, of "religion," or of "the religious sentiment," was not overlooked. Nay, it was the special point in which, as we flattered ourselves, we showed how far we had progressed beyond the spirit of the eighteenth century; and, while all the time making profession of our unbelief, we did not cease to reproach the Voltaires, the Diderots, and the Condorcets for the insulting violence

of their anti-Christian polemics, the disloyalty of their methods of argument, and the narrowness of their philosophy. But we did not the less see in religion—with Auguste Comte and his entire school — "the theologic stage," or what I should prefer to call, the embryonic stage in the life of the intellect, and perhaps there are to-day some physiologists or anthropologists who still hold this opinion. "Religions," we have been told in a recent work, "are the purified residuums of superstitions. The value of a civilization is in inverse ratio to its religious fervor. All intellectual progress corresponds to a diminution of the supernatural in the world. The future belongs to science." * These lines are dated 1892; but the spirit that dictated them is 20 or 30 years older than they.

What, then, has taken place since that period? What secret labors have been accomplished in the depths of contemporary thought? And, by the way, in reference to this claim for the future of science we intend, in our turn, to have something to say of the "bankruptcy of science." The learned are indignant at the phrase and laugh over it in their laboratories. "For," say they, "what promises have not physics, for example, or chemistry kept, and more than kept? Our sciences were born only yesterday, and they have, in less than a century, transformed the aspect of life. Give them time to grow! Moreover, who are those who talk here of the bankruptcy or failure of science? What do they know of science? With what discovery, with what progress in mechanics or natural history is their name connected? Have they even invented the telephone, or found the vaccine for croup? This is what we should like to know before answering them. And when some investigator of a mind more chimerical or adventurous than that of others has taken an engagement in the name of science which science has never sanctioned, is it to bear the brunt of his failure? Good sense, which Descartes believed the commonest thing in the world, is, on the contrary, the rarest, rarer even than talent, as rare perhaps as genius, and we freely acknowledge that great scholars have sometimes lacked it."

So reason those who will see in "the bankruptcy of science" nothing but a somewhat forcible metaphor; and I cannot say that they are entirely wrong. But neither are they entirely right; and whatever be the distinction they wish to establish between the good sense of the "true" savants and the rashness of the savants who are not the true ones, one thing is certain, namely, that science has on more than one occasion promised to renew the "face of the world." "I think I have proved the possibility," wrote Condorcet, exactly a hundred years ago, "of rendering intellectual reasonableness a quality almost universal; so that it will be the habitual condition of a man, amongst a whole people, to be guided by truth, governed in his conduct by the laws of morality, finding his entire enjoyment in pure and sweet sentiments;" "and," he added, "such is the point to which the labors of genius and the progress of science must infallibly conduct him."

However, you will tell me that Condorcet was, after all, only an encyclopedist. I understand this well, too. But Renan, at least in the early stages of his career, has been in the habit of saying just the same. "Sci-

* "La Religion," par André Lefevre.

ence will always remain the satisfaction of the highest desire of our nature; it will always furnish man with the only means he has of ameliorating his condition." And in another place in his book, "The Future of Science," the title of which alone was an entire programme, he talks of *organizing humanity scientifically.*

Such, then, is the last word of modern science; such is its daring but legitimate claim. These are promises which, I fancy, go a little farther than the ambition of the chemist or natural philosopher! and they are the promises whose attempted fulfilment, we claim, has shown the bankruptcy of science.

Let us, however, confine the question to narrower limits. It is a fact that the physical or natural sciences have promised us to suppress "the mysterious." Now not only have they not suppressed it, but we see to-day clearly that they will never enlighten it. They are impotent, I do not say to solve, but even to clear the ground in a proper manner for the solution of the only questions of importance: those which affect the origin of man, the law of his conduct, and his future destiny. The unknowable surrounds us; it envelops us and holds us fast, and we cannot draw from the laws of physics or the results of physiology any means of knowing anything at all about it. I admire as much as anybody the immortal works of Darwin; and comparing the influence of his doctrine with that of the discoveries of Newton, I subscribe to it willingly. But what then? Supposing that we descend from a monkey, or the monkey and we from a common ancestor, are we the farther advanced for that, and what do we know of the true question of our origin? "In the Mosaic hypothesis of the creation," — and it is Haeckel who says it — "two of the most important fundamental propositions of the theory of evolution are shown to us with surprising clearness and simplicity." But, moreover, we will add, "the Mosaic hypothesis of the creation" gives us a reply to the question of knowing *where we come from;* and the theory of evolution will never give us any. Neither will anthropology nor ethnography nor comparative philology ever give us one to the question of knowing *what we are;* and will they yet, perchance, maintain that they have never promised to do so?

It would be only too easy to show that they had proposed this as their chief object. "I am convinced," says Renan, "that there is a science of the origin of humanity which will be constructed one day, not by abstract speculation, but by scientific research. What human life, in the actual condition of science, would suffice for exploring all the sides of this unique problem? And until it is resolved, how can it be said that we know man and humanity?" But we may rest assured to-day that the natural sciences will not tell us. What we are as animal, they will teach us, perhaps! They will not teach us what we are as man.

What is the origin of language? — of society? — of morality? All who have attempted to answer, in this century, have failed miserably; and they will fail always, and always as miserably; because, as it is impossible to conceive man without morality, without language or the exteriors of society, it is thus the very elements of his definition that elude the competency, the methods, in a word, the grasp of science. Is there any need to add that, for a still stronger reason, the natural sciences will not de-

cide the question of knowing *whither we are going?* What has anatomy, what has physiology taught us of our destiny? It is, in effect, its destiny that determines the true nature of a being. But their researches and discoveries — of which I am far indeed from underrating the interest — have finally resulted in strengthening in us our attachment to life, which seems, in truth, the height of unreason in a being who must die.

Have the philological sciences kept their promises better? Alas! I have at this very moment under my eyes the books, famous a while ago, in which we used to seek greedily the answer to our doubts; and what have they, after all, settled? The Hellenists had formally bound themselves to show us Christianity in all its entirety in the philosophy of Greece and Rome! But they forgot only one point: it was to tell us why, if Christianity was already all entire in Hellenism, it was never able to get out of it. Nevertheless the whole question is there; and though we should find in the "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius or in the "Manual" of Epictetus the *disjecta membra* of the "Sermon on the Mount," one after the other, the fact would still remain, and will always remain, that the "Sermon on the Mount" has conquered the world, and that the "Thoughts" and the "Manual" have never engendered anything. After, as before, the labors of the Hellenists, there remains in Christianity something inexplicable by Hellenism — a singular virtue, an unique potency of propagation and of life; and this also the labors of the Hebraists confirm.

For the Hebraists, too, had promised us to dissipate whatever was "irrational," and whatever was "marvellous" in the history of the origin of Christianity or in that of the "people of God." They were to show us in the Bible a book like any other—the Mahabharata of Semitism, the Iliad or Odyssey of Israel; — and it is true that up to this day all the efforts of philology have not succeeded in dating with certainty either the Odyssey or the Mahabharata! But it is particularly with reference to the Bible that their systems, as numerous as arbitrary, have jostled one another; and after vainly endeavoring to conciliate them under a law of indifference that bordered on skepticism, they have been compelled to acknowledge that their erudition was more befogged than what it claimed to enlighten.

And so we have not less than six or seven opinions on the origin or on the author of the Pentateuch; and if it pleases us to date its composition from the time of Joshua, for example, or from Saul, or from David, or from Solomon, or from Josias, or from the captivity of Babylon, or from Esdras, or Nehemias, or the first Ptolemies, or the Machabees even, we can do so, and the masters of modern philology will furnish us whatever reasons we want. And then try to reckon up what theories there are on the date and author of the fourth Gospel! And at the end of all this, when we ask ourselves what are the final results of this debauchery of criticism, the strong words of Bossuet are always those which return invincibly to the memory: "Tell me if it is not a fact, which no one can dispute, that in every version and in every text whatsoever, we always find the same laws, the same miracles, the same predictions, the same historical continuity, the same body of doctrine, and, in a word, the same substance?" *

He is right! The same sub-

* Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle. Part II. Chap. 28.

stance and same historical continuity. Whatever it may be, there is something in the history of the "people of God," which is not found in any other. It has resisted and triumphed over the vain ambition which affected to pull it down to the plane of other histories. If the "higher criticism" should, by some circuitous path unforeseen by itself, find out that it had thus confirmed what it claimed to destroy, there would be no room for astonishment, since, after all, this is to-day its only hope of salvation. And all that it is necessary to say in the meanwhile is that, far from having expelled the "irrational" or the "marvellous" from the history of Christianity, it has in a certain sense restored them to it in their full integrity, since in the history even of Buddhism, the analogies of evolution which it believed it had discovered, have not held their ground before a more attentive and conscientious examination.

The Orientalists have, in their turn, failed in another promise. The few resemblances noted between Buddhism and Christianity, infinitely curious though they are, cannot mask the profound difference, the essential difference, which separates them or opposes them. I have no difficulty in acknowledging, besides, that, in the present state of science, this difference is more felt than capable of being defined. If some of our Orientalists had more openness or breadth of mind, if they had not confined themselves entirely to the minute study of texts, they might assuredly have become the most dangerous adversaries of Christianity. They will be, perhaps, one day. But so far — like the Hebraists and Hellenists — they have only brought a new element of confusion into the discussion, other reasons for doubting, none for believing, and the beginnings of hypotheses rather then of solutions. Have we not seen them try to prove that Cakya-Mouni was perhaps a "solar myth"? and if they were to succeed some day in demonstrating it, what would remain of the comparison they have so often attempted to establish between Jesus and Buddha?

I arrive at last at the historical sciences — if they are sciences — and like the natural sciences, I cannot help observing that they have assuredly taught us many things, but none of those we expected from their progress. Have the kings of Rome existed, for example, or are not they too, perhaps, "solar myths"? This without doubt is what may be termed a nice question. But in truth what does it matter to us? And what interest has it really in itself? The great question here is to know if there exists a law of history, and in what measure we are controlled by it. Yet this is just the thing of which we are ignorant, and I fear I must add it is just the thing of which we shall always be ignorant. Are we are our own masters, or are we the slaves of some compelling force? Are we progressing towards some apparent goal? or is history but the arena, so to speak, of disorder and incoherency? Neither paleography nor diplomatics nor archæology has given us any answer thereto. They owed us one, nevertheless, if, according to the expression of Renan, they had been originated solely for the purpose of constituting the science of the "products of the human mind," and if this science had for sole object to augment, determine, and systematize our knowledge of man.

"What is written on the masters of Nineveh or on the Pharaohs of Egypt can have only a historical

interest; but Christianity is such a living force, and the question of its origins implies such strong consequences for society, present and actual, that we can but pity the imbecility of those critics who bring to the discussion of these questions only a purely historical interest." These words are from the "Life of Jesus" by G. G. Strauss. But we say, on the other hand, that those who write even on "the Pharaohs of Egypt," or "the masters of Nineveh" are bound by an obligation, higher, but not less rigorous, than that of reëstablishing the succession of the shepherd kings or describing correctly the palace of Khorsabad. If we have seen the historical sciences trying for the last 50 or 60 years to elude this obligation, they need not be astonished at having sometimes to hear themselves loudly reproached for the endeavor. The Zend and the Assyrian were not created in order that they might be taught from a chair in the college of France or the University of Berlin; erudition has not its object in itself; and just as the juridical sciences cannot be detached from a philosophy of law, the historical sciences are but a vain curiosity, if their slightest researches do not tend to the philosophy of history.

If these are not total "bankruptcies" they are at least partial "failures," and it is easily conceived that they have shaken the credit of science. Who, then, has uttered these imprudent words "that science is only of value so far as it is able to discover what religion pretends to teach?" and these others, "that science has only truly begun on the day when reason has taken itself seriously and has said to itself: 'Everything fails me, my salvation will come from myself alone'?" Hold your peace, silly reason, Pascal would have doubtless replied; and in truth, we cannot say how it will be in a hundred years, or a thousand, or two thousand from now; but for the moment, and for a long time still, it seems that reason is impotent to deliver itself from its doubts and still farther from being able to provide for its own salvation; and if it is true that for a hundred years science has claimed to replace "religion," science, for the moment, and for a long time yet, has lost the battle.

Incapable of furnishing us with even the beginning of a response to the only questions that interest us, neither science in general, nor the particular sciences — physical or natural, philological or historical — can any longer arrogate, as they have been doing for a hundred years, the government of the present life. If we have need of forming to ourselves an idea of what we are, and if the social bond can subsist only on this condition, the sciences may aid us, but it does not belong to them to determine and still less to judge this idea.

For the moment, in the present state of science, and after the experience we have had of it, the question of free will, for example, or that of moral responsibility, cannot depend on the results of physiology. The progress we thought we had made, with Taine, and on his traces, in "soldering" — according to his expression — the moral sciences to the natural sciences, has not been a progress at all, but, on the contrary, a recoil. If we asked lessons of conduct from Darwinism, the ones it would give us would be abominable. Doubtless, from a Darwinism hardly assured of the solidity of its principles, or from a physiology still rudimentary, we might well appeal

to a physiology better instructed or to a Darwinism better understood; but in the meantime, it is necessary to live, and to live a life that is not purely animal, and there is no science that can to-day give us the means of doing so.

This is the reason of the revolution, or evolution which we see taking place, and the proofs of which can be found, at need, in the *Bibliographie de la France.* Not at all that I have any illusion on the "Decadence of Christianity," — it is the title of a book which, for that matter, does not keep to what it seemed to promise; and I would not abandon willingly, for my part, either philology or exegesis, even, to the "neo-Catholics" or to our "symbolists." If there are some of them sincere, I know others who are not so in the least, and who at bottom believe only in themselves.

I have still less confidence in the "neo-Buddhists," with their "exercises," and I have decidedly none at all in the new "mystics," whom we see relax their wearied nerves after a translation of Tauler or Raysbröck by writing a piece for the Free Theatre. Twenty years earlier, I am only too sure they would have been naturalists, and their mysticism is but an affair of fashion or a "réclame" of their publishers. And I do not attribute more importance than they have to the pious declamations we are sometimes surprised to read in *Le Peuple Français* or in *L'Autorité.*

But it is not the less true that the evolution is taking place, and we are already beginning to discern some of its effects. They may be summarized in two words: Science has lost its prestige, and Religion has reconquered a part of hers.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY THOMAS J. KERNAN.

The winding sheet that covered hill and plain,
Some spirit hand hath softly ta'en away,
And life — mysterious life — holds death at bay.
Through oaken artery and violet vein
The pulse of Nature feebly beats again;
And brooding over all the April day,
With genial warmth betokening the May,
Comes nurture in the gentle southern rain.

As turns the hand upon the dial-face,
Unseen to move, yet sure its course doth hold,
And marks its promised hour; so, bleak and sere
The world is clasped within the night's embrace,
The morning breaks, and lo! the buds unfold,
The windflower spreads its pinions — Spring is here.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

BY A KANSAS LAWYER.

To the majority who favor the enactment of a measure the very passage thereof seems to be the complete solution of the question at issue. Now this is not true, as every lawyer, at least, knows. The enactment of the law is the cause of the great awakening of opposing elements, and the commencement of the real struggle on the question.

When the prohibitory amendment to the constitution of the state of Kansas was voted upon, a great majority of those who voted in favor of the measure believed that its success at the polls would be the means of comparatively ending the sale and purchase of intoxicating liquors within the state; make sober, industrious men of those who had been drunkards and spendthrifts, and bring complete happiness to previously unhappy homes. Never did it enter into the minds of those confiding suffragists that there would be any attempted open violation of the measure, or any conniving on the part of those whose duty it would be to enforce the law. But how this delusion has been dispelled!

It is true that the measure did not carry by a majority of all the votes cast at the election, but only by a majority of those who voted on the amendment, many having let the matter go by default. This has led a great many people to believe that the law is not backed up by that degree of public sentiment that is necessary to enforce it properly, and that, as a consequence, the people are opposed to, rather than in favor of, its continuance. To this belief, probably, are due the violations that are continually prevalent all over the state.

For my part I believe that the conclusion is a true one. In the first place, there is no controversy over the fact that the amendment was adopted by a minority vote. Taking my own experience as a guide, coupled with my knowledge of others, I think it safe to say that all who were anxious for the success of the measure voted for it. Can this be said of the opposing side? I think not. I believe there were very many who failed to vote against the amendment through indifference, or because that side had not been active in the fight. If this be true it is safe to presume that a majority — a large majority — of those who did not vote, had they done so would have voted against amendment.

There is another large element that has helped greatly in the opposition to the law. It consists of those who have changed their position with regard to prohibition since its adoption. If every man who tells you that he voted for the law, but has since changed his views and would now vote for resubmission were he given the opportunity, tells the truth, the law certainly has the support of but a small proportion of the voting element of the state.

Let us now consider the effects of the law and of the lack of public sentiment. First, as to what the law has done. It has made the open saloon, as known to the majority of mankind, a thing of the past. Secondly, it has stopped the manufacture of intoxicating liquors within the state, confiscated and destroyed properties established under the protection of prior existing laws "without due process of law," and without compensating the owners. Thirdly, it has almost entirely done away with moral suasion for the promotion of temperance.

On the other hand, has it diminished the use of intoxicating liquors as a bev-

erage? I say it has not. This proposition, however, is disputed, and I shall try to give some facts to sustain my assertion. The open saloon has been disposed of; the semi-secret "joint" and "club room" have taken its place. I cite my own town as a criterion when discussing this question; and when I take my own town it is with the understanding that I do not permit it to yield to any in the state mentally, morally, or socially. Consequently it is a safe criterion.

The assertion is made that we have not in our city now as many places where intoxicating liquors are sold as we had just previous to the adoption of the prohibitory amendment; the number being stated to have been, at that time, about 20. The city has not now a greater population than it then had, and not one fourth as much business. In those days it was the only town of any consequence in the county, there being only one line of railroad, and drawing trade for 40 miles on either side, north and south. To-day we have in the county five railroads and many towns, just as good trading points as this.

After listening to the above statement, I went out to gather information, and I learned that there are 20 government licenses in force in the city. I learned that there are two wholesale dealers in the city, who have their goods shipped to them by freight. I learned that even the express companies encourage the business by requiring their local agents to solicit business in this line. I learned that while the two wholesale dealers were doing a thriving business, one of the two express agents in the town had as many as 50 packages of this class of goods on hand at one time. My informant further enlightened me with the fact that an agent in a neighboring town, not much larger than the one from which I am writing, and about 25 miles away, handles about 300 packages a week, regularly. I was further informed that a certain express agent had been offered by a rival company a greatly increased salary and all expenses, if he would take charge of their money order department and keep the books on this class of business alone, because of his thorough knowledge of the line.

There is another item to be taken into consideration. It is the practice of certain persons in this town and surrounding country to make up a purse sufficient to procure a barrel of whiskey, and to send for the same as far east as Pennsylvania. When this arrives by freight it is divided among the subscribers in proportion to the amount of money subscribed by each.

Now let us consider what it has done for us morally. It has driven many men from the open saloon. Many of these will not frequent the joint, neither will they make the necessary affidavit to obtain liquor in the drug store. But they take the liquor received in large quantities from abroad to their own homes, where they drink more than they would were they permitted to frequent the saloon. This applies more particularly to the farming community.

It is further agreed that the youth of this state have not the influence of the open saloon to degrade them. No; but they have the far more baneful influence of the secret joint where they are permitted to congregate almost unrestrainedly, and where gambling is indulged in to a far greater extent than it ever was when the saloon ran wide open. They also have access to the jug which the father has transferred to his own cellar. Boys take a delight in being able to find out such places and frequent them. There is a spice of romance about such doings. The question might be asked: "Why do not the keepers prevent minors from entering their places?" In case this question should arise, I will state that it is not the class of men who have moral considerations at heart that keep such places.

As to the influence of this condition of things upon the political situation, it is notorious that the prohibitory laws have injected into politics a power that

is far-reaching. A few instances will suffice to demonstrate the extent of this power. There are two or three men in this city who practically control the political destinies of the county, and this will hold good as to other parts of the state. These men have been notoriously engaged in the liquor traffic ever since the laws have been in force. None of them has ever been convicted of the offence. While others have been compelled to suffer extreme penalties under the law, they have gone free. They have held important positions in the councils of their party. One of them has had his business started by an officer whose duty it was to prosecute the offender. He now holds the office of councilman from the aristocratic ward of the city, and at a recent meeting he secured the passage of a resolution authorizing the city officials to collect a revenue from the liquor dealers of the city. These men secure promises and concessions from the candidates for the prosecuting offices, and secure the defeat, either for nomination or election, of those who will not yield. When the sheriff is ordered to raid all joints and club rooms, theirs go unmolested and unharmed, although the most conspicuous and most generally known in the town. While others are barely able to get enough to pay their revenues and make a living, these are piling up wealth.

Some time ago there occurred a vacancy in the office of prosecuting attorney. A man supposed to be uncompromisingly in favor of the enforcement of the law was appointed for that term of court. His first act was to order a raid. The business places of all the small fry were looted. It is said that the prosecuting attorney asked the king-jointist to remove his property and close his place of business, and that he met with a flat refusal. It is a fact, however, that this joint was not raided, but continued to do a flourishing business. At that term of court there were informations filed by the preceding county attorney against the other two influential dealers. Their cases were dismissed because "the evidence was not sufficient to convict." I afterwards examined the evidence, which was in writing, and found that the cases were remarkably strong, even conclusive.

If it be asked: "Why do you not resubmit the question and get rid of that which is so obnoxious"? the answer is, that while there is a large majority of the people of Kansas in favor of re-submission the Legislature will never grant it because of the determined opposition and powerful lobby that would be brought to bear. The prohibitionists would oppose it for the sake of the principle; the revenue collectors would oppose it because of the increased business that the present conditions bring them; the transportation companies would oppose it because of the increased carrying trade in hauling the grain out of the state and hauling the liquors back; the wholesale liquor dealers and the manufacturers would oppose it because they do not want rival institutions established within the state, and because under present conditions they can sell a greatly inferior class of goods.

Looking at the question from an unprejudiced standpoint, and knowing what I do about the conditions generally, I have come to the conclusion that the whole prohibitory system of Kansas is a huge, glaring farce and ought to be wiped out.

PSYCHE,

The youngest of King Midas' daughters, was compelled by Venus to descend into the infernal regions and steal Proserpine's box. Proserpine gave her the box, and led her safely out of Hades. The original of this engraving is in the Luxembourg Gallery and is the masterpiece of Paul Alfred de Curzon.

RECTORY. BASILICA. CHAPEL.
Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Winter.

A WINTER VISIT TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

BY G. M WARD (MRS. PENNEE).

THOSE who have visited Ste. Anne de Beaupré during the pilgrimage season could hardly believe how completely the aspect of the village is changed during the winter months. Deep snow stretches like a pall over all the ground and buildings, and the familiar sights and sounds are of the past — and let us hope of the future. No steamboat whistle, announcing the latest arrival of hundreds of devotees, echoes and re-echoes from the wooded Laurentides behind and around the village. No pious pilgrims are seen wending their way along the lengthy wharf, singing psalms and devout canticles, while, with cross and standard-bearers preceding them, the doors of the Basilica open wide, and the zealous Redemptorist Fathers, in charge of the shrine, come graciously forward to welcome the pastors with their flocks, who are hastening to throw themselves at the feet of "Good St. Anne." Silent is the voice of the priest leading the people in their cries of "Vive Ste. Anne," and "Good St. Anne pray for us," as they follow in procession her statue, borne aloft on a lovely dais, while the welkin rings to the sound of their joyful cries and hymns. Frozen are the fountains where so many drank of the miraculous water whose healing powers have been so often proved.

The very hostelries themselves have quite a different aspect. In the greater number, many of the

rooms and even whole floors are shut off completely; and though "bekfast" may be had for the asking, it is not publicly tendered from the doors by the "dames" as in summer, nor do the accents of the ubiquitous "runners" urge on passing pilgrims the unparalleled advantages of their respective houses. The babble of voices, the lingering crowds, the gazers from the balconies, have all disappeared, and the summer scenes and incidents have, to all appearances, been replaced by the sights and sounds of an ordinary Canadian village.

Outside of Lower Canada, who knows what Canadian villages are like in winter? They have been represented and — misrepresented. That they are primitive, no one can deny. In the country parts, Canadians are proverbially conservative, though in the large towns they are losing this characteristic, and even in the rural districts a gradual change is working, especially among the young whose avocations take them among the surging populations of large towns and even of other countries. But the spirit still prevailing in our villages is eminently conservative and, thank God, Catholic. To any one not thoroughly conversant with the dates of the Feasts and Saints' Days of the Church it is somewhat puzzling in the conversation of the inhabitants to hear constant allusion to Kings (Epiphany), Chandeleur (Purification), St. Jean Baptiste, St. Martin, All Saints, etc. Of course St. Anne's Day (July 26) is preeminently fêted and referred to among the good folks in her own chosen abode. The weather, too, is prophesied by the way the wind blows on certain days, and nothing can bode worse for an early spring than a northeast wind blowing during the reading of the Passion on Good Friday.

During the winter the houses at St. Anne's are deeply snowbound;

A RESIDENCE NEAR THE SHRINE.

and though many make paths before their doors, and though the municipalities compel a certain amount of care being bestowed on the roads, locomotion for foot passengers is most difficult, especially for those not to the manner born. The village of St. Anne is more favored than others in this particular, as it lies on the high road from the lower parishes down towards Murray Bay, and consequently the middle of the road becomes beaten hard, very soon after every fall of snow, by the immense number of sleighs that pass along.

Those driven up to Quebec are laden with all sorts of farm produce and frozen provisions; those returning are more lightly weighted with groceries, clothing, and alas! with that dreadful liquor which is the bane, I might say the curse, of the Canadian *habitants*. The roads are very passable for sleighs driven by one horse or two driven tandem, but they are most inconvenient, if not impassable, for a pair of horses driven abreast.

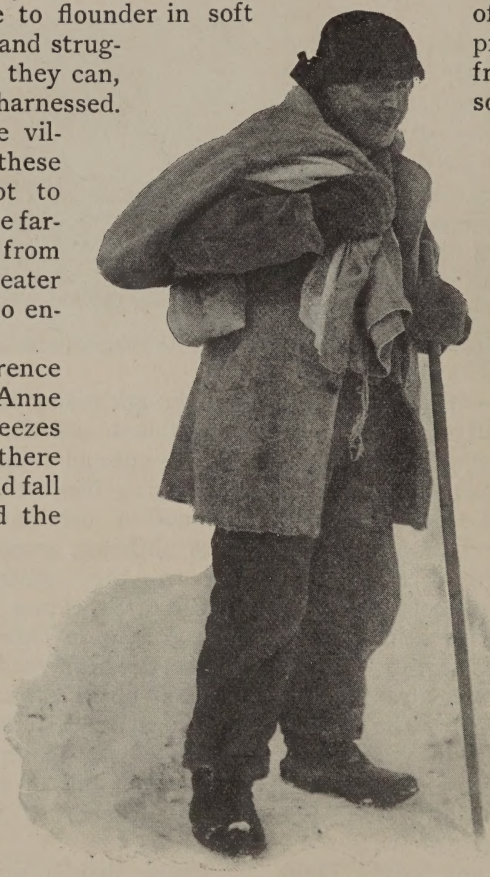
Among the miseries of winter

travelling is the frequency of what are called "rencontres" or sleighs meeting. One or both of the sleighs have to infringe on the snow bank heaped on each side of the track; upsets frequently occur, and the poor horses have to flounder in soft unpacked snow and struggle out as best they can, after being unharnessed. Just around the village of St. Anne these miseries are not to be feared, but the farther one gets from the church the greater is the liability to encounter them.

The St. Lawrence opposite St. Anne very rarely freezes entirely over, as there is a great rise and fall of the tide, and the stream in the centre is swift and strong.

Towards shore the ice is lifted and sinks with the tide; while on the flats, or *battures*, as they are locally called, the ice when formed remains strong and firm until the following spring. Towards that season, when the snow roads are breaking up, the *battures* form a preferable road to the "chemin royal" or king's highway, as it is termed.

Before entering the Basilica, the central and great attraction of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, I will say one word as to the climate of St. Anne in winter. It is very cold, especially in January and February, but the air is so dry and exhilarating that it sends the blood flowing swiftly through the veins. The mountain chain of the Laurentides protects the village from the north winds, so that, though intensely cold, the climate is not so excessive as in Quebec, 21 miles up the river.



TYPICAL CANADIAN BEGGAR.

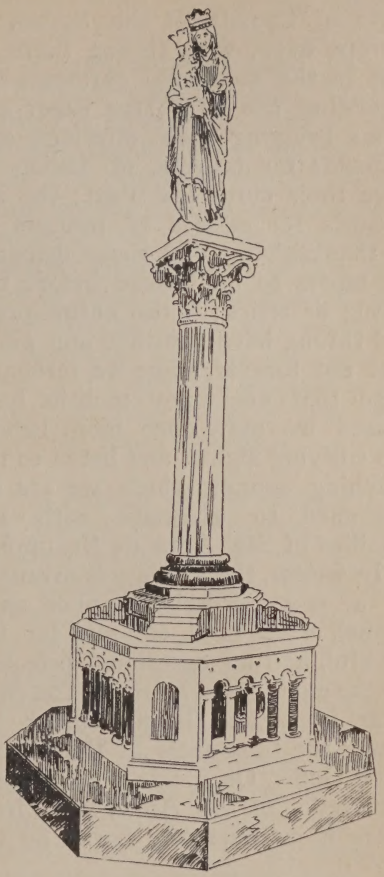
The railway does not altogether desert the good folks of St. Anne in winter, but the trains are less frequent. Hitherto there have always been two trains each way daily and a third on Sundays. Tourists who have the necessary strength and spirit of adventure would do well to visit St. Anne's Falls in winter. It is a difficult undertaking, but not an impossible one, as even ladies have succeeded in accomplishing it, and all who have done so are unanimous in proclaiming the fairy-like beauty of the falls amid the frost-work and snowy wreaths that adorn them. Canadian horses seem to have a special gift of getting through snowy roads and overcoming obstacles that would be

insurmountable to any other race of equines.

One strange metamorphosis at St. Anne, during the winter, is that noticed among the beggars. In the summer, beggars from Quebec and from afar, throng the village, exhibiting their wounds and infirmities to the good pilgrims, and, when they can elude the eyes of the Fathers, loudly clamoring for alms. In the winter these gentry vanish, and beggars of the regular Canadian type make their appearance. These are generally men and women who have been compelled to ask charity through loss of property, infirmity, or old age. There is almost a respectability about them, and no one refuses them a meal, a night's lodging, or a few coppers. Articles of food are also bestowed on them, and it is for the accommodation of such gifts that the sack is carried on the shoulder, as is shown in the accompanying portrait of a celebrated local beggar.

Nothing can be more different than summer and winter at St. Anne's Basilica. The only thing that remains the same is "good St. Anne" herself. Comparatively few pilgrims approach the shrine in winter, yet the saint gives, in proportion, as many proofs in winter as in summer, of her power with God. Wonderful are the miracles which have been made known of bodily cures; but those which are not recorded, miracles of grace, of conversion, and of spiritual healing, are still more numerous and more astounding. If the priest could speak from his confessional he could unfold to us greater wonders than we dream of.

In winter most of the Redemptorist Fathers are absent, preaching retreats and missions, visiting the



PILLAR AND STATUE OF ST. ANNE IN THE BASILICA.

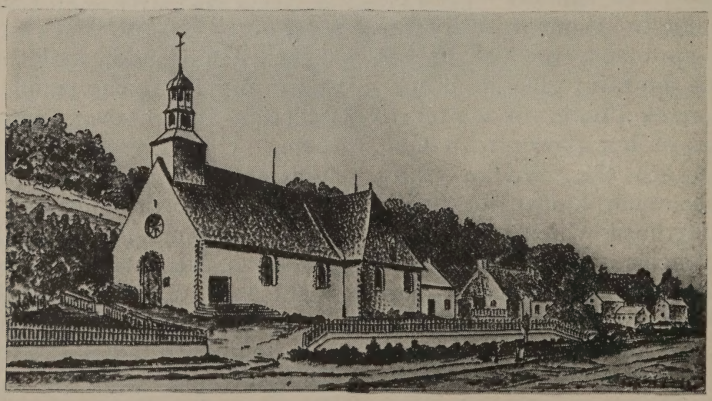
shanties in Canada and the States, and evangelizing the people in every direction and in every way open to them. However, there are always sufficient of them at the monastery to minister to the spiritual needs of the parishioners, and of such pilgrims as present themselves. The Basilica is open and heated every day for a few hours, so that visitors may be able to fall at the feet of the well-known statue of St. Anne; but all "devotions" are carried on in the Sacristy, which in winter s put to very different uses from in summer.

The numerous priests from all

parts of Canada, of the States, of Europe even, who throng there to vest in the sacerdotal garments ere ascending the altar; the eager pilgrims bringing their offerings and demands for prayers, or asking to have their cures inscribed; the applicants for masses of petition or of thanksgiving, and those demanding tapers to be burned before the statue or relics; — the entire press and throng have vanished and gone. Yet not forever, since we fervently hope that ere many months have passed we may once more behold the edifying sights, and listen to the touching sounds which we are accustomed to associate with the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

In winter, the sacristy is arranged in a most orderly manner as a chapel, with rows of seats for the faithful, and an occasional prie-dieu for the elderly and infirm. The chief altar is decked in a manner befitting the tabernacle of the Eucharistic God. On a side altar reposes the relic of St. Anne, and from there it is frequently borne by the priest, to be venerated by kneeling worshippers, and to be tenderly pressed to the afflicted members of those who have come to ask bodily relief in their sufferings. There is also a third altar, on the gospel side, and at all three, masses are frequently celebrated. For the high parochial mass on Sundays, the Blessed Sacrament is borne into the Basilica itself, but after vespers it is carried back to its resting-place in the sacristy. Here also are held the meetings of the Holy Family Archconfraternity, which in summer take place in the chapel opposite the church.

Here a word needs to be said about that chapel, for frequently it is spoken of and photographed as "the former St. Anne's Church." This is only partly correct. It was with the materials of the old St. Anne's Church that this chapel was built. The altar was the high altar, and the paintings, statues, and pews are all from the old church; but the old church itself stood sideways to the mountain, and from the picture here shown of it it will be seen that it was a much larger structure than the present chapel. Before the entrance was a wooden platform, from



OLD CHURCH OF ST. ANNE BUILT IN 1660.

which, on occasions of great crowds too numerous to be accommodated in the church, sermons were addressed to the people gathered round.

During the winter months, the embellishment of the church and any necessary repairs or improvements are carried on. Late in the autumn last year, a magnificent pedestal was presented to St. Anne by a generous benefactress. This pedestal was erected in the church Nov. 10, 1894, and is a lovely work of art. The steps are of "Griotte" marble, measuring 6 feet 2 inches across, by 8 inches in height. They form an octagon. The shrine proper is of Lisbon marble of a rich reddish color, adorned with four finely carved panels in gilt bronze; over these is a band of "Jaune Lamartine" marble, with small reddish veins; over this in the centre of the smaller panel is placed the relic of St. Anne.

The angles of the shrine project, forming boxes — two for the offerings and two for the petitions of pilgrims. They are of Carrara marble, with doors of Mexican onyx and frames of gilt bronze-work. In the centre of the shrine and rising to the height of about 11 feet, is a magnificent fluted column of Mexican onyx, having a greenish-colored ground, with heavily moulded base and capital enriched with acanthus leaves. Between the scroll-work corners are four winged cherubs. On top of this column stands the well-known statue of St. Anne.

The protecting rail between the corners of the shrine, the base of which is Italian Carrara marble, is cut to receive twenty small columns of striped Mexican onyx, between which can be seen the richly colored Lisbon panels of the shrine with their gilt pateras. The shrine and pillar surmounting it are admirably executed, and produce an effect of extreme splendor, and at the same time of great lightness and delicacy. They are in every way worthy of the precious burdens intrusted to them, and a valuable addition to the many beautiful objects that now adorn St. Anne's Basilica.

The Fathers are so anxious to do full justice to the Basilica, and to enhance its beauty to the utmost, that probably for many years each winter will have its appointed task. The generosity of St. Anne's clients is remarkable, and each influx of pilgrims will increase the richness of the appointments in the Church. I am writing of "St. Anne in Winter," though it would seem as if eternal summer reigned around the high altar and the statue of St. Anne, so lovely are the flowers from the Fathers' greenhouses, which are ever gracefully grouped around them. The perfume of these flowers is typical of that fragrant incense of prayer which is ever ascending to the holy patroness of the shrine. To her special care, in life and in death, her clients will ever specially commend their souls and bodies as well as those of all who are dear to them. Long reign the good St. Anne!

A Storm Lyric.

BY EDGARDA WILLIAMS.

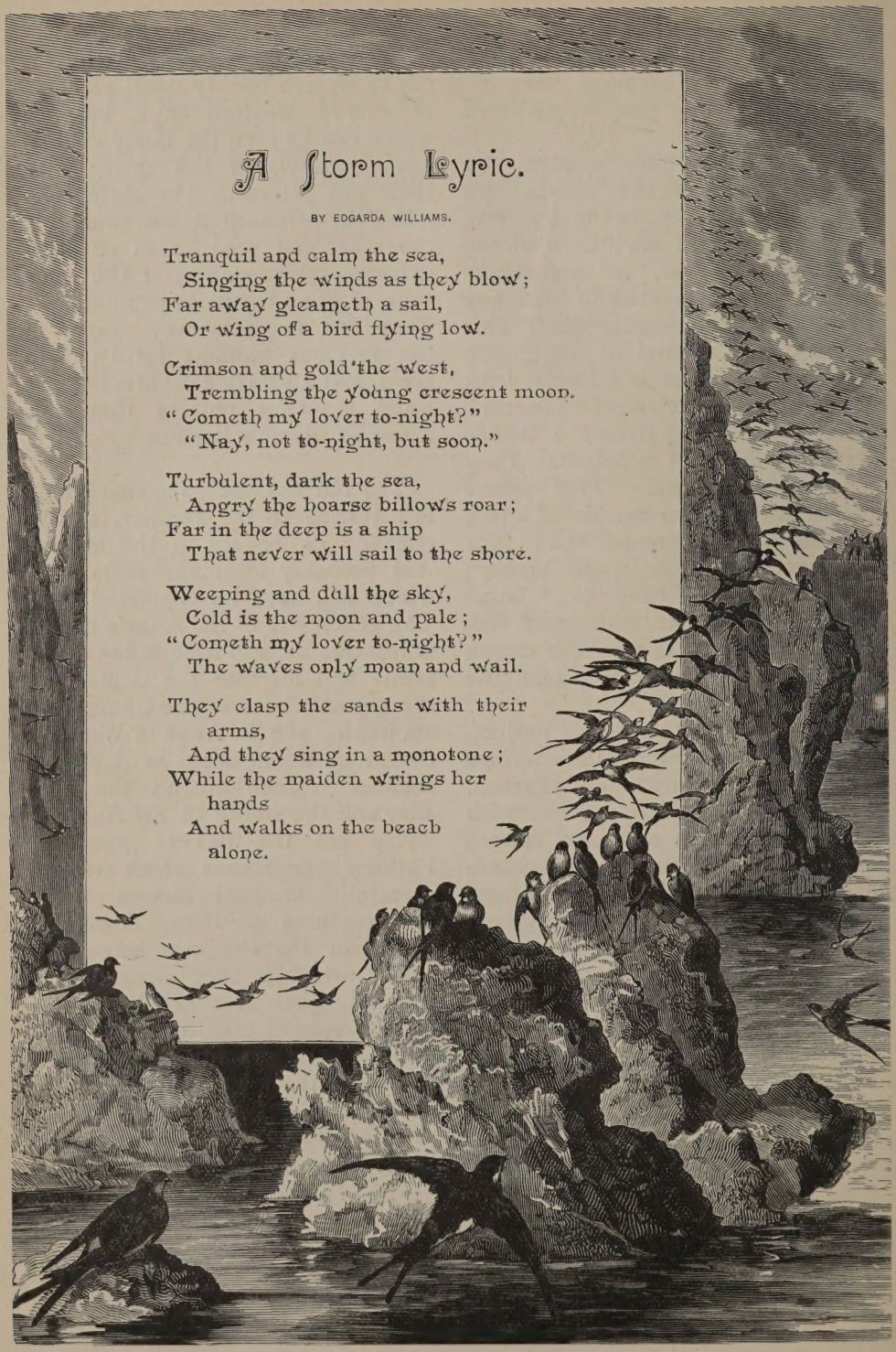
Tranquil and calm the sea,
  Singing the winds as they blow;
Far away gleameth a sail,
  Or wing of a bird flying low.

Crimson and gold the west,
  Trembling the young crescent moon.
"Cometh my lover to-night?"
  "Nay, not to-night, but soon."

Turbulent, dark the sea,
  Angry the hoarse billows roar;
Far in the deep is a ship
  That never will sail to the shore.

Weeping and dull the sky,
  Cold is the moon and pale;
"Cometh my lover to-night?"
  The waves only moan and wail.

They clasp the sands with their
    arms,
  And they sing in a monotone;
While the maiden wrings her
    hands
  And walks on the beach
    alone.



STORM ISLAND.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

When the stanch whaler, Penelope, 500 tons and more, came into dock after a three years' voyage, she had on board, besides her regular crew, a handsome, blue-eyed boy of 16 or 17.

"Picked him up on the open sea, 10 days ago," said Captain Larkin, after making his report to the owners of the Penelope in their musty office at the head of the dock. "His boat was leakin' badly, an' he had no signs o' provisions. Lucky for him we had a good lookout aloft!"

Andrew Carr, the little dried-up head of the firm, turned slowly on his stool and glanced at the figure near the door. The blue eyes of the boy were very large and beseeching, and underneath them were dark lines, expressive of fear and anxiety.

"What is your name, my lad?"

The boy gazed at him uncomprehendingly for a moment; then, reading only kindliness in the shrewd old face, sprang across the office and threw himself at the great man's feet.

"Why! why! What's the matter? Don't cry so! Get up and tell me all about it!"

But the boy only clung desperately to his feet, sobbing and moaning, and uttering piteous, unintelligible supplications.

"That's the way he's been goin' on ever since we picked him up," said Captain Larkin gravely. "I guess he was wrecked an' lost his folks, an' it's upset him. Soon's we got him on the vessel he begun to gesticulate an' talk his queer lingo, an' once he jumped overboard an' tried to swim back to his boat. I thought mebbe he wanted us to bring it along, an' tried to make him understand that it was old, an' rotten, an' no good to nobody; but I didn't seem to make much headway explainin'. We had a time gettin' him on board ag'in; an' when he found we wouldn't go back, nor let him go, he fit like a wildcat. We had to tie him up to keep him from jumpin' into the sea."

Andrew Carr placed one of his hands upon the head of the crouching boy.

"Poor fellow!" he said compassionately. "I know what it means to lose dear ones at sea. I wish we could understand him, captain. He seems to be very anxious to tell us something."

"Yes, he's been that way all along; but I think it's on account of his folks bein' lost. It's hard to realize such things at sea, an' likely the boy wants to go back an' satisfy himself. I've come acrost such cases afore. But what am I to do with him, I'd like to know."

"He must be taken care of until he can make himself understood; after that, a strong fellow like him will be able to make his own living."

Something in their tones seemed to make the boy understand that his petition was unintelligible, for he suddenly rose and glanced sharply around the office. A broom stood in one corner. Grasping this he

made an energetic pretence of sweeping; then, with a quick, comprehensive gesture, he stretched his arms to their full length and brought them together upon his breast. The men looked at each other and smiled approvingly.

"I guess there'll be no trouble about his makin' a livin'," said Captain Larkin sententiously. "Them gymnastics mean that he's willin' to sweep or do any kind o' work you give him. Young folks come round easy, an' mebbe the boy's crazy fit'll wear off when he gits to work. Shall I take him back to the Penelope?"

"No, I will keep him in the office. He can sweep and look after the fire. If he is as intelligent as he looks, he will soon begin to pick up words. I am curious to hear his story."

But however curious he might be to hear, the boy seemed far more eager to explain. He watched his employer and the visitors, and hung on their words as though his very life depended upon comprehending. Occasionally one of them would point at or touch some article as he spoke, and the boy's eyes would glisten, and he would repeat the word over and over to himself. Now and then, when his employer was at leisure, he would point at some object and wait eagerly for the coveted word. At the end of a week he knew most of the articles in the room by name, and another week found him putting sentences of two or three words together.

One day his story came out in a sudden torrent of eager, broken sentences. His very vehemence made him almost incoherent; but a word caught here and there, and the passionate, supplicating expression on his face were sufficient, and when he finished the men looked at each other gravely.

"Do you know where this rocky island is, captain?" asked Andrew Carr.

"Yes, he means Storm Island. We picked him up 50 miles or so to the east'ard of it. Poor fellow!"

"Is there any possibility of his mother and sisters being still alive?"

"Not the slightest. Storm Island is one of the most desolate spots along the coast, an' hasn't a scrap o' food, or a tree or cave to shelter one. It gen'rally storms there, an' sometimes in big gales the waves sweep clean across the island. The woman an' children must a been swept off afore we picked the boy up — an' that was six weeks ago."

"Yes, yes; I understand. There isn't the shadow of a hope, I suppose. Still, if the Penelope was not in dry dock for repairs I would be tempted to send you up to look around. It's all foolishness, of course; but I have lost dear ones at sea and know how the boy feels." Andrew Carr gazed at the crouching figure for a moment, and then added gently: —

"Come, my lad; you had better go to work. Such things are hard; but they are more or less inevitable to all of us, and we must learn to bear them. I have always found work the best antidote."

The boy rose quietly and returned to the window he had been cleaning, but there was a dogged resolution in his eyes that made Captain Larkin nod sympathetically.

"He'll never give up hopin'," he said in a low voice.

Lodging had been provided for the boy in a house across the street, and in addition to this Andrew Carr paid him a small weekly salary. It was not much, but it always made the boy's eyes glisten as he counted and carefully placed it in an

odd leather purse. After Captain Larkin's departure he went to his employer and asked if he might go to a cheaper lodging-place; he wanted to save all he could, he said. Andrew Carr consented, and after that added the board to his salary.

For some days it was not discovered where the boy had located himself. He was promptly at work in the morning, and always remained until the office closed at night. Then he disappeared. Andrew Carr tried to watch him, and even made inquiries along the street, but without avail. Then gradually it was discovered that the boy spent all his leisure about the wharves, helping the sailors and clambering from one boat to another.

It was not until he failed to appear at the office one morning, and strict inquiry was made, that they learned he had been sleeping around the wharves and doing such jobs as could be obtained at night. Then they discovered that he had purchased an old unseaworthy catboat with his savings, and that both he and the boat had disappeared. Captain Larkin pursued the investigation until he found a man who had seen the boat sail away from the harbor, then he returned to the office.

"He's started for Storm Island, fast enough," he said shortly. "It's a mad job, but somehow I can't seem to blame him much. A boy like him can't realize his folks are dead unless he sees with his own eyes. He's been starvin' an' overworkin' in order to get money to buy that boat, an' I s'pose he skipped off in the night so't nobody would stop him."

"Do you think he will find the island?"

"No, not this time o' year. It's long way up the coast, an' that boat ain't fit to be outside the harbor. Gales are likely to be common now, an' a stiff breeze can't help swampin' it."

Andrew Carr rubbed his forehead thoughtfully.

"Is the Penelope ready for sea?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose you stand off in that direction and pick the boy up. Make him come back, whether he wants to or not. He is too promising a lad to be allowed to throw himself away."

"But the Penelope is due at Tradesport by the 1st," objected Captain Larkin. "If we ain't on time we shall lose a good cargo. It's poor business to go wildgoosin' on the open sea." Nevertheless, there was a grim look of satisfaction on his weatherbeaten face.

"You will probably overtake him inside of 24 hours, and be able to make that up in a quick run to Tradesport," reassured Andrew Carr. "At any rate, we must take the risk. And perhaps," hesitatingly, "if it isn't too far from your course, you might run out toward Storm Island. It would make the boy feel better, and — and — it isn't always necessary to attend strictly to business."

Captain Larkin nodded his approval of this sentiment He returned on board and made preparations for a speedy departure. Sails were spread and anchors weighed, and with the outgoing tide the Penelope dropped quietly down the harbor. But 24 hours passed with no signs of the little boat; another 24 hours, and then dull, heavy clouds began to gather in the northwest.

"Bad weather," prophesied the captain, as his telescope swept anxiously around the horizon. "If we don't find the boat soon it will

be too late. She can't ride these waves long."

"Mebbe she's gone down a'ready," ventured the mate.

"P'r'aps. But the boy has a cool head an' stiddy nerves, an' if there's any good qualities in the boat he'll find 'em out. I don't believe he's gone down yet. He had a good start, an' is likely on ahead somewhere." Again he raised his telescope and gazed earnestly at the bank of advancing clouds.

"There's something off the weather bow," he exclaimed suddenly. "Take the glass, Mr. Hopkins, an' see what you make of it."

"A sail — I think," said the mate, after a long examination. "Likely it's the boy you are lookin' for."

Gradually the clouds grew blacker and more threatening, and presently the tiny speck disappeared. As night approached Captain Larkin began to look anxious.

"The boy'll never be able to weather a night like this." "We must overtake him before dark, Mr. Hopkins."

The clouds grew darker and darker, and the horizon narrowed and grew more and more obscure. Great troughs began to appear in the sea, and the white caps lengthened out into long churning manes of foam. At last the lookout could scarcely see the length of his own vessel.

Captain Larkin was peering sharply ahead when a small white sail shot from the darkness almost under the side of his vessel. And there, gazing straight into his eyes, was the boy; his face pale, but tranquil and determined.

"Ahoy! ahoy, there, boat!" cried the captain explosively. "Stand by to catch a line!"

The boy made no answer; and when, a moment later, the end of a line was hurled across his deck, he calmly picked it up and threw it back into the sea. Again it was thrown to him, and again he cast it aside. Then with a quick, resolute gesture of refusal he turned away, and a moment later both he and his boat fell back into the darkness. And even as they disappeared the storm burst with sudden fury.

"Mad! mad!" groaned the captain. "Nothing on earth can save him now. Why couldn't he understand that I meant him well!"

It was useless to lower a boat; it could avail nothing in that sea and in the darkness. All they could do was to keep before the storm and wait. On the morrow they would head for the island, and from there proceed on their voyage to Tradesport. It would be a little satisfaction to do that much for the obstinate boy.

All night long Captain Larkin remained on deck, issuing orders and thinking of the boy. He could not understand it himself, but somehow the clear-eyed lad had touched a tender chord in his grim heart. If he had only lived, he told himself, over and over again, he would have been glad to have done for him the same as he would for a boy of his own, if he had had one.

As morning approached, the storm began to subside, and the first appearance of light was utilized by the captain to examine the tossing waves with his glass. At first he could see nothing but angry water and black, fleeing clouds; but as the circle of light widened he fancied that he could occasionally detect a black object rising clumsily on a wave, and then falling back into a trough of the sea. It was miles away, and might be only a sea-bird

hunting an early breakfast; but he headed the Penelope in that direction, and then waited, glass in hand.

At the end of an hour the black object had resolved itself into th hulk of a small boat; then the stump of a broken mast appeared above the hulk; and then, little by little, as the Penelope approached, the figure of a boy was seen clinging to the stump.

This time he did not refuse assistance. As the Penelope came opposite a rope was thrown to him, and he caught it with the dexterity of an old sailor and was drawn on board. As he stepped on deck Captain Larkin surveyed him grimly.

"What made you run away from us last night?" he asked.

"You take me back, but no go. Me look for mudder," answered the boy composedly.

"So. But what do you intend to do now?"

"Go shore; get boat — buy, steal, somehow — den come back for mudder."

Captain Larkin tried to look severe, but failed.

"Well, well, my boy; it's all right," he said huskily; "you needn't get a boat. We are going out that way now, and will help you search after the — the bodies."

The boy gazed at him searchingly for a moment, then threw himself on the deck at his feet.

"You take me dar!" he cried joyously. "T'ank you, t'ank you, sah! Me not forget. But me no t'ink folks dead; dey's waiting."

The wind was blowing a stiff gale, and the Penelope kept before it with taut, well-filled sails and bending masts. Black clouds still drifted sullenly across the sky, and off in the northwest were signs of increasing bad weather. Captain Larkin paced the deck anxiously and wished that he was headed away from Storm Island instead of toward it.

The hours went by and the weather did not seem to grow worse. Heavy clouds lingered in the north and northwest like black, sullen monsters, waiting to swoop down at any unexpected moment. All possible sail was carried and a sharp lookout kept for breakers. It was dangerous water, and Captain Larkin was eager to accomplish his mission and get away.

The boy remained on deck, silent and watchful, refusing to go below for either food or rest. During the day his keen eyes roved ceaselessly over the tossing expanse of water in front; and during the night he listened, alert and expectant — eager for any strange sound that might come to him through the darkness.

He was the first to sight the island, and he watched it with drawn, tense face as it crept nearer and nearer. At first it was only a white spot of foam; then black, jagged rocks began to appear, one after another, above the breakers. Half a mile away the Penelope rounded to, and stood off, broadside to the island.

"Can't go any nearer," said Captain Larkin tersely; "too many reefs. But you can see the rocks from here."

The boy took the glass and critically examined every point of the island. But there were only black, desolate rocks, encircled by a white mass of angry breakers.

"Me go to island," he said quietly, as he returned the glass.

"How can you?" remonstrated the captain. "It will be as much

as a man's life's worth to pass through those breakers. You can see the rocks well enough from here."

"Me go," repeated the boy. Then, before the captain fully realized his intention, he sprang upon the rail and from there into the sea. When he rose to the surface he struck out vigorously for the island.

"Volunteers for the boat!" cried the captain sharply. "Only stron men who are willing to risk their lives!"

There was a ready response, but before the boat left the vessel's side the boy was nearly halfway to the island. He was a strong swimmer and met the waves easily and gracefully; and it was only when the crew overtook him and assured him that he would be landed on the island that he consented to be taken on board. It would only be certain death to make the attempt on that side, the captain told him; so he waited, white and impatient, while the boat circled round in search of a less dangerous landing-place.

At last, as the boat moved cautiously in toward shore, he could wait no longer, but with a low, repressed cry sprang overboard, and was soon clambering up the wet, slippery rocks.

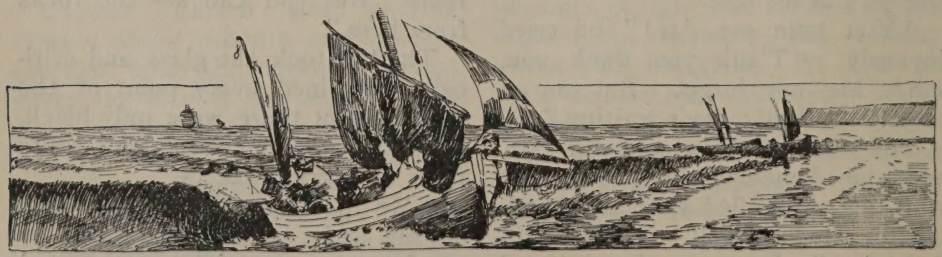
There was no vegetation on the island · ·.'y great masses of rock, with b.ack, narrow fissures here and there. But as they proceeded they began to discover signs of habitation — a worn shoe caught in a crevice, a half-eaten fish, and, farther on, a crab net rudely constructed from pieces of old string and cloth.

The boy clambered fiercely from rock to rock, and at last stopped with a quick, joyous cry. Hurrying forward, the captain found several children lying in a hollow, side by side, two of them unconscious; and over them was bending an emaciated, middle-aged woman.

Gentle arms carried them to the boat, and kind ministrations brought them slowly back to life and strength. The Penelope made a quick trip to Tradesport and obtained her cargo. When she returned home the woman and children were able to walk ashore without assistance.

A tenement was found for them in the house opposite the office, and both Captain Larkin and his employer assisted in furnishing it.

On her next trip the Penelope had a new name on her books, and henceforth the boy was one of her regular crew.



WHAT IS MINORITY REPRESENTATION?

BY EDWARD GERARD.

IT frequently happens under our present system of electing representatives to municipal, state, and national bodies, that large numbers of voters are left wholly unrepresented, and also that in many places, owing to the advantages offered by the district system, minorities are enabled to secure more representatives than their total vote in an entire state would entitle them to.

The perception of this anomaly in bodies created by the will of the people, supposedly to represent all classes and opinions in the community in a just and adequate manner, has given rise in the United States, as in every country which enjoys a popular government, to a cry for reform in election methods. This clamor has taken the appellation of "proportional or minority representation."

Under the present dispensation if 10 representatives of the people are to be elected in a district having 10,000 voters, 7,000 of whom are Republicans and 3,000 Democrats, the Republicans will elect all their 10 candidates, and the Democrats none. The aim of minority or proportional representation is to remedy this inequality by securing a representation of the whole number of voters, based upon the ratio between the electing parties. In the instance cited proportional representation would be seven Republicans and three Democrats, instead of 10 Republicans. The idea underlying the reform is that every party shall be represented according to its strength, so that, under a fair proportional representation, one quarter of the voters shall elect one quarter of the representatives, and wice as many voters shall elect twice as many representatives.

The practical means which the agitators have offered to effect their purpose in the various communities where proportional representation has been tried is, broadly, one of the following: The cumulative vote, the limited vote, the preferential vote, the single transferable vote, and the free-list system, the last two of which are used in Denmark and Switzerland, respectively.

Under the single transferable vote, as practised in Denmark, an estimate is made of the number of votes required to elect, by dividing the total vote cast by the number of representatives to be chosen. Any candidate receiving this number is declared elected, and any surplus or ineffective votes are transferred to assist in electing others of the same principles. This system is indorsed by Mill, Lubbock, and others, and Harvard College and other institutions have elected officers by this method. It insures the least possible loss of votes, and the representation of the greatest possible number of individual voters.

In so far as the idea of proportional representation has obtained a practical application in corporation elections in American states, the cumulative system has met with most favor, and is the system which will probably receive most consideration from American voters.

The main object of the advocates of proportional representation in the United States is to secure the election of congressmen by the cumulative vote, and with this in view, the American Proportional Representation League, the headquarters of which are in Chicago, has set forth in its constitution that the object of the league shall be: —

"To promote the reform of legislative assemblies by abandoning the present system of electing single representatives from limited territorial districts by a majority or plurality vote, and by substituting the following: —

"1. All representatives shall be elected at large, on a general ticket, either without district divisions or in districts as large as practicable.

"2. The election shall be in such form that the respective parties, or political groups, shall secure representation in proportion to the number of votes cast by them respectivel ."

The principle of cumulative voting can be applied to all elections, from that of a congressman to an alderman or school committeeman, as a single glance at its methods will prove.

The idea of the cumulative vote originated with Mr. James Garth Marshall in England in 1853. Under its operation the voter has as many votes as there are persons to be chosen, and may distribute them as he pleases, dividing them equally or unequally among several candidates, or cumulate them all upon one. Cumulative voting is practised somewhat in England, and in Illinois it has been in vogue for 20 years. Each district has three representatives, and every voter is allowed to cast three votes — one for each candidate or three for one candidate, as he chooses — thus giving a weak party a better opportunity of electing a representative. This method elects a majority of the Legislature by an average of about one third of the votes cast. It would resolve the citizens of a town or city into a business organization, for the time being, with a certain number of officials to elect, and by giving to each voter as many votes as there are positions to fill and allowing him the right to divide them among several or all candidates, or to concentrate them upon one, the candidates having the most votes would be elected and the minority would not fail of proportionate representation. Not only this, but the best candidates would be elected, which is one of the greatest blessings needed n our affairs at the present time. It requires but a glance at the incumbents of many prominent public offices to-day, to prove that many of the superior men of the country are at home — kept there by the present elective system. By the cumulative vote is effected in politics what the law of natural selection achieves in the world of nature, of art, literature, and commerce, the survival of the fittest.

In its annual address on the subject the American Proportional Representation League points to the result of the last congressional election but one, for proof of the statement that our present assemblies are not as representative of the people as under a Republican form of government they should be. The address says: —

"Iowa, with 219,215 Republican votes and 201,923 Democratic votes at the election of 1892, sent 10 Republican congressmen and one Democrat to Washington ; every 21,921 Republicans of that state has a representative, while the whole 201,923 Democrats have but one. In Kentucky the case is reversed. The Democrats have a congressman for every 17,436 votes, while the Republicans have one for 122,308. In Maine the vote was 65,637 Republicans and 55,778 Democrats, but the Republicans got the four congressmen. In Maryland the vote was 91,762 Republicans and 113,931 Democrats, but the latter got the six congressmen. The Republicans of Texas have not had a representative in Congress since 1882. The Democrats of Kansas have not had a representative since the state was admitted to the Union, though they have polled from a third to two fifths of the vote of the state during that time. And even the votes of the successful parties only mean that the persons who cast them merely preferred one of the party candidates to another ; instead of a free choice they had a forced alternative."

From a comparison of these statistics it will be seen that, while the constitution guards and guarantees the right of voting, the exercise of the franchise does not necessarily secure the voter representation. On the contrary, our elections illustrate what is claimed by the reformers, that a large percentage of the votes are wholly lost, in so far as the votes were cast for the purpose of securing the election of a certain candidate. In the general election of 1888 more than 5,000,000 citizens voted for representatives in Congress, yet failed to secure representation, and in two states, New Hampshire and Connecticut, these formed a majority of those who voted.

Adherents to the two great political parties are so evenly divided that the voters on the losing side are often nearly one half of those who vote, and this great number of citizens is left without

representation, or is misrepresented by a candidate with hostile political opinions. If to the defeated party be added the members of the smaller parties, whose number is growing and spreading from one election to another, it very frequently occurs that the number of the wholly unrepresented is in a majority of those who voted.

"In voting for representatives, whether in the state Legislature or in Congress," says Mr. John M. Berry in his treatise on the subject, "the people are choosing delegates to vote for them upon measures. Hence, if a citizen's vote does not count to elect, he is not merely outvoted, but he loses his vote altogether upon the questions coming before the Legislature or Congress, and has no voice, directly or indirectly, in making the laws, and in instances where the combined voters of all the defeated parties outnumber the successful party, the laws are made by representatives who actually represent only a minority of all the votes cast. The Legislative system then becomes a government by pluralities in separate districts, and we actually have minority rule. And though the movement which aims at the reform of this anomaly in a republican government is termed 'minority' or 'proportional representation,' the final result attained through it is the rule of the majority through equal representation of all."

In the "preferential" system of voting, which varies somewhat from the "cumulative," but whose main object is the same, each elector votes for as many candidates as there are persons to be chosen, by indicating by the figures — 1, 2, 3 — or in some other way, his preferences among the candidates. The whole number of ballots cast is divided by the number of candidates to be elected, and the quotient thus obtained is the quota, or number of votes sufficient to elect. In counting the ballots the first choices are first considered, and he who has a quota of these is thereby elected, all votes in excess of the quota going to the next named person, and so on with the other choices. In cases where few votes are cast, preference is given to the person named as first choice. In case of failure to fill vacancies in this way, a plurality suffices to elect.

By the "preferential" plan it is claimed that the majority party will always have the majority of representatives and that the most popular man in each party will be chosen; secondly, that divisions in a party do not endanger its success, and that corrupt arrangements between a weak nominee and the opposition cannot prevent these results. Voters have the largest freedom, and those elected will be true representatives of the voters. Minorities will be duly represented and the better elements can be represented in the party. The larger the district and the greater the number of candidates to be voted for, the more perfectly will the principals work.

The history of proportional or minority representation dates back to the beginning of the century. The constitution of Norway, adopted Oct. 7, 1814, first provided a distinct plan of minority representation, which was followed in Denmark, in 1855, by the Andrae scheme, putting the preferential vote into practical operation. In 1844, Mr. Thomas Gilpin of Philadelphia, in a paper before the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, afterward published in book form, discussed "The Representation of Minorities of Electors to Act with the Majority in Elected Assemblies." This was the first American advocacy of the idea in book form, and it antedates by 15 years Mr. Thomas Hare's first published treatise upon the subject in England. Mr. Hare proposed the cumulative system of voting, which Mr. John Stuart Mill embodied in his "Considerations on Representative Government," published in 1865, since which time the subject has grown in interest to students of the electoral systems of the world, and has been adopted in greater or less degree by England, Switzerland, and to some extent also in the states of New York, North Carolina, Illinois, Ohio, West

Virginia, and Pennsylvania. In many other states and foreign countries a great deal of attention has been given it by Legislatures.

In 1867, Senator Buckalew of Pennsylvania, in the United States Senate, offered an amendment to the supplementary construction bill in the nature of a proposition to apply the cumulative vote to the election contemplated by that measure, and made a lengthy speech in favor of his amendment, in which he gave practical illustrations, from the elections in various states, of its advantages in securing minority representation. He cited the case of Vermont, with 60,000 voters, entitled to three representatives; 40,000 of the voters belonged to the majority party, and 20,000 to the minority. By the system he advocated, he claimed that the 40,000 should elect two members and the 20,000 one member, thus insuring a just representation.

Later in the same year Senator Buckalew made a public address in Philadelphia in favor of applying the cumulative vote to elections generally throughout the country.

Illinois adopted the system for the election of its state representatives in 1872. Ohio, in 1870, applied it in its election of judges. In May, 1870, the board of overseers of Harvard College was elected according to this plan. Many conventions, commercial bodies, banks and other institutions elect their officers on the cumulative plan.

Mr. William H. Gove of Salem presented a bill to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1888, embodying the features of the single transferable vote and others, but with the additional proviso that each candidate, before the election, should say to whom his surplus votes shall be transferred, thus acquainting the voter beforehand that his suffrage may be transferred to another candidate, in general agreement with the one he voted for.

Applying the Gove system to the Indiana election of 1888, where the votes of 216,114 Republicans and 238,920 Democrats elected two Republican and 11 Democratic representatives — one congressman for each 108,057 Republicans and one for each 21,720 Democratic votes — the result would have been as follows: —

The whole number of votes cast, 455,034, divided by 13, the number of representatives to be elected, would give 35,003 as the quota required to elect, and this would have insured the election of six Republicans and seven Democrats. Under the Gove system every Democratic vote would have counted, and every Republican except 6,096. Under the district system, 176,576 Republican votes and 32,260 Democratic votes were thrown away, having failed to help elect a representative.

John M. Berry of Worcester, and others, presented a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature in March, 1891, for the adoption of a system of equal representation for the election of senators and representatives. They were given leave to withdraw by a majority of the committee on constitutional amendments, with a dissenting minority which recommended further consideration on its merits and reference to the next Legislature.

The objections to minority representation are chiefly the following: It is claimed, first, that it removes that responsibility which now attaches to the dominant party, and affords no means of fixing the responsibility for misgovernment; secondly, that it carries into the lawmaking body the same discussions which have been already decided before the people, and prevents a final definitive vote, by which the majority shall have its way; thirdly, that, in some respects, as disproportionate a representation may be obtained under it as under the present system, and by a possible combination of circumstances the ma ority party might lose its proper share of representation, or even be thrown into a minority.

These objections are ably met by the advocates of the "minority representation plan," and Mr. Salem Dutcher, uthor of a much valued book on the

subject, closes his work upon it in these words: "It may be said for minority or proportional representation that it has been adopted as a rule wherever it has been tried as an experiment. The preferential vote was first ordered into use into Denmark by a royal decree, but some years afterward the Legislative Assembly of the kingdom freely adopted it from it a persuasion of its excellence, and subsequently thereto the Danish Constitution was amended so as to provide that elections of members of the Landsthing shall be made according to the system of proportional representation, as regulated by law.

"In England the limited vote was applied to parliamentary elections in the three-cornered constituencies in 1868, and in 1870 a proposition to do away with that method was voted down, and the plan reaffirmed as having been vindicated in practice.

"In the state of New York the limited vote was applied to the election of delegates at large to the constitutional convention of 1867, and of all the amendments proposed by that convention the only one ratified by the popular voice was that applying the same method of election to the choice of a court of appeals.

"In Pennsylvania the cumulative vote was first applied to the Bloomsburg town election, thence to all town elections throughout the state, and, lastly, minority representation by another method — the limited vote — was provided for by law in the election of a convention to revise the state constitution. Results like these — for we will not here speak of the adoption of the cumulative vote in Illinois, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Utah, the municipal election in Wilmington, May 6, 1872, being the only instance of a practical operation of any of these methods outside of those mentioned — seem to indicate that proportional representation has been found to stand actual wear and tear, and beyond doubt it is the tendency of the times in the United States and Europe to give it a yet more extended trial."

LOVE'S SECRET.

From the French of Felix d'Arvers.

BY ARTHUR LYMAN GREENE.

My heart contains a secret, my life a mystery,
A love which burns so bright that naught can quench its flame;
The pain is without balm, unknown to all but me,
For she — the gentle cause — knows not in sooth my name.

So near I pass her by, yet all unheard my cry;
Forever at her side, in solitude I stay,
And life's brief sunny day is gliding fast away,
But I must guard my hopeless secret till I die.

For she, though God hath made her chaste and fair and tender,
Her tranquil way pursues, and all in vain doth render
The murmur of my love arising 'neath her feet.

She'll little reck my meaning, these lines to her when reading,
But wonderingly will say, their pleading fond unheeding,
"Of whom, then, is't he speaks?" and find no answer meet.

SIR JOHN J. D. THOMPSON.

BY G. M. WARD.

MANY weeks have elapsed since the whole of England and Canada were startled and profoundly grieved by the unlooked-for announcement that Sir John Thompson was no more. Death seized his prey at what appeared a singularly inopportune moment, just as the statesman had received the highest of the many honors heaped on him, and while he was a guest in the home of the sovereign to whom he had always been a most loyal and efficient servant. The weeks that have elapsed have diminished the force of the shock; counsel has come with time, and the calm that is following the first effervescence of the nation's grief allows of a more thorough study and appreciation of the great premier's life, of the work he performed and of the manner of its accomplishment. *Finis coronat opus.* There was a completeness in everything he did, and a perfection in his every action, public and private, that are rarely met with, and that won the esteem and respect of his opponents as well as of his fellow-politicians, of those of other denominations as well as of his co-religionists; and when the end came so suddenly and under such tragic circumstances it crowned the work of his life.

The dominant quality tha influenced friend and foe alike was his unflinching integrity — integrity of life, of purpose, of action. "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and an honest man was Sir John Thompson in every sense of the word. The lesson of his life remains a precious inheritance to all, but especially to be laid to heart by the young just now entering on life. Success attended him, honors fell thick and fast on him, he held a worthy rank among statesmen, both Colonial and English, yet he kept on his way calmly, pressing onward to accomplish his duty, and caring nothing for the approval or disapproval of the world at large.

Not only was the career of Sir John Thompson a brilliant one; it was in many respect an unparalleled one, and from every standpoint an eminently edifying one. He was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Nov. 10, 1844. His father was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and both in journalism and politics was constantly associated with the great statesman Joseph Howe, whose impress remained on the younger Thompson's mind and character. He received a common school education, began the study of law at 17 years of age, and was admitted to the bar in 1865. In the year 1870 he married the present Lady Thompson (her maiden name was Miss Annie Affleck) in Halifax, and in 1871 he became a convert to the Catholic Church. Originally he had been a member of the Methodist body. The step to Catholicism appears to have been taken with great deliberation as well as from thorough conviction; and from the period of his making the important change to his lamented death, he practised his adopted re-

ligion with fervor and rare regularity for one who had embarked on the stormy sea of Canadian politics.

With relation to his conversion a story has gone the round of the Canadian papers by which it appears that when on the brink of embracing the Catholic faith a friend represented to him that his doing so would compromise his prospects and diminish his means of supporting his wife and child. His reply was: "Never mind. I have learned stenography, and with that I can make a living, though it may be but a poor one, for my family." As it turned out, his change of religion did not very much affect his prospects, although it was the cause of his meeting with a certain amount of opposition, and to the end of his days his faith was the guiding star of his daily life.

In the year 1877 he was retained as counsel for the United States government before the Fishery Commission in Halifax, under the Treaty of Washington, and in the same year he was elected to the legislature. In the following year he became a member of the government and its attorney-general, and in 1879 he was created a queen's counsel. His next step was to the premiership of Nova Scotia on the retirement of Mr. Holmes; but this position he held only for a few months, his party being defeated at the general elections. He was shortly afterwards appointed to the Bench of the Provincial Supreme Court, and this at the unanimous desire of the members of the bar, but in September, 1885, he abandoned this position at the request of Sir John Macdonald, who offered

him the portfolio of minister of justice in the Dominion Cabinet, which he accepted.

In 1888 he was created Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, as a recognition of the important services he had rendered during the Chamberlain-Bayard Fishery negotiations at Washington. In 1891, on the death of Sir John Macdonald, he was requested by Lord Hanley, then governor-general of Canada, to form a government, but he declined in favor of Sir John Abbott. Although he did not hold the position of premier he was a most influential member of the government; and in November, 1892, on Sir John Abbott's retirement from office on account of ill-health, he became premier of Canada, the position he held at the period of his untimely death. In February, 1892, he proceeded to Washington as one of a delegation to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States and to settle the fisheries question. In the spring and summer of 1893, he sat as joint member of the High Court of International Arbitration on the Behring Sea question at Paris, and it was as a recognition of the great services he had rendered on this occasion to Great Britain and Canada, that he was called by Queen Victoria to her Privy Council.

In October last Sir John crossed the Atlantic for various affairs of importance, among others to be formally sworn in as a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. On Wednesday, the 12th of December, came the horrifying news of his sudden death just after he had taken the solemn oaths of office and of allegiance. The circumstances of the event, so sad and so dramatic, are too well known to need more than a short résumé at this time.

On the day which was to have such a fatal termination, a special train left London at noon bearing the members of the Privy Council and others, who, on arriving at Windsor, were taken in carriages to the royal residence. On the way Sir John complained of indisposition, and mentioned that he had hardly slept the preceding night. The cabinet ministers and Sir John were conducted to the Chamber of the Privy Council, where, in the presence of Her Majesty, Sir John was sworn in with the usual ceremonial, after which a certain amount of business on foreign affairs was transacted.

The deliberations having come to an end, the members adjourned to the lunch table. Hardly had the Canadian premier seated himself when he became very ill. Medical aid was sent for, and while awaiting the arrival of the doctor the gentlemen present did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings by administering stimulants, etc.; but their efforts were vain. On the arrival of the doctor the pulse was already imperceptible. In the space of 10 minutes Sir John Thompson passed from life to death.

It is fresh in all minds how the Queen was overcome when she learned the sad tidings. She ordered that every honor be paid to the deceased statesman. By her desire the Catholic priest of Windsor, Father Longinotto, was sent for and offered the prayers for the dead beside the corpse. Towards midnight the Office of the Dead was solemnly recited in the room where Sir John lay dead. Her Majesty's sympathy for the daughter of the deceased statesman has found an

echo in every heart, and has still further endeared her to her subjects.

Sir John's body was taken to London the next morning, and from the date of his death to that of his being comm tted to the earth there was a constant uprising of prayer in his behalf and a lavish bestowal of all those honors that could testify to the esteem — I might almost say reverence — in which he was held by his sovereign, his colleagues, and by the public in general. A British man-of-war, the Blenheim, bore his honored remains across the ocean; and in Halifax, his birthplace, his burial took place, amid the highest honors possible to be conferred by the Church, the sovereign, the imperial government, and the governments of Canada and the provinces.

Birthplace of Sir John Thompson.

It was at the age of 50 years and one month that the noble and useful life of Sir John Thompson was closed. It left its impress on the nation and on the times, and in losing her premier Canada suffered an irremediable loss, and of this all feel conscious. Political friends and foes (of private foes he had none) partisan and opponent, high and low, Catholic and Protestant, all recognize the worth of the great statesman and what an amazing amount of good he accomplished in the nine brief years of his federal political career.

Opinions differ as to what was the most remarkable and most valuable of the many services he rendered his party and his country. On the bench and in the law school the consensus of public opinion holds him to have been at his best; and that which perhaps will live the longest of all in the memory of succeeding generations will be the magnificent codification of the Criminal Law, which he made during his term of office as minister of justice. By this code Canada is placed among the foremost nations in all that concerns the criminal law. All his works in the department of

justice are living monuments of his genius, and he has contributed more than any preceding Canadian statesman to the series of Revised Statutes placed on our law books. The Railway Act, the Banking Act, the acts concerning bills of exchange and promissory notes, all bear testimony to the immense grasp of his mind and the extent of his learning, while it is to him that Canada is indebted for the law that accused persons may testify in their own behalf.

As an orator Sir John was an effective speaker, and but rarely employed passionate declamation. He always thoroughly understood the subject he was treating of, clothing his ideas in appropriate diction, and arguing his points with sound and convincing logic. His voice was full and rich, and lent itself to every expression. It was his masterly speech on the Riel question that first established his reputation as a political speaker at Ottawa. His reply to Dalton McCarthy, in defence of the government for not disallowing the Jesuits' Estates Act, was another master-piece, and passes for one of the most scholarly and eloquent speeches ever delivered within the walls of Parliament.

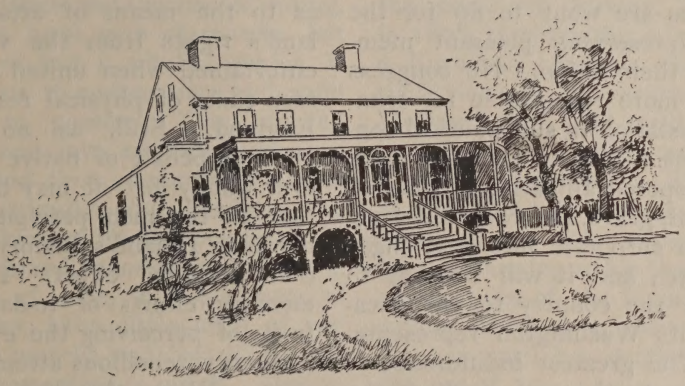
As a debater he may be given the highest rank. From the very first when he was pitted against Edward Blake, then the ablest debater and perhaps the cleverest lawyer in the House of Commons, down to his latest utterances, he gave evidence of wonderful power and penetration. Edward Blake pronounced him to be the best debater who had ever entered the House. His greatness as lawyer, statesman, and diplomat was even more appreciated in the old country than in the new. At the Behring Sea arbitration he was in company with the first men of Europe and the United States, and he displayed such wonderful penetration, such irresistible logic, and such power of argument, that all were impressed with his superior powers.

Such men as Lord Chief Justice Russell and Lord Hannen have given the highest opinion of Sir John's ability, the former remarking, "From the beginning I was greatly impressed by his broad good sense and the eminently judicial character of his mind," while the latter expressed his high opinion of the enormous benefit conferred by his presence during the sittings of the commission, especially in the consideration of certain difficult questions, both legal and international, which were mixed up with the points at issue.

In politics Sir John was a conservative, and his whole life bore evidence to the sincerity and thoroughness of his convictions. He was a faithful subject to England, whose institutions he greatly esteemed. As regards the possible future position of Canada, he was an out and out Imperialist, proud of Canada's connection with England, and bound to maintain it. His last speech in the very heart of Great Britain was in favor of the consolidation of the empire ; his dying oath, when on bended knee before his sovereign he swore allegiance to her throne, was to the effect that he would loyally and courageously follow out the policy of cementing the dominion of Canada more and more closely to the mother country.

To bring about the speedy accomplishment of this, his desire and aim, he spared himself in no way. When warned, a few weeks before his tragic death, that he was endangering his

life by his assiduity in the public service, and that he absolutely required repose and change of climate, he preferred what he believed to be his duty to all personal considerations, remarking, "It would be selfish in me to resign just now." He remained at his post, and at his post he died.



Sir John Thompson's late residence.

Sir John's private life was simple and unostentatious. He was a domestic man, and a genial atmosphere pervaded his home, to which he heartily welcomed all who visited him. Great as was his success in life, he remained perfectly unspoiled by it. It is a common opinion that had he not entered on the arena of politics he might have lived for many years longer, but he never did live for himself alone; and though personally averse to the turmoil of public life, he sacrificed his feelings for the good of his country. His memory and his example will influence future generations. His marvellous powers of application and his habits of hard work can be imitated by all with advantage, but many of his gifts were personal to himself. One of these, his ability and readiness at critical moments, was almost, if not quite, unique, and he was never taken at a disadvantage. He was the soul of honor. His honesty of purpose and purity of nature were unquestioned, and no blot defaces his record. He died a poor man, and in that lies the convincing and glorious proof of his intense integrity.

Sir John Thompson can take his stand with the first men of the empire. His real life is yet to be written, and all will look forward eagerly to seeing it appear; but his memory is already deeply graven on the hearts of all who knew and appreciated him and the glorious work he did for Canada. In the future he will be spoken of as one of his country's historic characters, as one of her greatest patriots, and as one of the largest minded and most clean-handed of those who have wielded the executive power in the Dominion of Canada.

"From birth till death he fearless leant on Right,
Nor questioned what the sacrifice would be;
One bright star shone surpassing to his sight—
INTEGRITY!"

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE 53d Congress has passed into history, with a record which should certainly prevent the members from sitting for a photograph in a body, as so many legislative assemblies are wont to do for the sake of preserving pleasant memories of their union. No congress was ever more remarkable for trimming legislation to suit political considerations. Add to this the more than whispered affiliation of some of the potent, grave, and reverend senators with corporate interests, sugar trusts, etc., and it will be easy to reconcile the country to the vacation of its Washington representatives. The greatest indifference or opposition to the real wants of the people was shown in the handling of the currency, which, instead of having been put on a solid, secure basis, independent of every party or cranky scheme, has been tossed about from one plan to another, until it is only charity to suppose that the question was too big for the comprehension of the members. Then there were the extravagances of both branches, notably of the senate, which did much to weaken public confidence in the use of the upper chamber. It is to be hoped that the country will long be spared the infliction of such another incompetent, vacillating congress.

THE recent death of ex-Judge Richard O'Gorman, of New York City, at the age of 74, removes another of the leading survivors of the "Young Ireland" movement of '48. There remain now only James Stephens, Gavan Duffy, Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and Denny Lane. Stephens resides in Dublin, Duffy in London, O'Doherty in Australia, and Lane in Cork City. The distance which separates these patriotic Irishmen is not more remote than is the sentiment of the present day as to the means of attaining Ireland's rights from the views they entertained when united in a common cause of physical resistance to England. Still, as no patriotic effort in behalf of native country is ever wholly lost, it may be believed that all the rash, precipitous movements in Ireland's history have had their remedial effect. The parliamentary efforts of to-day are the fruits of perceiving the evils of the foolhardy rebellious attempts of the past. When the Nationalist minority open their eyes to the folly of prolonging their opposition to the solidarity of the party's ranks, in the fight for Home Rule, the last obstacle to the attainment of that triumph will vanish, so far at least as Ireland is concerned. The cause is so far advanced in the sentiment of the English people, that the final act, establishing a home government in Dublin will not long withstand the pressure of a united, stable effort of the Nationalist party and their allies in the desired direction. But unity often entails the subordination of individual ambition. There's the rub, Mr. Healy.

AT one time it looked as if the popularity of athletic sports among the people and in the colleges would lead to a disease or a heresy, so ardently did educators and theorists formulate all sorts of principles for the new science. Thanks, however, to the specialists of character, a check was speedily put on the too

rapid development of things useful as a means to an end, but highly injurious to mankind, when made the object of life. Muscularity has given way to vitality. It has been shown that for a long life vitality is of more importance than muscle. Savants like Cardinal Newman, public men like Gladstone and Cardinal Manning, have not been men of muscle, but they have had a vitality which is marvellous to contemplate and solid wealth to possess. They worked like beavers into advanced age, and left behind them monuments of enduring strength, and Gladstone is still working at his glorious pile. It was observed, moreover, that the majority of men, in these days of machinery, have little need of the athlete's muscle, and less liking for the work required to get it. Hence, the shrewder teachers of athletics have declared against the indiscriminate cultivation of biceps, and have gone in for vitality, its increase, and preservation. The chances of a new brand of modern heresy are therefore lessened. The advocates of vegetarianism, the denouncers of the popular cabbage and the baked bean, the supporters of a milk diet, and the promoters of the stock-farm method for raising children are more than ever likely to sit in the dumps at the bottom of that vast tureen which has long yawned for them.

OVER 100 pages of the latest volume of the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society" are devoted to an account of "Philadelphia's First Nun," by Sara Trainer Smith. The narrative is given mostly in a chain of letters written by Sister Cecilia Veronica O'Conway, of Mother Seton's Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and afterwards Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, of the Ursulines of Quebec, her father, Matthias Ignatius O'Conway, a man of great learning and piety among the early Catholics of the century in the States, the venerable Mother Seton herself, and others. They present a very full biography of the holy woman who, when on the point of leaving Philadelphia in 1808, to enter the religious life in a European convent, was providentially led to the acquaintance of Mother Seton, then seeking companions for the establishment of a religious community. She became Mother Seton's first associate, and remained in her order over 12 years, changing it for the more congenial rules of the Ursulines, under which she lived in their convent in Quebec until her death in 1865, at the age of 77.

The letters are absorbingly interesting, both on account of the loftiness of character of all the writers, and the rare glimpses they permit into the Catholic history of the several places written from, during the first half of the century. Much can be said in praise of the writer's work in collating such a valuable series of epistles, and of her intelligent, sympathetic comments upon them. She has done Catholic-American history a worthy service, and furnished the readers of the "Records" one of the most attractive contributions ever published in that growing treasury of early American-Catholic data. We expect to see numerous and copious "extracts" from these letters reproduced in the press of the country, as they contain a host of allusions to noted Catholic historic events, from those who either took part in what they wrote about, or were intimately associated with those who did. The easy, delightful, meaty style of all the letters is refreshing in this age of

epistolary barrenness. If the "Records" continue to publish such "finds" as this on "Philadelphia's First Nun," the arguments of the society's president, as printed in this issue of Donahoe's, in favor of the existence and development of the Society's great work, will need no further proof.

THE Woman's Congress has come to an end in Washington, and it must be admitted that in most of its aspects it vindicated its right to a high place among the many useful congresses of all sorts that have been held in the world of recent years. In its resolutions on general matters, from which the specific "woman" question was excluded, it took, for the most part, just and sensible positions. Such conclusions, for example, as favor the arbitration of disputes between employers and employed, the standard of coöperation in industrial relations, equal pay for equal labor, temperance work, manual training, and patriotic teaching in the schools, are all in line with the soundest thought of the time, and go far to prove that the woman of the period, from the vigor of her intelligence and the greater intensity of her moral convictions, can contribute much to the solution of the problems of civilization. On other matters, however, where considerations of sex against sex more closely entered, the results of the deliberations are open to practical objections. On such topics as the suffrage and others in which the "Woman's Rights" movement, so-called, came prominently forward, there was much of the purely feminine in argument and decision, and the conclusions show little trace of a thorough discussion, pro and con. The most serious criticism to be made on the congress, as a whole, is its undue expansiveness. Its participants seemed bent upon getting into everything under the sun, and glittering generalities of statement and of reasoning was the order of most of the proceedings. If there was one topic at present agitating common thought, which was not brought in one way or another into the sessions, it was seemingly only by mistake or oversight. As a consequence the unprejudiced critic will view the results of the Congress' labors askance, and his opinion of much of the work will be that it was too general in outline, and consequently impracticable of consummation.

THE great and deserved popularity of the novel, Ben Hur, has made it the fruitful source of various public entertainments. The illustrated lecture adds to the delight of those who enjoyed the reading of the book, by picturing scenes and characters not yet portrayed by the artists of publishers. It is noticeable that many Catholic lecturers have drawn upon Ben Hur for material, and have been welcomed by Catholic audiences with sincere interest. This fact suggests the thought that an equally deserving and powerful novel by a Catholic author ought to receive the same honorable attention from the Catholic world, so often prone to notice the stranger without the gates and neglect the guest of the household. Dion and the Sibyls is a novel better known to the past generation than to ours. Yet Ben Hur itself cannot claim any superiority in style, interest, incident, color, and power over this production of the talented Miles Gerald Keon, soldier, traveller, and writer, who died in London many years ago. There is a certain re-

semblance between the two books. The characters in both are Jewish and Roman, and the main scenes of the stories are laid in the neighborhood of Rome and Jerusalem. The Saviour appears in both, and many scriptural personages are characters. Not a few of the incidents have a passing likeness. The style and thought of the Catholic novel are superior to Ben Hur, and the action is more rapid though less varied. There is greater dignity, deeper religious feeling, a truer conception of the scriptural characters. Why should the glory of Dion and the Sibyls be hid, while Catholic audiences are charmed by the splendor of Ben Hur? If our lecturers find the latter interesting matter for description and illustration, why not search for similar interest in the noblest English novel of the century, a true classic, whose influence will reach farther down the decades than the best?

If whipping-posts are to be revived in New York state, as is believed probable, from the act now pending in the legislature, it is queer to see a provision inserted by the Senate Judiciary Committee exempting wife-beaters from the flogging. It would appear that if any man deserved the sting of the cat-o-nine-tails, it is the cowardly brute who indulges himself in the occupation of blacking his wife's eye, or using her in the unconventional manner mutually adopted by students on the football field. It has been hinted that the committee added the amendment for the purpose of killing the bill altogether. The latter may be the best use to make of the measure, or it may not; but certainly if the wife beater is to be exempt, the bill should never come before a body of Christian legislators. Perhaps the assembly will take the view that no man beats his wife in his right senses, and should not be punished for what he does in a state of aberration. The same opinion was once held by a famous politician who was in the habit of asserting his household sovereignty by means of his fists. But whenever he did, he always took the precaution to get drunk. "For I haven't the heart to lick her when I'm sober," he explained to a friend. New York should kill the bill, or leave the wife-beaters in it.

Lieut. J. T. Knight, of the Third United States Cavalry, suggests in the North American a plan for the defence of passengers and property against train robbers. He advises putting the express car last of the train, and equipping each coach and sleeper with alarm bells connected with it, so that when the express messenger is called upon to open his car, he can sound the warning through the train. Each car should have in a glass front case two repeating shotguns, each magazine containing five buckshot cartridges, which would supply the train crew from six to 12 effective weapons, and thus enable them to give the robbers an unexpectedly warm reception.

"Under such an arrangement in the make-up of a train," says the lieutenant, "should the rear or express car be the sole point of attack, then the first step would be to cut this car loose from the train, and then loot it. The automatic air-brake would give the alarm to the engineer, and he, in turn, to the coaches, or, better still, the concealed electric wire could be so arranged as to sound the alarm when the car parted from the train. Should the engine, as in the past, be the first point of attack, then the crew and passengers (armed) have the advantage of being between the forces of robbers, and, with every probability, can throw the

greater number in the fight, and, Napoleon-like, repulse or defeat in detail."

A very comprehensive plan of defence and seemingly very feasible — on paper. If it can only be carried into practical effect, one of the greatest terrors of western travel and transportation will be abolished.

SLATTERY, the unspeakable, has been at it again, this time in Savannah, where his abominations against the Church resulted in rioting and bloodshed — not Slattery's, — his veins have long since ceased to carry anything but viperous venom strongly adulterated with whiskey, — but of the rash, hot-headed men who foolishly tried to close his facial gap. It is about time for Catholics to treat the Slatterys, the Lamberts, the Chiniquys, and Shepards with that silent contempt which is the death of all their tribe. Notoriety is the very breath of their nostrils and the bread in their mouths, and such doings as those of the Savannah Catholics only give them a longer lease of life and opportunity. It is of course hard on decent manhood to curb the natural impulses in presence of such a monstrosity as Slattery; even the saintly Newman himself lost his temper and expressed himself roundly when the filthy Achilles was let loose in England, but the court condemned his righteous indignation in a heavy fine.

This is the glorious land of free speech — the freer the better, apparently, when it is directed against the Catholic religion. But Catholics should possess themselves in patience, notwithstanding, and permit the genus Slattery free room for expansion. It is a noxious weed, and will flourish only where the atmosphere is unfit for a healthy man to breathe. It would have been better for the Catholics of Savannah if, instead of mobbing Slattery, they had run a counter-lecture on the subject of "Why Slattery was fired from the priesthood by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin?" or "Why did Slattery's friends, the Baptists, expel him from Colgate University and the Philadelphia Conference?" or "Slattery's Experiences as a Vender of Obscene Literature." Any one of these subjects would have made the climate of Georgia so intensely warm for Slattery, that he would have been glad to sneak from the confines of the state, without seeking police protection — and perhaps without waiting to pay his board.

THE Pope has a long memory. In a conversation the other day with an American official, he mentioned his meeting fifty years ago with the first Archbishop of New York, the great John Hughes; and the incident with which he connected his name was the meeting of Hughes and Breckinridge, in the famous Philadelphia controversy. Said the Holy Father, "The young priest amazed me much by his description of speaking in public halls to the general public on religious questions." The Pontiff was at that date the papal nuncio to Belgium, not more than thirty-five years old, and such a statement surprised the man who had been brought up in the gridiron conditions of that period. The Holy Father has lived to see those conditions destroyed, and now commends the work of men like Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Spalding, who talk religion wherever they get the chance, and let slip no opportunity to impress the indifferent materialists of the hour. Archbishop Hughes is long in the grave, and

the Pope still lives. The Paulist Father Elliott, an original mind, has taken up the idea which once startled the nuncio, and is preaching the gospel exclusively to the non-Catholic world in halls and elsewhere, wherever a group of listeners will go.

FROM the latest annual report of the Carney Hospital of Boston, it appears that during 1893 the hospital has furnished 200 beds, and that 2,049 patients have been received in the house. This number shows an increase of 361, as compared with 1892, and is an evidence of the increasing calls made on the institution.

The sum of $40,000 is at present annually expended in meeting the expenses of the hospital, and paying the interest on the mortgage of $26,000. The total indebtedness is nearly $85,000.

The institution has no fixed source of income. One thousand one hundred and twenty-one of the house patients having been free cases, the income derived from the remainder, in the wards and in the private rooms, met only about half the anual expenses. The remainder has been received from donations, legacies, and entertainments.

This is one of the many great Catholic institutions in the country which dispenses its charity on a purely non-sectarian basis; refusing none, even the destitute and the positively incurable, the boon sought at its door, and receiving many who would otherwise become charges on the state. Yet this is the institution to which the Massachusetts legislature has several times refused to lend a helping hand on the score of its Catholic management. It is plain that the cry of sectarianism is responsible for much good undone in our midst, and that legislators are through it made blind to many of the best existing channels for the dispensation of its bounty to the helpless and afflicted. The "Cautious, Statistical Christ" of Boyle O'Reilly is rampant to-day, as never before; and the attitude of the state to this grand institution run on the lines of broad humanity is a standing refutation of the vaunted philanthropy of New England.

THE lightning-change preacher of New York City, Mr. Thomas Dixon, who lives in the southern states on week-days, and bangs the metropolitan Philistines on Sundays, has been invited by his congregation to depart from them forever. He has accepted the invitation, and will follow Justin Fulton into the land of shouters, leaving the field quite clear for Messrs. Arthur and Peters. Mr. Dixon had a clever tongue in many respects; the slander and the lie fitted it to perfection; his mouth was a natural sluice-way for all the filth of the ages against the Catholic Church; and he spent a large portion of his time in enlarging the canal, and hunting up the stuff which flowed through it. For a long time the journals took delight in his words and ways, and pictured his attitudes in Monday columns. Monotony, however, finally killed public interest, and — exit Dixon. His fate has been foretold. It has been remarked by observers that preachers of his class are not for long in the eastern world. Fulton was put out of good standing when he adopted the anti-Catholic method. At one of his lectures in New York, he gave away a copy of his filthy book to each purchaser of a ticket, but could not get an audience to fill the hall or pay its hire. He faded from the metropolitan horizon

like a crushed tragedian, and now makes his living in the provinces. The fate of Dixon and Fulton now hangs over the devoted heads of the preachers Arthur and Peters, unless they take the hint in time. Both are at their best in vituperation, slander, and falsehood. Their sole ability is to pour out abuse on Catholics. It was Peters who wrote that "Nearly every criminal hanged in the United States was a Catholic." But was it not the classic Emerson who called Irish, or perhaps European, immigration "the black vomit"? These things are not acceptable to more modern taste. While the Dixon comets are thus flying from the scene, Mr. Talmage takes possession of the stage, and draws throngs of the unbaptized to his addresses by themes purely useful and Christian.

THE May issue of DONAHOE'S will contain an article of rare interest by Augustin Daly on his methods of preparing a Shakesperian play for stage production. Mr. Daly ranks among the greatest theatrical managers of this or any other age, adding to his thorough knowledge of the stage in all its aspects a high degree of dramatic literary talent which enables him to write and adapt plays as well as to produce them before the public. Those who have had the pleasure of witnessing his sumptuous and thoroughly classical revival of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," now running in New York for the first time in America in 50 years, are impressed with the accuracy of every detail of costume and local color, as well as the true Shakesperian spirit which permeates the production. The interpolated music only heightens the artistic and dramatic effect. The article showing how this perfection is achieved will prove immensely attractive, and throw sidelights on the work of a public entertainment provider hitherto unpublished. The same issue will contain an estimate of the career and personality of Augustin Daly himself from the pen of Rev. John Talbot Smith, of New York City, one of the most original and interesting contributors to DONAHOE'S.

THE money worth of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' library has been fixed at $804.50, an insignificant sum, apparently, but what a mine of ideas they must have been to the fertile brain of the possessor, if, as is probable, the doctor derived most of the inspiration for his writings from their contents! From the standpoint of his investment alone, they, utilized and made fertile by his genius, brought him a fortune of one hundred times their value, and produced besides, other books which will ever remain standard works of American literature. It would be interesting to have a catalogue of them published, to learn whence the autocrat drew the raw material which his nimble mind and facile pen evolved into the masterpieces bywhich he became a leading man of letters.

There are private libraries in every city of the world which, in respect to pecuniary value, would make Dr. Holmes a very beggar in books. Yet it is doubtful if most of these collections are of any more real worth to their possessors than what they might bring at an auction.

The inside of any 10 good books, if thoroughly mastered, digested, and applied towards the true object of reading, constitutes a more desirable treasure than the costliest agglomerations of unread volumes. It was Cicero who feared the man of *one* book.

WHAT THE CHILDREN WEAR.

FASHIONS for little folks are quainter than ever; the tendency towards demureness is more pronounced than in styles designed for their elders. Quakerish little costumes in soft neutral tones are much in favor, their wearers toddling along with a gravity in keeping with their garb. A pleasing feature of the new styles is the decided shortening of children's skirts; all models show the top of the boot, and some reach very little below the knee. This is a sensible change, and will be welcomed by all interested in promoting the comfort of children. During sloppy weather it was rather pitiful to see babies learning to walk wrestling with the double difficulty of keeping their feet and holding up their trailing garments.

In choice of material these young people are accorded as wide a range as their elders, soft woollen goods in light weight being most popular.

A very dainty little model is shown in golden brown vicuna trimmed with narrow bands of velvet ribbon. The pelisse hangs in soft folds, has full epaulettes of cloth lined with contrasting silk, a square collar of brocade, and gigot sleeves. The bonnet has been copied from the wee Dutch maiden, and is made of cloth with white embroidery.

Another fetching costume is shown in figure 1. The original was worked out in pink satin, laid in box plaits, wide collar edged with guipure, folded across and caught on the side by a bow of ribbon; the sleeves are made in puffs; and the hat is a broad brim trimmed with butterfly bow and soft plumes; kid gloves and high shoes complete the dainty outfit, which may be copied in less

costly material with equally good effect.

Corn-flower blue braided in silver, with flowing cape collar and cuffs of velvet traced in silver, is a showy design for a girl of seven, and may be duplicated in serge for school wear.

One of the most fairy-like crea-

tions of the season is a frock of cream china silk sprigged with tiny rosebuds. A garland of the buds worked in wash silks outlined the hem and little cuffs, a deep collar of cream lace caught with tiny rose color bows fell over the shoulders. With this frock the three-year-old will wear a broad chip hat trimmed with cream plumes and soft bows of cream ribbon sprigged with rosebuds; ribbon strings bowed under the chin will hold the hat in place; low shoes, wee lace mittens, and a scrap of a parasol complete the fairy's outfit.

Mothers who can't afford such finery for their darlings may reproduce the design in the dainty sprigged muslins that fall as soft as silk and have the advantage of

being washable. A chambray frock in pink and white pencil stripe, gathered in a yoke slashed with insertion, is another pretty model.

There is a beautiful showing in white wash goods. It seems a trifle early to consider them seriously, but wise mothers are busily preparing

for the warm days, and the counters loaded with cotton fabrics are most patronized. From the newcomer's christening robe to the miss's graduation gown is a span that the expert buyer has carefully gauged; there is no limit to the wealth of material graded to the length of the purchaser's purse.

Chambrays, percales, muslins, challies, and ginghams of foreign and domestic manufacture vie with one another in presenting claims for public admiration. Never were designs in better taste or color blend-

ing more harmonious. American mills are producing perfection in cotton weaves, and only close scrutiny will reveal any difference between these domestic goods and the foreign importations.

School styles are very simple, exquisite neatness being, as it should, the desirable feature. Garniture is disallowed and jewelry strictly prohibited. The school miss wears a plain frock with snowy linen finish or lace collarette; her little sister is similarly attired, with the addition of a spotless apron to protect her frock. At the present time the favorite materials are serges, flannels, and cashmeres, which may be worn threadbare without losing their air of refinement. The sailor suit is in again, the kilted skirt and full blouse giving free play to the wearer's vigorous movements; then there is the rather prim belted blouse and broad box-plaited skirt for the miss of 12, and a Priscilla-looking frock with severely plain

bodice, over a guimpe of sheer muslin, for the girl of 14; neat French folds finish the skirt, which joins the bodice in a double shirr. Trim little suits with Eton jackets and changeable vests furnish further variety, and are most becoming to girls from 13 to 15.

Sailor hats with scarf trimmings are much in vogue, and the comfortable walking-hat of soft felt keeps its place in school girls' favor. The favorite dress hat is the broad flat in chip or leghorn, trimmed with feathers or flowers and ribbons.

Jackets will soon be discarded; they are short, but otherwise differ little from winter styles. Girls under 12 wear the full length coat of light weight cloth; it makes the best wrap for holiday travel.

And now a word about that luckless nondescript, the boy in the transition stage from petticoats to trousers. It is rather puzzling why mothers exert themselves so to make their tiny sons look like monkeys. These fine days the sidewalks swarm with grotesque little figures that one must associate with hand-organs. The emancipated boy is abroad, looking absurdly uncomfortable, and with cause. He has discarded skirts and comfortably loose drawers for trousers that fit like tights, and hamper his limbs to such an extent that walking is almost impossible. Some mothers emphasize their folly by making the tights full length, with just a little flare at the instep. "He looks so droll," said one young mother in answer to a friend's remonstrance, "but they are a bother; I have to just work them on him like kid gloves."

Fashion seems averse to the small boy's development. This season's patterns present no mitigation of his woes, so he must just endure them and look forward to next year, when, ceasing to be picturesque, he will glory in the shorn head and tweed suit of the "truly" boy.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Do not Slam the Gate.

BY DELLE WHITNEY NORTON.

O HARRY! pray don't laugh at me! —
But when you go so late,
I wish you would be careful, dear,
And never slam the gate!

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you shut the gate!

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late
(We have discussed so many things);
O do not slam the gate!

For if the neighbors hear you, they
Will say our future fate
We have been talking over, so
You must not slam the gate!

I know 'twill only be the truth,
But then, I wish they'd wait
To canvass our affairs until —
Well — pray don't slam the gate!

At least not now. But by-and-by,
When in "our" home, I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

For whether you go out or in,
At early hour or late,
They will not care to tease me, then
About that horrid gate!

The Value of Sewing.

IN olden times sewing and humility were necessary qualifications for marriage. The literature of the period shows that the industrious damsel bending over her fine stitching was she upon whom the hero's "full dark eye" rested oftenest in "admiration tinctured with melancholy." Now and again the maiden stole a "coy" or "arch" glance at the man of her choice, and he rewarded her with words of commendation, or mayhap reproof, if she were in any way responsible for the tinge of melancholy. And so the wooing progressed to marriage.

On the other hand, the wayward girl, who couldn't or wouldn't make fine linen shirts, perpetrate patchwork atrocities, or was prone "to answer back," was invariably punished by being left unwed, a drag on her family, and a warning to all of her kind.

Times have changed. Women have solved the problem of self-support, and as a consequence the influence of the young man "with the full dark eye" has waned. The lover of to-day calls on his lady-love with humility as well as love in his heart. One can imagine the "coy" or "arch" glance he would receive if he ventured on words of reproof.

Those come later with household cares, and not infrequently are provoked by the homemaker's need of the old-time accomplishment, sewing.

From forming too large a part of a girl's education this homely art has reached the other extreme, receiving little or no attention.

The girl who cannot sew is no longer an anomaly; there are hundreds of women in every city who can't case a skirt, cut out a baby's shirt, or put an old coat in decent repair; and the modern girl's answer to this reproach is that she "does not mean to marry a man who would expect her to do such work."

The wonder is that where the need is greatest, the inability is generally in proportion. Clever needle women are often found in wealthy homes, while the fairly comfortable and very poor classes furnish a large percentage of women who cannot hold a needle properly.

In country villages and small towns the women are more thrifty, and become adepts in making a little go a long way. The decadence of the art of sewing is partly due to the introduction of shop-made clothing, but the real cause is the growing tendency of young girls to neglect

trades for the so-called higher pursuits, notably standing in stores, and clerical work. Perhaps the trashy story has something to do with this. Its pet snare is the pretty shop girl fascinating the millionnaire.

The girl who can sew is the really independent wage-earner; she is always sure of a living. A sensible young girl said to the writer: "I left a business college to learn millinery, and am glad I did. I'm on pay now, and my friends who graduated are still looking for work." The time will come when bread-winners in certain fields of labor will be driven out by the pin-money workers; they are routing them now, swarming from business colleges into office positions, and offering their services at prices below living rates. Girls with a living to make should look this fact in the face, and choose a trade or at least supplement their business training with a practical knowledge of plain sewing. Then when the girl with the picture hat and much be-curled hair comes in and offers to take her place for half the money, the real worker can walk out without fear of starvation.

Learn to sew, girls, even if you don't wish to make a living by it; the millionnaire may not come at all, or you may be persuaded to marry a poor man and will surely let the wolf into his home if you compel him to pay for making every stitch the babies wear.

M. B. O'S.

About the House.

PREPARE for house cleaning by getting rid of every scrap of household débris. Turn out the contents of bureaus, pantries, and closets, and you will be surprised at the amount of stuff that should have been consigned to the ash barrel or sold to the ragman long ago. Some housekeepers have a perfect mania for saving up everything, from dress clippings to broken dishes and disabled tinware, thus increasing the difficulty of living comfortably in close quarters, particularly in flats.

To reach up to a top shelf for one's furs and as a consequence bring down on one's head a stack of old hats, masculine and feminine, is not conducive to good temper, nor is it pleasant to grope in a dark closet for a needed skirt, and draw out several dilapidated ones before the right one is reached. Old boots are other articles that monopolize too much space in most households. They are saved up scrupulously with the pious intention of conferring them on some unfortunate driven by need to the door.

It is an affront to charity to offer old boots to any one. Unless they are misfits or otherwise uncomfortable the owner generally wears them till every vestige of respectability is gone, service in rubbers ending their career of usefulness, and fitting them only for the ash bin.

Don't save up old waists and skirts thinking that you will gradually wear them out in the house; they are as much out of place in the kitchen as they would be upon the street. Rip them up, save the good parts, and put the rest in the ragbag. Garments that are good, though old fashioned, should also be ripped up, thoroughly brushed, and neatly folded away. All fancy trimmings and buttons must be removed or they will track the material, and fur trimmings should be put by themselves in camphor. Hats that will serve another season may be neatly boxed and sealed to guard against moths; left on closet shelves they gather dust and lose much in appearance. Some prefer to remove the trimmings, thus economizing space in packing. Old linings and lining scraps may have their uses, but should not be allowed to accumulate till bureaus are clogged with them; look them over carefully, save the largest pieces, and do away with the rest.

Clear the pantry of broken crockery and empty bottles, and see that even the sink-closet harbors no useless object, and you will do much towards promoting order in the house and lessening the work of house cleaning.

The wise housekeeper will during this month keep a sharp look-out for that scourge, the bedbug! If allowed to gain any headway it will be impossible later on to check its ravages. Powder, carbolic acid, kerosene, and naphthaline, introduced into every crevice of suspected furniture, are some of the many favorite preventives, but unceasing vigilance is the only true safeguard. Turn the bed over every day, and examine every corner and seam, every joint in the bedstead. If the pest be in the walls, remove the furniture, and burn sulphur till the fumes kill every germ. Carbolic acid being poisonous, and naphthaline inflammable, must be carefully handled and kept out of the reach of children.

Now is the time when the woman who doesn't keep house grows eloquent on how to make home beautiful on nothing. She is the same woman who, at a moment's notice, evolves a bountiful repast from the warmed-over fragments of yesterday. Beware of her. "Don't throw away your peach baskets," purred the home lover; "they make the loveliest scrap baskets." Then followed an elaborate description of how gold paint, satin ribbons, puffed silk linings, and plush tassels could at little or no cost transform the humble foundation into a thing of beauty. The writer figured it out and found that to save three peach baskets by this plan would require an outlay of nearly $4.00, one waste basket being the result.

Drape your doors with blue denim worked in Indian red scrolls," advised another; "it makes an exquisite portiere."

It doesn't; it makes a very poor sham, and against old paint the cotton blue is indescribably dreary. This imitation in cheap stuffs is what vulgarizes so many homes; simplicity and cleanliness are the requisites of refinement.

Then there is literally no end to the advice about making furniture out of boxes, draperies out of old dresses, and carpets from clippings. One woman was roused to make such a carpet and, after toiling for months, produced a kaleidoscopic affair that cost exactly $1.25 a yard, but she says it will wear forever — a sad prospect for the afflicted family.

It is well to remember that bottles cleaned with shot must be very carefully rinsed. Lead poisoning easily results from lack of care.

During a recent talk to a woman's club a caution was given about feeding the sick so that liquid food could not run out of the corners of the mouth, thus producing sores. For the same reason children should be trained to use the napkin frequently during meals, the "cold sores" so common among them being frequently due to careless habits of eating.

Mothers may gain some idea of the length of time that children who have been ill with communicable diseases may need to be kept in isolation, from the opinions of the following authorities: The Paris Academy of Medicine says: "For smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria, isolation should not be less than 40 days." The American Public Health Association reports through a special committee that diphtheria patients should be kept strictly isolated for not less than four weeks after the disappearance of all traces of the membrane. The New Hampshire State Board of Health advises isolation of scarlatina for 40 days. Dr. Ransome, Owens College, Manchester, England, says: "Measles are infectious before eruption appears, and communicable for 31 days after infection; scarlatina in some cases is communicable before eruption and for six weeks after; diphtheria is infectious from receipt of poison until complete recovery — in ordinary cases 33 days." M. B. O'S.

About Domestic Service.

A NEW YORK daily has opened its columns to a discussion of the difficulties of securing competent help. The following opinions clipped from three pages treating of the subject need no comment.

"One thing I will never do in engaging a servant is to take one who asks me questions. When they begin to do that, I always tell them that I am very sure they will not suit me. But I don't take so much interest in servants generally. I think they have a very easy time."

"I think if you are thoughtful for your servants they will be thoughtful for you. That has been my experience."

"I am not one of those people who believe that the best thing a girl can do is to go into housework. It depends a great deal upon what kind of a home they go into whether it is better for them, even morally."

"Houses that are built now are often without any accommodations for servants fit for them to occupy."

"Then people must learn to treat their servants humanely. I find that in some of our wealthiest families girls are not supposed to have anything but bread and rolls and coffee for breakfast. They are on their feet all day long, and that kind of food is not enough to sustain them. Sometimes they do not have hearty food at all during the day."

"I believe in being kind to servants. I don't see how you can do anything else with any one in your house. I make them comfortable and get a doctor if they are ill. But I don't believe in giving them privileges. I don't give them a half day off every week. Why should they have it?"

"My servants have the front basement fitted up for a sitting-room; they have books, and they are at liberty to have company when they please. The house is, of course, to be closed at a certain hour."

"As soon as servants become intelligent enough to fill their positions really well, they wish to do something else that they consider a higher and less menial grade of work."

"There is a sneer cast upon housekeeping, — sweeping, dusting, and the servants' duties, — and the girls who are employed in domestic service feel it."

"The girls have told me that the factory girls would not speak to them, and that they would never get married if they took positions as servants."

"I come in contact with a great many girls, and I find they have many grievances. As I am told the same thing by different ones, I have no reason to doubt their word. As a rule, I find that their sleeping accommodations are very poor. They often sleep in dark rooms leading out of the kitchen or they are crowded two or three in a room at the top of the house. One trouble we have in getting servants places is that I find the mistresses misrepresent the amount of work they have to do and the number of people in the family.

"A French housekeeper, in selecting a house, thinks first of her kitchen, while in America it is the drawing-room or the dining-room, and the kitchen is accepted just as it happens to come. People take great pride and pleasure in France in a good dinner, and in seeing that it is properly prepared."

"I think the morals of domestic servants are of a remarkably high standard. Think of all the cases of theft and robbery we see noted and how few of them are to be found among servants."

"I can't say enough about the Catholic Church in regard to servants. I think their morals are remarkable."

"The indescribable ignorance of upstartism which constitutes the mass of people who employ domestics in this country, and the utter lack of feeling and respect in regard to domestics, places the majority of employers in the lowest ranks of human ignorance. The mean beds, miserable food, bad regulations, and absence of a bath in many large houses, is a disgrace in itself."

Ferns, Photographs, etc.

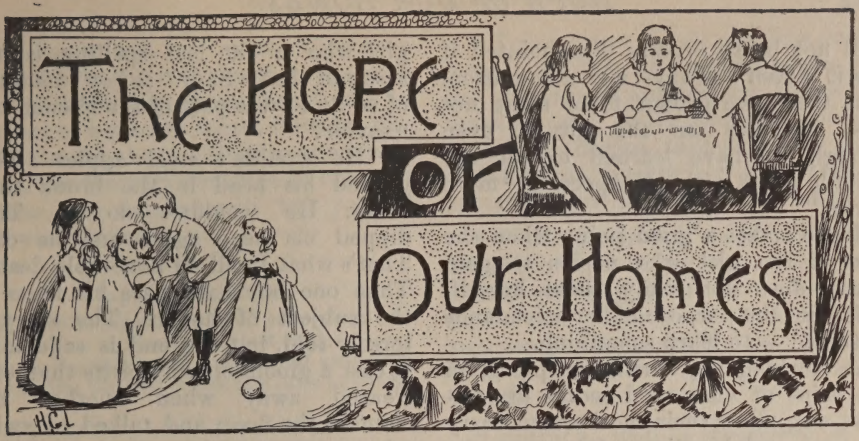
GET an iron pan 12 x 9 or larger if desired, and fit over it a glass box with removable cover ; four panes of the proper dimensions to fit inside the pan may be used for this purpose, and a fifth will do for the lid.

Pretty, inexpensive ferns may be had at the florist's, and with a couple of larger ones for centre pieces may be grouped very effectively. Don't crowd the box, as the branches need room to spread. Sprinkle the bottom of the pan with broken charcoal and fragments of crockery, next put in the earth and pack firmly round the fern roots ; then fit the glass panes, box-shape round the pan and secure the edges with gummed tape. A strong glue holds firmly ; a touch of paint along the glass edges and the exposed surfaces of the pan completes the fernery.

Water the plants well, two or three times a week at least, and shield them from too much sun. Keep the lid open when the sun is on the ferns; the heat striking through the glass withers the fronds and would soon shrivel the whole collection.

With a very small outlay of money and considerable personal attention, this simple fernery can be made an attractive feature of the home. Pansies, forget-me-nots, and mignonette can be started for bedding-out in the same manner ; glass covers fitted over pans or boxes will force growth.

To renovate photographs remove specks or marks with a slightly dampened camel's hair brush, and let dry without further touches. There is risk in moistening highly glazed pictures, and hand-painted work can seldom be cleaned satisfactorily.



THE PRIZE CONTEST.

WHO are the prize winners?

Now, young people, please do not say "You promised to tell us this month." We know we did, and feel very humble indeed at failing to keep our word. Will you try to be very patient for another whole month? and then you shall surely know. So many contestants took advantage of the extension of time that it was impossible to arrive at a decision in season for publication in this number.

Among other late comers a daring boy drifted in with most decided opinions on an honorable girl. Now, who asked that boy to write about girls of any description? And yet he complains that even an honorable girl has weak points. "If you let her into your games," he says, "she's sure to get mad if she's kicked in the ankles, or her fingers stepped upon."

Well, we have seen some boys who were not very angelic under similar conditions. A suspiciously demure little maiden sets up as her standard the girl who "won't run after teams." Why, Minnie, who ever heard of girls doing anything so dreadful!

"A boy should love his mother," writes a thoughtful contributor, "because when she's dead he'll never get any one to be as good to him." Very true; and has Harry thought that while she is living is the time to show his love? A boy's devotion to his mother is a beautiful feature of home life. A great many of our girls dwelt earnestly on the fact that "honorable girls will keep secrets." We should like to ask, merely for information, what these young people mean by "secrets"! Surely not the little domestic difficulties that will occur, but should never be carried beyond the threshold. Some girls love mystery, and are apt to forget that "ways that are dark" are generally displeasing.

"I taught my mother to play dominos," writes an ingenuous youth, "and could have cheated her every turn, but I wouldn't. Then she played with my brother and he cheated her out of the game. She didn't seem to know, but the next morning she gave me more syrup on my griddle cakes." Our contributor then deducts the logical conclusion that if for such a small act he is rewarded with more syrup, when he goes out in the world his honorable deeds will reap a rich harvest.

We were a little sorry to see that many of our contestants drew similar conclusions. That idea of gain mars the best work. Our boys and girls must learn to do right for the sake of right, not for the prospect of reward. Then, when they do go out in the world, they

will not be so cruelly disappointed if merit doesn't always win recognition. But there, we grown folks must not cast shadows on the future, even though we have learned to eat our griddle cakes without expecting "more syrup."

Irene makes a good point when she asks if the girl who copies to gain marks does not really cheat herself, defeating the purpose of her attendance at school — to learn something.

A working boy writes crisply from his point of view, and scores his fellows who allow their mothers to carry up coal and kindling. Of course he doesn't mean any of our Department boys. We can imagine them up at dawn, cheery and smiling, bright enough to dispel the shadows in the blackest coal-bin.

Here is a knotty problem given us by a boy out West. He says "the honorable boy will tell on the one who prompts him." Will he? Well, sometimes it may be necessary; but, somehow, one can't help being more in sympathy with the ungrammatical little ragamuffin who met his teacher's questions with a candid "Yer don't git nothin' out'n me."

"Cardinal Gibbons' life is the exemplar I set up," declares an Indiana contestant. Our boy aims high, and, even if he never reach the heights, must be strengthened and ennobled by looking up to such an ideal.

A scholarly little miss talks learnedly of the Greek and Roman interpretations of the word "honorable." But (we ask it with all due deference to her erudition) is she not a little mistaken in saying, "Perhaps, climatic conditions and *archiac* traditions account for a higher development of honor than is found among us."

We beg leave to differ. There is no part of the world where honor is better understood or more generally practised than in our own America, even though we have unfavorable "climatic conditions," and have to get along without "*archiac* traditions." We have an uneasy suspicion that this is the same girl who in the last spelling contest asserted that "Sodi" (a boy's rendition of so do I) was part of the French verb "savoir."

"He wouldn't steal apples. They dipped his head in the brook three times. He wouldn't do it. They dipped his head again and he died. That's what I call an honorable death." Thus one boy condenses his ideas on the subject of honor. The story is tersely told, but the end is saddening. It cast a gloom on our spirits that only cleared away when another boy claimed the floor, and talked of swimming as a strong temptation. When the pleasure has been a forbidden one, he advises open confession, and suggests his reason in the remark, "Your mother is sure to find it out, anyway."

A loving little home-body, a "father's girl," gently reminds her Department friends of the many things they can do "to help papa," who, she says, "is not just a machine to supply our material needs. He has to work very hard; and if we waste our time in school, or make him unhappy if he can't dress us as well as other girls, we are not acting honorably."

There is a new thought in this for some of our readers.

St. John's School, Bangor, Me., and the Sacred Heart Parochial School, Fall River, Mass., are welcome additions to our numbers. They show commendable zeal in seizing opportunities, and present their ideas in prettily written copy.

We were just wondering what had become of our Texas prize winner, and were glad to learn from his sister's letter that he still walks to school every day, three miles each way. A nine-year-old boy who can do that must be a sturdy chap. "We had a bad winter," says our little correspondent, "but now they are sowing the oats." Spring must be delightful in Mary's part of the world.

"Honorable people pay their debts," asserts an honest little man, "and if we can't pay we ought to go without."

A whole sermon could be preached

from Tom's text, and some other time we will have more to say about it. Just now we have only space enough left to squeeze in a sincere regret for your disappointment about the prize announcement, but the very first line in our part of the May number will tell you all you wish to know.

Japanese Lullaby.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings —
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling —
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes —
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping —
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning —
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings —
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging —
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

Sayings with Meanings.

"TAG, rag, and bobtail." — An old hunting expression. A tag was a doe in the second year, a "rag" a herd of deer, and a "bobtail" a fawn just weaned. From being applied to a mixed herd of sheep or deer, the expression came to be used generally in reference to any mixed gathering.

"Spoke in his wheel."—First used when wheels were solid discs of wood without radiating bars. To check speed in going down hill it was necessary to have holes bored in the discs, and strong bars called spokes were run through them, thus obstructing the descent. In Dartmoor, wheels of this kind are still in use and a three-wheeled cart called a "but."

"Tuft-hunters."—At one time noblemen in English universities alone had the privilege of wearing silk gowns and tasseled caps, hence those of inferior rank who affected their company were called "tuft-hunters" — an epithet of contempt now applied to all toadies.

"Walking chalks."—Had its origin on shipboard, where any sailor suspected of being under the influence of liquor was required to walk between two parallel lines chalked on the deck. If he did so without getting outside the lines he was exonerated.

"Potter's field."—Supposed to be the plot of ground bought with the 30 pieces of silver Judas received as the price of his treachery, and afterwards brought back to the chief priests. The land became the burying-place of strangers; hence the present application of the term.

"Tom Tidler's ground,"—The home of a sluggard, a contraction of the idler, Tidler.

"Stop-watch critics."—Those who judge of a discourse by its length, rather than its merits.

To talk turkey. —To talk in an honest, straightforward manner. It originated when an Indian and a white man were dividing the contents of a common game bag; a crow and a turkey were the last of the spoils, and the white man said, with an air of great generosity, "You may have the crow, and I'll have the turkey; or I'll have the turkey and you may have the crow."

"Huh!" queried the Indian. "Why you no talk turkey to me!"

"The tune the old cow died of."—A Scotch saying generally expressing the substitution of a homily for an alms. It had its origin in an old song.

There was an old man, and he had an old cow;
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune;
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow;
Consider, good cow, consider;
The cow died of hunger.

A Realm of Tiny Folk.

THERE is a realm called Babyland — not very far away,
Where dwell a race of tiny folk whose life is one long play;
A land of broken dollies, and of headless horsemen bold,
Where nobody has work to do and nobody grows old.

A place where fairies are quite real, and dollies talk and sing,
Where buttercups are made of gold, and bluebells truly ring,
Where poodle dogs and wooly lambs with melancholy looks
Are taught their letters and their sums from tattered picture books.

The chief town is called "Nursery;" there toys are strewn about,
And little feet make music as they patter in and out.
But when the lamps are lighted and it's time to go to bed,
The sandman comes, the eyelids droop, and nods each heavy head.

"And does the sun shine always in that land of golden hours,
Among the birds and animals, the pictures and the flowers?"
Ah, no! the storms come sometimes, but then the queen is near
To comfort every sorrow, and to kiss away each tear.

We all have come from Babyland — that country dear and sweet,
And some of us would fain turn back our old and weary feet,
And play again with fairies, and with babies made of wood
In Babyland — where mother's queen, and all her subjects good.

EDITH VERNON MANN.

Manchester Apprentices.

OUR American working boys, many of whom change their occupation with every month of the year, may be interested in the following account of the struggles and sufferings of the Manchester apprentices. The article is copied verbatim from an old chronicle of 1796.

Commenting on the improved conditions of labor as compared with those existing in 1690, the essayist tells us: —

"Apprentices at that time were now and then taken from families who could pay a moderate fee. By an indenture dated 1695, the fee paid appears to have been 60 pounds, the young man serving seven years. But all apprentices were obliged to undergo a vast deal of laborious work, such as turning warping-mills, carrying goods on their shoulders through the street, and the like.

"An eminent manufacturer in that age used to be in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came in to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage and a little salt, boiled thick, and poured into a dish. At the side was a pan or basin of milk, and the master and apprentices, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time, dipped into the same dish, and thence into the milk-pan; and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work.

"In George the First's reign, many country gentlemen began to send their sons apprentices to the Manchester manufacturers; but though the little country gentry did not then live in the luxurious manner they have done since, the young men found it so different from home, that they could not brook this treatment, and either got away before their time, or, if they stayed till the expiration of their indentures, they then, for the most part, entered into the army, or went to sea.

"The little attention paid to rendering the evenings of apprentices agreeable at home, where they were considered rather as servants than pupils, drove many of them to taverns, where they acquired habits of drinking that frequently proved injurious in after life. To this in part is to be attributed the bad custom of gilling, or drinking white wine as a whet before dinner, to which at one period a number of young men fell a sacrifice."

With the growth of trade came an increase "of luxury and gayety," and in the 18th century "the fees of apprentices becoming an object of profit, a

different manner of treating them began to prevail.

"Somewhat before 1760, a considerable manufacturer allotted a back parlor with a fire for the use of his apprentices, and gave them tea twice a day. His fees in consequence rose higher than had before been known, — from 250 pounds to 300 pounds, — and he had three or four apprentices at a time. The highest fee known as late as 1769 was 500 pounds."

From that date onward the rigidity of the system gradually relaxed, old forms were abandoned, and by degrees the labor-world was prepared for the freedom of to-day.

A Scientific Trick.

STAND three feet away from a door and try to throw a sharp-pointed needle so that it will stick in the woodwork. You will fail every time. Pass a bit of thread through the eye and try again; the bit of thread has changed the needle into a dart that, if properly aimed, will pierce the target.

LITTLE Mary Grace made two visits to her auntie's. The first time she became very friendly with Carlo, the pup, a little pig, and a little man named Walker, who made candy and was very kind to her. When she came again two of her friends had changed. Mary Grace was puzzled, and shortly after her arrival was found curled up on a step looking very solemn. "I'm finkin' out," she explained, "why Carlo growed, and piggie growed, but Wakey never growed."

THOUGH four years old, baby wasn't very firm on her feet, and met with many a mishap. One day her nurse told her how much God loved little children. "Oh, Nellie," sobbed baby, "I love God too, when I fall on grass; but when I fall on stones I hate him."

THE answer to last month's puzzle is "Catholic."

WHEN Jesus calmly slept,
On wind-tossed Galilee,
His timid followers kept
A watch of agony.

Those weary worldlings slept,
In dark Gethsemane,
When Jesus sadly kept
His watch of agony.

They watched while Jesus slept.
They slept while Jesus watched.
While tears of blood he wept,
They calmly slept untouched.

Thus earthly things we deem
To be of greatest worth,
While heavenly things oft seem
To be the things of earth.

T. T. Swinburne.

All About Cork.

VERY few people understand how corks are made or where cork trees grow. The cork tree on an average lives 100 years, and its average height is 25 or 30 feet. It is a native of the Mediterranean basin, in Northern Africa, Corsica, southern France, and the Siberian Peninsula. It does not grow in America except in spots — dry, warm places of mild temperature. These trees are very rare and considered great curiosities.

The cork tree is valued for its bark; the best time to strip it is in July or August. The outer bark of the tree is first stripped when it is about 25 years old. This removal of the rough bark, or outer skin, as some would call it, causes a growth of finer quality. This requires about eight or nine years, and the quality improves with each successive stripping.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

WEART & CO., Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dollar for another bottle of your Dyspepsia Compound. I have taken two bottles of it and must confess they have benefited me more than any other medicine I have ever taken from any other doctor for dyspepsia. Yours truly,

MEYER LOEB, Washington, D. C.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket. Sold only in boxes.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap is *cheaper* for you to use, if you *follow directions*, than any other soaps would be if *given* to you, for by its use *clothes are saved*. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subject. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A subscriber asks: Can a Catholic who was married by a justice of the peace and subsequently obtained a divorce, be married again in the Catholic Church by one of her clergy? And does the Church recognize the first marriage as a valid one, and binding upon the parties married?

In most parts of the United States the Church recognizes as valid, though sinful, a marriage before a justice of the peace of a Catholic to a baptized person, but a similar ceremony between a Catholic and an unbaptized person she considers void. If both were baptized, a divorce is not of any value before the Church. If the non-Catholic was unbaptized, as the divorce sets them free before the law, and as they have never been married in the eyes of the Church, there is nothing to forbid the Catholic's application to his priest for marriage. In many parts of the world the Church recognizes as valid only a marriage before a priest and two witnesses. This is according to a decree called "Tam et si" of the Council of Trent. This has been promulgated only in a small portion of the United States, and affects only those places where it has been promulgated.

Inquirer writes: Please inform me as to the meaning of certain books being forbidden by the Church. Let me know especially in regard to Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo. Are Catholics positively forbidden to read them, or does she mean that they are faulty in some respects, though, as a whole, they may be beneficial and healthful when read in the proper spirit? In fine, can a Catholic read the above-named authors without disobeying the Church?

The Church, solicitous for the souls of her children, proscribes books which she judges contrary to true doctrine or to Christian morals. Without any direct prohibition, any book that is injurious to one's faith or morals is unfit to be read. Such books are to be treated as other occasions of sin. But when certain books are brought to the notice of the Congregation of the Index, this congregation examines them, and condemns such as contain matter hurtful to faith or morals. If a book has been condemned by this congregation, though the faithful may not know the exact point deserving condemnation, they are sufficiently warned that in some respect it is reprehensible. To obey the Church is wise, and if one desires to read a condemned book he should speak to his confessor. We are sometimes inclined to concede to ourselves more power of resisting evil than we possess, and an advice can help us. All of Dumas' works are condemned, and two of Victor Hugo's.

Rock Valley inquires: 1. Where do infants go who die without baptism, and what does the Scripture say of them? 2. What is baptism of blood and baptism of desire? 3. On what authority do Catholics claim purgatory? 4. Do Catholics pay the priest for prayers and Masses?

1. The Scripture says, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." John iii. 5. On these words of our Divine Lord is founded the belief of Catholics that unbaptized infants cannot enter heaven to enjoy the Beatific Vision. The Church has given no defined doctrine as to what becomes of them. Theologians have advanced different opinions. Many think that they enjoy a state of natural happiness.

2. Baptism of blood is the shedding of one's blood for the faith of Christ,

and baptism of desire is an earnest wish and will to receive baptism, and to do all that God has ordained for our salvation, accompanied with a perfect contrition or a pure love of God.

3. Purgatory is based upon the tradition of the Church since the earliest days, that besides the state of glory and the state of damnation, which last forever, there is a state of purification for some souls. The Council of Trent inculcates this as a matter of faith, and this doctrine is, though not clearly expressed, implied and derived from places in the Scripture, such as Machabees xii. 43, where it is recorded that Judas Machabeus collected and "sent to Jerusalem 12,000 drachms of silver, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead," for "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

4. No. Catholics make an offering to the priest on these occasions, but they cannot pay for prayers or sacraments, because the spiritual cannot be bought with the material. Any attempt to buy the spiritual is condemned by the church as simony, just as St. Peter condemned Simon the magician, who asked to buy the gift of conferring the Holy Ghost: "Keep thy money to thyself to perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." Acts viii. 20.

M. G. asks if a Catholic is obliged to leave the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, or does the Church make a distinction between the two societies called Odd Fellows. 2. He asks also for a copy of the letter from Rome referring to this matter.

1. As the condemnation seems general, it would seem that all branches of the Odd Fellows come under the law; but the inquirer will do best to consult his confessor, who will know the local society and its relations with the regular Order of Odd Fellows.

2. There has been no official publication of the document, though a translation of it was given to some of the daily papers.

Rosemount asks: 1. Do Catholics married in the evening by a priest receive the same blessing as those married at a Mass? 2. Are Catholic cemeteries formally consecrated?

1. There is a special blessing which can be received only by being married at Mass, and so the Church is solicitous that all her children who receive the sacrament of matrimony should have the Nuptial Mass.

2. There is a special blessing for Catholic cemeteries, attended with impressive ceremonies.

Reader inquires: Where in the Bible will I find the words that the Catholic Church takes as authority to call the Blessed Virgin divine?

Nowhere in the Bible nor out of it. The Catholic Church does not call the Blessed Virgin divine. There is only one God. Mary is a creature, though the highest and holiest of God's creatures. She is called the Divine Mother, as she is the mother of the Divine One. If the word "divine," is applied to her in any other way, it is only as men speak in rapture and enthusiasm, not meaning that she is a divine being.

Gælic: Inquire of any Catholic bookseller; or any bookseller in the place you live in should be able to obtain the books for you.

A FLORAL DELIGHT.

ONE of the most beautiful and interesting floral catalogues we have seen this season is that of Messrs. Good & Reese, proprietors of the famous Champion City Greenhouses, of Springfield, O. It is a neatly printed work of 104 pages, and contains a number of exquisite colored plates of some of their principal specialties, a mere glimpse of which will inspire all lovers of flowers with a desire to send for some or all of them. The leading specialties of the firm are roses, chrysanthemums, and begonias, and their stock includes all of the rarest and most beautiful varieties in all of these deservedly popular flowers. Besides these, mind you, they keep a large and complete assortment of flower seeds, bulbs, and plants, from all the old-time favorites through the long list to the rarest and choicest floral treasures known, From personal experience we can recommend the firm as thoroughly prompt and reliable, and we advise all our readers who desire the freshest and best in flower seeds, bulbs, and plants, at very reasonable prices, to send their orders to the Champion City Greenhouses, of Springfield, O. Their elegant new catalogue will be sent to all intending purchasers for only ten cents in stamps. To order once is to become a permanent customer. — *Adv.*

Ill-Tempered Babies.

ARE not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

The following members of the A. O. H. have to date subscribed for DONAHOE'S, in response to our offer relative to the Celtic Chair at Washington: —

Division 9, Cook county, Ill.: — Michael Kelliher, Whiting, Lake county, Ind.; Thomas White, John McCabe, R. T. O'Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.

W. D. Bingham, County President, Stafford county, N. H.

John McCaffrey, John Cushing, Fayetteville, Ohio.

Division 1, Bristol, Conn.: — Edward Doyle, Bristol, Conn.

Division 2, Deer Park, Toronto.

Division 2, Ansonia, Conn.: — Patrick Shortell, Jeremiah Connors, Daniel Riordan, Wm. F. Harrington, Ansonia, Conn.

Division 1, New Straitsville, Ohio: — James C. Duffy, Thomas McTeague, Daniel Callahan, M. F. McDonough, James Hart, J. W. Holleran, New Straitsville, Ohio.

Division 1, Rockville, Conn.: — David Horgan, E. J. Newcomb, Rockville, Conn.

Division 2, Battle Creek, Mich.: — John Hart, Battle Creek, Mich.

Division 4, Minneapolis, Minn.: — C. B. Hoy, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Division 19, Waltham, Mass.: — John J. O'Rourke, Waltham, Mass.

Division 1, Columbus, Neb.: — J. F. Belford, James S. Haney, John B. Kyle, Columbus, Neb.; Frank M. Rigney, Secretary, A. O. H., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Division 1, Biddeford, Me.: — Denis O'Connor, Biddeford, Me.

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Michael McInerney, James Donlan, Patrick Farrell, New Britain, Conn.

James Dunn, Michael O'Callaghan, Chelsea, Mass.

Michael C. Holmes, Michael J. O'Rourke, John Dempsey, Michael J. Murphy, John McGrovey, Cornelius O'Leary, John McKenna, Jeremiah Hayes, Michael Ward, John J. Keegan, John A. Quinn, James J. Ferris, James J. McCauley, Martin Purcell, Dr. F. K. McMurrough, Jersey City.

Lawrence J. Brennan, Edward Kelly, Patrick Butler, James McLaughlin, Hugh Harrity, William McMullen, John Treavers, William Sonley, James Mulvihill, Terrence O'Rourke, Newark, N. J.

C. P. Murphy, Terre Haute, Ind.

P. H. McNelis, Maurice Donnelly, Indianapolis, Ind.

G. R. Moloney, Daniel Callaghan, M. Fitzgerald, Wm. F. Pendy, Patrick Hessian, Jno. C. Morrison, Wm. Griffin, Belle Plain, Scott Co., Minn.

Jas. Deveraux, Mr. F. O'Donnell, Alphena Mich.

James Hunt, John McKenna, Anthony Malady, Michael Barrett, Fergus Farley, Wm. Brennan, Martin Byrne, James Cummings, John Winters, Hugh Gilday, Wm. McAuliffe, Newark, N. J.

Wm. T. Dunn, Michael O'Connell, James P. Heffernan, John Ware, New Brunswick, N. J.

Wm. Hogan, Wm. Whelan, Jersey City, N. J.

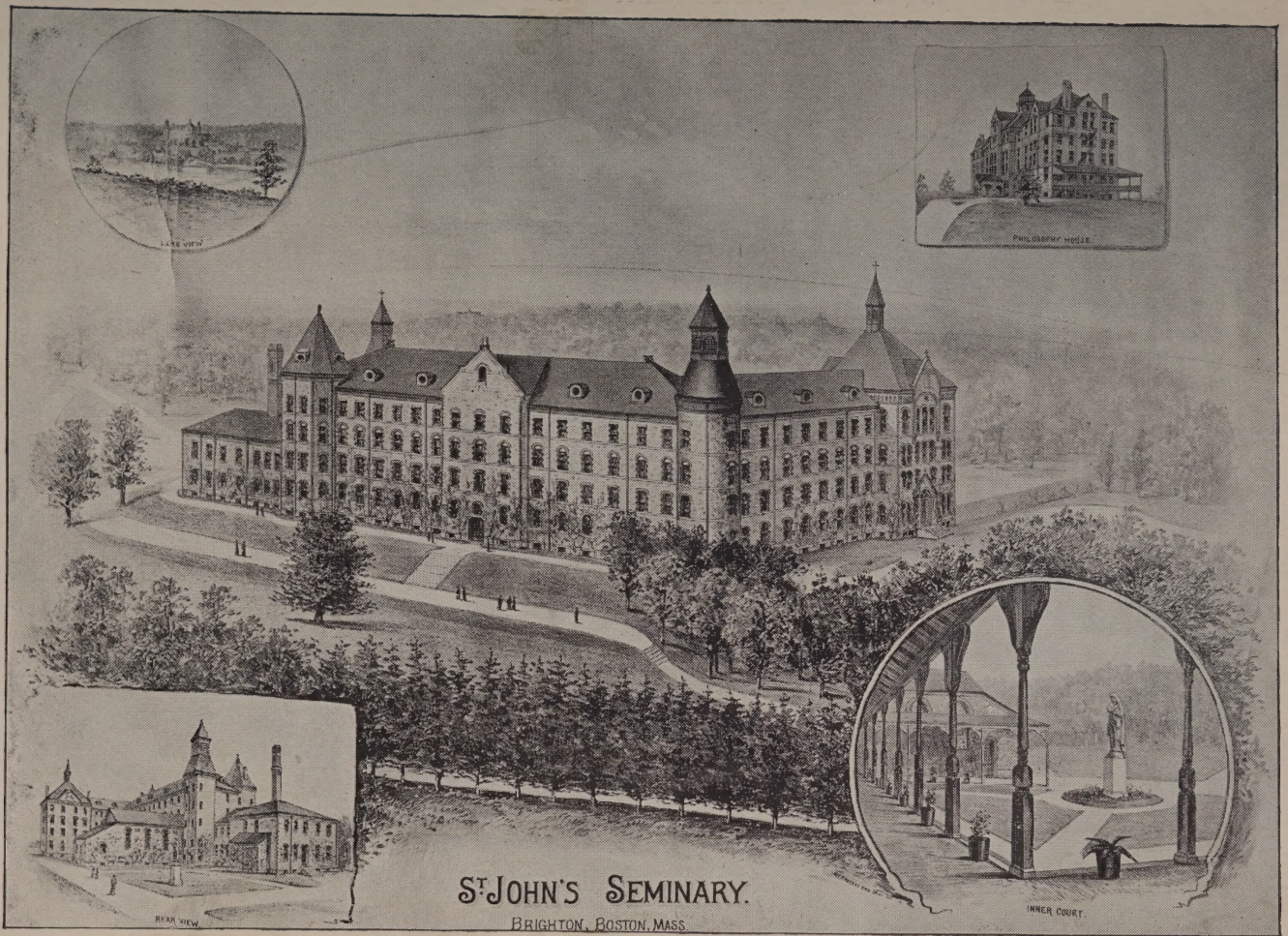
Joseph Morton, Harrison, N. J.

Jno. Galgers, Milwaukee, Wis.

Denis Hogan, Philipsburg, Centre Co. Penn.

Thos. Mockler, St. Louis, Mo.

Peter Lynch, J. J. Duffy, E. G. Murphy, Atlanta, Ga.



St. John's Seminary.

Brighton, Boston, Mass.

Carney Hospital.
St. Joseph's Academy.
Working Boys' Home Industrial Training School, Newton.
Immaculate Conception Church — Boston College.
Home Destitute Catholic Children.
Working Boys' Home, Boston

Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston.

See "The Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams," p. 491.

MOST REVEREND JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

Archbishop of Boston.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

THE boy who looked out from Boston's old Fort Hill in the '20's and '30's, and watched the masted vessels sailing away or coming into port, could certainly have no idea of the vast changes of which he should be a witness, as also a central figure, before the century's close.

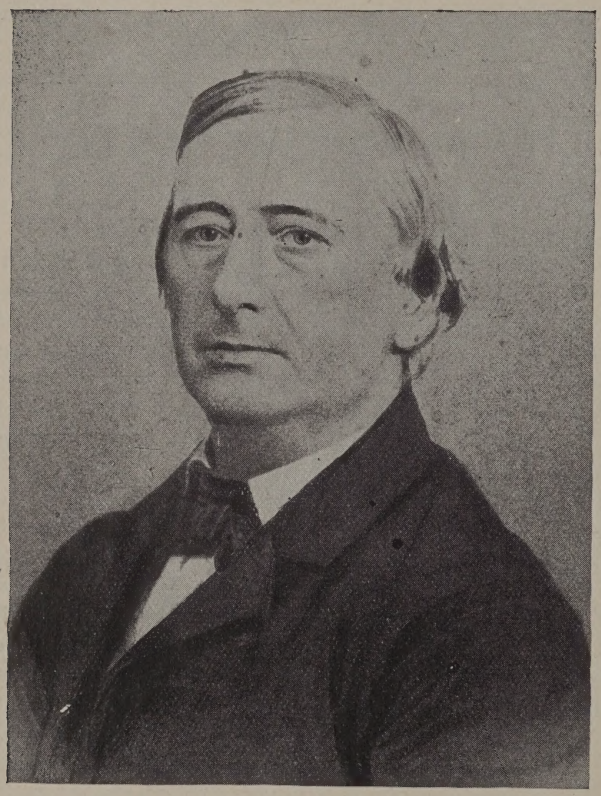
In the baptismal books of the old cathedral parish is inscribed the name of John Williams, and only the records endure. No vestige remains of the house wherein he was born, nor of the church where his parents and he worshipped, nor of old Fort Hill, where he played in his boyish sports. The vessels still go out to sea, but not as of old, for the fast-going steamers have replaced the slow sailers of the early days; the loungers and the seamen are still upon the wharves, but where the hill has been levelled away, the busy mart of commerce has erected its large and gloomy buildings. The whole aspect and character of the place have changed. It is all typical of the vast enterprise and growth and development of the century.

Once upon Franklin street, there stood a cathedral where the scholarly Cheverus preached, the saintly Fenwick labored, and the well-beloved Fitzpatrick officiated. In the basement, zealous Father Fitton assembled a few boys, and to their eager minds conveyed the germs of classical knowledge. Only memory can trace back for Archbishop Williams of to-day the many mornings when he pored over the elements of grammar, and learned within the walls of that sacred edifice the rudiments of knowledge.

To-day, when we send our boys to college, we find the institution of learning at our door or within a few hours' ride. When John Williams, feeling in his heart a yearning for the altar, sought a Catholic college for his home, his gaze was towards Catholic Canada. And with what enthusiasm he can still tell of the long, rough, and wearisome experience, by stage, relays, and boat a four days' journey, to that far-off country! The young men who are now finely housed in Brighton Seminary, within a few minutes' ride of the metropolis, might study the contrast.

From Montreal to Paris, from the French colony to the mother country, the transit was natural. John Williams passed his college and seminary days under the careful and zealous training of the Sulpitian Fathers, whose sole aim in life is to fit young men for the sanctuary. True to his memories of his early instructors, he has chosen them to become the guides of the Levites who train for his archdiocese.

In the first half of this century, France was a boiling caldron. Even in the '40's, the storms of the Revolution had not yet quieted, the murmurs of the thunders were yet re-



Archbishop Williams as a priest.

verberating, and the ocean of public opinion was still in upheaval. Under such influences did the young manhood of John Williams develop itself, and, when in 1845, at the age of 23, he arrived at the goal of his young ambition, and became a priest forever, when his young heart turned fondly back to his beloved Boston, his birthplace, when his eyes gazed with long and grateful look upon the receding shores of beautiful France, disasters were brooding about the throne of Louis Philippe. In three years the young priest was to learn that Archbishop Affre, the prelate who had ordained him, was martyred by the bloody communists.

Who can doubt that the spectacle of those days has influenced the character of Archbishop Williams? Many men attribute the great reserve, the magnificent refusal of bloodshed in Daniel O'Connell's character, to the sad events he witnessed in the cruel days of the French Revolution. And the mind of the young priest must have received in France deep and settled convictions, that have manifested themselves all through life in the strong restraint and the great conservative power of John Williams, as priest, as bishop, and as archbishop.

The slow, toilsome voyage of 50 years ago came to an end, and the youthful priest was once more at home, and ready for labor. As Boston was his birthplace, so, too, was it destined to be the scene of all his priestly and episcopal cares. Irish emigration was beginning to bring many Catholics hither; the priests to administer to their wants were few; and sturdy, earnest workers were requisite in the Lord's vineyard.

Stationed at the cathedral on Franklin street, working in old St. James' Church on Albany street, he spent 21 years in his priesthood, faithful to every duty, and ambitious for the glory of God. The object of his predilection in those days was the little children of the Sunday school. With them he was happiest; and to them, in preference to all others, he imparted the crumbs

of heavenly doctrine. The task of the priest with children is laborious, and requires patience and perseverance. It is the least noticed of sacerdotal works, but it is the most enduring in its results. The child is soon the man and the citizen, the woman and the mother, and the lessons impressed by the minister of God upon the young mind endure in the maturer intellect. And that early solicitude has inspired the archbishop to plant the seed in young minds that are receptive to sacerdotal knowledge; for the rule appointed by heaven is that "the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and the people shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts."

From '45 to '66 — what days were those for the priest! Abroad was the upheaval of dynasties, and famine in suffering Ireland; the United States were passing through

BISHOP WILLIAMS.
Shortly after his consecration in 1866.

a period of poignant anguish; war with Mexico added new territory to our dominions; struggles in Congress and outside of it, along the borders of the slave districts, kept the mind in continual ferment; thousands upon thousands of strangers were arriving from remote shores, yearning for sustenance and resolve, and his zeal have multiplied itself in good works.

To provide for the material wants of himself and of the dear ones still at home, the Catholic emigrant in Boston entered at once into the army of workers. His heart turned towards his soggarth aroon, here as in Ireland; and as the old landmarks

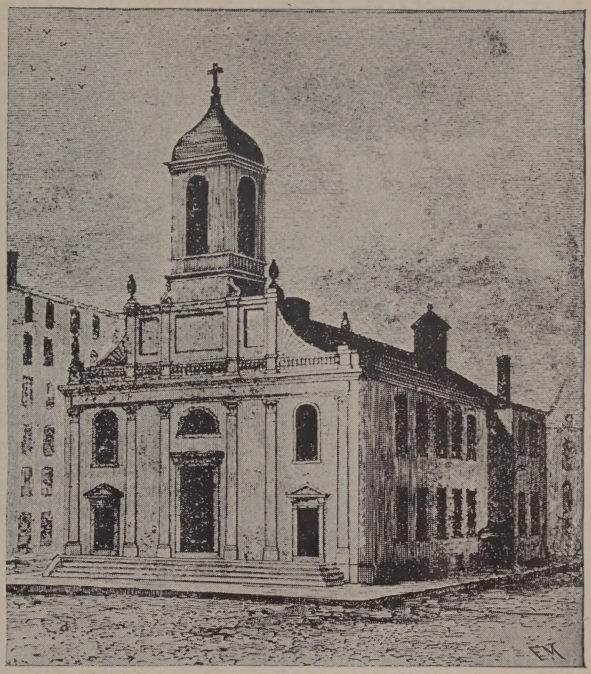
Old St. Augustine's Chapel and Cemetery in South Boston. Burial place of Archbishop Williams' parents.

for freedom, ready and eager for work; then the ominous mutterings of rebellion, the appeal to arms, the struggle that destroyed slavery and knit the North and South into better understanding and holier forbearance; — all these things made men giants in those days. And as the young priest looked out upon the broad arena, and saw with the progress of the Union the development of the world-wide and centuried Church, his own mind and heart must have grown in discipline and

disappeared, and old Fort Hill and its church on Purchase street went down, he conveyed the stones of the sacred edifice to South Boston, to serve in building up a new structure dedicated to St. Vincent for the glory of God. As the railroad absorbed the land occupied by old St. James' Church, the emigrant and his children built the new one; and when the old cathedral had outgrown its metropolitan usefulness, they listened to the call of Bishop Fitzpatrick to found a new cathe-

dral of grand dimensions. In such ways did Father Williams observe the march of Catholicity about him, a steady, onward, persevering march, and in the history of those 20 years he reads: —

"Sweet records, promises as sweet."



Old Cathedral on Franklin street, built in 1800.

But all was not sunshine for Catholicity in those days. "Doomed to death, yet fated not to die," has been the history of the Church. The persecutors of our day had their progenitors in the Know-Nothings of 40 and more years ago. The wild savagery that, under uncontrolled fanatics, tore down the cross from the Catholic Church, that exposed the priest and the faithful laymen to bodily injury, was once a dread reality in our midst. It was the renewal of that vandalism which, on the night of Aug. 6, 1834, culminated in Charlestown by the destruction of a convent. Archbishop Williams might recall how, on that night, from neighboring Boston, could be seen the red glare of the burning building against the sky of American freedom, and could be heard the execrations of a maddened mob, as they drove the defenceless Ursuline nuns from shelter and from home. He has lived to see it all so changed! He has lived to read the words of praise and of gratitude from those who in the days of battle learned to appreciate the noble heroism of a slandered Sisterhood. And to him has been given the privilege of selling the land on which the Convent of Mt. Benedict stood, thus effacing the last vestige of that sad, inglorious night. To some it seemed better to have kept the land as a perpetual rebuke against the invaders of the sanctified home; but Archbishop Williams, in the true spirit of American forgiveness, has judged it nobler and wiser to remove the reminder of discord. This has been the aim of all true patriots in regard to the late civil strife, and will be sanctioned by all who desire to see prevailing in church and state the spirit of forgiveness, which obliterates, if it cannot change, the past.

The war with all its dread reality had come to an end, and Bishop Fitzpatrick saw peace resting her placid wings upon the land. He felt that the days of his own fighting in the church militant were expiring, and, turning for an Aaron to

hold up his feeble hands, he chose Father Williams for his coadjutor in January, 1866. Father Williams was now in the strength of his manhood, being nearly 44 years of age. Twenty-one years of priestly life and functions had given him the experience necessary to guide aright the diocesan ship when he should be placed at the helm. And he was placed there soon. Bishop Fitzpatrick was called to enter the Church Triumphant before the close of the year 1866, and John Joseph Williams became the fourth bishop of Boston in June of that year.

The year 1866 is memorable for the Church in the United States, because in that year were assembled in Baltimore all the prelates of this nation for the Second Plenary Council. Bishop Williams was present, a sharer in the deliberations, and a framer of the laws and regulations that were to guide the destinies of the young church whose strong advances were already attracting the notice of the world. The war had done much to dispel unjust motives regarding the relation of Catholics to our government, and men who had been at the front saw every evidence of the patriotism and devotion of the Catholic citizen for this land of political and religious freedom. Bishop Williams was fortunate in the time of his accession to the episcopacy. All he knew of the past, all he saw in the present, and all he could foresee in the future, gave him courage to administer in honorable justice.

Twenty-nine years have elapsed since then, and during all that time the successor of Cheverus, Fenwick, and Fitzpatrick has never once forgotten the sense of dignity and of responsibility that his position conferred upon him. In high stations there must ever be the thought that "honor obliges," and only they can rightly fill high places to whom Heaven has imparted nobility of mind and character, founded on the ideals of principle and of eternal truth. The priesthood of Christ can claim as its fitting representatives only men whose natural integrity affords a ready soil for the seed of supernatural virtue to increase a hundred-fold. And the episcopacy, as it is the perfection of the priesthood, demands the greater soul in him whom grace will elevate to be a ruler in the Church of God. To-day Archbishop Williams stands alone, the sole survivor of those who in 1845 administered the sacraments in the confines of Boston; and during all those years and all those changes, the escutcheon of his

Archbishop's Residence, Union Park Street.

St Mary's Infant Asylum.
Notre Dame Academy.

St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.
House of the Angel Guardian.

honor has been stainless, and the tribute of respect that to-day ascends from the 420 priests of his archdiocese and the 600,000 faithful, is this, above all, that, whatever may have been at times their personal thoughts, whether of approbation or of disapprobation for his course in affairs and for his method of administration, he has never been straightforward, honest, upright, manly, and gentle.

In 1870 we find Bishop Williams in Rome, a participator in the Vatican Council, his voice and vote swelling the grand Amen of Papal Infallibility. He saw the violence of men's passions in all their fierce unrest, as Victor Emmanuel claimed for his own the ancient and right-

ful patrimony of Peter. He saw the saintly Pius IX. deprived of his possessions, and, for defence of a principle, secluding himself within the walls of the Vatican. He heard the thunders of unrighteous applause that swelled the chorus for the triumph of Italian unification, and he returned to America, realizing what wisdom and justice were in the words that Pius IX. once said of himself: "In no country do I find myself more a Pope than in the United States." And he realized, too, that the great destinies of the Catholic Church were to be evolved upon the arena of this nation; that while the effete monarchies of the Old World were yielding to sure decadence, the young and prosperous Republic of the New World must fulfil its mission for the advancement of the human race, and by its example bring the idea of government by the people to the fore for the regeneration of Europe;

SUFFRAGAN BISHOPS OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON

Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D.
Bishop of Manchester, N. H.

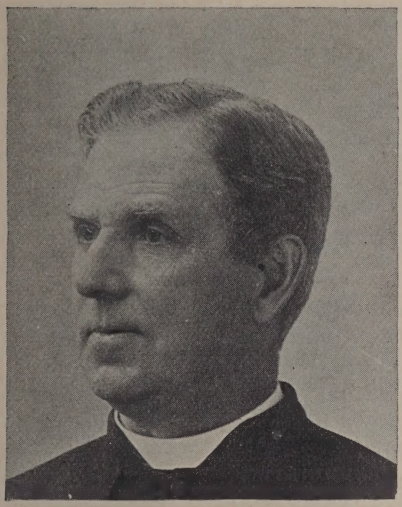
Rt. Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, D.D.
Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D.D.
Bishop of Portland, Me.

t. Rev. Thos. D. Beaven, D.D.
Bishop of Springfield, Mass.

Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, D.D.
Bishop of Hartford, Conn.

Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D.D.
Bishop of Providence, R. I.

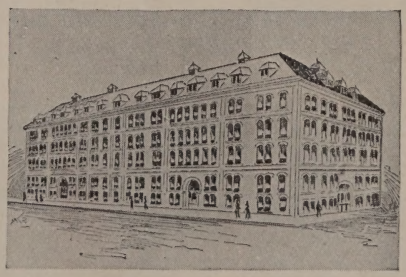


Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, D. D., Vicar General and pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Boston.

that while the Catholic people of Italy and of France were heedless of God's great gifts to them, the glorious, free, and untrammelled Church of the United States must take the places they were yielding up, of devotion to the Holy See and to Catholic traditions. Well has the history of the diocese over which he ruled borne witness to Archbishop Williams' sturdy and stanch fidelity to Peter and to Rome. His own example found a ready counterpart in priests and in laity, and it has always been the proud boast of the Boston archdiocese that it honors and loves the grand old prisoner of the Vatican, Pius IX. or Leo XIII., as God's anointed and the Father of the Faithful.

Boston, that in 1780 had 100 Catholics, in 1790 only one priest, in 1800 its first church, and in 1810 the consecration of its first bishop, in 1875 found the number of Catholics in the New England States so numerous that separation from the province of New York was necessary. The pallium was brought from Rome for Bishop Williams, and conferred upon him by Cardinal McCloskey, in the new Cathedral on Washington street. The sacred edifice was not yet completed, but it was fitted for the solemn event. In 1875 Boston had its first archbishop, 65 years after the consecration of its first, and 50 years after the consecration of its second bishop. How different was the prospect that presented itself in 1875 for Archbishop Williams, from that of 1825 for Bishop Fenwick, who, returning from his consecration at Baltimore, found in the town of Boston but two priests to aid him in his labors! The grain of mustard seed had been planted in good ground, and it was grown up to a great tree for shelter to the birds urging their flight across the expanse of water to its hospitable branches.

Twice the decade of years has been told since 1875, and in 1895 the grand pæan of jubilation sounds forth to honor the 50 years of a fruitful and a blessed priesthood. The work of a grand cathedral has been completed by the archbishop; and the dearest wish of his life has found its consummation in the noble buildings that form the seminary at Brighton, where 130 young men are this year being educated for the altar. The march of Catholicity



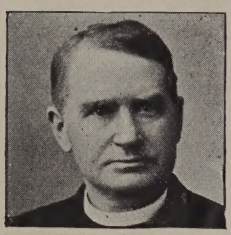
Working Girls' Home, Boston.

Rev. R. Neagle, Chancellor.

Rev. T. J. Brosnahan, S. J., Im. Con., Boston.

Rev. W. McQuaid, St. James, Boston.

Rev. Henry A. Sullivan, Rector of the Cathedral.


Rev. D. J. O'Farrell, St. Stephen's, Boston.

has been ever onward, and more than 400 priests to-day in the archdiocese are too few for the number of the people and their spiritual wants. The old diocese of Boston has been divided and restricted, until it includes little more than the coast-line of Massachusetts, extending, as it does, only a little distance into the interior. Six suffragan sees, Springfield, Hartford, and Providence, Portland, Burlington, and Manchester, acknowledge the jurisdiction of the metropolitan see of Boston. And Bishop Brady has been appointed as an efficient helper to Archbishop Williams in the cares and duties imposed upon him by the large number of people under his charge.

Rev. James Gambera, Boston.

Rev. P. J. Daly, Boston, St. Francis de Sales.

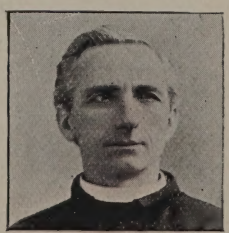
Rev. A. J. Pimentel, Boston. St. John the Baptist.

The archbishop, a stern and faithful worker, yet shows but little indication of his years. His frame is still erect and vigorous, his white hair lends a charm to the rich color of his complexion, and in his firm and youthful step he belies the advance of age. Father Time has dealt kindly with him. It is easy to understand how those of his priests

Rev. R. J. Barry, St. Cecilia's, Boston.

Rev. Ch. Gudenus, S. J., Holy Trinity, Boston.

Rev. Onesime Renaudier, S. M., Notre Dame Des Victoires, Boston.


Rev. M. F. Byrne, S. J., St. Mary's, Boston.

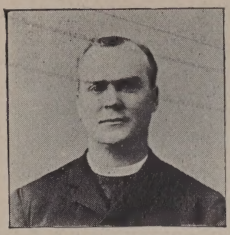
Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, Old St. Patrick's Church, Boston.

Rev. John F. Ford, Working Boys' Home, Boston.

PASTORS AND OTHER OFFICIALS IN THE ARCHDIOCESE.

Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, St. Augustine's, South Boston.

Rev. W. J. Corcoran, St. Vincent's South Boston.



Rev. John J. McNulty, Holy Rosary, South Boston.

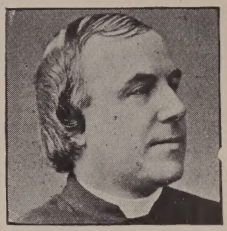
Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, St. Gregory's, Dorchester.

Rev. J. N. Supple, St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown.

who were then seminarians recall the man of handsome countenance, dark hair, and erect figure, who represented Boston at the Baltimore and Vatican Councils. A characteristic reply was one he made to an inquirer a few years ago: "How old is Bismarck?" "Bismarck," said the archbishop, "he's quite a young man yet; not much over 70!"

He has ever been a lover of nature. Few men can find more enjoyment than he in the woods or along the banks of meandering streams, when gun and rod give zest to amusement. To-day his pleasant summer recreation is to become anew a disciple of Isaak Walton at Lake Hemlock in western New York.

His relations with the priests have been generally those of harmony. In his official relations he is always a busy man, and indicates that business alone can engross his time. But business apart, in the relaxation of social intercourse, he can lay aside his habitual sternness, and prove himself a ready and entertaining conversationalist.



Rev. Jos. H. Cassin, Our Lady of the Assumption, East Boston.

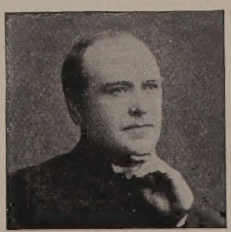
Rev. J. W. McMahon, D. D. St. Mary's, Charlestown.

Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Star of the Sea, East Boston.

Rev. Arthur T. Connolly, Church of The Blessed Sacrament, Jamaica Plain.

Rev. J. J. Frawley, C. S. S. R. Ch. Our Lady Perpetual Help, Roxbury.

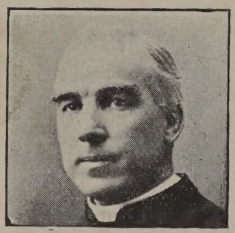
Rev. Jos. H. Gallagher, St. Patrick's, Roxbury.

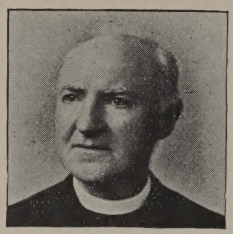


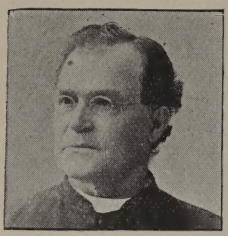
Rev. H. P. Smyth, P. R. St. Joseph's, Roxbury.

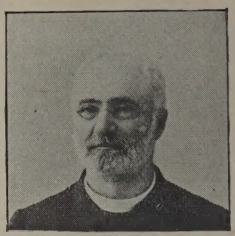
Rev. P. Ronan, St Peter's, Dorchester.

Rev. Thos. Magennis, P. R., St Thomas, Jamaica Plain.


Rev. John F. Cummins, Roslindale.


Very Rev. Abbe Hogan, S.S., D.D. Rector St. John's Seminary.

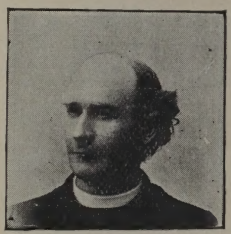

Rev. A. J. Rossi, Brighton.


Rev. Thos. Scully, P. R. Cambridgport.

Rev T. J Murphy, Neponset.

The archbishop has aimed at justice in his dealings. No one has, even in disappointment, attributed to him other than good motives. Himself a model man and a model priest, he has ever extended the hand of forgiveness and of charity to the erring. Severity in some cases would have been more efficacious. One other characteristic that has won him esteem : he has never been a meddler, never prying into the affairs of those under his charge, treating them always as men conscious of their positions and their duties. Add to this an unswerving and unwavering fidelity to all his engagements. The priests who know him the longest say he has never been known to break an engagement.

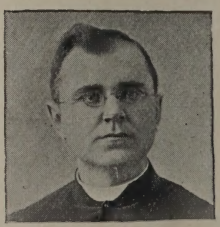
To the people he is known as one clothed with remarkable dignity in his sacerdotal and episcopal functions, whose grave and positive utterances, too seldom given, have made them eager to hear more extended or more frequent communications from his lips or pen. Through


Rev. A. J Teeling, P. R., Lynn

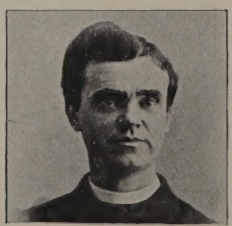
Rev. James J. O'Brien, Somerville,

Rev. J. C Harrington, Lynn.

Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, Arlington.


Rev. J. B. Parent, Lynn.

Rev. D. J. Wholly, Newton Centre.


Rev. P. H. Callanan, Newton Lower Falls.

Rev. Lawrence J. O'Toole, West Newton

Rev. D. F. Sullivan, West Lynn.

Rev. M. F. Delaney, Natick

Rev. T. J. Lavoie, O. M. I., Lowell.

Rev. P. B. Murphy, Saxonville.

Rev. J. E. Millerick, Wakefield.

Rev. James B. Troy, Norwood.

Rev. J. P. Bodfish, Canton.

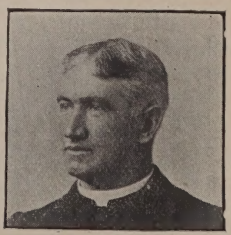
Rev. P. F. Boyle, Ipswich.

natural disposition and the burden of affairs, he has kept aloof from more intimate relations with the general public. A man well informed on the questions of the day, both lay and religious, with convictions of his own and strong views on great issues, he has yielded to a spirit which to many has seemed that of excessive prudence, and has failed to declare his position when priests and people eagerly awaited his word. In many cases he has, as a consequence, been wrongly estimated and wrongly quoted. To take the school question as an example: his unwillingness to force his priests to build schools in every parish, or to inculcate the law by a pastoral, has given belief to many that he was indifferent; but in graduation exercises and in private conversation his expressions have been as positive and precise as those of the Third Baltimore Council.

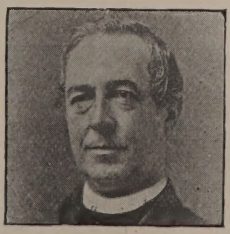
The century has not been idle. Onward has been the march of events, and the Catholic Church must, in accordance with her destiny, keep in touch with the times. Pius

Rev. E. J. Moriarty, Concord.

Rev. I. P. Egan, Cohasset.


Rev. John S. Cullen, Watertown.

Rev. W. E. Kelly, Bridgewater, Mass.

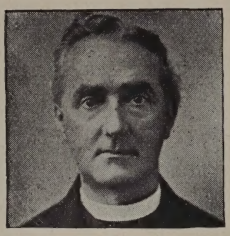

Rev. J. McGlew, P. R., Chelsea.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, Lexington.

Brother Jude, Superior House Angel Guardian, Boston.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. R. Lowell, Mass.

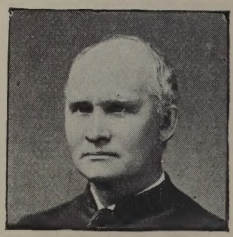
Rev. W. D. Joyce, O. M. I., Lowell.


Rev. P. J. Hally, Salem.

Rev. J. J. Gadoury, Salem.

Rev. F. J. Curran, Beverly. Mass.

IX. was a careful and a saintly man, but he lacked the spirit of the conqueror. Leo XIII. is the master-spirit of the age, and his rule has been aggressive. Our archbishop, as a ruler, has had rather the spirit of Pius IX. than of Leo XIII. The archdiocese of Boston, the second in number in this country, should have greater influence than it has. "Ultra-conservative" has been the reproach of its well-wishers and friends in various sections. The thoughts, the peculiarities, the inclinations, of the closing century are not those of 50 years back. The spirit of ecclesiastical as well as of civil life is at once progressive and aggressive. The archbishop has been a cautious builder, the foundations have been laid firm and true, the entire structure of the diocesan edifice has been on lines of safety and of strength. If not as broad as they might be, yet the lines for growth are marked out, and he who builds after the present prelate need but follow his plans to larger development and bolder construction.

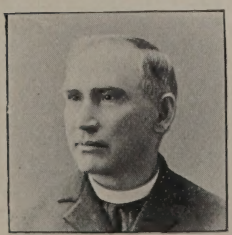

Rev. J. J. Healy, P.R., Gloucester.

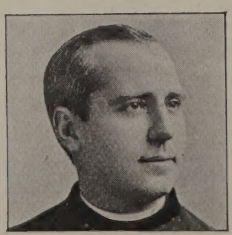
Rev. E. Godin, S. M., Haverhill.

Rev. J. C. Caisse, Marlboro.

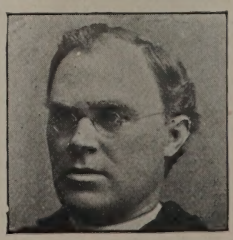
Rev. M. F. Flatley P. R., Im. Conc., Malden.

Rev. P. A. McKenna, Marlboro,

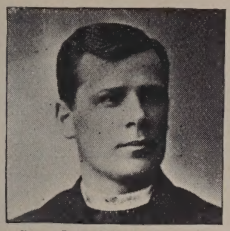

Rev. Patrick J. Sheedy, Ayer, Mass.


Rev. Martin J. Lee, Franklin, Mass.

Rev. J. M. Portal, S. M., Lawrence.


Rev. J. T. O'Reilly O. S. A. Lawrence.

Rev. M. T. McManus, So. Lawrence.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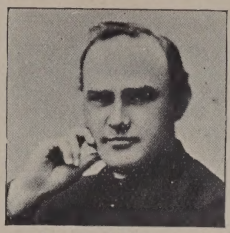
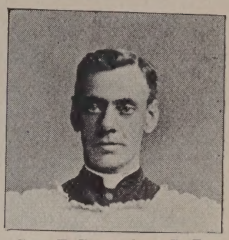
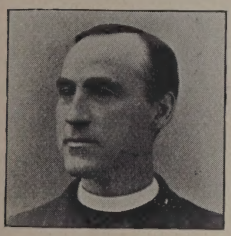

Rev. M. E. Begley, East Weymouth.


Rev. T. Brosnahan, P. R., Waltham.

Rev. M. R. Ryan, P. R., Newburyport.

But now the shadows are lengthening, the twilight is drawing on apace, and in the glow of the twilight the priest of 50 years stands with an added glory and a soft radiance. His heart may not exult as in the days of youthful enthusiasm, at the salves and the acclaims of priests and people, because there is not the broad vista of the future as then; but his heart must throb with a responsive chord of gladness, that God has given to him the benediction of his Golden Jubilee. For one day, at least, he must lay aside his cares and responsibilities, the accumulated weight of added years, and kneel once more before that altar on which he took his first step, and repeat with a new and magnificent meaning his "Dominus pars: The Lord is the portion of my inheritance." Fifty years have given a meaning to the sublime words and the sublime action that made him so long ago a priest. When the consecrating prelate told him that "God is the author of good things, and the

Rev. Thos. L. Flanagan, Stoneham, Mass.


Rev. Geo. J. Patterson, Abington, Mass.

Rev. T. A. Field, O. S. A., Andover.

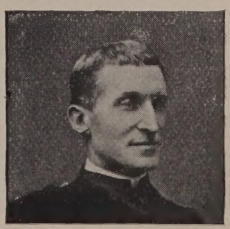
Rev. John D. Tierney, Rockland.

Rev. J. J. Kelly, Holbrook.

Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, Quincy.

Rev. M. Gilligan, Medford.

Rev. J. H. O'Neil, Middleboro.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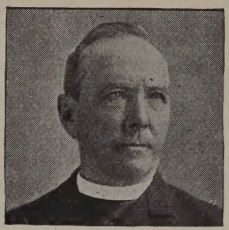
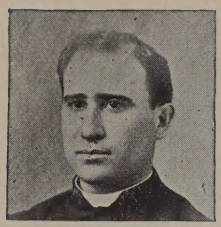
Rev. M. J. Masterson, Peabody.

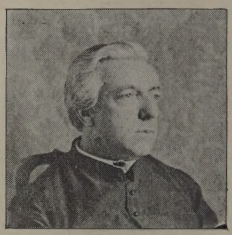

Rev. Wm. Shinnick, Marblehead

Rev. J. J. Shaw, No. Chelmsford.


Rev. F.X.Burke, East Pepperell.

disburser of all dignities," he could not imagine the honors and blessings in store for him. It was rather then his ambition to take upon him only the stole, symbolic of the divine yoke, the sweet and easy burden, and to be clothed with the chasuble of charity, and under the power of grace increase in love for God and man unto the consummation of a perfect work.

Fifty years of priestly labor have been completed: fifty years, when it has been his duty "to offer sacrifice, to bless, to lead, to preach, and to baptize." And these 50 years of the highest and noblest work, because spiritual, because done for the glory of God and the souls of men, have been before the world honorable and upright years, sealed with "justice, constancy, mercy, and fortitude." And while men may honor their completion, only God can reward them.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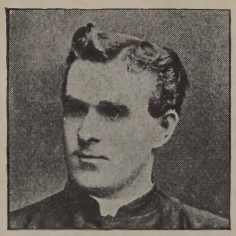
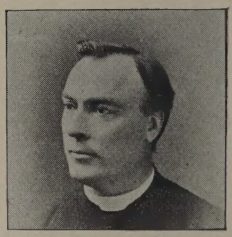
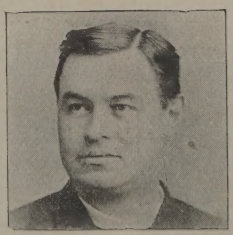

Rev. H. J. Madden, Winchester.


Rev. T. B. Lowney, Medway.

Rev. L. J. Morris, Brookline.

Rev. J. J. Keegan, Randolph.

Rev. T. F. Cusick, Hudson.


Rev. John. J. Buckley, Plymouth.

Rev. T. E. Power, Danvers.

THE FIVE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

St. Matthew 25: 1-13.
The original, painted by M. Gendron was exhibited in the Paris Salon.

STAGING A SHAKESPERIAN PLAY.

BY AUGUSTIN DALY.

HAKSPERE is the presiding genius of the English-speaking stage. He will always be its chief glory, as he its most powerful inspiration. Although the changes of time have more and more removed his plays from the acting stage and confined them to the library, it will be many a century before customs and speech will have so changed as to make them useless for stage production. Not only was Shakspere a great poet and dramatist, he was also a great manager in the sense of possessing large capacity for producing popular plays, so well suited to human tastes in general that with the proper changes his plays please as powerfully in this as in the Elizabethan age. It seems reasonable to hope, therefore, that his productions will never be wholly absent from the world's theatres; that the people no less than the dramatist and the scholar will continue to derive benefit and pleasure from occasional presentations of all his wonderful plays. Each generation should see one complete presentation of his best comedies and tragedies, done in the highest style of modern stage management, with the most perfect accessories of scenery, costume, and music, and interpreted by capable actors and thorough stage management. As a matter of fact, we are in just that condition of feeling with regard to the great poet-dramatist which permits such a presentation, and but little beyond. Booth, Barrett, and others made their generation pretty familiar with the tragedies, and talented successors of these eminent men are working in the same field. It has been my happiness and honor with the company under my direction to have contributed to a popular revival of the Shakesperian comedies, which naturally would be less often presented than the tragedies with their powerful stories and opportunities for the display of histrionic ability.

In selecting the Shakesperian comedy which is to be presented, it has always seemed to me unnecessary to discriminate severely between those of great and those of lesser popularity in the past. The essential thing is to have all the comedies in succession in one generation at least. It is the office of the manager, who is in no slight degree the interpreter of the ancient dramatist, to exhaust his resources in making the comedy agreeable to the prevailing taste. In selecting for this year's presentation "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" no attention was paid to the fact that the play had not been acted in 50 years; and to another fact that it is not among the most popular of the comedies. Fortunately, the least important of Shakspere's plays has always the quality of suggestiveness in the highest degree, and in its presentation can easily drain the richest resources of the modern stage. In

Ada Rehan as Julia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Shakspere's time, as every one knows, the accessories of scenery, music, costume, light effects, etc., were not abundant, as now; a placard announced a street in Venice or a chamber in Whitehall, and Antony and Cleopatra found no difficulty in wearing the dress of London people. This very absence of what are now essentials gave the dramatist perfect freedom in choosing his scenes and personages. Hence in staging a Shakesperian play every device and advantage of the modern stage are not found too rich, too high-colored, in portraying the splendid scenes that sprang from the great poet's visions. Not only is his presentation of human nature agreeable to every age, but the very form of his plays is such as to be easily adapted to every possible requirement of modern stage mechanism. A manager can therefore embellish almost at will, improve on the scenario provided by tradition or in the folios, call to his aid arts that had slight development or no existence in Shakspere's day, such as music, illumination, scene-painting, and secure much success in pleasing modern taste in drama. Financial profit has often attended persistent and careful devotion to Shakesperian tragedy; the comedies have also made enough money to encourage their repetition.

It is no small matter to stage any play. It can be imagined how numerous are the difficulties to be overcome and the details to be mastered before a Shakesperian play is ready to suit the present tastes of the theatre-going public. Two principles usually guide the manager in preparing it for presentation: first, it is permissible to omit some parts and re-arrange others, to drop certain characters, shape scenes differently, and make a more telling

Frank Worthing as Proteus in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

would have the plays presented almost as in the poet's time. Unfortunately, it is impossible to get a modern audience so æsthetic and severe in its tastes as to witness such a performance. In Shakspere's day the stage was not much more than a platform and a curtain with a few unalterable exits and entrances; scenery, costume, and the like were not essentials; such music as was used was simple enough; the

Maxine Elliott as Sylvia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

arrangement of acts; and second, the suggestiveness of the text can be used to introduce features of which tradition says nothing, and which add to the spectator's pleasure without doing violence to the play. There has been considerable discussion among the admirers of the poet as to how far the stage management may carry these principles. The worshippers of Shakspere deny all freedom in the matter, and

actor, the language, the plot and its incidents were the sole sources of a spectator's pleasure. What theatre would dare to present such a bare entertainment to-day? A public reader may do it, but not too often; the public have become too accustomed to the brilliant trappings in which a modern play is dressed ever to permit more than a momentary return to the bald simplicity of our ancestors.

The manager who takes the limited liberties mentioned above is considered a desecrator by some. Yet Shakspere himself was a manager, and were he living to-day would probably be the first to take advantage of our present methods, and to adapt his plays to the peculiarities of present audiences. He would be without doubt less reverent of himself than are the managers who give him a hearing, and out of love for him take cheerfully all risks and labors, that the people may know him better. It is nearly impossible to fail in making a pleasing presentation of a Shakesperian play, provided the proper liberties in rearrangement are allowed. The work of arranging the acts and scenes is the first in order; then comes the designing of the scenery; the study of costume, music, readings of the text, traditional business follow; rehearsal is the last process, and it usually results in the upsetting of many theories of the manager's office. To illustrate in some degree the methods employed in putting a particular play before the public, let us take "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" as it was presented this year in my New York theatre. Only the merest sketch can be given of the work of manager and assistants in all departments, leaving out mention of the work done by the actors; but this sketch will hint at the serious labor required to present a Shakesperian comedy. With regard to the arrangement of acts and scenes it must be observed that there was an amount of freedom on this point in the poet's time which does not exist to-day. Audiences have grown accustomed to single scenes for each act, and to scenery so elaborate that it is fairly built up on an immense stage, and can neither be removed or changed with speed.

Dramatists are nowadays required to produce all characters and to portray all the incidents and motives of the drama before one set of scenery. Shakspere often has six changes of location in one act, an easy matter where scenery consisted of a placard announcing the name of the locality. The arrangement of acts and scenes in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," as it is found in ordinary editions, would be confusing to the modern audience, hence the following changes are made: first, the five acts of the play are reduced by one, the seven scenes of the second act are reduced to four, and the eight scenes which compose the fourth and fifth acts are reduced to four. This condensation is brought about in various ways: in the first act Julia's garden is made the chief scene, and also in the second act; and here are transacted certain incidents which in the text have an entire scene to themselves. In the third act, the Duke's palace in Milan, whose grand court offers an opportunity for stage effect, is the chief scene, and to it are transferred as incidents scenes from both the second and fourth acts, such as the soliloquy of Proteus, the wooing of Sylvia by the same character after the serenade, and Sylvia's appeal to Sir Eglamour. The central scene of the last act is the robber's

wood, the forest near Milan, which opens and closes the act. It will be seen at once what unity these important scenic sets give to the stage presentation, what an aid they are to the modern audience so used to close and logical sequence in the scenes, and how much beauty they are able to lend to the play. They serve as resting-points for memory and fancy, which are often easily confused by too frequent use of drop scenes. In addition to these changes, the longer speeches are shortened, and dialogue not necessary to the development of the plot, or in itself uninteresting, which might lengthen the play too much, dropped altogether.

The painting and setting of the scenery involves much study of the architecture peculiar to the time of the play, the country, and the people whom it illustrates. The critics are insistent, and justly so, in demanding correct pictures of the interiors and exteriors, with correct furniture, costumes, decorations, and the like. Hence the large amount of study and investigation of ancient dress, manners, building, furniture, decoration, and music; and as all these matters have been attended to in each generation by capable men, often a host of stage traditions arises to protest against any but the most approved innovations. When all these matters have been duly studied and settled, the necessity of securing smooth and speedy action in the development of the plot and as much pictorial beauty as possible makes itself felt; as a consequence a thousand details crowd upon the manager and the actor; exits and entrances must be made effective, tableau must have color, and point in the grouping; music and song must be called in, not thrust or lugged in, to heighten various scenes; the interest of the audience must grow with each act, never allowed to lag, and carried

James Lewis as Launce, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

John Craig as Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

to a successful climax either at the close of the third act, or in the fourth if the circumstances are favorable. Study and preparation cover months of time, the rehearsals are many and severe; yet the acting period of the play which has exhausted the resources of manager, assistants, actors, and stage resources may be only a month or two, with an occasional revival. Still the labor is fully repaid by the far-reaching results of a really good presentation of a Shakesperian drama. Money may not have been made by the theatre, or fame by the actors; but that has been achieved which will redound to their honor when wealth and reputation interest them no more. The most popular drama of the hour may easily slip from the memory in the crowd of popular dramas that push one another off the passing stage; but once to have seen a Shakesperian play is to have acquired something like an immortal joy; at least it is a memory

George Clark as the Duke, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

which never ceases to charm. Happy the actor whose personality is nobly connected with the interpretation of a Shakesperian character; happy the manager under whose careful direction the poet's play has been produced; for the names of both will live in the minds of the thousands to whom they have given the highest pleasure which the stage can give to man.

In conclusion it is worth noting how pleasantly the Shakesperian comedies submit to elaboration, how genially they carry modern methods of entertainment. There is but one song in the text of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and it occurs in the serenade of the fourth act. In this season's presentation a chorus was introduced into the garden scene of the second act, a dance and chorus at the first view of the great court in the Duke's palace, a serenade from boats on the river at the close of the same scene, and a chorus for the outlaws at the opening of the last act, which in no way hindered the progress of the action, but seemed clearly suited to the romantic glamour of the scenes of the play. Yet with all this elaboration, when stage art has been exhausted to secure a perfect setting for the Shakesperian play, how tame would be the final result if the capable actor were not at hand to give life and meaning to the purely material, and to illustrate the human emotions of Shakesperian characters, as painted scene and beautiful costume illustrate the locality of the play. Human interest is aroused and enchained by human personality, and the one exalted merit of Shakspere is the powerful personalities he has given us. The heroes and heroines of his tragedies and comedies are so rich in the human elements that actors of all shades of genius have found parts adapted to their peculiarities, and have not been able to exhaust the opportunities offered them. The finest qualities of our greatest actors have had full play in portraying Shakesperian creations. It is the highest test of the actor's genius that he can successfully interpret the greatest of poets. In consequence the Shakesperian actors are few; it is the one difficulty with which the manager cannot well contend in his ambition to honor Shakspere with frequent representations; without the actor of genius all labor and study come to nothing. It is therefore a rare good fortune that in this day we have for the Shakesperian comedies so brilliant and successful an interpreter as Miss Ada Rehan, whose Katharine, Rosalind, and Viola, have charmed both critics and audiences, and whose Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" will please by its sweet gentleness as did Katharine by its robust and yet womanly shrewishness. We have had the heroines of Shakesperian tragedy more frequently represented than his comedy heroines. The tragic genius is more attractive to the actor; its expression is quick to produce effect; whereas the genius of comedy is more elusive, harder to grasp, and so difficult of expression that critics rightly rejoice when actors with a genius for comedy so real, accurate, and brilliant, as that possessed in the last generation by Adelaide Neilson, and in this by Ada Rehan, appear on the stage.

OPHELIA.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts." Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. V.

The old Preparatory College.
House of Studies and Grounds of the Redemptorist Fathers at Ilchester, Md.

THE TRAINING OF A REDEMPTORIST.

BY WILLIAM LICKING, C.SS.R.

MANY are the objects for which religious orders were instituted in the Church. Of these, the care of the sick, the education of youth, and the regeneration of souls, are the chief motives that animated holy men of later times in the foundation of such associations. Of these Orders or Congregations some pursue several objects, others devote themselves to but one. The Jesuits conduct their famous schools of learning, and pay special attention to the work of foreign missions. Similar in purpose are the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Lazarists, and others. The Redemptorists, however, are not a teaching body. Their sole object is the care of souls, principally by giving missions to the faithful at home. Their houses at Ilchester, Annapolis, and North East receive only those young men who desire to prepare themselves for the work of the missions in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A brief description of these training schools will be interesting to those who have followed the doings of the Congregation in its long and faithful labor for the good of souls in America.

Ilchester is a small station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about 13 miles southwest of Baltimore. Early in the 60's a certain Mr. Ellicott, from whom the neighboring town of Ellicott City takes its name,

conceived the idea of establishing at this place a hotel for travellers, a kind of "Wayside Inn."

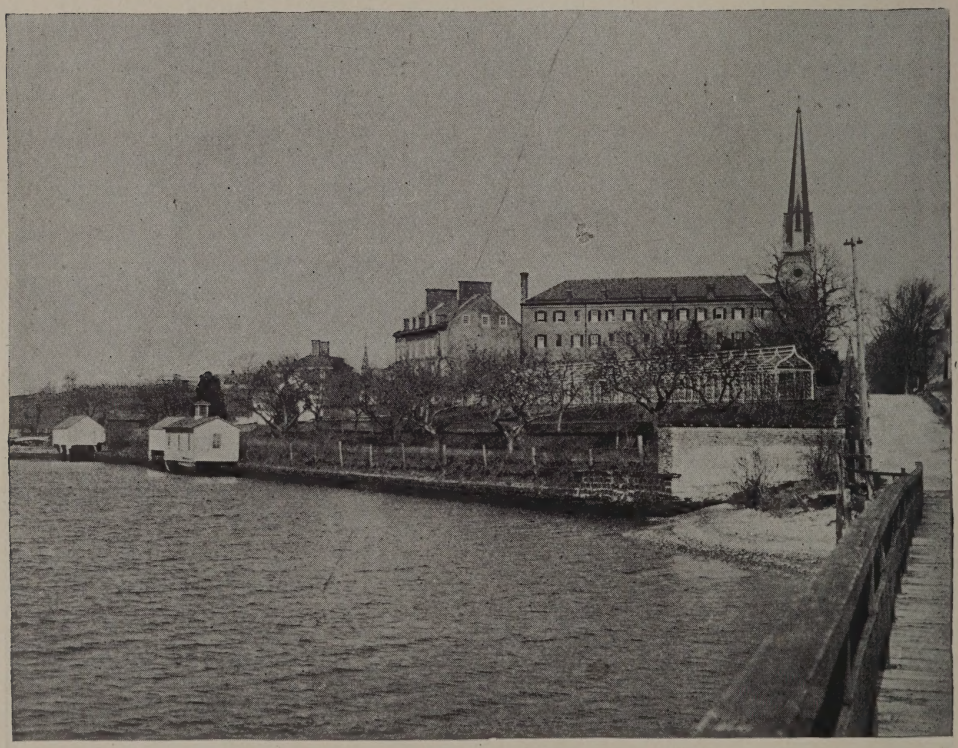
> "A region of repose (it seems),
> A place of slumbers and of dreams,
> Remote among the wooded hills."

His scheme, however, proved a failure. Its beautiful name, derived from the Latin "Ilicum Castra," signifying the Camp of Oaks, was Ilchester's most attractive feature. A small station, in those days little better than a cattle-shed; a railroad bridge across the "brawling mill-stream" euphoniously called the Patapsco river; a cotton factory in whose shadow lay a score of corporation tenement houses, — this was Ilchester, and these charms certainly were not calculated to attract any large contingent of the travelling public. So the "Wayside Inn" went a begging for guests, and its owner for some one to take it off his hands.

At this time the clerics of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer were prosecuting their studies at the convent of St. Mary's, Annapolis, Md. The first attempt by the Order to establish a regular scholasticate had been made at Cumberland, Md., but various reasons had induced the superiors to transfer the young men

Chapel of the Redemptorist College at Ilchester, Md.

to Annapolis, where the Fathers occupy Carrollton, the mansion which gave Charles Carroll, the illustrious signer of the Declaration of Independence, the name by which he is generally known. Annapolis is beautifully situated on the Severn river near its junction with the waters of the Chesapeake bay, and

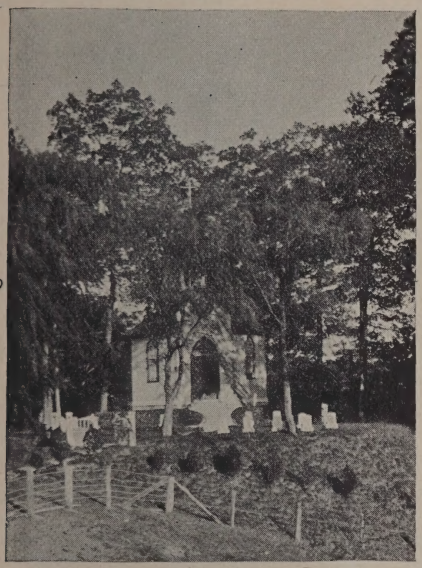


"Carrollton"
Novitiate of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer at Annapolis, Md.

its quiet seclusion made it peculiarly appropriate for the Fathers' purpose. Their property there has a splendid water-front, a few hundred yards distant from the United States naval grounds.

Sad to say, Annapolis is associated with the direst calamity that has befallen the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in America. On July 9, 1866, four reverend professors and three students of theology spread sail on their little boat, the Santo Alfonso, to spend the afternoon down the bay but of the seven that went out with happy hearts only two returned alive. The other five, three priests and two students, by the capsizing of their boat in a sudden squall, found an untimely grave in the dark waters of the bay.

The gloom cast over the house of studies by this terrible disaster time could not efface; and since vocations had by this time increased to such a number that St. Mary's no longer afforded ample accommodations for both professed students and novices, the Superiors determined to look for a new site. Mr. Ellicott's

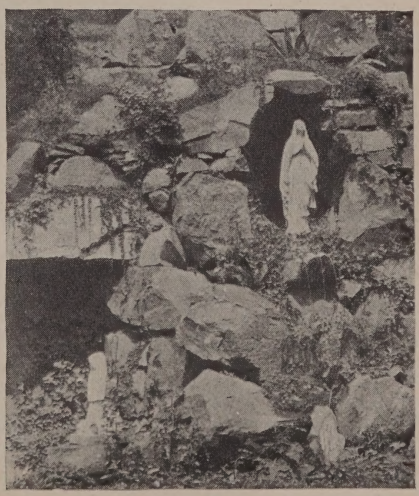


Mortuary Chapel and Burying-Ground at Ilchester.

property at Ilchester was brought to their notice. A bargain was readily made, and the "Wayside Inn" was now destined to become a house of prayer and of study.

A quarter of a century of patient toil has wrought wondrous changes in what in the beginning of the Redemptorists' residence was little more than a wilderness. Two large buildings have been erected on the site — one of wood and one of brick. The wooden structure is at the foot of a hill, near the railroad station, and is attached to the old hotel. This was originally the Preparatory College, where young men desirous of entering the Congregation received their classical education. In 1881 this department was transferred to North East, Penn., where the Fathers purchased a fine, large brick building originally used as a Protestant seminary. At present the old wooden structure at Ilchester serves as an annex to the college proper. Its beautiful chapel is filled on Sundays by devout parishioners, and a portion of the building does duty as a parish school.

Ilchester College is about 300 yards from the railroad station on an elevated site, with undulating lands in the front and rear. The building is four stories high and 200 feet long. The first story is of granite, the upper stories are of brick. The grounds surrounding the college have been laid out with great care and a vast amount of labor. The rising land in the front and rear of the building is divided into terraces. On the highest spot in the rear of the college stands a life-size statue of St. Alphonsus, founder of the Congregation, his hand extended in benediction towards the institution. West and east of the college are extensive groves of chestnut, beach, hickory, and oak trees. Avenues lead in every direction; and when the oppressive heat of summer drives the students from their rooms,



Grotto of Lourdes, Ilchester.

they find in the shade of these venerable trees the comfort and rest-

Statue of St. Alphonsus, founder of the Redemptorists, Ilchester Grove.

fulness which made the poet exclaim :—

"I like the spot where God's great trees have room
To spread their branches forth on every side,
And lift their tops in native forest pride
As in their own domain, and bud and bloom
In vast variety; while round their roots
The grassy spires their unctuous mould o'erspread
And fragrant clover shows its honeyed head,
Or buttercup or violet upward shoots."

Several grottoes built by the students lend a holy charm to this quiet retreat. On the south side is the grotto of Lourdes, with its statue of the Immaculate Conception in an artificial cave, and three little streams of water trickling down from the rocks beneath our Lady's statue. On the north side of the grove is the grotto of Bethlehem; but the holiest and most solemn spot is the sacred enclosure at the end of the grove, where beneath green mounds sleep those of the community who have gone to their rewards. In the centre of this little plot of God's acre, stands a mortuary chapel, around which the graves are clustered. Each grave bears at its head a slab of marble, inscribed with the name of the dead. In this obscure corner lie buried some of the best known Redemptorists, men who have shed lustre and renown on the Order in America. Here we read the name of Rev. A. Konings, famed in both hemispheres for his learning, his eloquence, and his untiring zeal in the cause of Jesus Christ. For many years provincial of the Congre-

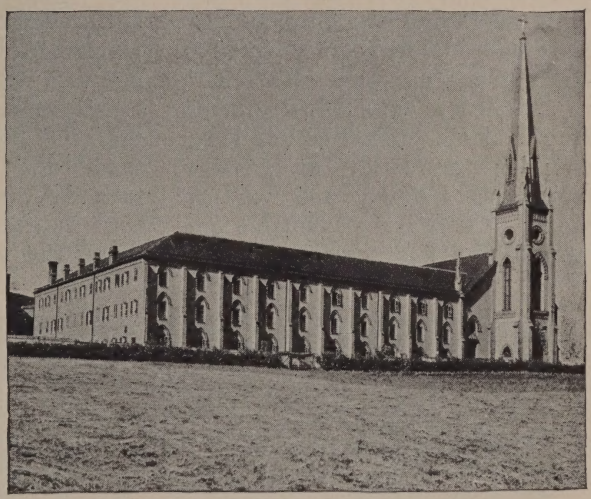
gation in Holland, he spent the last 14 years of his life as professor of moral theology at Ilchester. He was the author of several learned works on theology, but the brightest gem in the diadem of his fame was his childlike simplicity.

Here lie the remains of Rev. George Ruland, provincial of the Order in America, and for 11 years rector of the House of Studies.

He was a priest of great gifts, deeply versed in the theological sciences, yet so humble that he would allow no one to utter a word to him of praise or congratulation. Next to him lies the Rev. Eugene Grimm, rector of Ilchester from 1885 to 1890, famous as the English translator of the works of St. Alphonsus. To this work he gave himself with such devotion as to hasten his death ; but even in his fatal illness, when he was hardly able to sit upright, he grasped his pen and made it do service in honor of his beloved Father. When death overtook him he had finished 19 volumes of what is known as the Centenary Edition of the works of St. Alphonsus. Here, too, are the remains of Rev. Father Kuper, for many years professor of philosophy and, after Rev. A. Koning's demise, of moral theology ; and of Rev. Father Bollmann, professor in the Preparatory College, a most eloquent missionary and author of several German works. Side by side with these veterans rest several young students, who did not live to realize their hopes of becoming the anointed of God, and a group of faithful lay brothers who served God in simplicity of heart and innocence of life. Standing at these humble memorials to the dear religious, we are reminded that

"All men are stewards of some gift or grace,
And must account to Him who lent the boon :
Some use it till old age, some in the noon
Of life are called to stand before His face,
And give to Him their reckoning."

Let us now turn to the habitation of the living sons of St. Alphonsus. As we go in by the main entrance we are at once reminded of the special love St. Alphonsus and his children have always professed towards the Blessed Mother of God ;



St. Mary's Church and Novitiate, Annapolis.

for above the main entrance, under the gable, is a unique statue of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, to whom the convent is dedicated. And again, above the inner door is a picture of the Madonna with the Latin inscription :

"Hac ne vade via, quin dixeris Ave Maria,"

the English of which is

"Let him who is passing or entering here
Salute with an 'Ave' our Mother dear."

On the ground floor is a spacious refectory with accommodations for 100 guests. The meals, except on recreation days, are taken in silence, broken only by the voice of a reader; for the Redemptorist Rule prescribes that "while they are nourishing the body, they shall also nourish the mind by the reading of a spiritual book." On the same floor is the library, which contains about 15,000 volumes of all the best authors in the departments of philosophy and theology, history and literature. It is rich in polyglot Bibles, in the works of the Fathers of the Church, and in books of asceticism.

On the upper floors are the rooms of professors and students, and the lecture halls. The room devoted to physics is well supplied with laboratory facilities and instruments. There is also a cabinet full of specimens for the study of geology, mineralogy, botany, and natural history. There is a valuable collection of the flora of Maryland by Rev. Father Holzer, C. SS. R., which has been highly praised by professors of the Smithsonian Institute. On the most elevated spot of the college grounds is an astronomical observatory, where the professor and his disciples scan the heavens with a four and one-half inch refractive telescope.

The chapel is in the southern wing, cruciform in shape and Romanesque in style. It has a very large sanctuary with seven altars, and in the body of the chapel there is sitting room for 140 persons. Above the main altar is enthroned a copy of the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. On the gospel side is a temporary shrine dedicated to Blessed Brother Gerard, the taumaturgus of this century, while under one of the side altars is a most sacred relic, the body of St. Sergius, who suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate. A most touching scene is enacted every year in this sanctuary, when the young Levites who have

Preparatory College at North East Pennsylvania.

finished their course of studies are ordained priests, in the presence of their relatives and friends. In the last quarter of a century 203 priests have gone out from Ilchester chapel.

The college is a little world in itself. It has its own farm, vineyard, orchard, dairy, bakery, hothouse, shoe-shop, tailor-shop, blacksmith-shop, carpenter-shop, book-bindery, and printing-office. The work in these different departments is done by lay brothers of the Congregation.

The course of studies pursued in the schools of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer comprises 13 years, six of which are spent at North East, six at Ilchester, and one in the novitiate, at Annapolis. After graduating from the grammar school (generally the parochial school, from which vocations have almost exclusively come), the youth is sent to the Preparatory College, at North East. This course comprises thorough training in Latin, English, German, French, Greek, mathematics, history, and geography, instruction in religious doctrine, and plain chant. Seven hours a week are allotted to the Latin classes, and three to those of Greek; an average of four hours to English, German, and French. Literature, rhetoric, history, and mathematics are carefully pursued.

At present there are about 100 students at North East, from all parts of the United States and from Canada. The faculty of the college are the following Redemptorists: Rev. A. Dooper, C. SS. R., rector and director of studies, Rev. J. B. Saftig, C. SS. R., Rev. Peter Bausch, C. SS. R, Rev. Joseph Auth, C. SS. R., Rev. John Hanley, C. SS. R., Rev. John De Laad, C. SS. R., Rev. Paul Carbray, C. SS. R., Rev. Arthur Coughlan, C. SS. R. There is also one lay-professor, Mr. A. Messler.

Having finished this preparatory course, and passed satisfactory examinations, the young man is permitted to enter the novitiate at Annapolis. Here he gives himself in an especial manner to prayer and meditation for an entire year, in order to discover in his inmost heart whether he feels the strength to undergo the duties that await every professed member of the Congregation. At the end of this time of probation he is admitted to perpetual vows. The scene of his next labors is laid in Ilchester, where he must pass through another course of six years. The first two years are spent in the study of philosophy. Lectures are given five days in the week, and Latin is the language of the school. Within the same period he studies the natural sciences, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, botany, zoölogy, and physiology.

When he has finished these preliminary studies, the student enters upon what is really his lifework, for which all the previous labors were a preparation — the study of theology. Four years are devoted to the study of dogmatic and of moral theology, in connection with which church history, canon law, sacred scriptures, pulpit oratory, and liturgy are taught. Then, after 13 years of study and probation, after having stocked his mind with knowledge and trained his heart in the practice of virtue, the student is promoted to Holy Orders, to be a priest, according to the order of Melchisedech, forever.

But the end is not yet! There remain for him six months of what is called the "second novitiate,"

that he may be still better seasoned for the struggles of life. In the second novitiate the young priest is especially trained for the work of the missions; and when he has been thus "heated and refined, tempered and strengthened, in the fire of godliness," he is sent out to do battle in the cause of Christ.

From what has been said it is evident that Ilchester College is for the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer what the seminary is for the secular clergy. "The seminary," says Bishop Ullathorne, "is the seed plot from which should spring into the diocese ecclesiastical life and vigor." Hence a religious institute of this kind requires very strict discipline. When once a member enters here, he cuts himself off from the outside world. He is not permitted to visit home even during vacation. He must exclude all worldly topics from his mind, and begin to practise that detachment which enabled the apostles to preach the Gospel in every quarter of the globe. The students rise at 4.30 A. M. in all seasons of the year. Day is opened with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. At five o'clock half an hour is devoted to meditation in the chapel, after which Mass is celebrated. Then follows an hour's study. After breakfast at seven o'clock and a brief recess, the students spend the morning hours either in their rooms preparing their various tasks, or in the class-rooms attending the lectures of the professors. Dinner is served at noon, preceded by 15 minutes of examination of conscience and prayers for the benefactors of the college. After an hour's recreation, the afternoon is spent in study and class. The day's work concludes with half an hour's meditation. Supper is taken at seven o'clock. At 8.30 night prayers are recited in common, and at 9.30 o'clock all lights must be extinguished, and the students retire to rest.

There are at present 50 professed students at Ilchester, preparing for the holy ministry. The faculty is constituted of the following professors: Very Rev. Elias J. Schauer, rector and professor of church history; Rev. William Licking, prefect of studies and spiritual director; Rev. Joseph Henning, professor of moral theology; Rev. James Keitz, professor of Scripture; Rev. Albert Stern, professor of dogmatic theology; Rev. Theodore George, professor of philosophy; Rev. John Hausser, professor of canon law and the sciences.

The field of labor prepared for these future missionaries is very extensive, for God has blessed the Congregation in America with wonderful growth. The first Redemptorists embarked for the United States in 1832, and for seven years they toiled with varying success. Not until 1839 did they find means to establish a regular foundation, in Pittsburgh, Penn. But these early missionaries were not disheartened by trials and sufferings. They felt that God's designs are eternal, and that they were but of a day; they knew that what He destines for long growth and large expansion, He sets down in small beginnings. In the United States there are now 30 Redemptorist houses, divided into the provinces of Baltimore and of St. Louis. In Canada there are five houses, three affiliated to the Baltimore province and two to the Belgian. In South America there are

10 convents of the Order. All these houses are so many centres from which the Fathers give missions to the faithful of all nationalities. The students at Ilchester are attached to the Baltimore province, and are preparing for this field of labor. Vocations have not been wanting. Application for admission to the Preparatory College have increased with each succeeding year, and thus Ilchester bids fair to continue its glorious work for many years to come.

"With a smile on my lips will I greet thee,
Dear Ilchester reigning above,
Where the murmuring stream doth repeat thee
A song of devotion and love;

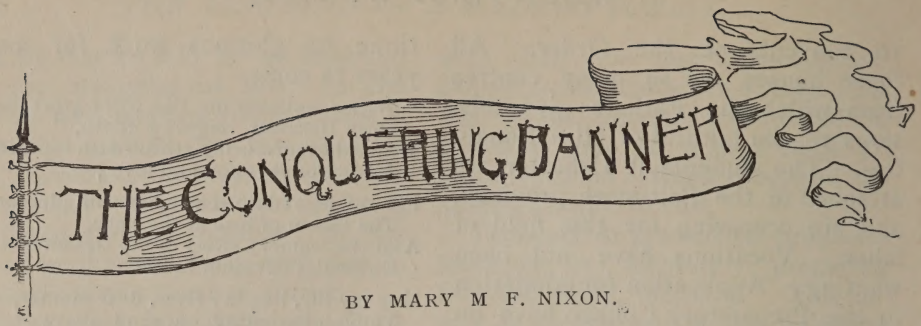
For my heart doth remember with pleasure
The lesson of love at thy knee,
And the memory sweet of thy treasure
Enkindles devotion in me.

May my life, like thy river, dear mother,
Though hastening on, send above
For thy honor and glory, another
Sweet song of devotion and love."

WHEN FIRST WE MET.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

WHEN first we met, love's blossom from our hearts
Broke like a bud forth from its leaves of green,
Where in seclusion it had lain unseen,
Waiting the magic impetus that parts
The surface for its growth. Beneath the beam
That poured from our accordant intercourse,
It throve and grew strong-rooted in its source,
And imperceptibly, to its extreme
Point of predestined gracious amplitude
Unfolded, and breathed a delicate perfume.
We watched in wonder rapt the miracle,
And all the world blew softly into bloom
That tinted e'en the dahlias of the dell
And touched the mountain's highest altitude.



BY MARY M F. NIXON.

"WILL you do it, Father?" said the Colonel.

The young priest looked thoughtful as he replied slowly: —

"I do not know, Colonel. I will see about it. You may be sure I would like to oblige you. I will let you know to-morrow."

"You see, Father, no one can sing like you can. There's not a man in town with such a voice, and everybody will be at the celebration. It's our Confederate Decoration Day, and I have all the arrangements to make. The old soldiers march to the graveyard, there is a salute fired, the graves are decorated, and then they march back to town to the meeting. The Town Hall will be crowded, and if you will only sing 'The Conquered Banner,' everything will be complete."

"I would like to do it for you," said Father Desmond; "but you see, Colonel, I am a priest, and I might be criticised."

"Nonsense," replied the Colonel in his bluff way, "That's one reason I want you to do it. There will be scores of Protestants there, and I want them to see one priest who 'knows more than his prayers.' They have the insane idea that our clergy are a set of uncultured autocrats whom we Catholics are bound to obey; willy, willy."

"Well, Colonel Délatte, I'll ask Father O'Donnell's advice, and let you know in plenty of time to find some one else. There are other people who could do it better than I, if you would but think so."

"No, no, there is no one but you, Father; good-by, if you must go," said the Colonel, and the priest shook him warmly by the hand and went down the broad gallery steps toward the lawn.

He was a magnificent specimen of youth and health, very tall with the figure of an athlete.

His eyes were very dark and almost piercing, and there was about him something which reminded one of an eagle, poised for flight; but it was an imprisoned eagle, for, though his eyes could flash with anger at injustice or sin, it was a controlled wrath, and in his manner there was always a peculiar gentleness.

He was doing a great work in the little Mission to which he had come. It was a small Southern town, with only a handful of Catholics in it, and the surrounding country was full of negroes and "po' white trash."

They all loved Father Desmond passionately, and his friend, the old priest, said to him at times: —

"You have a special talent for

this mission work, my son. You always collect a crowd of negroes in five minutes with your singing."

"Instantaneous choir-master. Negro choirs made while you wait," said Father Desmond, laughing.

As he walked down the broad road leading to Clairefontaine, the deep shadows of the soft May twilight lay in long lines upon the grass.

Fireflies flitted here and there, and in the far distance was heard the croaking note of a frog. Overhead, in the dreamy mistiness of the sky, a few stars flickered, and the moon, a slender bow, rose slowly over the cypress trees. Long festoons of gray moss hung from the branches, and a gentle breeze waved the tendrils like ghostly fingers.

Father Desmond walked slowly onward. His was a busy, hurried life, full of petty, almost sordid details, and a little solitude was to him a pleasant variety. The old cemetery was a favorite spot with him, and thither he turned his steps. He seated himself upon the stonewall, overgrown with moss and vines, and sat thoughtfully looking at the city of the dead.

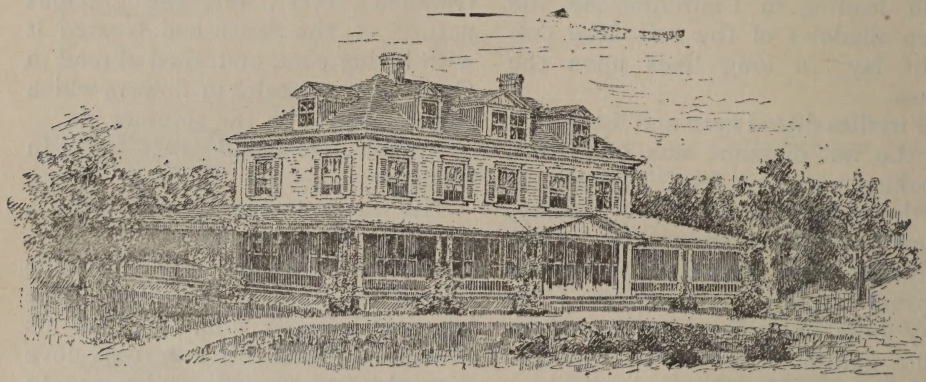
It was a rambling place, with no neatly bordered paths or well-trimmed trees; but the gracious nature of the South had treated it with loving care, and shed abroad in God's acre a wealth of flowers which cast fragrance on the summer air.

Father Desmond sat lost in thought.

His was a strange nature, with a depth of emotion which few understood, since a natural reticence made him hide his real self; but those who really knew him, felt that his heart was filled with a burning love of souls, and an endless longing to help the sorrowful and influence for good those about him.

As he was thinking of his work and wishing for more power among the people where his lot was cast, a stifled sound met his ear, and

quickly looking through the gloom, he saw the figure of a woman, kneeling by a grave, and weeping bitterly. In a moment she rose, and kissing the cross at the head of the grave, moved swiftly toward the priest.



As she passed, seized by a pitiful impulse, he spoke: —

"Can I help you, Madam?"

"No one can help me, thank you," she answered almost mechanically, as she glanced at him with a face in which despair was written, and passed out of sight. She was a woman of about 40 years of age, with black hair heavily streaked with gray. Even in the uncertain light, her face was beautiful although lined with sorrow. A great trial always leaves indelible traces, and whether suffering has sweetened or embittered a nature shows plainly in the face.

Father Desmond sighed heavily and turned to leave the cemetery, when a little shadow sprang toward him, and a voice said: —

"Please, Sah! de baby am dyin' an' mammy says won't you please come an' 'tise it?"

"Yes, my boy," he replied, and urning his steps toward the negro-quarter, he disappeared into the gathering darkness.

Clairefontaine is an old-fashioned southern town of the "befo' de wa'" type, built round a square, on one side of which is the Town Hall, an old building in colonial style, with a huge pillared portico.

Flags, bunting, and gay flower wreaths decorated the square on the 30th of May, and a motley crowd was gathered around the hall, for the Confederate Decoration Day is the great event of the year in Clairefontaine. From far and near the people throng the town for this, more than Christmas or any other holiday, is the day for family reunions. The quick blood of the South warms the hearts, and the feeling of kinship is strong within them. The loyalty Northerners feel for a principle, Southerners pay to their own people, and this is shown not only by love for the living but fealty to the dead. Early in the morning the old soldiers, many of them in their torn and stained butternut suits, filed out to the cemetery, fired a salute, decorated the graves, and marched solemnly back again, leaving their dead comrades resting peacefully under the shadows of the

great trees which had watched above them for many years.

In the afternoon was the celebration in the town hall, and here gathered men, women, and children, for the spirit of the South has descended upon her children, and the young people are as patriotic as their ancestors.

The programme for the exercises consisted of speeches, recitations, and music, and there was a breathless silence in the crowded hall when Father Desmond rose to sing. Over his head hung the old Confederate flag, torn and blood-stained, its glory dimmed. With an upward glance at the tattered emblem, the young priest sang, and his glorious voice rang out in the words of Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner": —

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff, 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best."

The nearer we approach the divine love, so much the more readily can we comprehend the human, and as he sang, Father Desmond seemed almost lifted out of himself. Sympathy is more a matter of imagination than of experience, and his kindly nature went out to these warm-hearted, loyal people, and he felt as if their feelings were his own.

As he neared the close of the song, his eyes fell upon a figure at the foot of the platform, and he saw again the face of the woman he had seen in the graveyard. Her expression was one of such hopeless suffering, that his eyes filled with tears, and the longing to help her rose strong within him.

Then the last words of the poem fell from his lips, —

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently — it is holy —
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!"

and from the great crowd came a shout loud and long. Men wept, women waved their handkerchiefs, and all cried, "Sing it again! Again!"

Father Desmond, flushed and elated — for who does not feel happy at touching the hearts of men — bowed to them in his dignified and gentle way, and said: "No, my friends. I will not sing it again, but will you let me sing you something else?"

"Anything," they cried; "only sing!"

Then there fell softly upon the air the beautiful hymn of Faber: —

"Hark! hark! My soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore."

Everybody listened as if spell-bound, and there was again a breathless stillness. When the priest's exquisite voice, so full of pathos, lingered upon the words, —

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee."

once more his eyes caught those of the woman he had seen before. She gazed at him with a faint dawning of hope within her eyes, as one who catches a glimpse of Paradise, and as his last notes died away, falling like a benediction upon the audience, she turned and went swiftly from the room.

"It was glorious, Father! Simply glorious!" cried Colonel Délatte enthusiastically as the applause broke forth again and again. "You will own the town! There is not a person here who was not affected. I never can thank you. Did you happen to notice my niece, Virginia? She stood close by the edge of the plat-

form. Poor girl! I'm afraid this will be too much for her. The bullet which pierced that hole in the old flag-staff struck her lover's heart. She nearly died of grief, and has never been the same since."

"No one can help me but you, Father," said Virginia Délatte that night as she sat in the priest's study. "Tell me what it is that you have which I cannot find! There must be something to make you what you are. As you sang I watched your face. It was inspired! You love music passionately. You could be the first tenor in the world if you chose. It is terrible to think what you have given up! You are a man with all a man's aspirations, young, strong, the whole world before you, with a capacity to realize every ambition. The old men who are done with the warfare and conflict cannot help me. It is you who are young — who are in the thickest of the fight — to whom I must come. In you I see the gentleness of strength, the peace of a chastened will, the fervor of earnest purpose. When first you sang I wondered that you could understand so perfectly our feelings about the flag. But at the last I knew the banner of love was over you, and I thought 'This man can help me!' "Oh, Father!" she exclaimed, throwing out her hands impulsively, "help me! I long so for peace. Within there is nothing but bitterness, nothing satisfies. My earthly love is gone from me. If there is a heavenly, lead me to it."

"There is, my child," he said, gently. Young though he was, the fatherly words seemed fitting from the calm heights of peace where his soul rested, and his tones fell like a benediction upon her troubled spirit. "The peace of God may be yours, if you will but take it, and earthly love can never be so sweet as the divine 'Rest comes at length although the way be weary.'"

"Oh, give it to me, Father!" she cried again, a whole world of longing in her tones. "Show me this peace!" "I will," he said quietly, but earnestly, and as she buried her tear-stained face in her hands, the young priest's lips moved in prayer.

. . . . . .

"I am glad, dear Father Desmond," wrote Colonel Délatte some months later, "that you have not encouraged Virginia's wish to go into a convent. I suppose it is the first wish of a convert, but I need her very much, and you have no idea how much good she is doing in Clairefontaine, especially among the negroes. She wants me to tell you that she is trying to carry on the work you have begun, and that she is quite content. Thank you for all you have done for us. We miss you very much, and it seems to me a shame that a man like you should be buried in a lonely southern village, though you did ask to be sent there. Do come back to us, Father.

"Cordially yours,

"FRANCIS DELATTE."

Father Desmond smiled as he read the letter, then looked thoughtfully across the wild and deserted landscape. His new Mission was only a tiny hamlet, and he had no companions but the wretched people among whom he worked. He was alone, but never lonely, for a heart which is filled and wrapped around with the eternal love, is never ill at ease, and as he thought of his hurried, stirring life among the rough people about him, he murmured to himself:

"All life is good
When the one lesson's understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood."

MIRACLES.

BY ASA L. COLTON.

People refuse to believe in miracles because they esteem them incredible; how, then, do they believe in existence — in the being of anything? Is it credible — to human reason, I mean — that anything should be without a cause? Nothing, so far as we can judge, ever *comes to be* without an efficient cause — something that goes before, with power to bring that which comes after.

But existence is an indisputable fact; we must believe it, whether we can or not.

Oh, yes, one may say, but there is an infinite Being from all eternity, and He has produced all other forms of existence.

Very well; but if that be so, do not let us trouble ourselves about what are called miracles. They come very easily after the creation of light — the creation of sun and moon and stars; or even of nebulous matter, so constituted that by its revolution in space it may generate these wondrous orbs.

But there is a difficulty, it seems, about laws — natural laws: we are not to suppose that they will ever be violated. But there is another law above all these, all at least of the inanimate world; i. e., that the forces of brute matter are subject to the will, or whatever is analogous to will, in any living creature. The law of gravitation is one of the most universally operative; but every bird rising upon its wings, every dog in its leaps, yea the grasshopper springing from the earth, sets this law at defiance. Almost every common law of matter is set aside by the ingenuity of man, as put forth by that most truly spiritual faculty, the will.

Are we then to suppose that the Almighty has so tied his power to agencies purely material that He can never perform an act except under their regulation? This would leave him with no discretional power whatever — with no such liberty even as that which He has bestowed upon every creature that has will, or anything like it. Is this the idea of a God infinite in power, as in wisdom and goodness? Are we to think that the Almighty has just for once set a universe in motion, and forever withdrawn Himself from all meddling with its affairs? He permits us to control the electric power, but is never permitted to direct a thunderbolt upon the guilty, or to turn one aside from any path it might incline to pursue!

Miracles! Is it then so much more wonderful that water should be turned into wine, than that a little water and a little earth, under the rays of the sun, should be turned into the beautiful flowers and luscious fruits of our gardens and orchards? These same elements are even now maturing grapes, which with a little management, under merely natural forces, directed by a human will, may produce wine fit for the wedding feast of a king.

Or, in another line of thought, we may ask, Is it much more difficult to call back a living soul and unite it again to its former body than in any way to produce that soul at first?

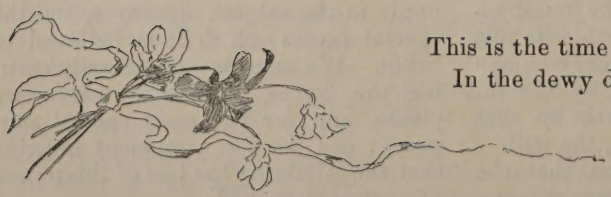
These and the like considerations apply to the subject of prayer, and the special favors which it is believed to bring. We men are perpetually turning the forces of nature where we please, and for the most special purposes; can we for a moment imagine that the Almighty has less of this power of control than we?

May Song

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

This is the time when the daffodil,
That glowed like gold in the April days,
Droops down and dies on the tufted hill
In the windy ways.

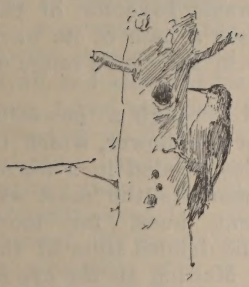
Now is the time when the lilac-blooms
With their fragrance fine fill the fulvid air,
And the lovely lily the dell perfumes,
And the dingles there.



This is the time when the violet blows
In the dewy dales where the waters fall,
And the blossoms blush
of the red rock-rose
By the garden wall.

Now is the time when the bluebird wakes
With a rush of wings and a gush of song,
And the phebe-bird in the starry brakes
Whistles all day long;

When the oriole like a thing of gold,
With roseal breast and ebony wings,
Exults in the light of his beauty bold,
And of summer sings;



And the yellow-hammer begins to drum
On the wrinkled bole of the hollow tree,
And the golden bees o'er the king-cups hum,
In the level lea.

For this is the merry month of May,
The month of the maiden, mary-blooms,
Of the luscious lilts and the roundelay,
And the golden glooms.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

BY M. E. DODGE.

IF a traveller in Egypt were to bow before the Sphinx, and receive a nod in return, he could scarcely be more surprised than I was, upon seeing a little, dried-up thing — the remains of what had once bloomed and faded "'mid beleaguering sands" — spring into life and beauty before my very eyes. Old, perhaps, as Cheops, and apparently as sound asleep, it is startled at the touch of water, and, stretching forth its tiny petals, wakes into life as brightly as a new-born flower.

No one could believe, upon looking at this little ball, hanging on its fragile stem, and resembling both in color and shape a shrunken poppy-head, or some of the acorn tribe, what magical results could arise from merely wetting its surface — yet so it is.

Sleeping, but not dead, the flower is aroused by being for an instant immersed in water, and then supported in an upright position. Soon the upper fibres begin to stir. Slowly, yet visibly, they unfold, until with petals thrown back in equidistant order it assumes the appearance of a beautifully radiated, starry flower, not unlike some of the asters in form. Resting a moment, it suddenly, as though inspired by some new impulse, throws its very heart to the daylight, curving back its petals farther still, and disclosing beauties undreamed of even in the loveliness of its first awakening.

To say that, in general effect, its appearance resembles the passion-flower, is to give but a poor description, and yet one searches in vain for a more fitting comparison. Lacking entirely the strong contrasts in color of the latter, it yet wears a halo of its own, unlike any other in the whole range of floral effects.

When viewed through a powerful lens, the heart of the flower, which to the naked eye, lies flooded in a warm, colorless light, assumes the most exquisite irridescent hues, far more beautiful than the defined tints of the passion flower. Melting to the eye in its juiciness and delicacy, yet firm in its pure outline and rounded finish, it bears the same relation to that chosen type of the great Suffering, that peace bears to passion, or that promise bears to prayer.

Soon the aspect of the flower changes. As though over the well-spring of its eternal life hangs some ruthless power forcing it back into darkness, before an hour has passed, we can see that its newly found vigor is fading away. The pulsing light at its heart grows fainter and fainter — slowly the petals raise themselves, to drop

wearily side by side upon its bosom — and finally, its beauty vanished, its strength exhausted, it hangs heavy and brown upon its stem, waiting for the touch that alone can waken it again.

This rare botanical wonder, blooming one moment before admiring eyes, and next lying dried and shrivelled in a tomb-like box, is not without its legendary interest, though the odor of its oriental history has, by this time, been nearly blown away by that sharp simoom of investigation, which has already whirled so many pretty fables and theories into oblivion.

The story of the flower, as given by the late Dr. Deck, the naturalist, is as follows: —

While travelling on a professional tour in Upper Egypt, engaged in exploring for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude, the child of the desert formally presented to him this now-called "Resurrection Flower," at the same time enjoining upon him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of the Egyptian, it was supposed to have "magic in the web of it." The doctor was solemnly assured by the Arab, and others of his race, that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess, and was deemed a great rarity; that it would never decay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in adversity, and, if buried with its owner, would ensure for him hereafter all the enjoyments of the Seventh Heaven of Mahomet. When presented, this flower was one of two hanging upon the same stem. Dr. Deck carefully preserved one; the twin specimen he presented to Baron Humboldt, who acknowledged it to be the greatest floral wonder he had yet seen, and the only one of its kind he had met with in the course of his extensive travels.

For years the doctor carried his treasure with him everywhere, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities, and invariably awakening the deepest interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life he caused the flower to open more than 1,000 times, without producing any diminution of its extraordinary property, or any injury to it whatever.

Well named as, in some respects, it seems to be, this marvel of the botanical world has given rise to not a few discussions among the scientific and curious, some earnestly proclaiming its right to the title of "Resurrection Flower," and others denying that it is a flower at all. Indeed, in its unfolded state, its resemblance to a flattened poppy-head and other seed vessels offers strong argument in favor of the latter opinion.

The famous Rose of Jericho (not that mentioned in the Apocrypha, or the very common kind peculiar to the far East, but that long-lost variety prized by the Crusaders as a holy emblem of their zeal and pilgrimage) was, in all probability, a member of the same genus to which the "Resurrection Flower" belongs. This opinion is supported by the fact that resemblances of the "flower," both open and closed, are sculptured upon some of the tombs of the Crusaders — two, in the Temple Church of London, and several in the Cathedrals of Bayeux and Rouen in Normandy, where lie some of the most renowned followers of Peter the Hermit.

A brother of Dr. Deck, engaged in antiquarian research in the island of Malta, discovered the same device graven upon the knights' tombs, and invariably on that portion of the shield, the "dexter chief," which was considered the place of highest honor. This gentleman has also furnished the following quotation from an old monkish manuscript, describing "a wonder obtained from Jerusalem by the holy men, and called by them the 'Star of Bethlehem,' as, if exposed to the moon on the eve of the Epiphany, it would become wondrous fair to view, and like unto the star of the Saviour; and with

the first glory of the sun, it would return to its lowliness."

Doubtless the old chroniclers, had they lived in these days of evidence and "solid fact," would have given some credit to the heavy dews peculiar to moonlight nights, an exposure to which would assuredly have produced all the effect of immersion upon the flower.

The fact of so close a representation of the "Resurrection Flower" being upon the tombs of the Crusaders, added to the circumstance that in his Egyptian researches he had never met with any allusion to it, induced Dr. Deck to discard the story of its Egyptian origin as untenable. "I have unwrapped many mummies myself," he wrote, "and have had opportunities of being present at unrolling of others of all classes, and have never discovered another Resurrection Flower, nor heard of any one who had; and in the examination of hieroglyphics of every age and variety, I never discovered anything bearing the remotest resemblance to it. Those who are conversant with the wonderful features of the Egyptian religion and priestcraft, will observe how eagerly they seized upon and deified anything symbolical of their mysterious tenets, and transmitted them to posterity, figured as hieroglyphics; and it is but natural to presume that this homely looking flower, with its halo, so typical of glory and resurrection, would have ranked high in their mythology, if it and its properties had been known to them. Moreover, an examination of the elaborate works of Josephus, Herodotus, King, and Diodorus, so full in their description of Egyptian mythology, has failed to elicit any description or notice of it whatever."

Nearly every one has read of the famous Rose of Jericho (Anastatica hierochontina) or Holy Rose — a low gray-leaved annual, utterly unlike a rose, growing abundantly in the arid wastes of Egypt, and also throughout Palestine and Barbary, and along the sandy coasts of the Red Sea. One of the most curious of the cruciferous plants, it exhibits in a rare degree a hydrometric action in its process of reproduction. During the hot season it blooms freely, growing close to the ground, bearing its leaves and blossoms upon its upper surface; when these fall off, the stems become dry and ligneous, curving upward and inward until the plant becomes a ball of twigs, containing its closed seed vessels in the centre, and held to the sand by a short fibreless root. In this condition, it is readily freed by the winds, and blown across the desert, until it reaches an oasis or the sea; when yielding to the "Open Sesame" of water, it uncloses, leaving nature to use its jealously guarded treasures at her will.

The dried plant, if carefully preserved, retains for a long time its hydrometric quality. When wet, it expands to its original form, displaying florets not unlike those of the elder, but larger, closing again as soon as the moisture evaporates. Hence it is reverenced in Syria as a holy emblem. The people call it Kaf Maryam, or Mary's Flower, and many superstitions are held regarding it, one of which is that it first blossomed on the night on which our Saviour was born. Growing everywhere, upon heaps of rubbish and roofs of old houses, by the wayside, and almost under the very door stones, it creeps into the surroundings of the people, weaving its chains of white, yellow, or purple flowers while sunshine lasts, and when apparent decay overtakes it, teaching its beautiful lesson of Life in Death. Who can cavil at the thought which raises it to a symbol of that Eternal Love forever weaving endless chains from heart to heart, no spot too lowly for its tendrils to penetrate, or too dreary for its bloom?

CONSERVATORIES OF MUSIC,

AMERICAN *vs.* EUROPEAN.

BY EMMA FORBES CARY.

IN the hope of answering questions asked by many young people as to the best means of getting a good musical education, I shall give a brief account of the principal conservatories in this country.

There are several essential conditions to success in a musical career; talent, strength of purpose, and early training in the rudiments of music being the most important. In a good conservatory a pupil acquires the power of reading at sight more quickly than in private practising, and has constant practice in playing with other instruments or in part singing. These habits should be acquired early in life, when the perceptions are delicate and the memory retentive.

That our young students of music should be tempted to receive their early training for a professional career in a European conservatory, is easily understood. The tuition is given gratuitously, and students have great facilities for entrance to concerts and theatres. Moreover, musical novels have spun a fine web of romance over the hard realities of a student's life in Europe. But among other difficulties to be met in Europe is the difficulty of choice. Almost every city of Germany has its conservatory, and the result is told in the following paragraphs, prepared at my request by an artist of wide experience both in this country and in Europe —

"My advice to students of music is that they should get the best, the highest, education to be obtained in this country, and then go to Europe. Every year young Americans cross the ocean to study, and find that they are not prepared to profit by opportunities ready for them. They are soon lost out of sight, swept away with hundreds of other incompetent, disappointed boys and girls.

"I have myself met young Americans in Europe, wandering from school to school, from teacher to teacher; and if at the end of years they found what they were seeking, their money was exhausted, and they had to return to America.

"In European conservatories what is called 'the star system' prevails. One or two musicians of great reputation receive a large salary for spending a short time at the conservatory and giving a limited number of lessons. Students drawn to a conservatory by some famous name on the staff of professors are disappointed to find that they do not come under the influence of the great man.

"In such an institution, for example, as the New England Conservatory, I think the correct idea has found a full and free development. The course includes general lectures on education, and special lectures on art and literature, and the aim is to make development of the mind precede or at least keep pace with the study of musical technique.

"There is a normal school connected with the higher classes, where about 100 children from the public schools receive gratuitous instruction for two years.

"As the pupils come from all parts of the United States, great care is taken to provide them with excellent homes and careful protection. The conservatory provides a home for 360 young girls; all others are placed in private families, never in hotels or boarding-houses.

"The greatest result a teacher can attain is to enable the pupil to concentrate the faculties and learn to think. 'The Introductory Course' and the course of 'Sight Reading' are perfectly suited to this end and never fail of the desired result. A student of music who lets half his nature lie dormant while he studies technique will by just that fraction fail to be a musician in the highest sense of the word. Habits of concentration, rapid acquisition, the power of retaining and swiftly applying the knowledge acquired, should be the result of a thorough course of training such as I have described.

"A young musician who has made use of

all attainable means of educating himself in this country, will be prepared to make use of wider opportunities. He will take advice as to the great European teacher best suited to develop his talent. The result of such a precaution will save much time and money and a great deal of heartache. Even if through adverse circumstances he should fail to realize his heart's desire, he will have acquired what cannot be taken from him. 'What I aspired to be and was not comforts me,' Browning has said." M. G.

Young people who have ability and are unable to pay the full expenses receive aid at the New England Conservatory in two ways. The home connected with the schools of music gives an opportunity for pupils to earn part of their tuition by services rendered. It is pleasant to see the cheerful enthusiasm with which these young girls perform their twofold duties.

The Beneficiary Society aids with small loans students who need and merit such assistance, and in after life the musician pays back to the society the borrowed money that secured his success in life. "I can only show my gratitude," writes one beneficiary, "by helping some other poor fellow sinking in trouble."

Inquiry shows that all our large cities have at least one conservatory of music, and often three or four.

Chicago is called the city of conservatories, and I select as a specimen the one called Chicago Conservatory.

Here there is the usual course of studies followed in conservatories, vocal and instrumental, with part singing, "ensemble playing," orchestral and dramatic training, and the study of languages. All the departments have an equipment that should secure a thorough education to intelligent pupils.

In New York there are three principal schools of music which need especial notice.

The New York Conservatory has existed 28 years, and in that time has received 30,000 pupils. In addition to all the usual branches of musical education, there is a normal school and a department for drawing, painting, and decorative art.

The Metropolitan College of Music is not so large an institution as the New York Conservatory, but it has a staff of competent teachers, and has done exceedingly good work. It had existed under another name for five years when, in 1891, it was incorporated under its present name as part of the University of New York State. It now issues degrees under the sanction of the Regents.

There is also the National Conservatory of Music, which has existed nine years and has given in that time tuition to 2,497 pupils. Its director is Antonio Dvorak. The head of the pianoforte department is Mr. Rafael Joseffy. These are names to conjure by; and if they were attached to some great German Conservatory, American students would be wild to cross the ocean and enjoy the tuition of such men. Yet the actual pupils in the National Conservatory number only 617. It is the old story, "Are not the Abana and the Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?"

The choice among all our own conservatories has its difficulties, but the reports issued by the various institutions are full and explicit. A young person obliged to go far from home to get a musical education should take into consideration the kind of home and of protection that will be insured to young strangers; the solidity of the teaching, independent of great names among the teachers, and the opportunities for general culture afforded by public concerts, lectures, and dramatic entertainments in our various large cities.

THE REACTION IN EUROPE.

From the French of Ferdinand Brunetière.

BY JAMES CLARKSON.

THAT there is at present not only an absolute recoil all over Europe from the scepticism, impure literary tone, and maudlin sentiment of a few years ago, but also a distinct advance towards deeper religious feeling, can be easily gathered from the mode in which the reflections of the distinguished critic Ferdinand Brunetière, on the religious aspects of life, have been received in the different literary centres. M. Brunetière has clearly given expression to views that, in an obscure sort of way, have been leavening in every country the minds of thoughtful men not ordinarily affected by religious influences.

Those who have read the first part of M. Brunetière's articie published in the last number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may have thought that the sole object of the illustrious academician was to proclaim the bankruptcy of science; but it will be evident from the concluding portion that his aim is rather to establish the incompetency of science to resolve certain problems. Dealing with the subject from a purely earthly point of view, he makes a strong plea for Christian unity, proves the transcendent superiority of Catholicism to other forms of belief, and demonstrates the absoute impossibility of controlling the revolutionary forces at work in society without its aid.

The London Spectator, in a long and weighty editorial, declares that M. Brunetière's opinions demand the serious consideration of England quite as much as of France.

But it is naturally in France that the views of the eminent academician have been most discussed. There they have excited the furious rancor of a few inveterate materialists, but have aroused admiration in quarters where one would least expect them to make an impression. M. Berthelot's attempts to prove in the Revue de Paris that science is still God, and scientists are his prophets, have been met with a chorus of sarcasm in the comic journals of France's capital. M. Berthelot must have been so astounded at finding the mockers on the side of religion this time, that he will be hardly tempted to renew his assaults on M. Brunetière's positions. The latter's observations on the Catholic reaction are as follows:

"As every religious reaction at first is entirely to the profit of Catholicism," — it is, at least, Renan who says so, — it is not astonishing that a great pope who is also a great statesman, being the first to be inspired with the needs of the present hour, should have conceived the hope and formed the plan of giving direction to the movement. It was assuredly his right. "In my Father's

house there are many mansions," and there are also many aspects, or, so to speak, many faces of Christianity. Now, since the Church has of old, in times of strange confusion, triumphed over that eruption of instinct and that revolt of nature which were undoubtedly the essential characteristics of the Renaissance, and thus even wrested the empire of art from the paganism of the 15th century; since she has been able, 150 or 200 years later, to counterbalance the formidable influence of Cartesianism, by absorbing it and even assisting it to develop whatever rational substance was in its own teaching; and since, in fine, she has not refused, at the beginning of the century in which we are, to treat with the revolution, and has been able to do so without abandoning a single one of her rights or trenching on a single one of her dogmas; — why should she not in a time like ours, if there is some social virtue in her tradition, and if no consideration of temporal order hampers any longer her free development, try to present herself to the people under this new aspect?

And why should she not succeed in doing so? Evolution is not change, said an ancient father.* The unfolding of the leafage of the tree is not a "variation" of the germ; and to develop the contents of the law of an organism, is not to become something else, since it is the fulfilment of becoming itself. Nor had this fact been forgotten, but other cares of a more pressing nature — and notably that of sustaining and repulsing the assaults of lay science — had preoccupied the predecessors of Leo XIII. beyond every other consideration. Other times, other cares! Who would think today of separating from the Church on account of "philological reasons?" And on the other hand, if the impotence of physical or natural science to suppress "mystery" is proved, let us, then, now ascend to the source. Let us invoke the spirit of conciliation and of peace. Freed and relieved from the necessities of a struggle that till now absorbed all our activity, let us not prolong useless controversies. And, after having proved the truth or the "divinity" of religion by the continuity of its immutable dogma, let us prove it now by the good it can still do to this uneasy and troubled world.

It is thus, or very nearly thus, that we can try to represent to ourselves the intentions of Pope Leo XIII., and it seems that for 17 years all his acts and all his words have tended to this great design. Certainly, the great pontiff who has written the memorable Encyclicals on "Modern Errors," "Christian Philosophy," and "Christian Marriage" has abandoned nothing of the rights of the Church or of the authority of dogma. The second of them has even scandalized all those who learned from it, doubtless for the first time, that St. Thomas is one of the grandest examples of genius in the whole history of human thought. By proclaiming the independence of the Church in relation to forms of government, as well as by dealing with the labor question in a manner that denotes a peculiarly active solicitude, and by preparing the way for the restoration to unity, at some future time, of the different Christian communions, he has accomplished three great things — the first consequence

* "Quod evolvitur non ideo proprietate mutatur" is the very expression of St. Vincent of Lerens.

of which has been to restore to Catholicism, and to religion generally, its part in the social action.

After quoting extensively from the Papal Encyclicals in support of the view which he takes of the policy of Leo. XIII. M. Brunetière continues:

"These are noble words, whose nobleness is only equalled by the sincerity of the emotion which animates them, and certainly no dream — if the expressions of the Holy Father authorize us to make use of this word — can better suit the aspirations of this century's close, and the character of the illustrious old man who holds almost supreme authority over the belief of more than 200,000,000 of men. He has comprehended what was expected from the greatest moral power that exists among mankind, and the most ancient. Resolutely he has launched the bark of Peter on the stormy sea of the century, and neither the fury of the winds, nor the tumult of the waves, nor even the clamor of the passengers, appalled at his tranquil daring, has for one single day turned him from his goal. And though he never attained it, though that Providence, of which he regards himself only as the instrument, did not allow him to attain it, he would not the less have the imperishable honor of having made that goal the aim of all his efforts.

The future will be grateful to him for having recalled that Christianity began by being a religion of the poor, and that, according to the insolent and cruel expression of Voltaire, "it was only the vilest of the rabble who embraced it for more than a hundred years." I am much afraid that Renan meant, more elegantly and less frankly, the same thing when he warned us not to represent to ourselves the journeys of Paul and Barnabas as those "of a Livingstone . . . or of a St. Francis Xavier," but rather "as those of socialist workmen spreading their ideas from tavern to tavern." And without doubt, he congratulated himself on having discovered a good thing when he hit on that "tavern!" *Differantur isti superbi, aliqua soliditate sanandi sunt.* The Gospel does not spurn the great, nor the powerful, nor the wise, but they are not its first preoccupation. *Differantur!* If this is justly the honor of Christianity, if this has been its great force when it first made its appearance, if it has perhaps given no more brilliant sign nor convincing proof of its mission than that of turning first to the humble of this world, there also is its future; and there, in the society which the philosophy of the last century has made for us, is, so to speak, its promise of eternity.

No pontiff has felt this better than Leo XIII., and, having felt it, has proclaimed it with a greater outpouring of heart and a greater ardor of persuasion. No one has returned to it again and again with more persistence; and no one, above all, by teaching those who suffer the uselessness of violence or of revolt, and by teaching those who enjoy their imperious and absolute obligations towards their "brothers" has done so with a livelier sentiment of human fraternity, Christian equality, and apostolic liberty.

As to ourselves, however, what shall we do? Evidently we will not sacrifice science, and still less the independence of our thought. If we do not admit that science can ever replace religion, — and we have asserted this with perhaps sufficient frankness, — neither can we admit that religion should be opposed to science. Now the Church is far from

asking this of any one; and why should she ask it, if it is not she, but, as we have seen, the Haeckels and the Renans, who have recognized the purest spirit of the doctrine of evolution in the Biblical narrative of the creation, for example? I add that the radical failure of science to solve the questions of origin and end seems to have wrought henceforward the separation of the respective domains of "scientific" certitude and "inspired" certitude. Let us then hold this as duly settled: physics can do nothing even against miracles, since a miracle defines itself as a derogation of nature from its laws; exegesis can do nothing against revelation; and I have no hesitation in advancing that if a purely lay morality is ever founded, a morality independent — I do not say of all metaphysics, but of all religion — it is not in physiology that we shall find its basis.

The independence of our thought will have to suffer, then, only in the measure in which our faith is an affair of experience and reasoning; but faith is neither an affair of reasoning nor experience. We do not demonstrate the divinity of Christ; we affirm or deny it. We believe in it or do not believe in it, as in the immortality of the soul or in the existence of God. This is why, as I said before, if we coldly examine the question, we have nothing to sacrifice. It no more belongs to science to weaken or strengthen the "proofs of religion," than it belongs to religion to deny or discuss the laws of gravity or the acquisitions of Egyptology. Each of them has its realm apart; and since it only depends on ourselves to become the subjects of one, or of the other, or of both at the same time, what do we wish, what can we ask further?

But can we equally separate "morality" from religion? This is another question, much graver and more delicate. It does not appear, in effect, that morality has been in all times or everywhere necessarily united with religion; and might we not have the right of saying even that, in classical antiquity, stoicism and other doctrines asserted their claim to exist by opposing the practices and superstitions of paganism? Socrates was certainly an atheist of the "gods" of Aristophanes. It has been maintained, on the other hand, that religion was the creation of morality. I have under my eyes at this moment a book entitled, "Religion based on Morality." It is a collection of lectures delivered in England or America some years ago, and its general intention, if I have well understood it, is that we find God only by seeking for him in ourselves. Both opinions, however different they may appear, have pretty much the same result, which is to make of morality an invention or a conquest of humanity. But Edmond Scherer saw, in my opinion, farther and more profoundly when he wrote in 1884, a remarkable article on the "*Crise Actuelle de la Morale.*" "Let us learn to see things as they are: morality, the true, the good, the ancient, the imperative morality, *has need of the Absolute;* it aspires to the transcendental, it finds its fulcrum in God only. . . . Conscience is like the heart: it requires something beyond itself. Duty is nothing if it is not sublime; and life becomes frivolous if it does not imply eternal relations."* This is the true way to propose the problem, and to solve

* Études sur la littérature contemporaine.

it, perhaps. It does not matter whether morality has issued from religion, or religion from morality, or even that there have been "immoral" religions, or moral ones "without God."

I say the same of the question of knowing whether we shall institute some day that purely lay morality of which I spoke just now. It is not ripe; and the other question of knowing how much of the "supernatural" entered into the morality, or morality into "the religion" of a contemporary of Numa Pompilius, is idle for the moment, and only interesting to historians. But that which is essential, and that which is certain is that morality and religion do not take all their meaning, do not realize the totality of their definitions, so to speak, unless they penetrate one another, and if I may venture to say it, amalgamate. "A morality is nothing if it is not religious," — it is again from Scherer that I borrow this formula, — and what would remain of a religion if we should take away its morality?

One manner of proving this would be to show that, for 2,000 years and especially in the century in which we are, all the efforts that have been made to "laicize" morality, or secularize it, have been only a deformation, or an alteration, or a disguise of some "Christian" idea. Boyle formerly, and Taine in our day have tried to found it on the natural perversity of man, and consequently on the obligation of bridling, controlling, annihilating in us the impulses of the animal instinct. This is a Christian idea, since it is the very dogma of "original" sin. We see it in that fine page of the "*Elévations sur les Mystères*," at once so literal and so symbolical. "Let us restrain the lively sallies of our vagabond thoughts, . . . and we shall in some sort command the birds of the air; let us prevent our thoughts from always creeping among corporeal necessities, as do the reptiles on the earth.

"To enslave our headlong anger will be to tame lions. We shall master venomous animals when we learn to repress hatred, jealousies, and calumnies. We shall put a bridle on the mouth of a furious steed when we curb in ourselves the ardor for pleasures."

In the same way we find a Christian idea, that of grace, in all the mystic systems of morality. We find another, that of absolute justice, in all the systems founded, like that of Kant, on "the autonomy of the will." And if there undoubtedly is a positive morality based on the idea that the generations of mankind are united in the infinity of space and time by a participation in miseries and a solidarity of interests, a very beautiful system of morality, of which George Elliot has given the noblest expression: —

"May I reach
That purest heaven, and be to other souls
That cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, fixed, pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense."

who does not recognize there the very idea of Catholicism or Catholicity, mingled with the idea of the virtue of sacrifice? So true it is that we are impregnated with Christianity! And if ever we reject it, it will undoubtedly be the most considerable fact in the history of the world, — except that of its institution!

For all those, then, who think that a democracy cannot exist apart from morality, and who know, besides, that men are not governed in direct opposition to a force so con-

siderable as religion still is, there remains nothing except to choose among the forms of Christianity the one they can best utilize for the regeneration of morality, and I do not hesitate to say it is Catholicism.

Not that for a moment I underrate the high value of Protestantism, its historical importance, and the examples of virtue it has given and still gives every day; but Catholicism has great advantages over it, of which the first, without doubt, is that, to use the expression of Renan, it is "the most *caracterisée*, and the most religious of all religions." Catholicism is a government, and Protestantism is only the absence of government. This is proven by its history, which is, properly speaking, but the history of its divisions. Represent to yourselves an army whose soldiers would refuse obedience to their officers because they differed with them in opinion on a question of discipline or service: such is the image of Protestantism. "Place St. Ignatius Loyola at Oxford," — it has been said, and I have no need to add it is a Protestant who says it, — "he is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honor of the Church. Place St. Teresa in London. Her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not untinctured with craft. Place Joanna Southcoat at Rome. She founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the Church!"* Or in other terms, for want of being a government, Protestantism, whose suppleness has excited admiration, loses even her most insignificant heretics; but Catholicism, whose "plasticity" has been so often underrated, generally absorbs, renders ineffective, or sometimes succeeds in utilizing hers; it is because Catholicism is a government.

Now, in order to govern, is it not perhaps a great thing to begin by being a government? Being a government, it is also a "doctrine," and a "tradition," and I have gathered all the force of this recently in reading the last work of Tolstoi on "War and the Christian Spirit." What wisdom and foresight, I said to myself, has not Catholicism displayed in always refusing to hand over the Scriptures to the interpretation of private judgment! For it is written: "If any one come to me and hate not his father and mother, his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, and even his own life, he is not my disciple." Yes, this is written. And it is written elsewhere: "Verily I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Now if the letter of these words is not developed by the spirit of tradition, what effect will they not produce on an humble reader when they have bewildered in such a labyrinth of errors the greatest writer of contemporary Russia!

I understand now what was meant formerly when all the quarrel between Catholics and Protestants was reduced to "the matter of the Church." The very notion and, so to speak, the concept of a Scripture or of a book is inseparable from the institution of an authority that explains it. "What!" has St. Augustine already said, "whilst there is no science or art so simple as not to require a guide and a teacher, re-

* Macaulay's Philosophic Essays.

ligion, alone of all things, would require none to teach and direct it!" Can anything be more contradictory? Who does not see that if the Scriptures were clear enough for every understanding, they would contain nothing which would surpass the intelligence of men, in which case we would have no need of a God to "reveal" them to us. But if "revelation" was entire, and if it did not require to be perpetually enlightened as if from on high, then we would be God himself. Protestantism may have "reason" on its side, but a religion is not a philosophy, and it is absolutely necessary to recognize that Catholicism on its side has "logic."

And it is not only a theology or a psychology, but a sociology, if I may so term it; and this is, let us be assured of it, at the present critical hour, its greatest advantage. Try in effect to reach and define the essence of Protestantism; it is individual salvation which is its great concern. The sinner is confounded, is plunged, is "engulfed," to use the word of Luther, in the consciousness of his unworthiness, in the terror of his Judge, in the dread of damnation. The most venial imperfections seem to him like crimes, having neither indulgences nor works to repair them. The overwhelming preoccupation of faith destroys hope in his heart, and in the shipwreck of hope, charity is submerged in its turn. And in truth, how can one busy himself about others when he is troubled about himself to such a degree, and troubled the more if he has a conscience more scrupulous and more irritable than others! But in Catholicism — no matter to what abuses the doctrine of indulgences and of works may have sometimes given rise — we have only to lead it back to its first principle to perceive clearly its social fecundity. The merits of some are "applied" to the salvation of others. The barefooted Carmelite who weeps in her cell over the sins of the worldling blots them out. The monk who goes begging on the highways, ransoms the adulterous woman in return for the humiliations he cheerfully encounters.

There is thus established, in the ideal Catholic society, a circulation of perpetual charity. There the living pray for the dead, the dead intercede for the living. There a justice more clement, a God more tender to human weakness, grants to the elect the pardon of the condemned. And from the centre to the circumference of this infinite circle in which all humanity is enfolded, there is none so hopeless from the contemplation of his sins as to be beyond the reach of consolation from the merits of others.

Does what has been said mean that we should expect from Catholicism what for 300 or 400 years we have been vainly expecting from "science"? We could, in any case, expect it only in the measure in which we should have "faith," — which is a thing that one does not give one's self. But in all the affairs of this world, as there are times to speak, so there are times to be silent; and on the other hand, I do not clearly see, at the present moment, what objection we can well make to the Catholic doctrine on the separation of the "moral sciences," for example, and the "natural sciences." It was a chimera of Taine, as we know, to desire at any price, as he used to say, to "solder" the one to the other. And nothing is more painful

and sad than to see the trouble he took in his last works to persuade himself that he had succeeded.

But though all our instincts were in us of purely animal origin — which, besides, we can refuse absolutely to admit — they would not cease to differ strangely in themselves during the 6,000 years it has been the object of civilization to rescue us from the bondage of nature. We should not the less form in the universe, in despite of Spinoza, a sort of "empire within an empire." And this new determinism, this moral determinism, being the condition of humanity, would have nothing in common with that which "conditions" the phenomena of the physical and natural sciences. It was a reproach formerly cast upon official spiritualism — that of Cousin and Jouffroy — that it wanted to put morality everywhere and at any price. If contemporary positivism has fallen into the opposite excess, and if it has pretended to treat morality as it did physiology, it has not the less swerved from the true aim. Nothing authorized it to work this confusion, the first effect of which has been to place morality under the dependence of knowledge. This is a first point on which we can agree with the teaching of the Church — and I do not need to show its importance.

And now for a second. The gravest error that the philosophy of the last century has perhaps committed — in the person of Diderot as much as or more than of Rousseau — was that of substituting the dogma of the natural goodness of man for that of his fundamental perversity. Here or elsewhere I have tried several times to point out what a sceptic such as Bayle, whom no one will accuse of mental timidity, called "the necessity of a repressive principle." If nature is immoral, it is so within us as well as outside of us. How can we then, who believe this as an absolute certainty, be shocked or astonished at these words of the Encyclical *Humanum Genus*. "Human nature having been vitiated by original sin, and, on account of this, being much more disposed to vice than to virtue, uprightness is impossible if the tumultuous movements of the soul are not repressed and the appetites placed under the empire of reason. . . .

"But the naturalists deny that the father of the human race has sinned, and consequently that the strength of free will is in any degree weakened or inclined towards evil. On the contrary, they exaggerate the power and excellence of nature; and placing in it alone the principle and the rule of justice, they cannot even conceive the necessity of making constant efforts to restrain and govern its inordinate instincts." This is very truth itself. By recognizing it one does not become either Protestant or Catholic; one may be an evolutionist. Nay, it is the evolutionists who are essentially precluded from forming any other idea of human nature! Is not the blood that runs in our veins, in fact, the same blood for them, that ran in the veins of our primeval ancestors in prehistoric times, and does it not always carry with it, in some sort, the fire of their lustful or ferocious instincts? If apologetic orthodoxy has without doubt its reasons for not drawing more advantage from this argument than it has done, certain partisans of evolution — and we are among them — have been partly seduced by this same argument. And this is a second point in which we can agree: virtue is but the victory of the will

over nature, which is the same as saying, without metaphor, that the will determines itself only by freeing itself from nature.

With the same facility we will further admit that the "social question" is simply a moral question. It is the title, too, which a German philosopher lately gave to one of his books, and assuredly it would be a great point gained if we should ever comprehend its entire signification: *The Social Question is a Moral Question.** This means, in effect, that however we may flatter ourselves to the contrary, there does not exist and there never will exist any scientific means of destroying the inequality of conditions amongst men — and after all, should we wish that there might be? — but there always will be, as there always have been, means of diminishing those consequences of this inequality that are most perplexing to the mind and most painful to the heart. This implies that the "social contract" is not a contract of insurance, and that consequently none of us can relegate the burden of his duties towards his neighbors to an anonymous power, nor profit by the advantages of society without discharging them. And in fine, this implies that among the obligations which we are bound to fulfil, the first of all is to labor to destroy in ourselves the root of egoism, which is our animal attachment to life. But I am not treating here of the "social question," and I content myself with indicating what is meant when it is transformed into a moral question. For we see the consequences, and we also see that instead of seeking its solution in the analysis of natural history, as do our sociologists, or in the tyrannical extension of the powers of the state, as do the socialists; or in the destruction of all society, as do the anarchists, we may approach, though we may never find, this chimerical solution only in one way, by demanding it from the morality of individual effort!

The conclusion is evident. When men are agreed on three or four points of importance, there is not even need to discuss the conditions or the terms of an understanding; the understanding is accomplished.

Th. Ziegler, *Die soziale Frage eine sittliche Frage.* 1890.

WHY THE ELMS DROOP.

BY ALBERT DOYLE.

The giant elm, with braggart air, said, "Watch me kiss the sky."
It pushed its sturdy trunk aloft, and raised its branches high.
But when it grew so high it seemed its end it would attain,
'Twas stopped and turned by Nature's cry, "Come back to earth again."

LOADING A GREAT OCEAN STEAMER.

BY EDWARD GERARD.

HEN a great ocean steamer comes to port, and has disembarked passengers, baggage, and freight, the first care of the stevedore in charge of her loading for the return voyage is to give her interior a thorough overhauling and cleansing. From bottom to top, he superintends the work of washing out the holds where canned provisions are to be stored, and of lining with matting those wherein grain and flour are put, and the labor of preparation goes briskly along, until all is in readiness for the new cargo.

Then begins the varied and picturesque process of "loading the ship." To those unfamiliar with the sight, the details are bound to be full of interest. Moored to her pier, her huge length stretching out into the harbor, her vast interior divested of all she has brought from foreign lands, her machinery idle, her officers and crew busied in a multitude of petty duties, and a small army of longshoremen getting ready to begin operations upon her, the vessel easily suggests some great aquatic monster lazily awaiting its feeding time, and not much concerned as to the character of the food to be put into its many yawning mouths.

Standing on the upper deck and looking down the cavernous depths into the lower hold almost a hundred feet below, it is not easy for the uninitiated to compute the amount of material it will require to fill the ship's enormous stomach. A ton of anything is hardly a morsel to its capacity, and pounds by the hundred thousand will have to be stowed away before even one of the immense recesses is filled.

When the loading is fairly begun, the ship and its immediate neighborhood are busy places, indeed. On the wharf assorted merchandise by the carload is being unloaded and piled near the ship, and teams by the dozen are adding their contents to the immense mass.

On the water side, lighters of grain, coal, hay, flour, and provisions are either fastened to the vessel's side, or anchored some little distance away, waiting their turn to hoist their contents aboard. Engines are puffing, ropes are tugging, and derricks are lifting heavy freight of every description to the deck. The sounds of truck, wheelbarrow, and winch are heard everywhere, and the orders of stevedore and foreman and the answers of their subordinates mix with the general din.

The time occupied in loading a vessel would not be long, under the system followed, if the work could be continuously carried on. But delays in the receipt of freight at the wharf are constant, the work is consequently intermittent, and the job which could be finished in from 25 to 48 hours is generally extended through three or four days.

Large vessels have four or five holds, and a distinction is made in storing the cargo in them. Grain from its compact and dead weight, is reserved mostly for the centre of the vessel, while cured provisions are packed as far forward and as far aft as possible, for their better preservation from the heat of the ship's fires. In some vessels, like the great Cunarders, which carry passengers as well as freight, the heaviest weight is stored in the lowest hold; this is to steady the vessel and is called in the technical parlance of the stevedore, "stiffening" the ship. It takes about

1,500 tons to "stiffen" a great Cunarder, and when this is done the lower hold is fastened and battened down and work is begun on the next.

To watch the loading of grain, either from an elevator or a lighter, into one of the mammoth vessels engaged in its transportation, is to witness one of the chief operations in the movements of the world's commerce. It is carried in long pipes, with a funnel-shaped movable appendage at the end, which is shifted by means of a rope from one part of the hold to another, according as the stream of grain fills up the spaces reserved for it. The grain flows into the vessel with the noise and velocity of a torrent, and sends a dense volume of dust and chaff upward, obscuring the depths beneath and making the men attending the stowage below look like ghosts in the rising mist.

The "trimming" of the grain in the holds is an important part of its storage. After several thousand bushels have streamed into the hold, a dozen or more men are delegated to shovel the downpouring column in between the vessel's beams, a job for which they are paid at the rate of one cent a minute. In vessels of the Cunard stripe, it takes between 12,000 and 15,000 bushels to fill a hold, and these vessels average 50,000 bushels in the total cargo. Ships carrying grain alone can take as high as 125,000 bushels, and, when it is considered that from 4,000 to 7,000 bushels can be stored in an hour, every 40 bushels weighing a ton, an idea can be had of the force of the torrent directed into the vessel.

Another important feature of the loading of a great vessel is her coal. It is customary to take on as high as 200 tons of a surplus over the actual necessities of the voyage, and hence the bunkers of the vessel are in charge of a special gang of men. Some vessels load their coal "overall," but the majority take it in through openings at the sides. Large "V" shaped pockets, which run direct to the bunkers, are let down at each side, and around them are built stagings on which a couple of men are stationed to dump the coal from huge buckets, hoisted by engines from lighters. On the wharf side, the coal is wheeled in barrows up a shelving gangway, and turned into the bunkers direct.

Hay is hauled aboard along an inclined boom, by a gearing attached to the ship's overhead cables, and lowered into the holds by the operation of winches, of which there is one at the mouth of every hold. The bales are then wheeled on trucks to position. Cotton, sack flour, mild cured provisions, leather, and all boxed goods are hoisted by derrick and lowered by the winches, due care being exercised as to the disposition of different qualities of freight in its several receptacles. Considerable caution is, for instance, necessary in the storage of sack flour. As flour will absorb every strong odor in its neighborhood aboard ship, the care of the stevedore or his foreman is directed to keeping it apart from all strongly smelling substances, such as leather or cured provisions.

Apples and cheese also require special thought, and are stored only where the necessary ventilation can be given them. Hence they are not put in the lower holds, which are fastened down for the exclusion of all air and smell. The steamer will take anything and has a variety of goods according to the season, the great food staples always being timely and forming the chief portion of every cargo.

There is a difference in the loading of vessels, the principle followed being based on the character of the ship. Some, such as passenger ships, require more stability on the bottom than those which carry freight alone. The latter distribute the weight in the most desirable way for speed, making the lowest holds lighter than the upper. The battening of the holds is accomplished by beams which are fitted into sockets, and the hatches which are let down upon the beams.

Beef is lugged aboard on the shoulders of the men, and stowed in the cold blast refrigerators of the ship.

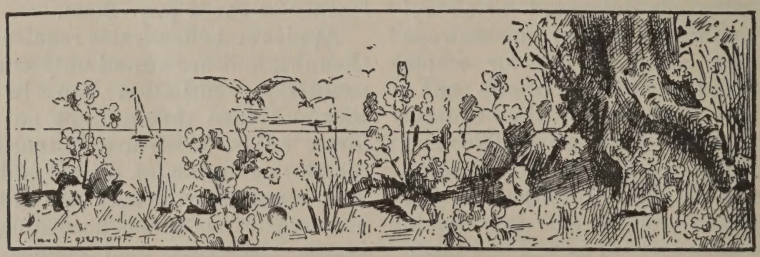
It requires the services of 125 men to load a great vessel, with all the appliances of steam and gearing to assist their operations. At the head of all is the stevedore, who has the help of a couple of foremen in giving orders to the other men. The crowd is divided into half a dozen or more "gangs," each "gang" having its two or more head men, who are in closer communication with the foremen and stevedore.

As the work is intermittent, there is the "knocking off" and "turning to" going on all the time. The men are paid by the hour, and there is a time-keeper employed to do nothing else but take down the hours each gang is employed.

To be on the pier after the men have "knocked off" temporarily and while they are waiting for the next orders to "turn to" is to see some hundred brawny fellows in blue jumpers and overalls lying around in various attitudes of repose, or grouped in knots of a dozen to a score, joking among themselves or discussing some phase of their work, while in every mouth the T. D. is being puffed with every appearance of satisfaction to the smoker.

The word is given by the foremen to "coal the ship" or to do some other work aboard. Then the special gang called for, rise and stretch their limbs and file off to the task at the easy gait characteristic of all laborers.

Longshoremen, as a rule, are a fine class of workingmen, peaceful among themselves, intelligent and industrious. Certain gangs of them stick to certain lines of vessels, and many of them have worked nearly all their lives for the same company. Stevedores speak well of their men, and will tell you there is a fellow-feeling and unity among them greater than among other classes of laborers.



ON HEARING A CORN-CRAKE AT NIGHT.

Bird of hoarse melody, there is delight
In thy shrill, deep, clear voice, and sadness too;
Spring were not without thee; thy notes are few,
But then they speak of flowers and feelings bright.
Thou shouldst feel lone, and often start affright,
In these wild, wasteful meadows, cold with dew
And silent, sad — except that thou thyself renew
Thine own sharp echoes all the live-long night.
Thus here below we are astray and creep,
We know not where. And so we sometimes sigh,
And sometimes smile. "Our tears are wondrous deep,"
Our smiles — the sickly rays that fly
Before a storm. Our place! Alas! we sleep,
And only feebly dream that 'tis on high.

Outis.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

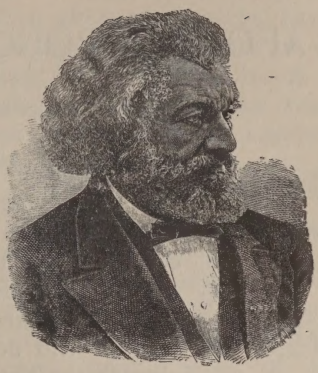
THE romance and the heroism of the career of Frederick Douglass are well told in the memorial edition issued in his honor by "The Monthly Review," the illustrated magazine published in the interest of the colored race in America. The papers composing the volume review the life and character of the sturdy leader from many standpoints, setting forth all that was striking in his mental and moral characteristics, and how nobly and perseveringly his powers were used for the uplifting of his people from degradation to a share in the rights and privileges of mankind.

The first contributor to this symposium is William Lloyd Garrison, who pays this tribute to Douglass' gift of oratory: —

"In the anti-slavery meetings he spoke of slavery with an interior knowledge and experience that no white abolitionist could possess. The iron had entered his soul, and his burning words were most effective. He was a natural speaker, having a fine presence; a powerful voice, admirably in control; an ease and force of expression, without that fatal fluency so often the bane of ready speakers; a native wit and gift of sarcasm; and, behind all, an intellectual quality that weighted every sentence. Other colored orators have attained great success upon the platform and in the pulpit; but Frederick Douglass towers above them all, like Saul among his brethren. My own conviction is that, had he been thrown as a white man into the nation's councils, — even when Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were in the ascendant, with equal early advantages, — he would not have been dwarfed by their companionship."

Robert H. Terrell thus describes his manners and magnetism: —

"In private conversation there was a sparkle in Mr. Douglass' words, a flow in his sentiments, a grace in his manner as sweet as summer, a calm and cheerful philosophy that no pen can portray, no language accurately illustrate. He could tell of his own trials and triumphs in the most modest way. I once heard him repeat a climax to one of his famous speeches delivered 40 years ago. It was eloquent even in its repetition. On some patriotic occasion he had been invited to speak. Having declared to his audience that he was no part of that day or that event, he said: 'There is no mountain so high, no valley so deep, no plain so extensive in all this broad land where I may stand and call these hands my own.' He could relate an incident with so much pathos that there would be few dry eyes among his listeners."



Rev. E. A. Horton adds his meed of appreciation in these words: —

"Frederick Douglass, though belonging to the black race, had a sympathy and range of vision including all. There was added to this an inexhaustible patience, long suffering, and endurance, in which he never lost his dignity. Perhaps this is the severest test for any man, but especially for one advocating an unpopular movement. We are well aware that Charles Sumner wasted much of his giant power in fighting small annoyances. He had no sense of humor; he could not shed little attacks. Frederick Douglass was the opposite. Nature gave him a sense of the ridiculous, and he trained himself to an ability in good-natured retort which served better perhaps than hard-wrought arguments."

Mr. W. H. Crogman says: —

"The splendid physique of Douglass was in keeping with the strength and grasp of his masterly mind. Without the privilege of a day's instruction in a school-room, he acquired a fund of useful knowledge that would put to shame the meagre attainments of many a college graduate."

Mr. Charles Alexander, the editor of the "Review," brings the symposium to a conclusion partly as follows: —

"Frederick Douglass was an honest, sympathetic man; he shuddered at the thought of cruelty. He was a sincere man; he worked earnestly for the cause of liberty. He was a good man; he planted the seed of kindness in every heart that neared him. As an orator, as a calm, persuasive logician, as an eloquent defender of the rights of man, as a pioneer, a torch-bearer in the fore-ranks of a new and splendid phase of American civilization; as an incontrovertible evidence of the capability of the negro to attain a higher rank in the scale of mental acquisition, he has not had a peer among all the great men of his race."

AFOOT THROUGH EUROPEAN BY-WAYS.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THE prospect of a visit to Europe has now become so common, that there are few people in reasonable circumstances who do not cherish the hope of some time looking upon those fascinating shores. It is a dream which the best influences about them makes more fond. History, poetry, art, music, the lives of great men, the destinies of great nations, the glamour of tradition, the stories of romance, the subtle mystery that ever envelopes the Old in the eyes of the New World,— all tend to turn thought and desire towards those enchanted lands beyond the blue waters. Every year the proportion of transatlantic travellers becomes greater; but so, in a still larger degree, does the mass of those who wait and long, with baffling questions of time and money rising between them and their hearts' desire. In these days, the same thoughtfulness which has opened Palaces of the People in town and city, with their King's Treasuries and Queen's Gardens, has provided time, also, in the long vacation that comes once a year to every student. But the problem of money is harder to solve. Few are so wise — or so daring — as to propose practical means of increasing such stubborn facts as incomes. Therefore it is to the penny saved, instead of the penny earned, that we must address ourselves; and to this end am about to tell my story.

It is of a party which spent four months of delight, last summer, wandering among German rivers, Italian lakes and Swiss mountains; who endured no privations and were conscious of no makeshifts; who travelled as few Americans have courage for, but as thousands of Europeans do every year; and who accomplished their object on a very moderate sum of money, according to our estimate of value. There were six persons, of whom one was 14 and another 40 years older. But it would perhaps be fairer to place the average age at 23, since there were more points than usual in common between the youth and age of the individuals. All were fair walkers and used to exercise, all were in good health, and four possessed enough buoyant enthusiasm to float another dozen. This is a very good outfit for a European journey — better than much gold, and even much knowledge. Only one had seen Europe before; all were more or less familiar with the native land. Plans had been carefully made through the long winter evenings; so much can be done with guide-book and time-table that there was scarcely a break in the original scheme from beginning to end. And no one must forget how large a part of the pleasure rests in this long, unhurried study of ways and means,—choosing between footpath and highroad, forest and plain, hilltop and valley, hamlet and city — never weary, never dusty, never pestered. Some surplus time was allowed for sudden preferences

that might arise, so that an extra day or two might be given to unusually delightful spots without delaying the final date of return. There was little luggage, which gradually grew less; the shoes and boots chosen were lighter than those fit for American travel, and the sum of money decided upon as sufficient was still more disproportionate to the ordinary estimate of the tourist.

Thus equipped, they left New York by the Royal Netherlands Line for Rotterdam. No fault could be found with the clean, stanch, hospitable boat, other than the sea voyage of 13 days, which would shorten a short vacation. The route gets rid of at least one rough channel crossing; and the passage up the Maas, with which it closes, is of great beauty. The ship moves as if on an elevated water-course, between broad, flat fields, with sentinel trees planted along the dikes, and quaint farms and villages scattered over the meadows. On this particular mid-July night, with the silver radiance of the full moon bathing a sleeping world, with spires and gables etched in black hair lines against the dark brilliance of the sky, and the shining smoothness of the river speaking of peace and rest after the stormy lonesomeness of the North Sea, it was like a dream of Paradise. The absolutely foreign air of both land and water was deepened by the impression made in the streets of Rotterdam next day. The never ending Boomjies, or quays, with their stiff rows of poplars and willows; the unceasing lifting of drawbridges, with patient crowds waiting in long rows for chance of passage; the queer, delicious little shops, with their strange smells and wonderful bargains; the odd buildings, with eaves overhanging the narrow cobble-paved streets; the picturesque people in quaint headgear, and clattering wooden shoes; the carts harnessed indiscriminately to man or dog or woman; the bright bits of water, running everywhere like roads between the houses, and carrying the masts of ships in and out among the chimney tops of this Venice of the Norseland, — all were joy to the hearts of the travellers.

Then came a few days of journeying hither and yon in the tiny boats that dart like waterflies through the flat meadows, among herds of dappled cows and flocks of browsing sheep that appear to have been posed for pictures. There was a ramble about Delft, and another at The Hague, and a dip in the boisterous surf of Scheveningen. There was a glimpse of Paul Potter's Bull and the haunting faces gathered around Rembrandt's Anatomical Lesson; and a drive through one of those long, weird avenues of trees, dripping with moist green moss, and full of pale emerald light, which make the country about The Hague so morbidly beautiful. No wonder the little queen is frail of health, when the walls of her palaces are wet with ooze from the stagnant moats about them, and her garden paths lush with the rank vegetation that thrives on moisture. But to the stranger who only wanders within her gates, it is wonderfully fascinating and unreal; one could well linger a week or a fortnight, exploring this lovable corner of Europe. It is almost the only one that has kept the charm of the ancient time, untouched by the hurry and unrest of the present.

There were a couple of too short days at Antwerp, equally curious and delightful, with the exquisite spire of the Cathedral rising like a bit of filmy lace that has frozen into

stone in the blue upper air, as rare in its way as the priceless Rubens' that are guarded under its shadow. The great Exposition was stretching over the wide parks beyond the town; but nothing in it was so wonderful to the visitors as the thoroughfares of the city itself, with their unexpected treasures of architecture and strange sights. But we must hurry on to where the real happiness began, at Coblentz. After wandering about the little Paris they call Brussels, and standing enraptured under the lofty arches of Cologne, making them their own forever, they had climbed the frowning Rock of the Dragon, and swept up against the racing current of the Rhine; for it was here the walking commenced, and the true meaning of the delight of travelling came upon them. Hereafter they were the summer's vagrants — happy vagabonds drifting through town and country, from hill to valley, never knowing what new pleasure life held in store for them, and caring little where all was so good. The larger part of the small outfit had already been sent on to Paris, to await their return to civilization; and instead, a stout canvas Rucksack, such as is used by the German student in his rambles, was allotted to each. A most cheap and excellent system of parcel post allowed all but one or two of these to be mailed to some town a few days ahead, and called for at the post-office on arrival, as one would for a letter. This, among six, left little to be carried on the long walks or climbs, where only the most necessary articles were taken. A single change of underclothes, fresh shoes and stockings, and some light wrap for high altitudes, were all that were indispensable; for in this heaven of travellers, even the smallest wayside inn will have the soiled linen of the night before fresh and clean by breakfast next morning. Only once was there disappointment, when they walked into Hospenthal on the eve of the annual village fête; and except in two of the cities, when they were forced to remain at over-expensive hotels, the amount asked for this careful and prompt laundry-work was scarce a third of that demanded at home. The Swiss franc or German mark was almost equivalent to the American dollar in paying washing bills.

Along the beautiful Rhine banks went the Happy-go-Luckies; through clean, small villages, and over vine-covered hills; now struggling across the swift current in the skiff of some peasant lad or lass; now resting for the night in timbered rooms of houses three and four centuries old. Names familiar in song and story became household words; grim ruins on frowning heights put on friendly faces; they sat to rest on the steps of the historic Konigstuhl, and climbed the long green slopes of the beautiful Denkmal. Sometimes they stopped to bathe in the floating houses built above the rushing water; sometimes turned aside to wander through a little Acre of God, with the seed sown for immortality asleep in its bosom; sometimes zigzagged amid the stone terraces supporting the close-cropped vines. The kindly country folk passed with "Tag!" and "Gruss!" or stopped to point the way, — or burst into voluble German confidences as to the son or daughter or brother who was sure to be in the far western land, — for the "Herrschaften" who had come across the water to wander by their lovely

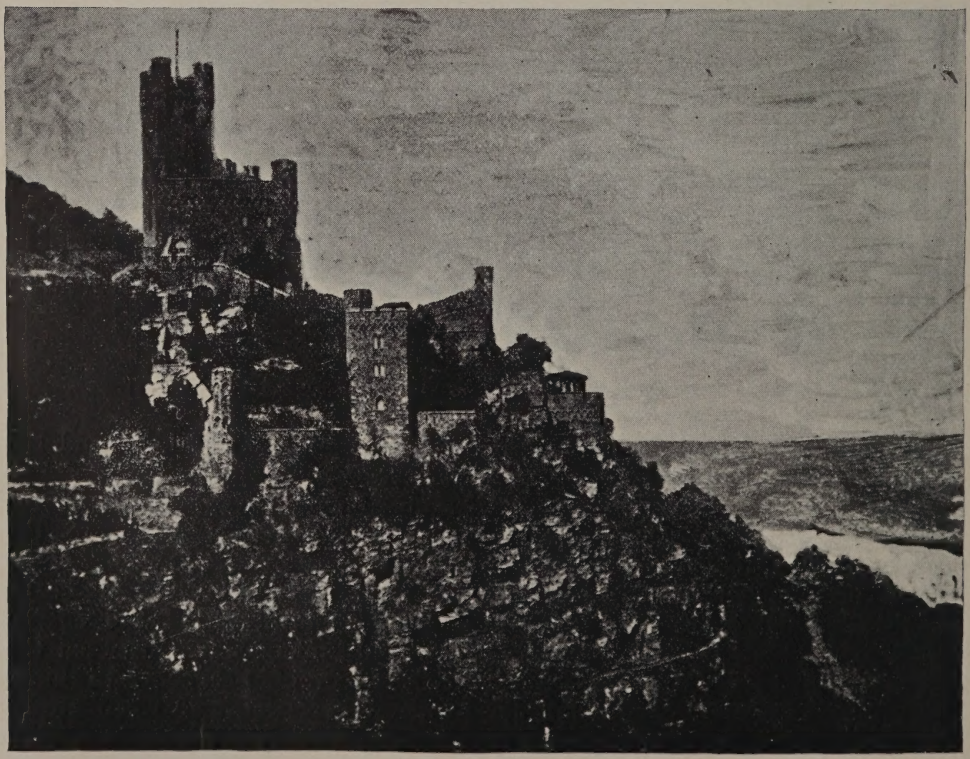
"Under the lofty arches of Cologne."

river and the fields of Fatherland. The small Gasthauses offered clean, frugal lunches, under flower-decked arbors — for these simple people have the good taste to love the free air — or in queer big eating-rooms, with illuminated proverbs on the walls, and highly colored pictures of the beloved royal family. Legends of the land and old Volklieder came to their lips as they sped away over the long white, beautiful roads; bunches of wild flowers adorned the Tyrolese hats of the boys and the blouses of the girls. It was like some dream from which one feared to waken. And oh, the pity for the poor conventional folk who shot up or down the river in the swift boats, with no knowledge of the charm-haunted banks, looking between the red covers of Baedecker to know when to exclaim and when to be silent. So they came to

"Alt Heidelberg, Du feine,
Du Stadt am Ehren reich!"

wondering at the queer caps and ribbons of the queerer students, listening to concerts in the lovely Stadt and Schloss Gardens, roaming through that most beautiful of all remnants of mediæval glory, toiling to the old gray tower on the height, and diving into the fascinating shops which are the modern Lorelei of Germany, wooing poor people to destruction. It is the only hardship poverty has to dread in Europe; and to avoid these sirens, one must do more than even Ulysses of old — stop eyes as well as ears, and bind one's self with iron resolution.

Through Baden by rail to Freiburg, as mediæval as Nuremberg and as lovely; and then Rucksacks on back again for the Black Forest. Was it ever a Black Forest, we wonder, — this peaceful, smiling country; a land flowing with milk and honey; little hamlets and thriving towns set in endless gardens; one unbroken expanse of fertile valleys and green mountain-tops from end to end; such sunny houses, with snowy muslin curtains behind the small panes, and scarlet geraniums outside every window; such fat cattle and sheep, tended by wee shepherdesses knitting endless stockings; such stout peasant maids awork in the field with the farmers; and such cheery greeting from every living soul along the way. The travellers would have been glad had



"Along the beautiful Rhine banks."

Schaffhausen been twice the distance and the five days stretched to ten.

We must hurry through the 50

A Typical Rhine House.

days of Switzerland, the crown of all. How it wooed its lovers, only those may know who have felt it; but how they wooed it!

It is laughable to read the note-books which record sights and sensations. From the lakes of Zurich and Zug, and the white shadows of Lucerne shining in the green waters of the beautiful Vierwaldstetter Sea, to the climax of wonder and delight where the Matterhorn lifts its stupendous head to heaven, it is one crescendo with never a lessening note. They climbed the Righi after early Mass one lovely Sunday morning, mounting up from Weggis through green glades and steep hill pastures, with the church bells calling through the pure air, and the vistas that opened downward to lake and lowland bathed in that soft haze of summer that lends the final touch of enchantment to nature. Scores of herdsmen and farm laborers passed on their way to the villages below, big bunches of alpenrose and edelweiss in their peaked hats, trim knee breeches, stockings rolled down from the bare knees, and usually a breast knot of flowers in the short jacket. With song and yodel they dashed down the steep path with such incredible swiftness that they seemed in danger of shooting into the lake below; but they knew their business. The travellers appreciated their sure-footed daring the more, when crawling down the same slope a day or two after.

All through Tell's country, with Rucksack on back they walked; by Fluellen, and Altdorf, and the meadows of Utli, where the brave handful of patriots first dreamed the dream of freedom; by the tiny chapel on the lake that commemorates his prowess, and the statues on village roads that keep his memory green; over the St. Gothard Pass

"Over the St. Gothard Pass."

in a fury of wind and rain that made the wild sombreness of the rock-

hewn road yet wilder, and smote soul and body into a fine frenzy that bright weather could never induce. And what an absurd contrast, when coming in from this awfulness of the outer world, to find the smug head waiter of the hospice into which they stumbled for dinner, in as full dress and with a boutonnière as strictly correct, as if he were officiating at a swell Fifth avenue evening party. Some idea of the purity of the air and healthfulness of condition may be gleaned from the fact, that although the wayfarers had been wet to the skin for seven or eight hours, not one felt the slightest ill effect. It was their first — and last — struggle with the elements, and they would not sell the memory now for a week of sunshine.

The beauty of Como and Lugano and Maggiore is not to be expressed in words; nor the splendor of the vision that bursts upon one from the top of Monte Generoso, after conquering its 5,000 feet of ravine and precipice. On one side, the glorious multitude of the Alps, radiant in that white shining that makes the glowing summer clouds above them dull, and shot with emerald gleams of waters; on the other, the smooth green level of the Lombard Plains, flecked with luminous shades of town and village, until the horizon closes with the pale pinnacles of Milan, rising faint as some phantasm of the imagination against the sky. Nor can one well speak of the massive grandeur of the Simplon, where the genius of man has conquered the forces of nature, and the traveller passes over danger and menace on roads so superb that their construction appears super-

Lugano — with Mt. Salvadore.

human. Then came the long, lovely valleys stretching up to the Rhone Glacier, with always some white sentinel mountain guarding the blue distance; with sturdy, honest toil, making every corner teem with plentiful harvests; and always the flower-decked shrines blessing the roadside.

Wherever the lowly roofs of the hamlet showed, rose the spire of the little chapel "lifting its finger of Faith to Heaven."

There were 10 or 12 red-letter days at Interlaken, with its nest of happy valleys to be explored from Grindelwald to Murren. In many ways this is the beauty spot of Switzerland. The exquisite setting of the Jungfrau, between the opening of the two green nearer mountains; the nearness of such romantic glens as Lauterbrunnen, and Roselaui; the wild heights of the Schynige Platte and Wengern Alp as points of observation; and the airy hanging meadow where little Murren rests atop its precipice, 2,000 feet in the air, — are each excursions to fill a day and night with thanksgiving. Our small party climbed 9,000 of the 10,000 feet of the Schilthorn before the envious mists came down to hide the way. Then they were obliged to crawl back in semi-obscurity along the blunt edge of a sheer precipice, unsteady with slaty shale, on a trail of most unholy narrowness, where one foot barely found room beside the other — which furnishes a nightmare for restless thought ever since. But any such slight element of danger is like an elixir at the time. The excitement intoxicates, and the common world becomes glorious.

There was a similar feeling later on climbing the mighty Eggischorn which lifts a slender pinnacle of broken granite 11,000 feet into the air, and can be reached only by climbing over a sort of giant, natural staircase of splintered stone, which winds around the final sharp point; and again on the tiptop of the Gemmi Pass in the gray dawn of morning, with that pale flush of heavenly rose, — caught surely from some fairer sun than this, — making the summit of the far Alps glow with mystic beauty, while the depths of the valley of Leukerbad were still swallowed up in darkness. Down the narrow, awful path they crept, edged here and there with crazy rails, through ice and snow like midwinter — although it was early September — down, down, down, hanging in mid-air over crag and precipice; the light descending with them to clear the shadowy valley, and the soul full of unearthly joy, that earth was so fair and that they were permitted to behold it.

In and out the valley of Zermatt, to where the mighty, soaring peak of the Matterhorn storms the bastions of the sky, insolent, like some unfallen Lucifer, superb in isolation and audacity; in and out of Chamounix, by the wild gorge of the Tête Noir, to see the Great White Mountain lifted in awful remoteness, withdrawn in its own majesty — a monarch who shuns vulgar display!

An Alpine Village.

"O days of light and glory!
O days of joy divine!"

And so to the white palaces of Geneva by the amethyst waters of Leman; the fortnight of Paris; the few days each of London and Dublin; and the good Pavonia steaming out of Queenstown Harbor — with the most eager enthusiasts that ever crossed the seas aboard her.

Everywhere during this delightful journey there was evidence of that greater content which seems to be the dower of these more fortunate lands. Whether it comes of temperament or faith, there is this remarkable trait common to all Catholic countries, — a cheerful fulfilment of duty, a satisfaction in the simple, homely, every-day life, that cannot belong to chance. The severest poverty has not power to repress it; the harshest conditions cannot efface its sunny fortitude. In man and nature, an atmosphere of cheer pervades the broad fields and steep mountain-sides, where wife and sister work by the side of husband and brother at exhausting physical labor. Contrasted with the gloom of our rich and fortunate New England, it gives food for thought to the most careless student of human nature.

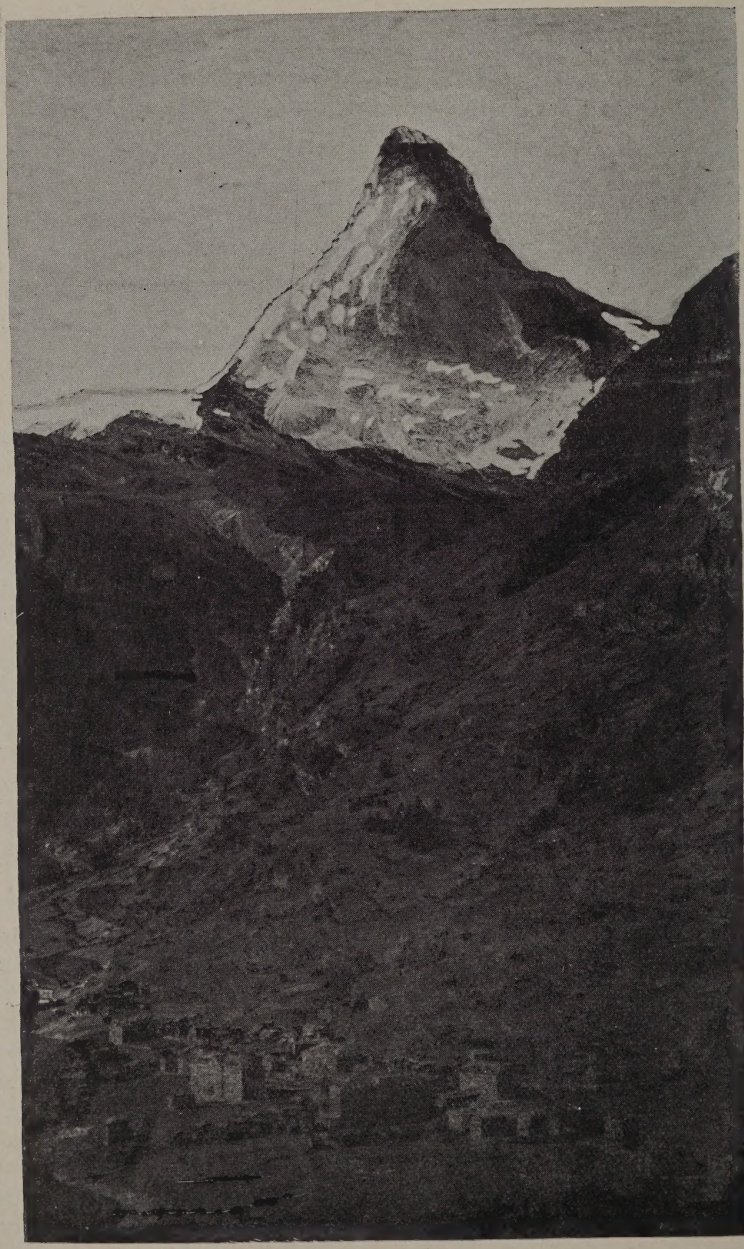
Now comes the bonne bouche, — the dainty morsel which the wise ones keep for the last. Meagre as these details are, they at least show how abounding in happiness were the 16 weeks of travel. What can never be expressed, however,

is the sense of personal interest and possession that such a walking trip gives to scenes that have become conventional, and what new beauty it adds to every point of view. All day long to be the friend of the world around one; to advance, step by step, into the mysteries of mountain and valley; to learn nature's secrets as one approaches; to look upon its coy advances and retreats, as the vistas of distance open or close about it; and so, at last, to win the divine right to its fulness of beauty, — this is to make it a portion of one's life forever. Compare with it the rude invasion of the railway, which hurls one almost without warning into the presence of majesty, before the soul has time to put on its wedding garments; and drags one out again amid a noise and confusion that are never so out of place as when contrasted with the eternal calm of nature. Our happy travellers had leisure for rest and reflection. Whether they walked 30 miles a day, or six, they were never too tired to contrast the blissfulness of their lot with that of the ordinary tourist, — tied to a time table and bounded by a carriage window. Sometimes, for a new experience, they took a diligence or a calèche. They lost but two days in the entire summer from storms too bad for outdoor work. They had boats on the rivers and lakes, when the three Harvard sub-Freshmen took turns at the oars; there was carriage driving in the cities to a degree that would have been wild extravagance at home. They bought little odds and ends for memories — wooden shoes at Rotterdam, and krugels at Heidelberg, and silken scarfs at Bellaggio, and cow bells in Chamounix, and scores of photographs to make the wonderful summer —

> "Flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

And they accomplished it all upon a sum of $400 for each person. This included first cabin passage both ways, fees to porters and maids, — which are always less expensive to the walking tourist, — galleries, churches, concerts and kursaals in the cities, and tops of omnibuses without number — the most delightful mode of conveyance yet known to man. It covered also postage on voluminous correspondence, forwarding of travelling-bags, heavy charges for expressing trunks, necessary repairs of clothing on the way, steamer chairs and extras; in short, everything from the time of leaving New York, to arriving again in Boston, except the new outfits brought home from Paris and London. If it had been desired, this sum could easily have been lowered $25 or $40 for each person. A little care in the choice of hotels, and more prudence in small incidental outlays would still have left the main plan of travel untouched, and saved six or eight per cent. of money.

If this estimate appears unreasonably small to the average traveller, he must remember that $2 a day leaves ample margin in a walking trip, and that an eighth less would be probably nearer the mark. We find day after day in our note-books when expenses did not exceed the latter figure, and we were not the best political economists. He must remember, too, that third-class travel, which was almost invariably used for the shorter distances, is very cheap when contrasted with first or second. It is also much more interesting. One meets the people, and they are pleasant to meet — more kindly and communicative than the bourgeois gentil-



"Where the Matterhorn lifts its stupendous head." p. 557.

hommes who frequent the higher class carriages. Many of the happiest remembrances of our summer are connected with the simple neighborly folk or the courteous German and French gentlemen we found there.

The usual vacation does not exceed eight or ten weeks. The pro-

portion of expense would of course be greater for this length of time, since the large cost of the sea voyage and the long railway journeys to and from Switzerland would be the same whether one remains few days or many. Still, those who have made the experiment feel assured that one not too exacting in the matter of accommodation, and able to forget his American proclivity for demanding everything "first-class," can purchase the great delight of a summer in Europe for from $250 to $400, according as his leave of absence stretches over two months, or four. But he must be sure he possesses some, at least, of the requisites of the born traveller. He must be even-tempered, in fair health, and in sympathy with the world about him He must be able to walk; the distances will take care of themselves. We, who planned for not more than 10 or 12 miles a day, divided into two easy jaunts, with a rare spurt of 15 found ourselves eagerly pressing on to 18 or 20, with four or five tramps that covered from 25 to 27 and 30 miles. Here at home, a stretch of 12 miles would have been considered phenomenal. But the roads on the Continent are so ideally perfect, the air so invigorating, and the country around so entrancing, that it is easy to become intoxicated, and indulge in a dissipation of pedestrianism.

Some things we were able to demonstrate which were only theories before: that a low-cut shoe, to be worn with gaiters when desired, is easier and cooler for women; that the very least luggage one deems possible at first, can be reduced one half with propriety and comfort; that both beggars and fees are largely imaginary bugbears; that the polite and genial people are not all mercenary and insincere; and that it is quite possible to be poor and happy at the same time, while travelling in Europe.

BEYOND THE ALPS.

BY MARY F. M. NIXON.

THE bells on the stout horses tinkled gayly as the vettura wound up the mountain road. The sun glittered hardly on the red wheels and they creaked as they turned. Each revolution seemed to her like the noise of a car of Juggernaut crushing out the life of its victims.

She leaned back in her corner and shaded her eyes with one hand. The other held a bunch of flowers, faded and drooping.

Her eyes were darkly lashed and blue. Not the clear blue of the cornflowers which seems to speak of the skies on a summer day; not the cold, calm hue of the Iceland gentian; but a warm, soft azure, like the mysotis blossoms in her hand. There were dark shadows under her eyes and shades of expression passing over them.

Her face was pale and the red lips drooped at the corners, wearily, sadly.

She leaned forward a little, and looked at the cold, gray mountains, frowning upon her in silence; then she gave an involuntary shudder and sank back in the corner of the carriage.

Her companion stirred in her sleep, then opened her calm gray eyes.

"What is the matter?" she said. "Is some one walking over your grave?"

"Perhaps, mother," responded the girl quietly.

The carriage rolled onward. The grass grew more sparsely, and only a few hardy mountain flowers gleamed by the roadside. The huge boulders assumed fantastic shapes, and here and there were patches of snow.

Suddenly the driver turned and said: "That is the stone which marks the end of Italy, Mademoiselle. Yonder is Simplon," pointing to a tiny village nestling on the mountain side.

"Thank you," said the girl. "Stop, I wish to walk," alighting as she spoke.

The little carriage creaked on in advance as she walked along the dusty road.

Far below in the valley the horse-chestnut trees were in bloom, and gardens were gay with flowers. Soft perfumes were wafted upwards, and the keen breezes from the mountains met them, and fanned her cheek caressingly with fragrant zephyrs.

At the spot where the sturdy republic touches her sister kingdom a stone was placed, and a rough hewn cross, moss-covered and lichen-grown.

In the dim distance of the valley below, one tall Lombardy poplar stood like a soldier sentinel to guard the pass.

She gave one long and lingering glance backward, then with trembling hands placed her bunch of forget-me-nots at the foot of the cross, kissing them tenderly.

With eyes filled with a pain too deep for tears, she knelt an instant, and the shadow of the cross fell full upon her. Rising slowly, she murmured, "A riverdici," and without a backward glance followed the carriage.

She seated herself in it quietly. "At last we are out of Italy!" said Madame, fretfully. "I am glad of it. I'm sure it would have broken my heart if you had gone on with your affair with the Marchese. I hope we shall like Switzerland better."

The driver said "Chut, chut," to his horses and drove gayly onward.

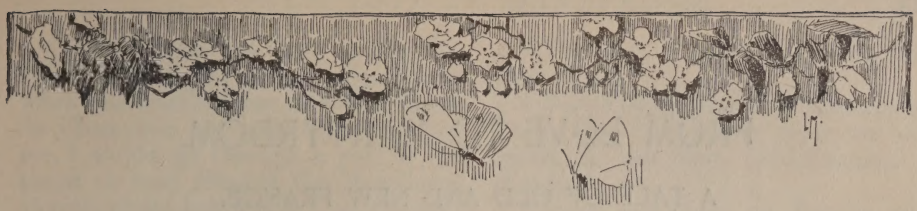
Clasping her slim white fingers close together the girl murmured to herself, —

"Beyond the Alpine summits of great pain,
Lieth thine Italy!"

TO MY LADY SLEEPING.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

How fair, how tranquil is my lady's pose,
Upon her pillow wrapped in peaceful dreams;
Hardly a thing of earth or life she seems,
Her lips half parted like a budding rose,
And o'er her couch one golden ringlet flows;
The rest across her pillow wildly streams,
And in the silver moonlight glints and gleams,
Like evening sunlight on eternal snows;
And with each breath that softly comes and goes
I see the hand upon her virgin breast
Rise quickly up, then slowly sink to rest;
And now she smiles, in innocent repose.
Oh! tell me, stars, or wind that softly blows,
Is it for me that smile like heaven glows?



MAY-DAY MORNING.

BY M. ROCK.

THE balmy air is filled with song,
All mortal music shaming,
The purple heaths, where wild bees throng,
Are in the sunlight flaming,
The brooklets croon a merry rune,
The daisies are adorning
The glens, and braes, and meadow-ways
Upon this May-day morning.

'Neath soft and fragrant summer snows
The orchard boughs are bending,
Each truant breeze that through them blows
White drifts are earthward sending,
The skylarks soar to Heaven's door,
All heights less lofty scorning,
And carol there without a care
Upon this May-day morning.

The swallows chat, the landrail cries,
Amid the tasselled clover;
O'er vale and wood the cuckoo flies,
A happy, careless rover,
And through the dells the sweet bluebells
Are glad carillons ringing;
The lilies tall are one and all
Abroad their banners flinging.

The primrose lifts its dainty head,
The timid wind-flower blushes
To hear the vows so often said
Amid the hazel bushes,
The violets blue, still wet with dew,
Are further slumber scorning,
The skies are bright, the hawthorns white,
Upon this May-day morning.

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

A TALE OF OLD AND NEW FRANCE.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER IX.

Mme. Garnier was alone with Gizella, and, on hearing her visitors announced, rose quickly, and, advancing to meet them, offered them a heartfelt welcome.

"At last!" she said, holding out her two hands to them; "do you know we were hardly daring to expect you any longer?"

"Madame," replied Champlain politely, "when one has once tasted the delights of your hospitality, one always ends by returning to taste of it anew, even if one's home should be in the wilds of Barbary."

Gizella had risen, and, somewhat confused, remained beside her tapestry-frame. Mme. Garnier introduced her with very pardonable pride. Having been so recently only a little convent boarder, Mlle. Méliand was highly flattered by the chivalrous respect with which the illustrious mariner saluted her, while she could not help being astonished at the youthful appearance of his wife.

After the first usual formalities Mme. Champlain looked admiringly around her and remarked, "How delightfully you are installed here! One would like to pass one's life here with you."

Many others had thought the same; and the drawing-room in which Mme. Garnier usually passed her time well deserved these encomiums. Furnished in perfect taste, it was lighted by long, narrow, arched windows, opening to the garden. The thick, bright-toned curtains were drawn aside so as to admit the joyous light and agreeable warmth of an April day. Through the windows, afire with the glow of the evening sun, might be seen a lawn covered with verdure and dotted with early violets and primroses, while the branches of the venerable trees were already putting forth their young leaves. It was a charming *coup d'œil*, whose charms, as Mons. Champlain remarked, would be still further heightened when the garden had reached its full beauty.

"But even then," said Mme. Garnier, "I would hardly dare invite Mons. de Champlain to walk in it."

"You would do well," said Mme. de Champlain. "A man who has drunk the waters of rivers hitherto unknown, who has trodden under foot the leaves which have been accumulating for centuries!"

"You are making a poem of my life," exclaimed Mons. de Champlain.

"Do not fear that I will allow that," said Mme. Garnier, "for I consider that you are just simply a savage, and, as such, you prefer forests to gardens."

"Madame," replied the great explorer, "Canadian forests are not mere gardens, but gardens of untold beauty!"

"Where one runs some little danger of being scalped, torn asunder, devoured,"—

"Certainly there is some danger of that sort, but in those splendid scenes, cultivated by God alone, there is so much to be admired, that danger is lost sight of."

"What does Mme. Champlain say on the matter?" asked Mme. Garnier, laughing.

"I have been but little in the forests," replied the lady. "Sometimes when the weather was fine and Mons. de Champlain was able to accompany me, I would go through a part of the forest to hear Mass at the Recollects' church, about half a mile from the fort. But though I was not wont to go much into the woods, I was sufficiently near them to be able to assure you that every little breath of wind evokes lovely harmonies from those seas of foliage, and wafts sweet perfumes around."

"According to the belief of the savages," said Mons. de Champlain, "the murmurings and perfumes of the forest are the sighs and breathing of the Manitous."

"And according to Mons. de Champlain," continued his wife, "those who have listened to the music of these wilds can never again care for other music."

These words made Gizella smile, and she stole a quiet glance at her harp, which was standing in the corner wrapped in its wadded green silk cover.

Mons. de Champlain, who had heard of the young girl's marvellous musical talents, remarked her smile and her glance, and said: "My dear young lady, I notice that you are entering a silent protest against this assertion. Nevertheless, I beg you to believe that the Canadian forests are filled with poetry and with music."

"And for my part I can assure you," continued Mme. de Champlain, "that it is a lovely sight to see the smoke of *the habitation* and *Fort St. Louis* curling upwards in graceful wreaths."

Gizella thought to herself how much she would like to look upon the natural beauties so enthusiastically described by the explorer and his wife. She did not speak, but gazed as if in a dream on Champlain, who seemed to her to have brought the poetry of the desert into the drawing-room.

"Mademoiselle Meliand has just left the convent, has she not?" said the hero, addressing the young girl.

"Yes, sir; I have just come from Port Royal."

"Port Royal," repeated Champlain; "why, that is the very name we have given to our first establishment in Acadia."

"Have you given up France altogether?" inquired the young girl in her soft, musical voice. "Are you going to live entirely in Canada?"

The explorer smiled, and the light of a strong determination shone in his black eyes. He replied in a thrilling voice, "My desire, mademoiselle, is to found a *New* France. It is true that I have commenced on a very humble scale, but great works have always small beginnings."

He rose from his seat and crossed the room to look closely at two portraits which had attracted his attention

These, hanging one on each side of the fireplace, represented two handsome young men, between whom there was a striking resemblance. The originals had the same tall stature and noble bearing, the same happy expression of countenance, and the same sweet gravity of mien. One wore the Franciscan habit, the other the white robe of the Carmelite.

"Your sons, madame?" asked Mons. Champlain of Mme. Garnier.

"Yes, my sons whom God has taken from me," she said, gazing up at the two handsome faces.

"The one still remaining to you will soon be here, will he not?"

"Yes, he is on his way already. You know he wished to visit Italy," said Mme. Garnier, whose face lighted up joyfully.

Leaning over a stand of flowers which she pretended to be arranging, Gizella tried to hide the blushes which rose unbidden to her cheek.

Mons. Garnier now came in and heartily welcomed his guests. He respectfully kissed the hand which Mme. de Champlain extended to him, and cordially embraced his friend.

"You see," said Champlain, "that having a day to myself, I have come to spend it with you as I had promised."

"It is a great pity," said Mme. Garnier, "that our friends pass their lives between the ocean and the sky, or in the depths of an uncivilized country."

"The suzerain of New France does not speak very highly of his kingdom," replied Mons. Garnier. Seating himself near his friend, he asked him whether he was still sighing after his beloved Quebec.

"I would like to have that town described to me," murmured Gizella, who had but a very vague idea of the French establishments in Canada.

"I hope your request is addressed to me," said Champlain, with his charming smile.

"Quebec is the capital of New France, a splendid kingdom, where the forest seems to be enticing you onwards. In the town we are speaking of, even at a short distance from the habitations, the sky can scarcely be seen through the thick foliage of the trees."

"Among the edifices, may be remarked," — prompted Mons. Garnier.

"Indeed," said Champlain, laughing, "there is a good deal to be seen in the clearings; for instance, the Fort St. Louis, the house inhabited by Louis Hebert, the first *cultivateur* (agriculturalist) of New France, the *habitation*, the first dwelling place of your humble servant."

"The *habitation*," repeated Mme. Garnier, "what a charming name; it speaks of the wilds."

"Madame, that name always has a strange charm for me, for in the wilds, even more than elsewhere, home has the greatest attractions. Like the fort, the *habitation* is surrounded by trenches and cannons. It is built on the borders of the St. Lawrence, the most beautiful river in the world, without any exception.

"And your church?" asked Mons. Garnier.

"We have two of them now. The parish church is quite close to the *habitation*. It was begun in the early days of June, 1615, and opened for worship the 25th of that same month. Father Dolbeau was its architect. It is built of rough boards; but though so rustic, I find it charming, especially when hung with wreaths of green foliage, as on the day when Father Dolbeau said Mass there for the first time. Around the chapel there is a space some 100 or 120 feet long by 50 or 60 feet in width; but I must acknowledge that there is but one street in Quebec, and that street is a very steep one, leading from the *habitation* to the fort, and called the 'Way up the Mountain.' When passing along it when the wind is high, the noise of the leaves on each side resembles that of roaring waves. The population of Quebec is nearly entirely composed of men, and amounts to some 60 souls."

"But," put in Mme. Champlain, "they are devoted, worthy people, who make no secret of their joy at their governor's arrival."

"The French are everywhere alike — their delight is always pleasant to behold. From the warm reception I met with one might have thought that after my arrival the colony could have nothing more to fear, and that I could put all the Iroquois to flight. On the last occasion we had a grand Te Deum sung to the accompaniment of cannons."

"Afterwards, a levee with speeches and porcelain necklaces."

"No, on that day there were no speeches. The *habitation*, which had been neglected during its master's absence, had need of repairs, and we were obliged to return for the night to our ship, which was anchored in the offing. Mons. de Champlain was grieved at having no place in which to lodge me, but I myself was charmed with my visit on land and I had reason to be pleased."

"Will you give us some idea of that visit?" said Mons. Garnier.

"That is not very easy. I would have to show you the St. Lawrence and Quebec in the loveliest of sunsets. At the edge of the water, through the golden vapor, the *habitation* was visible, as well as the chapel, whilst elsewhere all was forest, the real, im-

mense primeval forest. I assure you I was delighted with my domains."

"Mons. de Champlain," said Mme. Garnier, "must not some allowance be made for madame's natural tendency to flatter Quebec's founder?"

"Seriously, no, madame; Quebec is most lovely in the light of the setting sun or in the snow. I have travelled much, but nowhere have I seen anything finer."

"On the evening of our arrival," pursued Mme. de Champlain, "we walked a long time on the deck of our vessel, and I shall never forget that hour. Everything around us was so beautiful, so peaceful, so wild! I assure you it was a great pleasure to listen to Mons. de Champlain and to dream about the future of New France."

"New France!" repeated Mme. Garnier. "I must acknowledge that the name pleases me well. I suppose it was you, Mons. de Champlain, who gave that name to Canada?"

"No, madame, it was Henry the Fourth who gave it."

"I would like," said Mme. Garnier, looking at the explorer, "to know from your lips what future fate you anticipate for this little New France which is dear to you as your heart's blood."

"What I anticipate for her!" exclaimed Champlain; "why, everything that constitutes our life, our glory, our charm! I would that Canada should be to America what France has been in Europe. I would that the French in America should be of all nations the most noble, the most generous, the most brotherly. I would have them hold the old faith and possess the same sentiments of honor as we have in France." Champlain spoke with such energy and eloquence that, carried away by his enthusiasm, they all cried out with one accord: "Long live New France! Long live the French Canadians!"

Champlain smiled, but tears were in his eyes, and he had difficulty in repressing them.

Addressing his friend, he continued: "I suppose you know that the Recollects have invited the Jesuits to help them in evangelizing Canada, and that the invitation has been accepted?"

"Yes," said Mons. Garnier, "I think even that the Jesuits who are to go there are already appointed, and only await an opportunity of setting out."

Just then a folding door was thrown open, revealing the supper table covered with a snow-white cloth, and decorated with old silver plate and fine crystal, which sparkled in the light of rose-colored wax candles.

The supper was long and very gay. Mons. Garnier produced the choicest wines of his cellar, and when the glasses were filled he gave the toast: "To New France! May she increase, may she become strong, may she in the New World forever preserve the faith, the language, and the honor of our own old France."

Champlain bent to the toast with royal grace, and Gizella had the great pleasure of touching her glass to that of the heroic mariner.

CHAPTER X.

At an early hour the next morning Mons. Garnier went out into the garden, where he found that Mons. de Champlain, looking hale and hearty, was already taking an early walk.

The two men adjourned to a long, narrow walk bordered with holly trees, in the old French fashion. There had been a long-standing friendship between the explorer and the magistrate, dating from their earliest youth, and not in the least impaired by their separation; so that they always met each other with renewed and sincere pleasure.

There was a lovely April sky, slightly veiled by light, fleecy clouds. The trees were only budding, and their trunks were still covered with the red tints of spring. The primroses, violets, and anemones were already bursting into flower amidst the grass sparkling with the morning dewdrops. The birds were filling the air with joyous song, while many a distant and

harmonious sound struck on the ear in the early morning silence.

"I love the morning," said Champlain, suddenly breaking the silence. "I love the spring, I love everything that tells of life, of hope, of the future."

Mons. Garnier smiled. He had a boundless admiration for the founder of Quebec, and respected even the day-dreams of that earnest and high-minded man. He knew that these day-dreams were the forerunners of great and patriotic deeds.

He had followed Champlain in his rude but noble labors. In the royal council chamber he had seen him, single handed, maintaining the cause of civilization and of France against the greed of traffickers and the blindness of the ministers who supported and urged the claims of the sordid individuals who consulted their own interests rather than those of the colony.

When the companies that had been formed for the purpose of aiding in colonizing Canada failed to fulfil their engagements through their over anxiety about their traffic with the Indians, Mons. Garnier had generously come forward to help the colony, and interested himself about New France, which was still little more than a dream. Mons. de Champlain was aware of this, and spoke to his friend openly concerning his own hopes and fears.

Like all practical men, Champlain saw clearly the difficulties of his undertaking. These difficulties threw a dark shadow over the colony, for they were at once petty and formidable, while in all that regarded the companies they were as interminable as the traffickers' own greed of gain.

The great discoverer was well aware of all this; but when he spoke of his New France with manly eloquence, he seemed to penetrate the future and to foresee many a bright prospect.

Mons. Garnier was particularly under the influence of his friend's enthusiasm that morning, and could not help saying energetically, "Time will show that you will eventually succeed in bending men and circumstances to your will."

"And even if you should not succeed," he continued, "and even if New France does not survive you, it is a great thing to have devoted your life to so grand and difficult a task."

"Yes, you are right; I have often felt that even if my work should come to naught I shall have no need to complain of my destiny. But I shall succeed. Of course I am getting on in years and I have expended much of my strength in unsuccessful efforts; but the thought that my work is for God and for France has proved a powerful incentive to my courage."

"How sad it is that you are not better understood; that your efforts are not better seconded!" said the magistrate.

"Do not pity me, dear friend. The satisfaction will be in proportion to the trouble and anxiety I have had, for my town of Quebec, as you call it, has already given me much gratification. In fancy I behold the cross triumphing over barbarism, the wheat-fields infringing on the forest. I see France advancing through those immense regions, giving baptism to the natives, and thus sowing in them the seeds of life. Reclining at the foot of a tree, my arquebuse ready to my hand, I build the coming town of Quebec and I foresee its high destiny."

"May that destiny be such as you desire it," said the magistrate, much affected.

"If it should be so, I leave you to imagine what an important part Quebec will play in the New World!"

"And why should not Quebec play an important part? It is there that the first sparks of civilization were lighted by your strenuous efforts. I hope that all Canada will forever keep alive your memory."

"It will suffice if Canada forever preserves the tongue, the honor, and the faith of France, as you so well said yesterday evening. I can desire nothing better for her, and every time that I enter my chapel in Quebec, it is this that I ask of God."

"I well believe that, but tremendous efforts are necessary if we wish to obtain such a result."

"Not so; God bestows those joys when He wills. As for me, if I may be allowed to speak of myself, all the joys of life that I have experienced are eclipsed by that which I felt on hearing the Angelus ring out for the first time in New France. It was so touching to hear the voice of prayer rising from amid that wild country. I cannot describe how my heart was stirred within me on hearing it. Falling on my knees I wept from the fulness of my joy. It was indeed a moment of supreme blessedness. I felt that the Blessed Virgin herself was giving her benediction to the colony; that her heart yearned for this idolatrous people whom she would fain lead to adore her Son Jesus Christ. When I rose from my knees it seemed to me that the solitude was peopled by voices crying out, Hail, O Queen! Hail, O Virgin! Hail, our Mother! I therefore ordered that the Angelus should be rung regularly at the proper hours, and I never hear it without experiencing a joyful emotion."

After walking along in silence for a few moments Mons. Garnier remarked: —

"You are quite decided on not taking Mme. de Champlain out to Canada with you again?"

"Yes, irrevocably decided. There are too many hardships to be borne, too many perils to be encountered. It is God alone who blinds the Indians to the fact of how completely we are at their mercy."

"If you had foreseen that the colony would go down so much and be so near ruin, would you have allowed Mme. de Champlain to accompany you?"

"To tell you the truth, I had not many illusions. Between ourselves, I took my wife with me because, in my absence, her family gave her too much annoyance about her religion. She, who is a very angel of piety, suffered severely from the impediments which were placed in the way of her practising her religion by her Calvinist relations and friends. But now I have no uneasiness on that score: Mme. de Champlain's mother herself is now a Catholic."

"Mme. de Champlain must have shown great courage."

"Admirable courage and a most touching resignation, in spite of all the difficulties she had to contend with. I can assure you she won the esteem and affection of all, Indians and French alike."

"What does she say to your leaving her in France?"

"It never comes into her head to discuss any act or decision of mine. She submits as uncomplainingly as a child, for, remember, she was only 12 years old when I married her."

"I remember that well. In her white veil she looked as if she were making her First Communion."

"Poor child! Her life is a sad one enough. She would like to retire into a convent."

"Why not take her with you? It is so hard to live perpetually without affection and with no one in whom to confide."

"I well know that, and it was a great blessing having her out there with me. It was so delightful to see her joy when I used to arrive home, and you could hardly believe the pains she took in Quebec to procure me the conveniences and comforts of civilized life. Really, I have never been able to make out how she managed to surround me with such comforts, nor what means she took to make my apartments so pleasant."

"Perhaps her presence was sufficient, for there is nothing that transforms a house so completely as the presence of a charming wife."

"I have never had much leisure to inquire into that question," replied Champlain gayly, "but my Quebec home always seemed to me the sweetest and best in the world."

"Flattery apart, it was a poetic fireside, the surroundings of which were by no means common."

"Listen to me an instant," said Champlain. At Fort St. Louis we are often in need of the merest necessaries of life. For a delicately nurtured woman, mushrooms and wild roots are but scanty fare."

"You have quite decided, then, on returning alone to Canada, to live and die there?"

"Who can tell where I shall die?" murmured the mariner. "Perhaps the needs of the colony may yet recall me many a time to France. But," he added with sudden emotion, "if I were free to choose I would die at the post of honor, and that would be in Quebec. It is in Canadian soil that I would wish to sleep my last sleep."

Quickly changing his tone he said, "So you are daily expecting your son?"

"I expect him very shortly."

"Is he making the tour of Italy alone?"

"No, he has a travelling companion, Mons. de Brunand, an officer on leave of absence. This companion of his is a fine, manly, and agreeable fellow, older than Charles, and also accustomed to travelling."

"Mme. Garnier has confided to me the uneasiness that her son sometimes causes her," said Champlain. "She would almost like to see him less perfect."

"That seems somewhat unreasonable, does it not? but I confess I feel as she does, though I say nothing. However, I would be glad, sometimes, to discover some fault in him."

"The last time I saw him he was still but a little boy — a very interesting child. Are you afraid that, like his brothers, he will turn to the religious life?"

"He will never obtain my consent to that," exclaimed Mons. Garnier very decidedly.

"Perhaps he will not ask it," replied Mons. de Champlain calmly.

"I do not exactly see what you mean," said the magistrate.

"The matter seems to me simple enough. You will see that in a month's time the poor lad will be over head and ears in love."

Mons. Garnier smiled.

"A hundred times a day his mother remarks that he will not be able to help himself, that Providence has disposed of events to that end, that it was not for naught that this dear child Gizella was thrown on our hands."

"What age is your son at present?"

"He is 19."

"Has he frequently seen Mlle. Méliand?"

"She was at Port Royal for nine years. We used to take him with us to see her as often as we could. He always liked her very much, and the two children were always under the impression that they were destined for each other. It was really delightful to listen to all the plans they formed for the future and to see their mutual affection. But since his brothers have entered religion Charles only speaks of doing God's will, and his mind seems to be entirely occupied with the interests of another world. I perceive but too clearly that he is unsettled in his mind, and is hesitating about something."

"But can he hesitate for long? Only reflect. He is not 20 years of age, and in his own home, in closest intimacy with him, he finds the most charming of young girls."

"Certainly her voice makes a great impression upon him," continued Mons. Garnier, evidently relieved, "and there is nothing so charming as the human voice when it chances to be a beautiful one."

"I recognized the truth of your words while listening to Mlle. Méliand. Mme. de Champlain is in ecstasies over that young girl's voice, and says it raises her to Heaven."

"And what do you think of it?" said the magistrate, smiling.

"I! why I am hardly capable of judging. I am of the earth, earthy; but I find that the young lady has many admirable qualities combined with childlike innocence. There is something in the expression of her fac

which reveals great strength and beauty of soul, and I consider that God has bestowed on you a very charming, estimable daughter."

"I often say so to myself and feel most grateful to God. But Charles is so strange, so unlike other young men."

"Is he deaf or blind?"

"Not exactly," replied the magistrate, laughing.

"Then do not be uneasy; his lot is cast, unless, indeed, his cousin will not have him."

"I am not the least concerned on that score. From her earliest youth she has loved him with a love that was altogether extraordinary in so young a child, and her love has grown with her growth. But Charles now only interests himself about his progress in virtue."

The two men stopped in their walk and saluted Mme. de Champlain and Mlle. Méliand, who, just then, had entered the garden.

XI.

A FEW hours later a hired carriage arrived at Bois Belle.

A man, wrapped in a long black mantle got out and advanced towards the principal entrance of the villa.

He was tall and of a robust frame, while his mantle, which he had caught up on his arm, revealed the narrow black cassock, the crucifix, and the rosary beads worn by the sons of St. Ignatius Loyola.

"Is Mons. de Champlain still here?" he asked, raising his broad-leafed hat to the young white-capped servant who opened the door to him. On her replying in the affirmative, he continued: — "Would you kindly tell him that Father de Brebœuf presents his compliments to him and wishes to see him for a few minutes?"

The little servant showed the Jesuit into a room that had the appearance of a study, and after offering him an arm-chair went on her errand.

The religious seated himself without casting a single glance on the objects of interest around him; and yet the fine marbles, the splendidly executed pictures, and the other artistic treasures were well worth examining; but the young Jesuit did not even perceive them as he rested his head against the long narrow back of his chair and gazed out of the window opposite to him. It was easy to see that his thoughts were elsewhere, far away from the lovely garden and the calm, graceful landscape of Auteuil.

After the lapse of a few minutes, a sunburnt hand pushed aside the portiere, and Mons. de Champlain entered the room.

The founder of New France and the most illustrious of her martyr-missionaries there met for the first time. They exchanged a mutual rapid glance and saluted one another with that courteous respect which at that period was exacted by French etiquette.

The Jesuit addressed Champlain, saying: "I have the pleasure of informing you, my dear sir, that Father Lallemant, Father Masse, and myself have been nominated for the mission. My superior has sent me to announce this to you, and I am also to tell you that to-morrow we set out for Dieppe, where we are to embark on board the vessel which sails for Canada at the first favorable wind."

Mons. de Champlain expressed his satisfaction, and courteously motioning to Father de Breboeuf to be seated, took a chair opposite to the Jesuit and replied, "I shall soon be following you."

While chatting about the approaching departure and of the crossing, which in those days was so serious a matter, Champlain attentively examined the man whom the Company of Jesus had selected to carry the gospel to the terrible savages who inhabited Canada.

His pale, serene countenance bespoke a quiet force of character, and on his manly face there were already traces of premature wrinkles caused by his hard-won triumph over nature and self. Yet the expression of the countenance was softened and beautified by

the reflection of interior peace, and it was evident that self had been entirely subjugated. The happiness of self-sacrifice shone on his peaceful brow, which was already somewhat bereft of its natural adornment, thus testifying that his earliest youth was passed. His eyes shone bright and clear whenever there was question of his approaching departure.

Champlain possessed the gift of reading characters at a glance, and at once said to himself, "How rightly these Jesuits select their emissaries. This Father is already prepared for obscure and bloody strife." Being also a connoisseur in everything regarding physical strength, Champlain could not help admiring the magnificent frame of the missionary. "The form of an athlete!" he said to himself, looking at the Jesuit's broad, powerful shoulders, his thick, muscular throat and neck, against which stood out the black collar of the order.

He congratulated the Father on his apparent strength, assuring him that he would find it most useful and that it would win him the admiration of the Indians.

"I have nothing to complain of concerning my constitution," said Father de Brebœuf, smiling, "but I was under the impression that the red skins looked down on the whites."

"They think themselves very much our superiors, that is certainly true. They look on civilization with scorn, on the faith with horror. They like nothing about us but our arms and our brandy, *fire-water*, as they call it."

"The poor natives! Is it true that they are a very degraded set of men and very cruel?"

"Their cruelty can hardly be exaggerated; I have seen them exercising it," answered Mons. de Champlain, with an expressive gesture. "Father, ask of God that you may never have to witness their hellish practices."

A smile rose to Father de Brebœuf's lips as he replied gently, "I have so many other things to ask of God!"

"You know what is awaiting you over there — you know that you are undertaking a life which is worse than death itself," replied Mons. de Champlain, looking the Jesuit straight in the face.

The missionary calmly bowed his head.

"To live among the savages is to live in perpetual suffering, or rather, it is not living at all; it is dying to all the needs of the soul and of the body."

"But so much the better, my dear sir. May the whole man perish so that God's messenger alone may survive in me."

"God's messengers run great risks in Satan's dominion. These ignorant and ferocious savages set great store by their superstitions, and perhaps your being a messenger from God may be the cause of your undergoing some horrible form of death."

A heavenly light shone in the Jesuit's eyes. "That would seem to be the general rule," he exclaimed cheerfully. "For the seed of life must be watered with blood, if it is to take root and bring forth fruit. Will our Lord accept of mine? From this day forward and with my whole heart, I offer Him my blood and my life."

Father de Brebœuf pronounced these words with the greatest simplicity and with such evident and energetic sincerity that Champlain was visibly affected. The heroic discoverer knew men, and he felt a thrill pass through him on hearing the Jesuit's generous acceptance of all possible sufferings. It being out of the question, however, for him to give utterance to his feelings of admiration, he asked the priest, by way of continuing the conversation, whether he knew anything of the manners and customs of the Indians.

"I have but a very superficial knowledge of them," he replied.

"The Canadian Indians have some customs that are peculiar to themselves; for instance, it is not polite to call them by their names, but in addressing them one should say Uncle, Brother, Nephew, Cousin, according

to their age and position. Nor should one ever recall the memory of any one who is dead. To mention that any one's father or mother is dead is a mortal affront, and the Indians are easily offended, as well as terribly vindictive. You should take great notice of everything and make a study of what you may observe."

"If I could only make myself understood by the poor creatures! I am told that the Indian languages are very difficult to acquire."

"That is true; but so far as I am a judge, they are rich in expression and regular in their construction. They must be learned, however, without books and, one may almost say, without a master. As for myself I had to pass a winter among the Hurons, and while hunting with my host, the Chief Darontal, I picked up a good deal of his language. However, I am still obliged to have recourse to my interpreters."

"Anyway," replied the missionary, "while learning to speak Huron I can always be baptizing the dying children. I would willingly cross the ocean and dwell among the Indians, were it only to save one of those little souls."

"The salvation of a soul is of greater worth than the conquest of an empire," murmured Champlain.

"You have already loudly proclaimed that, sir, and, if I recollect aright, you added: 'Kings should only seek to conquer idolatrous countries in order to bring them under the yoke of Jesus Christ.'"

"It is not necessary to be very learned to know that much."

"No," replied the Jesuit, smiling; "it is sufficient to have faith, to have the eyes of your heart enlightened, as St. Paul says. Is it your opinion, sir, that the Canadian tribes would be very hard to convert?"

"It is an open question whether they ever will be converted. The Recollects did their utmost, but trying to convert these savages is literally attempting to found an edifice on a quicksand or on rolling stones."

"They are intelligent, are they not?"

"Yes, in some things. They lie most skilfully; they can steal with their feet, as well as with their hands. Some among them even are gifted with eloquence; but they are so gross and uncivilized that they have no word which expresses the idea of God. In order to speak of Him, paraphrases, figurative language, must be employed. We must call Him 'He who made everything,' 'The great Captain of men.' To their utter lack of civilization and their coarseness, add their pride and that desire of vengeance, which is the very main-spring of their actions, as well as their most deeply rooted sentiment. Can there, then, be much hope of making Christians of them?"

Father de Brebœuf listened with imperturbable calmness. "When we shall have suffered sufficiently over there," said he quietly, "a church will spring up and flourish."

"And likewise there will be a Christian kingdom, a French kingdom, at least such is my dream, Father."

"Say rather your mission, my dear sir — God will never permit that a man of your worth should give up his whole life to a chimera."

"Then," exclaimed Champlain, "you believe in New France. Tell me that you believe in it, Father!"

The missionary gazed at him with deep but restrained emotion.

"The future is not given us to know," he replied gently. "It is hidden from us in the divine plan. But patriotism, which makes men great, also performs wonders. I believe that there will be a New France, to the eternal honor of Champlain."

Mons. de Champlain bowed politely and his weather-bronzed face lighted up with animation.

"It is evident that God wills it. If Roberval, if La Roche failed so miserably, it must have been because New France is destined for higher things."

"Can I do anything for you at Quebec, Mons. de Champlain?"

"Why, certainly, pray for me.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Father de Bréboeuf rose to take leave.

"I am sure," said Champlain, "that my hosts and my wife would never forgive me were I to let you go away without seeing them, even but for a moment."

Passing through several rooms Mons. de Champlain conducted the Jesuit to the drawing-room, where Mons. and Mme. Garnier, Mme. de Champlain, and Mlle. Méliand were chatting together. After the customary civilities had been interchanged Mons. de Champlain, addressing Mlle. Méliand, said: —

"May I not ask you to give us a farewell song in honor of this brave soldier of Christ who is leaving us for Canada — in great hopes of being some day roasted to death by the Indians over there?"

"No, no," said the missionary, replying to the young girl's glance at him. "Do not be afraid; I am not likely to meet with so glorious a fate. At most I shall die of want and rheumatism among my Indian people. In the meanwhile I shall be charmed to hear a 'farewell song,' as Mons. de Champlain has suggested."

Gizella rose and went to her harp without too well knowing what she was doing. Father de Bréboeuf's look and de Champlain's words had deeply moved her. Her heart beat fast; and while playing a few preliminary chords, she thought to herself: "What ought I to sing to this Jesuit who, perhaps, may some day be a martyr?"

Although a missionary's life has something in it that is repulsive and incomprehensible to human nature, it was a tender and joyful strain that rose to her lips: "Jesu dulcis memoria."

> "Jesus, the only thought of Thee
> With sweetness fills my breast."

The young girl sang the whole of this lovely hymn, which she had so often sung at Port Royal, and the emotion she felt gave a still higher charm to her heavenly voice.

Father de Bréboeuf listened, perfectly motionless, his eyes closed, in that profound recollection which is the burning life of the soul and yet its divine repose.

It seemed to him as if this lovely voice was but an echo of the love which was making itself heard within his heart. Song is the highest expression of the sentiment of happiness and of life of which we are capable. It reveals the soul to itself and yet bears it above all thoughts of self. Those who listened to this hymn experienced the truth of this definition and never forgot the emotions of that moment. Even when Gizella had finished they still sat listening.

"Thank you, my dear young lady," said Mons. de Champlain, at length mastering his emotion. "When far away in my Canadian forests I shall often hear your song again in imagination."

Father de Bréboeuf rose from his seat, quite carried away by that beautiful "Jesu dulcis memoria!" a fitting death song for a martyr missionary bound to the stake to be tortured.

In a sort of ecstasy he repeated: —

> "*Nec lingua valet dicere*
> *Nec littera exprimere*
> *Expertus potest credere*
> *Quid sit Jesum diligere.*
>
> No art or eloquence of man
> Can tell the joys of love;
> Only the saints can understand
> What they in Jesus prove."

The Jesuit was magnificent to behold, for it was evident how entirely he was possessed by the love of Jesus Christ, and how impotent would be any form of suffering to extinguish the heavenly flame which burned within his heart. On the contrary, such suffering would but make that love burn brighter and brighter.

Gizella, still standing beside her harp, still glowing with enthusiasm, gazed at the Jesuit, without perceiving that her own tears were flowing.

The missionary approached her: "*The love of Jesus! What it is, none but His loved ones know.* Never forget that," he said; "you have yourself sung of it as the angels sing."

He made the sign of the cross on that charming young head, and then, looking round, he folded his hands together, and humbly repeated the words which St. Paul had addressed to the faithful of Rome, when announcing to them his approaching departure for Spain: "*I beseech you therefore, Brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers to God, for I must announce the gospel to those to whom it has not yet been preached.*"

Mons. Garnier and Mons. de Champlain accompanied the missionary to his carriage, but Gizella remained at the entrance door gazing after him until his equipage disappeared at the end of the avenue.

The hellish cruelty of the savages of which she had heard still dwelt in her mind; and through the tears that still stood in her eyes she seemed to see Father de Brébœuf dragged to "the bloody hut," and there torn asunder, burned, and otherwise tortured amidst the atrocious merriment and frightful yells of the Indians.

To be continued.

SOUL-STIRRINGS.

BY D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

DOUBT.

Is it all a seeming?
All the heart's fond dreaming,
All the glad rays gleaming
O'er the blessed bourne!
But to doom alluring,
Syren-like assuring,
Victims sad securing
Fated but to mourn?

Dawns no restful morrow
On surcease of sorrow,
May the heart ne'er borrow
Hope from promised rest?
Shall the soul's devotion,
Tossed with sad commotion,
On life's stormful ocean
Win no haven blest?

CONFIDENCE.

Thus mused I, Hope reviling
While Heaven's orbs were smiling,
Angel-like beguiling
Wearied souls above.
Sweet their hymn descended,
With my heart-tones blended;
Both to God ascended
In a prayer of love.

"Who in Thee confideth,
Strong his hope abideth:
E'en though hell derideth,
Bright the dawn shall be.
Hope care's tempest quelleth:
Loud joy's glad hymn swelleth,
Endless peace foretelleth,
Where no change shall be."

THE COMPROMISE.

A LESSON IN CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

BY THOMAS F. RYAN.

I.

Pah Kee, son of Kee, was a rollicking blade
In the days of the great King Li.
And 'twas easily seen by the pomp he displayed
As, with shining sword, and in silk arrayed,
He walked down the street as though on parade,
That his station in life was high.

II.

Kai Lee, son of Lee, was another young man
Who dwelt in the self-same town.
His tribe there had lived since the world began,
And his blood was as blue as the bluest that ran
In the veins of the oldest blue-blooded clan,
Whose pedigree's been handed down.

III.

Now, as fate had decreed it, one soft, balmy day
Both dressed in their brightest of clothes,
And sauntered along on the main street that lay
Through the heart of the town, like New York's Broadway,
Where a man promenades when dressed very gay
To be seen by the people he knows.

IV.

Then happened a thing I shall never
forget,
(Which I read in the book Koo-
Choo.)
It chanced that a part of the road
being wet,
A board, for a bridge, had across it
been set;
And right in the middle Kee and Lee
both met,
And neither knew what to do.

V.

There they stood face to face. Could
a Lee step aside
For a man of the name of Kee?
Could he so far forget his race and
his pride?

Nay, perish the thought! he would fight till he died
And all of his people would fight at his side.
(And the same thought the bold Pah Kee.)

VI.

The affair was becoming a serious one;
It was plain blood would flow that day,
For the Lees in a throng to their kinsman had run,
While the Kees, nothing loth, rallied round their brave son,
And shortly a terrible fray had begun . . . .
But they thought of an easier way.

VII.

They sent for the Etiquette Judges three,
Who brought all their books along.
When the case was explained, they said they could see
That the question was deep as a question could be,
And that, really, they couldn't begin to agree
Who was right in the case, and who wrong.

VIII.

"For," said they, "you must know that Pah Kee, son of Kee,
(Whom may every good attend)
Is the son and the heir of a great family
That possesses a genealogical tree
Reaching back to the time of the god Nam Kee See,
At whose name every head must bend;

IX.

"While Lee, son of Lee, can his origin trace
(As you see in the books we show)
Through a noble and most illustrious race,
In which can be found not a single one base.
So, to settle which should to the other give place
We admit that we really don't know."

X.

Then up spoke a man from the crowd standing round, —
He was old and his words were wise:
"To yield to a Kee is a Lee never bound,
Nor a Kee to a Lee; your decision is sound.
But let both of them leave the debatable ground;
'Tis in this that the equity lies."

XI.

And the people together applauded the speech
Of the man with the hair like snow;
And they said, 'neath their breath, that no doubt he could teach
The commissioners three, that although they might preach
Of this and of that, common sense oft will reach
Where their books and the law cannot go.

XII.

So they turned on their heels; the redoubtable Kee
With his head held aloft in the air,
And the brave-hearted son of the great tribe of Lee
Stalked off in the pomp of his great dignity.
And this was the end of what threatened to be
A great fight in the town of Ko Pare.

MORAL.

The moral, dear reader, is not hard to find.
When you can't go ahead, take a good look behind,
And see, after all, if sometimes 'tisn't better
To yield, than to hold to your rights to the letter.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

SHAKE out the American flag! Give it a good spring cleaning! Lay it on some grassy plot and beat out of it all the noisome, rank and malignant vermin that have made it a place of incubation during the past decade. The emblem of liberty is too beautiful and precious an object to be permitted longer to warm and nurture within its folds the germs of disease and death to the spirit of true Americanism. It means too much to the whole people, to be tolerated as the possession of a miserable few who wish to use it as a bandage for the wounds received in their fight against the principles of the constitution. The French revolutionists, in the name of patriotism, shed the noblest blood of the land, and established a harlot on the altar of religion as their goddess. The would-be revolutionists in the American Republic to-day, true to the hated impulse that has ever nerved the arm of the fanatic and the assassin, wish to seize upon the most sacred emblem of the American people to use it as a shield for their coward hearts, while they strike from behind it a deadly blow at the integrity of the nation. But they cannot achieve their baneful purpose. Their designs are already too well known and understood; and even though they wrap themselves cap-a-pie in American flags, sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," to the air of "God Save the Queen," all day, and tapestry their houses from top to bottom with patriotic mottoes, they are none the less recognizable as the worst enemies of American freedom, and the lineal descendants of all those who in the past have striven to prostitute liberty and patriotism to the most ignoble ends.

THE semi-centennial of the priesthood of Archbishop Williams is an occasion for profound joy on the part of his priests and people, and for cordial recognition from the community at large. To have labored for the higher welfare of one's fellow-men for half a century, is a career well worthy the heartiest praise from every class of citizens; and when to that service has been brought the excellences of the highest personal virtue, supreme tact and good judgment, tireless patience and fidelity to the minutest obligations of such a laborious calling, the acclaim from all hearts should be deep, sincere, and unstinted. To Archbishop Williams' 50 years of work may be largely attributed the profound hold Catholicism has attained in his diocesan district, and his influence has been felt to a large extent outside the bounds of his own fold. To his safe, conservative course can be ascribed much of the good will and mutual understanding which prevail among New England Catholics and those non-Catholics whom nature made intelligent and education broadened. As a priest he was most faithful, conscientious, and energetic; as an administrator of the diocese prudent, wise, and helpful along strictly defined lines; as the highest dignitary of his faith in the most advanced section of the republic, he has conferred upon the religion he represents an honor and prestige which will endure long after his life has been crowned with its well-won reward. As a citizen, by his course on critical issues he has been grandly though unostentatiously patriotic, proving the powerful influence for the best American citizenship existing in the perfect realization of the principles of Catholic faith, thought, and practice. His career is crowned with the love and reverence of his fellow-men, all of whom will wish for him, in the evening of his nobly spent life, the peace, happiness, and consolations so faithfully earned.

THE spring elections went to the

Republicans at wholesale (the latter word being used in a Pickwickian sense). There is hardly a city in the country containing 200,000 or more population, which did not intrust itself to the rule of the opponents of the national administration; and where state elections were held, the Republicans either retained or regained their ascendancy. Last fall's tidal wave is still rolling, engulfing Democratic power everywhere. Chicago and St. Louis, regarded as Democratic in normal years, buried their leaders overwhelmingly and chose unto themselves new men of the opposite persuasion. The Republican press has been naturally jubilant, and believes it has added a new joy to its Easter editions, by sticking its pens, large and small, as deeply as skill and malice allowed, into the corpse of its vanquished antagonist. The editorial friends of the defeated attempted, as usual, to discount the causes and significance of the overthrow; and some of them, more or less affected with the New York Sun's distemper, laid it all to the president. Editorial writers seem to think their duties are accomplished when they have turned over to the desk a few spicy paragraphs in unison with the sentiments of their party and their paper. But the causes of Democratic or Republican defeat or victory are not to be found in the utterances of the paid partisans of either organization. The truth is that the people of the United States have for some years past been groping in uncertainty between all the parties. Their sources of information on great questions affecting the country's welfare have not, in their wholeness, been pure and patriotic enough to show them the conditions that really exist. The bulk of the voters are distracted by biased, specious, and partisan representations to an extent that mystifies and perplexes them, and they turn from Codman to Short and from Short to Codman according as external appearances indicate one or the other as their true friend. The present state of affairs cannot last. "You can't fool all the people all the time," as Abraham Lincoln used to say, and Lincoln knew the American people to the core. The time is ripe for a new party, one which will advocate and fight for the true interests of all the people, in preference to party and personal gain — a party of patriots, not of prating politicians. Signs are multiplying that such an organization will not be long in coming. Then Codman and Short will both retire, and bother the American people no longer.]

The subject of "living pictures" has now been pretty thoroughly discussed by the press of the country; and if no other criterion of taste and decency existed to condemn them, the outspoken censure pronounced almost universally by the newspapers on these exhibitions should suffice to drive them from the boards. It is possible, without question, so to exhibit the human form divine, as to remove all suggestion of pruriency from the representation, but it cannot justly be claimed that this class of "pictures" and the characters of the posers chosen to set them forth have been such that art was the gainer. It would suffice to hear just once the tone of the remarks made in whispers by many among the spectators at such spectacular entertainments, to learn what impression was made upon the minds of onlookers. If, also, the kind of people who largely make up the applauding audience were closely scanned, there would not be much need of an ethical discussion to determine the taste and morale of these latter-day "artistic" shows. Mr. William M. Chase, president of the Society of American Artists, appeared in court recently to defend the decency of the exhibitions, and such leading artists as J. W. Champney and J. G. Brown corroborate his views. But those who read "Trilby" will remember that Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird flouted the idea that there was anything immodest in posing for "the altogether" until they heard that Trilby herself was in the habit of doing it.

Then their natural instinct revolted and there was a row. Messrs. Chase, Brown, and others may justify their ideas in the abstract; but with human nature as it is, artistic theories have to be modified, and such art as is embodied in the "living pictures" should be kept away from the average non-artistic eye, which lets sensuous objects into the soul, not as an education in art, but as objects to engender and intensify voluptuousness.

THERE is at last throughout large sections of the country the cheering and unmistakable evidence of returning business prosperity. With the nation's currency still in such an unsettled state, it is too much to expect that the symptoms of revival will cause over-sanguine hopes to prevail; nevertheless the general aspect of business and industry has unquestionably gained in brightness, and improves steadily from month to month. If the promised "boom" is still missing, the effect of better times is clearly apparent, and perhaps it is more advantageous for the common welfare of the people that the return to good times is made by safer if slower methods. There has been too much "booming" of one sort or another during the past 20 years; the collapse was inevitable, and was protracted when it came, by a general want of confidence and stamina in all business and manufacturing circles. At length, confidence seems to be universally reviving, and with it comes a show of prosperity, which it is to be hoped will be permanent. Many of the great industries have advanced wages or returned to the rates given before the late reductions, and a large number of the biggest factories are running on full time. The woollen and iron trade and the railroads, in particular, are feeling the new impulse, and other lines of manufacture and commerce admit the general improvement. If the currency were only settled right, the natural swing of the pendulum would give us at least 10 years of better times than we were supposed to be enjoying under the McKinley Bill.

M. GEORGE LAINÉ undertook not long ago a trip through Italy for the purpose of finding out why so many of the inhabitants of that country leave its sunny skies for more rugged and less poetic climes. He interviewed all classes of people — workmen, shop-keepers, students, soldiers, and tradesmen. From all, the answer was the same: the conditions of life in United Italy are too hard for the common people, who are forced from their homes to seek bread and livelihood elsewhere. A few of the replies made are here embodied, showing what the Italians have gained by their overthrow of the Papal dominion. In Italy the rich do not care whether the poor have work or not. They put away their money in their strong boxes instead of using it to ameliorate the condition of the laborers and improve the country. There is much misery in Lombardy, Piedmont, and Emilia. During the Austrian occupation the river Po was literally covered with ships; nowadays there is hardly one a week. The people can neither read nor write, and do not bother about politics. Their clamor is that the state should force the rich to spend their money instead of locking it up. Although they are better fed, clothed, and housed in the army than they would be outside of it, they are anxious to leave the regiment, for these advantages do not weigh against the necessity of discipline. By themselves they starve to death, but they are free. Every one accuses the new régime of being the cause of the misery which reigns in Italy. The bitter cry of many is: "We might be one of the richest and most prosperous of nations, if we were not in the hands of incapable men and of robbers."

LOOK to France for the results of purely secular education! For about 20 years there, the schooling of youth has been entirely divorced from religion, and whatever moral instruction was imparted was dispensed on the basis of a purely non-religious system. Several years ago the baneful results of the government's interference were pointed

out by leading educators, and since then many eminent statesmen have pronounced the departure from the traditional religious training of pupils a great mistake. The subject is once more before the people of France through published interviews in the press, and the opinions voiced by the eminent authorities appealed to are all in one direction; namely, that the immorality which is increasing at such a terrible pace throughout the country is attributable to the expulsion of religious instruction from the education of the nation's children. The best minds agree that to check the loose moral code, and the lack of discipline in character everywhere noticeable to a deplorable extent, religious and moral instruction must once more be given their old places in the curriculum of the child's studies. Among the foremost of the advocates of the abandonment of the present system are M. Berenger, vice-president of the Senate, M. Felix Pécant, the general school superintendent, himself a liberal in religious matters, and Professor Ernest Lavisse, the apostle of Idealism, who has flatly declared over and over again that the fundamental reason for the failure of the educational system in France is its non-religious character. Professor Lavisse's statement received a signal endorsement from no less a personage than the recently deceased minister, President Burdeau, who, although he had left the Church altogether, wrote to M. Lavisse in these words: —

"I am firmly convinced that what you say is the truth. By making the only goal of our endeavor the prosperity of man, we forget that the true lever is the world and the safest source of happiness is found in self-sacrifice. As much as I admire the Greek philosophers, especially Socrates, yet I am of the opinion that it was Christ who spoke the greatest word that ever fell from human lips, when He declared that the supremacy of the earth and of the heavens belongs to those who know how to love and to sacrifice."

New York continues her struggle for reform in politics and public service against great odds in the legislature, which has to grant the remedial measures, if granted they be. The friends of ex-Senator Platt, who are a power at the Capitol, are determined to defeat the bills introduced by the reform members, unless Mayor Strong surrenders what Platt and his supporters claim as their due, the direction of the mayor's public appointments. Mr. Strong asserts his intention to make such appointments only as are in accord with his views of the public good, and to carry out this laudable purpose has antagonized the Platt forces, to whom it is said he pledged the distribution of offices. A writer in Harper's Weekly who has followed the controversy between the mayor and the ex-senator from the start, points out with great force the absurdity of expecting the reforms needed from legislators notoriously interested in the control of official patronage. He states the case convincingly, and his presentation of the present code of things in New York has an all-important lesson for every state in the Union. What municipal and state reform has most to contend with everywhere is clearly set forth in the following paragraphs: —

"There is hardly anything more remarkable in our political history than the contrast between the efforts made by the respectable part of this community for the reform of their municipal government and the efforts made to defeat that reform by members of the state legislature who profess to be in favor of it in the abstract, and who insist that the popular majority for the reform cause in the late election in this city was owing to their party. They insist that this circumstance entitles them to the possession of the offices, notwithstanding the pledge of non-partisan government given before the election, and notwithstanding the generally recognized experience that the prevalence of party politics and partisan spirit in the conduct of our municipal affairs has been one of the most prolific sources of corruption and misrule. Thus, claiming the credit for having made the reform possible, they also claim the privilege of preventing it.

"This spectacle is most instructive. Every candid observer will find himself forced to the

conclusion that no political party, in the conduct of which the possession of the patronage is a ruling motive of action, can be a reliable agency of good government, and that in its hands every reformatory effort in which patronage is involved will be diverted from its true purpose. Here we touch the most stubborn obstacle the struggle for governmental reform has to overcome. . . .

"One point we have indeed gained. Our present experience cannot fail to make it clear to every unprejudiced observer that the patronage is the most insidious and inveterate enemy of good government. To make genuine and thorough reform in public affairs possible, the idea of patronage in connection with public office 'must go.'"

HALL CAINE'S description of his intense difficulties in the composition of his novels will have two effects. It will give a needed incentive to talented literary workers not to be overcome with despair at their failure to produce rapidly, and, alas and alack! it will also spur those without talent to keep up their useless labors in turning the crank of dulness for the creation of stupid tales. But Mr. Caine's experiences are valuable, and should be taken seriously to heart by gifted, conscientious writers. Speaking of his trouble in bringing his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," to a satisfactory completion, he says: —

"Shall I ever forget the agony of the first efforts? It took me nearly a fortnight to start that novel, sweating drops as of blood at every fresh attempt. I must have written the first half volume four times at the least. After that I saw the way clearer, and got on faster. At the end of three months I had written nearly two volumes, and then in good spirits I went up to London.

"But in London a lawyer friend suggested an important addition. To work this fresh interest into my theme," Mr. Caine continues, "half of what I had written would need to be destroyed! It *was* destroyed; . . . and after two months more I got well into the third volume.

"But every book that I have written since has offered yet greater difficulties. Not one of the little series but has at some moment been a despair to me. There has always been a point of the story at which I have felt confident that it must kill me. I have written six novels (that is to say, about 16), and sworn as many oaths that I would never begin another. Three times I have thrown up commissions in sheer terror of the work ahead of me. Yet here I am at this moment (like half a dozen of my fellow-craftsmen) with contracts in hand which I cannot get through before the end of 1895."

IF the Holy Father achieves what is said to be his purpose, of reuniting the Anglican and Catholic churches, he will have crowned a pontificate of glory with its most lustrous accomplishment, and will have done much to bring about the prophecy of our Divine Lord, that there should be on earth but one fold and one shepherd. The hearts of the faithful within and without the Church, which throb in unison for Christian unity and peace, go out to the venerable successor of St. Peter, in gratitude for his spirit of conciliation, and their voices will be raised in supplication that the tiara may not pass from his brow until he has won back such a large section of the non-Catholic world. His Encyclical proposing the union is said to have been laid aside temporarily, owing to certain objections of Cardinal Vaughn to the proposition; but this, it is alleged, has been only for further study of the question, and for the purpose of indirectly answering the English prelate's remonstrances. The entire religious world, Catholic and otherwise, will look with eager expectancy for the issuance of the proposal and the conditions of its acceptance by the English Communion. Whether successful or not in its entirety, the desire of the Pope will hardly fail to bring back large numbers of Anglicans to the Church, and to promote a still nearer and more sympathetic relationship between the two bodies.

IT is to be earnestly hoped that the approaching National Musical Festival in Dublin may result in placing Irish music before the world in a manner befitting its wealth of melody and musical suggestion. Celtic music has shared the fate of the literature and art of the nation, its brightest gems having passed into the possession and service of the composers of other lands, and the great bulk of its wonderful airs being to this day almost wholly neglected or undeveloped by the musical genius of the

world. There exists no immortal musical work of the highest rank that owes its full inspiration to the ancient melodies of Ireland, and yet there is no music so rich in its possibility of being developed into a composition that could rank with the greatest monuments of human genius. It has all the sweetness, tenderness, humor, pathos, fervor, grandeur, and tragedy of real life, because it sprang from the heart of a race which underwent every phase of human existence, and which mirrored forth its experiences in the soulful strains of its bards. It was the festival of the Irish harpers held in Ireland, in 1792, which woke the national impulses that finally led to the lyrics of Thomas Moore. If Moore's genius had been more musical than poetical, he would undoubtedly have left a great musical work embodying the spirit of the melody of his native country; but it will require a genius for music more profound and virile than even Moore's was for poetry, to give adequate musical expression to the underlying force of the national airs. If the contemplated Feis, which is to be held in November next, will arouse the world's composers to utilize the Irish melodies or give impulse to a new and budding genius of the old soil itself, the bards will not have sung in vain, and the race will have preserved and cherished its undeveloped treasures to great and noble purpose.

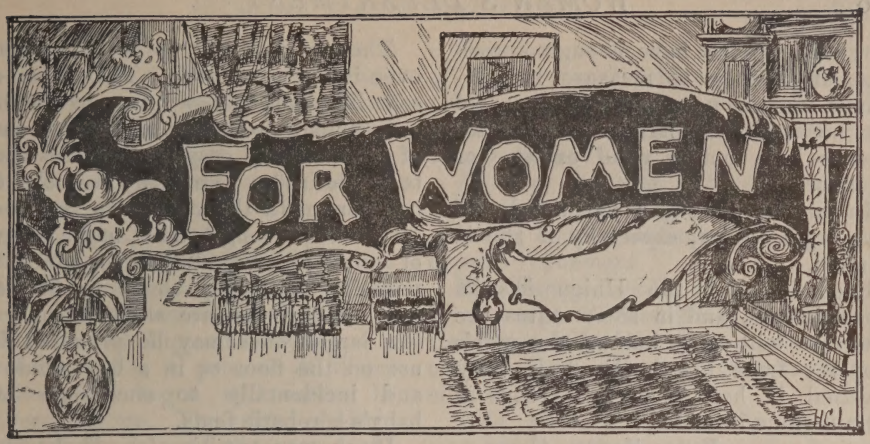
A WESTERN paper speaks of a man who has been convicted of murder because he hypnotized another man to commit the murder. It is not impossible that the conviction was just, but a great responsibility rests upon judge and jury in dealing with such an accusation. We may have the old horrors of trial for witchcraft repeated in the 20th century if unskilled minds are to deal with a mental problem only half understood by psychologists. Those who know all that is at present known on the subject of hypnotism are cautious in their statements. It is only in novels that the force is represented as irresistible even when exercised over an unwilling subject.

Meanwhile the good old rule of avoiding occasions of sin is the one to be followed. Persons susceptible to hypnotic power have delicate perceptions, and easily distinguish between good and evil influences. A will rooted in the will of God cannot be moved by Satan and it cannot be drawn to crime by any of his human agents.

BUILD a castle in the air and live in it occasionally. It is a delightful bit of unreal estate, free from every discomfort, from a mortgage to a gas metre. Practical people will condemn your folly, but what of that? When the eaves of your cottage seem to press on your brain, or your flat shrinks to a 10 x 12 enclosure, move out, take possession of your castle, and revel in it, if only for 20 minutes. The brief respite will help you wonderfully; and even if your airy dwelling does come down with a crash, you will crawl out of the ruins, better prepared to grapple with mundane cares.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is always on the lookout for bright, interesting, and well-written articles of current interest, dealing with men, movements, and events. There are topics without number suggested by the daily press, and to be found by writers through their own invention, if they but closely study the life and impulses of the day. A good article needs not necessarily be of a religious or ecclesiastical character, and we invite talented writers in every vein to send us their material for consideration.

DONAHOE'S wants only the best, of course, to keep up its eminent standard of excellence, but the best can always be treated in a style that pleases and attracts while it instructs and elevates. While we are on this topic it is well to remind writers of what many forget, that stamps for the return of unavailable material must always accompany the MS. The magazine will not return manuscripts unless the necessary postage be sent.



Woman and Property Laws.

Many changes favorable to women have taken place in the laws concerning property and the power of disposing of property by will. The whole summary is at the present time "good law," but it is to be remembered that laws are often changed. This statement applies to Massachusetts, and similar provisions have been made in many other states for the benefit of wives. According to the old common law the "feme" could own nothing independently of her "baron or lord," though the interposition of courts of equity could settle property upon her through a trustee. She could not make a will, nor sue, nor be sued in her own name.

To-day there is little difference between the privileges of man and wife, as to the possession and use of property. A woman can hold in her own name, with full and exclusive enjoyment of it, any property that a man can hold. She cannot be her husband's partner in business, but by complying with certain prescribed precautions she can carry on business separately from her husband. She can by will dispose of one half of her property, and of the whole if her husband consents to it. Of late, the General Court has decreed that a limited portion of her wardrobe and jewelry, even though purchased by her husband, shall belong to her. She can have legal process to restrain him from interfering with her personal liberty; and in case of divorce or legal separation, her claims are equal to his with regard to the custody of any minor children.

A man cannot convey or give land or personal property directly to his wife. If he does, he can take it back at any time or his creditors can take it. But he can give it to her through a third person, which is the way always resorted to, at least in the case of real property.

A woman cannot sue or be sued by her husband. If she lends him money, she cannot compel repayment by him; if he becomes bankrupt, it is at least doubtful if she can even share with the other creditors of his estate.

A promissory note of either husband or wife to the other is absolutely void.

A woman is under no legal obligation to support her husband or her children, while the husband is bound by law to support his wife and children, and can be compelled to do so. The wife has a right to claim from her husband "necessaries," which term is to be measured by the husband's income, or means of making an income. This is an obligation which, in the hands of a selfish, extravagant wife, can be made oppressive. It is the duty

of every wife to have enough knowledge of business to measure her demands by the pecuniary resources of her husband. To have "no head for business" is not a valid excuse for injustice.

In making a will, a woman should have legal advice, especially if she is married.

Each state of the Union has its especial laws, and in some states the power to will away half of the wife's property from her husband is only effectual if her property exceeds a certain value in money.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

The House Beautiful.

To make it so begin with the mantel, an objective point in every room. If only a shelf or marble slab, place above it a set of shelves to receive quaint bits of chinaware, slim-necked vases, daintily mounted photographs, and other decorative bric-a-brac. Be careful to avoid overloading or violent contrasts in color, and keep scrupulously clear of dust. A couple of bronzes show well in the strong light on top, and statuary is best displayed in half shadow. A row of blue delft tiles around the fireplace adds much to the general effect; those who cannot afford this expense can produce a good imitation with blue tile paper.

Richer and darker colors prevail in the new wall papers. Green, cream, magenta and terra-cotta are the prominent colorings in tapestry and colonial designs. Some of these tapestry effects form a beautiful background for pictures. For bedrooms the old-time chintz patterns are much favored, trailing sprays of rosebuds or forgetmenots emphasizing the general color scheme of the bedroom fittings.

Heavy mattings in India reds and blues make an artistic floor cover; or better still, for warm weather is the polished floor with occasional rugs to brighten the general effect. The care of carpets in midsummer adds much to the housekeeper's discomfort.

The cosey corner is very tempting even in warm weather. The cushioned seat in a snug recess offers irresistible inducements to repose, and with a rack of books within easy reach leaves little to be desired. Too many cushions do not commend themselves to the comfort lover; a long bolster, and a couple of small pillows, stuffed to admit of pounding into any shape to fit hollows and curves, are all-sufficient. A few larger ones may be provided for use on the floor or in a bay window, and incidentally to encourage the baby's acrobatic feats.

Plush monstrosities in upholstering are to be as carefully avoided, as the dismal haircloth sets of six pieces, once the mark of proud distinction. The screen is a valuable adjunct of modern furnishing. Handsome ones can be made from common jute bagging, stamped in designs.

Pictures should be carefully chosen and so hung that the central point will be on a level with the eye.

Curio cabinets are growing in favor, and, unlike mantels, may be crowded to their limits; the more varied the contents the greater the owner's pride.

Easy chairs, small tables conveniently placed, vases of cut flowers, and always an abundance of books, papers, and magazines impart that air of comfort without which no home is beautiful.

M. B. O'S.

When Women Could Vote in England.

MRS. FLORENCE HOWE HALL in an informal talk recently made a summary of Mrs. Charlotte Stopes' "British Free Women and Historical Privileges." In early times women could vote for members of Parliament, an abbess could sit in Parliament, and women occasionally held office, as high marshal, high constable, and even as champion of England. The period when women used the right of voting coincided with the dynasties of Plantagenet and Tudor. "The period of disqualification by dis-

couragement," said Mrs. Hall, "set in with the Stuarts." Between 1832 and 1867 there was positive enactment against the voting of women. In 1869 women had municipal franchise in England. At present only women with a certain amount of property have that right.

This statement makes the decline of women's influence in public affairs coincide with the accession of James I. to the throne of England in 1603.

I believe that a process of disintegration had begun still earlier in Northern Europe. The reigns of Mary and Elizabeth delayed the retrograde movement in England, and therefore the date of its beginning is difficult to fix with decision.

The subject is worth investigation by our students of history.

E. F. C.

"Woman" or "Lady"?

In the Lady's Home Journal there is a discussion as to the relative value of the terms woman and lady. All the writers agree that in naming an avocation the word "woman" should be used, as saleswoman, spokeswoman, etc.

The title of lady, like any other title, is of value only as it expresses personal refinement or the privilege of an exceptional class. As it is used among us at present it means nothing. I noticed during many years of service in a county prison that the prisoners called each other "ladies," while another visitor and myself enjoyed the transferable epithet of "the other woman."

"Will you hand this comb to the lady in the next cell?" asked a prisoner one day, and the errand was executed with all speed. Since that time I have not been eager to claim the title of lady.

Once, looking out upon Fifth avenue, New York, on a Sunday morning after church, I asked why every one walked on one sidewalk, leaving the other free for the use of a few rational folks. "That used to be the fashionable side of the avenue," said my companion, "but now every one crowds onto that sidewalk, and so the distinction no longer exists."

All very amusing and very natural, but it makes one long for some distinguishing code of behavior which shall express refinement.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her youthful journal says of Miss Emily Harper of Baltimore, that she had a charm of manner often seen in "Roman Catholics."

This attraction can only exist in women who rather seek to confer honor than to receive it. Faber says that the best manners are acquired by always recognizing the presence of God. Surely those who consciously live in His presence must have sweetness, deference for others, and the readiness to give pleasure that makes a sympathetic listener and a kind speaker.

No one can have good manners, no matter how sound her creed may be, who is anxious to attract notice or quick to imagine affronts. Courtesy imitates humility, and only needs to be genuine in its modesty and kindness to create a noble behavior which is independent of external privileges.

E. F. C.

Dress Notes, Hats, etc.

In the gentle rivalry of seasons, Summer has vanquished Spring. She has driven her out with her arms full of crepon, and the little piecemeal jacket fitted snugly on her back. The disappearance of this patchy garment restores to woman her normal figure, and gives scope to the display of dainty frills and furbelows.

The violets, too, have withered, giving place to great masses of bloom in roses, lilies, jonquils, tulips, and clusters of heart's-ease, a veritable fairyland of flowers.

Flowers everywhere, woven in ribbons and silks, in organdies, challies, delaines, dimities, chambrays, and lawns, clusters of blossoms in corsage

and belt; and trailing sprays drooping from hats, which may be all flowers arranged on an invisible network of wire.

Daintily neat cotton gowns for morning wear are made up in full flaring skirt, wide front breadth, single side gores, and full plain back. A simple blouse, with moderately full sleeves, or the shirt-waist plaited in narrow plaits is most in favor with this skirt, though full surplice effects with a snowy lawn V front are preferred by very slender women.

Wash embroideries are used for decorating in preference to the lace weaves, which do not launder as well. Heavy cotton cheviot makes an excellent gown for country walks, as does the better known gingham, which may be had in fast colors and full width for 12½ cents a yard.

The foreign ginghams are as soft as silk, and make up prettily for children's best wear in the country or at the beach, where white frocks are not so easily laundered.

The summer silks are much in demand, and are made up simply, with adjustable lace accessories, and ribbon belts or sashes.

Even in holiday times there are cloudy days, and fashion has provided for such occasions light-weight woollen textiles manufactured to stand hard wear on outing trips.

Gala attire is very gay and light as zephyr. Moiré has had its day, and India and surah silks are losing in popularity. The Japanese and Persian designs hold sway on the silk counters, and blend harmoniously with wool effects.

A dainty frock in chené silk, pink on green and brown ground, is shown with very full skirt, outlined at each seam with green satin ribbon ending at the hem in a broad bow. Three puffs form the bodice, and full sleeves, with choker and sash of green, complete the costume.

Trimming gored seams is a popular fancy that the tall, willowy girl will do well to eschew. Kindly fashion devised this plan of adding to the stature of the short, stout woman.

"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress," said Addison, who, if alive to-day, would probably voice the same opinion; some of the styles are rather eccentric, but then of course the wearers like to differ from the common run of conservative votaries who seize on sailors, walking hats, and flats, and are content to go through the season without compelling one other woman to look behind for another glance.

A picture hat of Parma violets and hedge roses caught with violet velvet bows is lovely enough to melt the heart of the most obdurate statesman bent on its annihilation.

By the way, to invoke the law as the only restraining power acknowledged by woman, is rather a compliment to her progress. One hundred years ago she could only drive a man to perpetrate such poetry as appears in Rivington's Gazette of 1782, the animus being disclosed in the opening line, —

"Hail! great Calash! o'erwhelming veil!"

Fluted Alsatian bows and swallow bows show further cause for feminine favor. Every one knows how to make an Alsatian bow, but the swallow variety is a later fancy, and some women may like to know how to make it. Take a stiff glacé ribbon, two or three inches wide, and cut one end with long, sharp points like a swallow's tail; place a loop below, and add two side ends cut in points for the wings; finish with a rosette.

A peach-blossom tint called "lilac de Perse" prevails in this season's colorings, millinery especially employing it with most artistic results.

Six-inch wide taffeta ribbon is shown in flowered and shot effects, with plain or picot edge, and vies with the gauze ribbon edged with velvet or satin. Satin ribbons are double-faced, and watered designs are backed with satin. Reversible ribbons are exquisitely woven, showing much color on one side, but barely suggesting it on the other.

Green is a prime favorite both in dress and millinery, it lends itself so readily to color schemes.

The little shoulder cape grows in evidence. It is an unobtrusive little wrap, and may be fashioned from almost any material. One yard of 40-inch goods will make one to match the suit, though when made of black cloth, velvet, or silk, it is more generally useful.

Ribbons play an important part in this summer's decorations. They appear as sashes for muslin frocks for little people, are pieced into sleeves for their mammas, and knotted into bows placed here and there to brighten up a sombre gown, or to make a gay one still more dazzling.

Another use for the wide ribbon is to dress a long, thin neck. For this purpose use a light-colored ribbon, and tie in a bow. Of course, in adopting this fashion discretion must be exercised, as with a certain cast of countenance a ribbon tied round the throat gives a grotesquely feline effect.

Just a word about the summer night-gown. A French model has a low, round neck, with puffed elbow sleeves trimmed with insertion. Another is of linen lawn with square-cut neck, the front worked in slits on the lawn, run through with ribbon, and fastened with a bow.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

At the beginning of the century a thriftless bride was she who had not chests of linen, carefully woven, daintily sewed, and laid away in lavender, awaiting the all-important event. Every girl prepared an outfit, though history does not tell us what she did with it if nobody came to woo. The average young woman of modern times waits not only until "Barkis" appears, but even until she is quite sure that he "is willin'," and then plunges into her preparations with a nervous haste that must overlook something. The personal finery is carefully provided; but the household needs are too often neglected, or scantily supplied from the small sum left over from the bridal raiment. The little woman contents herself with the mental promise of "Picking the rest up at sales" when she gets control of "dear Jack's money." Now this is not as it should be. Unless he chooses a veritable beggar-maid, "Jack" has a right to expect certain perquisites attached to the position of groom-elect. Usually the furniture is as much and more than he can manage. Recognizing this fact, and wishing to do her share, one young woman wisely divided her linen money into three parts, and invested as follows: —

FOR THE BEDCHAMBER.

Four pairs of sheets, four bolster cases, four pairs pillow cases, two counterpanes, two comforters, four large bath towels, one dozen toilet towels, four Turkish towelling wash-cloths.

DINING-ROOM.

Two tablecloths two yards long, two finer for company use, one table pad, one dozen fine napkins, one dozen plainer quality, one dozen fruit napkins, one dozen doilies.

KITCHEN LINEN.

One dozen dishcloths, one dozen tea towels, one dozen glass towels, one dozen bread cloths, half a dozen crash hand towels.

The number of pieces in these lists can be increased or lessened according to the bride-elect's means, but it is well to remember that a bountiful supply of muslin is better than a few pieces of linen, and that every-day comfort must be consulted before "company" demands.

M. B. O'S.

The Killarney Fete.

The fête in aid of the Orphanages for boys and girls under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, Killarney, Ireland, will be held in one of the loveliest spots in the world. Many poor fathers and mothers when dying or going to foreign lands feel happy in thinking their children are safe with the Sisters, who will be loving mothers to them and give them a good Christian education. The Sisters are receiving valuable gifts as prizes. One is a magnificent arbutus writing-table exquisitely worked and inlaid, from Mr. Coakley, arbutus manufacturer of Killarney.

Beef Tea for the Sick.

This receipt calls for one pound upper round of beef, one pint cold water, salt. Cut the meat in pieces, remove fat and stringy tendons; put to soak in earthen, granite, or aluminum vessel, never in iron or tin; stir with porcelain, wooden, or silver spoon; the finer the meat is cut, the more quickly will the juices be drawn; let stand in cold water for 30 minutes, then heat slowly to steaming point; the tea must never boil either while it is making, or afterward if re-heated; after steaming, drain off the liquid through a wire strainer (a porcelain one is better); let cool and skim off any little globules of fat that may appear; or if needed at once, pour in wide-mouthed bowl and absorb grease by laying on top of it a layer of unglazed paper; repeat process till all is absorbed. Salt to taste, being careful not to add too much, as a sick person's taste is very variable.

A stronger tea is made by placing the cut meat in a bottle without water; set in a deep vessel of cold water, and heat to simmering point. Let stand 30 minutes, then strain, season, and use.

To give variety use different flavoring, a little mace, a bay-leaf, a clove, or a little celery.

M. B. O'S.

Reader: Mineral Point, Wis. Get any or all of these books: —

"History of American Theatre," Vol. I., Seilhamer (Globe Printing House, Philadelphia); "American Theatre," Dunlap; "Memoirs of G. F. Cooke," Dunlap; "Curiosities of the American Stage," Lawrence Hatton (Harper and Brothers).

Look in a cyclopedia for Cooper, the actor, and for John Howard Payne, author of "Brutus" and "Virginius."

N. B. Questions of interest to readers of this department will be answered, if addressed to the Editor Women's Department and signed with full name and address of the writer.

An Open Question.

Does the New Woman like rats? She ought to. Being eminently practical, the usefulness of these rodents should appeal to her carefully educated affections. There is a close connection between rats and the industrial arts. In Paris large colonies of them are employed to pick clean the carcasses thrown in the pound; then after fattening in the service, the destroyers by the higher animal, man, are in turn destroyed who with grim humor uses the skins to line jackets for ladies fair. Gloves are also provided from rat-skin; and dainty bonbon wrappers are made from gelatine boiled out of the rodents' tendons and larger bones. But — and just here is where woman gets her revenge — the little thigh bones as tooth-picks enter the mouth of man. Truly chemistry and economy deal much in ways that are dark.

Mme. Marchesi, who is the famous teacher of many famous singers, gives a bit of advice to girls with voices. "No girl," says she, "who would become a singer must neglect to know one other language besides her own. If her ear and tongue have never been trained to hear or pronounce anything but her native English, she will have a hard time of it. It does not matter which language it is — French, German, Spanish, Italian — any one will do." This skilful instructor counts two years as the minimum in which to perfect a singer, three years being preferable.

Another of Those Dinners.

Mr. Atkinson's new and improved Aladdin oven has the sides of glass and not long ago Mr. Atkinson showed a "household economics club" in Boston how to prepare a five-course dinner on it, that cost only $1.50 for 12 persons. The dinner consisted of a fore-quarter of lamb stuffed and roasted, tomatoes, sweet and white potatoes, halibut á la crême, bread and raisin pudding, and baked apples.

Friday Dishes, etc.

AGNES' CARAMEL PUDDING.

Melt in a saucepan four tablespoonsfuls of sugar until it is brown and pour into a tin mould. Let it cool. Scald a quart of milk and mix with it six eggs, four tablespoonfuls sugar, and two teaspoonfuls vanilla essence. Pour the mixture into the mould upon the caramel (brown sugar) and bake 20 minutes. Serve, if convenient, with whipped cream.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.

Mix together as for any other cake, four cups flour, one cup butter, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, three eggs, two cups dried apple. The apple must be soaked over night and minced fine. Spice to taste. The M. S. Cook book I copy from says, "Jane puts in one teaspoonful cloves, and one of cinnamon and a little allspice." Jane was a master of the art of flavoring. Boil in two cups of molasses until the molasses is boiled away, about one hour. Stir again all together, and bake in loaves.

STUFFED EGGS.

Cut hard-boiled eggs in two, lengthwise, after taking off the shell. Take out the yolk and keep the two halves of each white together, to save trouble in refitting them. Mix the yolk smoothly with salt, pepper, some butter, and one uncooked egg. Add enough anchovy paste to season the mixture. Fill the whites with the mixture and put the halves together. Keep them warm. Toast small slices of bread, making a small opening in the middle of each slice. Butter them and spread them with the remains of the stuffing. Put an egg on each slice or use grated Parmesan cheese in place of anchovy paste. Any variety of dishes can be made by varying the stuffing and sauce, even to Francatelli's pyramid of stuffed eggs served with Béchamel sauce.

BAKED FISH.

Make a nice stuffing of bread crumbs onion, parsley or marjoram, one or two eggs and as much butter as you wish to use. Stuff the fish, bringing the head and tail together. Dredge with flour and baste with butter. Bake from one hour to one hour and a half, according to size. Serve with a good gravy. M. S. Cook Book.

HALIBUT.

If the skin is very dark dip it in boiling water and scrape off the dark surface, which is merely scaly, not unwholesome. Tie in a cloth and cook in salted water which should at first be boiling, and then be allowed to fall below boiling point. As the same water can be used in making a sauce, it should not be very salt. Serve with tomato sauce, anchovy sauce, or a thick egg sauce.

Halibut can be well baked in milk. The milk should be half an inch deep in the pan and be used for basting. The fish, if a piece of three or four pounds, will take an hour to cook. If the milk is not all cooked away, it can be used in making the egg sauce to be served with the fish. The bone can be removed before cooking and the opening filled with a stuffing of bread crumbs, butter, egg, parsley, and marjoram. — (Adapted from "New England Kitchen.")

FISH PIE.

Cut your fish in slices; put butter cut in small pieces in the bottom of a dish, then a layer of fish dredged with flour and seasoned, a layer of oysters or clams with some of the liquors, and so on, in alternate layers, until the dish is nearly full. Put pieces of butter on the top; cover with a good crust of paste. If more convenient make a crust of potato. Use, if necessary, cooked fish, pulled delicately apart with fork. — (M. S. Cook Book.)

STEWED CODFISH. Cut your fish in slices, dredge with flour, and season with pepper, salt, and mace if you like it. Lay the slices in a stew-pan, pour over them a pint of water, or half of wine and half of water, if you choose. Cover it with small pieces of butter, add a few oysters with the liquor; stew gently. — (M. S. Cook-Book.)

A SOUTHERN WAY OF STEWING FISH. Cut up two onions and fry with parsley in half a teacupful of oil. Have ready half a can of tomatoes stewed; add this to the oil and onions; lay in the fish, cut as if for frying; cover tight, and stew very slowly for one hour.

DELICATE RYE PUDDING. Six tablespoonfuls of fine rye flour, three eggs, one and one-half pints new milk, salt to taste. Boil in a buttered bowl one hour. Serve with sugar and cream. — (M. S. Cook-Book.)

AGNES' BREAKFAST DISH. — One pint minced halibut, one pint cooked rice, three hard-boiled eggs chopped fine; mix together with a little milk, form nicely, and brown in the oven. Other kinds of cooked fish can be used of course in the same way.

Harper's Bazaar tells of this way of using cold fish. Break it in small bits and heat in a stew-pan with milk or cream, salt, and pepper, and a little anchovy sauce. Butter some shells, fill with the mixture, cover with fried crumbs, and put in the oven to get very hot.

KITCHEN UTENSILS.

A few of the utensils used in model kitchens should, if possible, be provided in all households. The double saucepans, kettles, etc., save much trouble to the cook. They are the American forms of the bain-marie so often mentioned in French cook-books. The hot water is in the outer vessel, the food to be cooked is in the inner vessel, so there is no danger of over cooking or of burning it. Still more important is the frying-kettle with a frying-basket to fit within it easily. The fish, croquettes, or other food to be fried should be completely covered with smoking hot fat. The same can be used many times for cooking the same kind of food, so there is no extravagance in using so much fat at once. After the frying is done, the fat is allowed to cool a little, and is then strained into a basin through a wire strainer and is kept in a cool place for future use.

Food is fried by contact with heated fat, not by contact with the bottom of the heated pan or kettle; that is the reason why it should be immersed in the fat, entirely covered.

Dry perfectly whatever is to be fried, or else the moisture will make the fat sputter and perhaps overflow. Fish can be covered with Indian meal simply, or with egg and crumbs. All other things are covered with egg and crumbs or with butter. Test the fat by throwing in a bit of bread. If it turns brown

almost directly, plunge the frying-basket in the fat to grease it, and draw it out again. Lay upon the basket the fish or other things to be fried, not touching each other; plunge the basket into the fat again and fry the food. Smelts and other small things cook in one minute; chops and thick fish take longer, and must be moved back from the fire lest they should cook too quickly. Mrs. Lincoln in "The Boston Cook Book" advises the use of a long fork to support the handle of the basket and make it easier to lift it, if the fat boils suddenly for fear of accidents. Hold a tin plate in your left hand, to catch any drops that may fall on the stove when you raise the basket. Lay the fried fish or other things on soft unglazed paper, that the fat may be absorbed. Do not put one fish upon another until they are well dried from the fat and ready for serving. "The Boston Cook Book" is useful for beginners and tells general rules clearly. The experienced cook will resent its many details, but may learn something from it concerning the best among many ways of doing the same thing.

CARAMELS. — One-quarter pound of chocolate, one quarter pound of butter, one pound and a half of sugar, one cup of milk, vanilla flavoring. Boil all together, stirring frequently until it will candy in cold water.

TAFFY. — One quart of good molasses, half a cup of vinegar, one cup of sugar, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda. Dissolve sugar in vinegar, mix with the molasses and boil, stirring frequently until it hardens, when drop from the spoon into cold water. Then stir in butter and soda, the latter dissolved in hot water. Flavor to taste, stir finally very hard, then pour into buttered tins.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS. — Break the white of an egg into a deep bowl. Stir in confectioners' sugar until a thick cream is formed. Then flavor to taste, mould into balls.

Grate unsweetened chocolate, place in a shallow dish over a kettle of boiling water until it is melted. Roll each ball in the chocolate and set on the ice until cold. It is impossible to give the exact quantity of sugar as eggs vary in size, but about one pound to an egg is the usual recipe.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY. — Take two pounds of maple sugar broken in small pieces, and put it in a saucepan with a quart of rich milk — part cream is better. Let it boil until it reaches the stage where it hardens in cold water; pour it into pans and make into squares as you would taffy or caramels.

NOUGAT CANDY. — Boil together a pound of sugar and half a cup of cold water until a a little of it becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Do not stir it after the sugar melts. Butter a shallow tin — a biscuit pan will answer — and cover the bottom closely with blanched almonds, the kernels of hickory, pecan and hazel nuts, thin strips of cocoanut, split and stoned dates and bits of figs.

When the candy is done add to it a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour it over your nuts and fruits. Mark it into strips or squares when it is cool.

The Origin of Ice Cream.

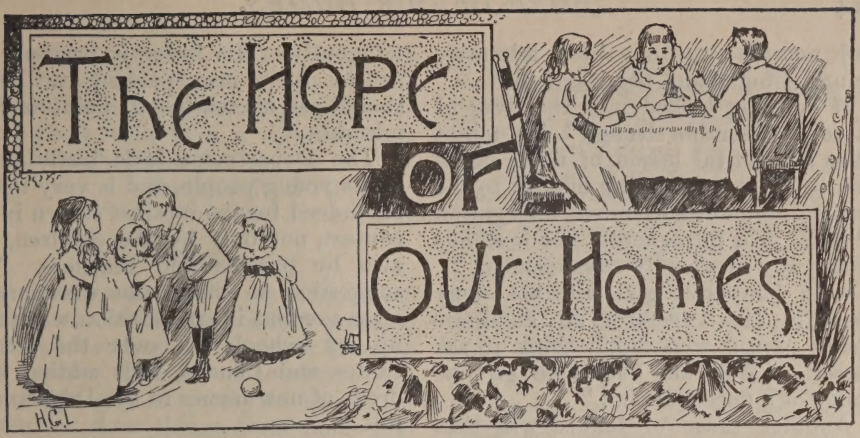
THE man who invented ice cream was a negro named Jackson, who in the early part of the present century kept a small confectionery store. Cold custards, cooled after being made, by being set on a cake of ice, were very fashionable, and Jackson conceived the idea of freezing them, which he did by placing the ingredients in a tin bucket and completely covering it with ice. Each bucket contained a quart and was sold for one dollar. It immediately became popular, and the inventor left a considerable fortune. A good many tried to follow his example, but none succeeded in obtaining the flavor that Jackson had in his product.

A LIBRARY in a log cabin, for the benefit of mountaineers, is the latest innovation in ways of inculcating knowledge. Near Asheville, N. C., such an institution has been founded by a graduate of Vassar College, who has also organized clubs and classes for the improvement of the mountaineers and their children.

THE word "doyley" so constantly used in speaking of bits of fine linen for table use, was originally D'Oyley, the surname of one of the followers of William of Normandy. This Sir Robert D'Oyley was granted certain valuable lands by his king on the condition that each year at the feast of St. Michael, he should present his king a linen tablecloth worth three shillings. Naturally, as these cloths were used at the royal banquets, the women of the D'Oyley family did all they could to make them worthy of their exalted use by enriching them with beautiful needlework, and the D'Oyley linens became famous.

"MY subject is 'Girls Wanted,'" said a woman lecturer, a member of Sorosis. "I tell the people how blessed are girls and the wonderful things they can do. I don't allow any one with daughters to leave the lecture room until they thank God for them. Woman, you know, is my hobby, and I bring into my lecture every point that wil l make woman more appreciated."

M. B. O'S.



THE PRIZE WINNERS.

Thomas B. Sweeny, St. John, N. B., age 15.
Jennie Manley, Ackley, Iowa, age 14.

CONGRATULATIONS to our prize-winners, who of course are feeling very proud and happy.

As you will see, their essays are very simple, not nearly as pretentious in style or as prettily written as many others, but — and this is the essential point — they express most clearly what honor means to boys and girls.

And what of the hundreds who failed? Well, we do not think that they need sympathy from any one. Judging from their letters, they are brave enough to bear disappointment and generous enough to come forward and say to the winners, "I am glad you won."

Of course every one will not feel like that just at first, and some of the girls may even cry a little; but after a while that better spirit against which we all fight occasionally will assert itself, and good will obtain sway.

There was once a little girl who competed for a velvet prayer-book and persuaded a little friend to try also. It so happened that the two were a tie for the prize, and in drawing lots to decide, the first child lost. "If you hadn't coaxed Belle, you'd have it yourself," said her sister, and the unselfish little soul made answer, "Yes, but Belle wouldn't."

Is there need to point the moral?

Now let us consider the causes of failure. In the first place many contestants were too ambitious; they attempted too much and became confused in the effort.

Others were too narrow, making honor possible only to members of their own faith. Of course the Catholic who doesn't fulfil the obligations of his religion is not an honorable member of his church, but we must not close our eyes to the good around us, nor forget that, while no one can be better than a good Catholic, there are certain noble elements of character common to all races and creeds.

Some of our competitors took honesty as a synonyme for honor, and very cleverly illustrated their ideas; but honesty is only a part of the whole. Honor means much more. This difficulty of distinguishing honor from honesty proved a stumbling block to many. A large number of stories were written, all turning on the action of a boy or girl who proved superior to the temptation of theft; in every case a liberal reward recompensed virtue. One contestant not only adorns his tale, but also points the moral as follows: "If you live honorably, when you are old you will retire on a competency,

and not be one of those miserable beings going round begging help."

If our boy looked into the lives of those "miserable beings" he might learn a beautiful lesson of noble devotion to duty, unswerving fidelity to the tenets of honor, and brave abnegation of self. Not infrequently honor stands in the way of worldly advancement.

"An honorable girl will not deny deceitful acts," asserts an energetic young person who didn't think to ask herself, "Will an honorable girl be guilty of a deceitful act?"

Another cause of failure was that $10 reward. It glistened so before some little contestants that they couldn't take their thoughts off it, and it made every line of their copy read, "I want that money." Remember this is not said in a spirit of censure but in all kindness. Children must learn that thinking only of rewards often lessens the chances of getting them.

As many as 20 contestants forfeited their claims to consideration by not fulfilling the conditions. Some didn't even sign their names, and others omitted address or school.

But taken as a whole, the contest was a great success. The subject may have been difficult, as many of our children remarked, but the object was to set you thinking on a question of the greatest importance, to develop ideas, and help you to express your thoughts clearly. Every boy or girl whose name appears in the appended list has cause to feel proud of having made the effort. The next time they will find it much easier to write.

It was a little strange that the contestants who complained of the questions being too difficult were among the elders of the Department. The primary children picked up their pens, inked them very thoroughly, and plunged boldly into the subject. They didn't say a word about having to compete with boys and girls of 14 and 15 years. The youngest contributor was Edgar Wilson, a seven-year-old boy, who has very good ideas and expresses them intelligently. His letter is printed just as the little man penned it. Edgar should ask his teacher to point out his mistakes.

The Department feels justly proud of its young people, and is very thankful indeed for the interest shown in the contest, not only by the children, but also by parents and teachers. The suggestion to make the questions a class exercise in composition was taken up by schools all over the United States and Canada, thus adding hundreds of new names to the Department roll.

It was our intention to announce another contest in the May number; but considering the press of school work beginning at that time for the yearly examinations, it was deemed advisable to defer it to a later period.

It is really too bad that special mention cannot be made of many essays submitted; but so large a number merit that distinction, it would be impossible. As it is, we have taken more than our share of space, and must trespass further to make room for the prize essays, little Edgar's wise letter, and the long roll of honor of contestants in general.

In conclusion, we can utter no prettier wish for the welfare of all than to heartily echo little Tim's "God bless us every one."

Prize Answer.

AN HONORABLE BOY.

An honorable boy, in my opinion, should combine courage with mercy, for cowardice and tyranny are utterly opposed to honor. He should be at all times ready to protect the weak as far as he is able. The idea of telling a lie, no matter for what purpose, will never be entertained by him. His lips will never utter words which he will hesitate to repeat at any time, in any place, or in any company. He will uphold the right, condemn the wrong, and state his opinions fearlessly. If by force of circumstances he is compelled to borrow money, he will deny himself all luxuries till his debt is paid. He will be loyal in friendship, and always

be ready to suffer for his faith, his country, or his friend. Duty will always come before pleasure, and he will obey those who have a right to command his obedience.

THOMAS B. SWEENY,
St. John, N. B.

AN HONORABLE GIRL.

An honorable girl is one who is upright and truthful, one whom you can always trust, because she never deceives her parents, friends, or teachers. An honorable girl is worthy of honor, because she does things from noble motives, and regards the comfort of others, never forgetting how important are little courtesies to the happiness of life. She is loyal to her friends, never betrays a trust, scorns to think a mean thought, speak a mean word, or perform a mean action. Any girl who reverences age, protects weakness, and maintains her own self-respect is an honorable girl.

JENNIE MANLEY,
Ackley, Iowa.

LETTER OF OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.

ALBANY, Ny, Feb, 18, 1895,

Dear sir

The following is my answer to "What is a honorable Boy

A Honorable Boy is a boy who obeyes his parents also one who would not steal anything or tell an untruth

Yours

Nane Edgar Wilson
Adress 28 First St
Age 7 years

The following is a complete list of Donahoe's enterprising young contestants, in the order in which their compositions were received.

John E. Brady, Norwich, Conn.; Mary Agnes Crew, Olcott, Vt.; Araminta Johnstone, Chatham, N. B.; William S. Hayes, Charlestown, Mass.; Mary Leona Hayes, Charlestown, Mass.; Ellen Buckley, Cambridgeport, Mass.; John Conroy, Gloucester, Mass.; Annie Manney, South Boston, Mass.; Mary Pendergast, Portsmouth, N. H.; Kittie Conway, Ansonia, Conn.; Kittie Regina O'Hara, New Haven, Conn.; Josie Mulready, Rockland, Mass.; Katherine Conlon, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Joseph Woods, Philadelphia, Penn.; Genevieve R. Kennedy, Springfield, Mass.; James Johnstone, Chatham, N. B.; Catherine Griffin, Boston, Mass.; Harry O'Brien Ansonia, Conn.; Lilian Griffin, Boston, Mass.; Mary McGettrick, West Roxbury, Mass.; Alice Green, Anoka, Minn.; Jeanette Clark, Carthage, Ohio; Katie E. Sullivan, Charlestown, Mass.; David O'Connor, La Crosse, Wis.; John Coffey, Shelton, Conn.; Miriam T. Kerans, Danvers, Mass.; Catherine Coffey, Shelton, Conn.; Catherine Poole, Shelton, Conn.; Wm. N. Tierney, Shelton, Conn. H. S.; Timothy J. O'Connor, Philadelphia, Penn.; ——, Gardiner, Me.; Geo. A. Dugan, Bangor, Me.; Jos. S. Taaffe, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Gertrude Maher, Durhamville, N. Y.; Daniel Divan, Mason City, Iowa; Michael Griffin, Frankfort, Kansas; Mattie Rollen, Mason City, Iowa; Alice Lonegan, Mason City, Iowa; Mamie Schmauss, Rockford, Ill.; Geo. Feldhausen, Bismarck, N. D.; Ed. Dunn, New Haven, Conn.; Grace Roche, Wallingford, Conn.; John P. Keogh, Blackville, N. B., Can.; John Lee, Perry. Kansas; Jos. D. Irwin, Portsmouth, Va.; Jos. Clarkin, Milford, N. H.; Annie Lyon, Wash. Co., N. Y.; Thos. B. Sweeney, St. John, N. B.; Jos. F. Gross, Jenkintown, Penn.; Alice Steppe, Bridgeport, Conn.; Josephine Gorman, St. John, N. B.; James Cahill, Worcester, Mass.; Delia G. Cox, Suncook, N. H.; Mae Murray, Dayton, Wis.; Nellie Lynch, Lanesboro, Minn.; Agatha Gorman, St. John, N. B.; William F. Adrian, Worcester, Mass.; Maggie Whalen, Chelsea, Mass.; Daniel Sexton, Kansas City, Mo.; Jennie Manley, Ackley, Iowa; Loretta Keane, New Haven, Conn.; Katherine O'Sullivan, Dedham, Mass.; Helen Linehan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Anna Collins, North Adams, Mass.; Emma Connors, Halifax, N. S.; Henry Callahan, Roslindale, Mass.; Mary A. Gunther, Topeka, Kansas; Ellen P. Mahoney, Mansfield, Mass.; Annie F. Dougherty, Brewer, Me.; Nellie Sader, Anoka, Minn.; Teresa Hawley, West Quincy Mass.; Delia M. O'Neill, Hingham, Mass.; Mary M. Gunn, Chapman, Kansas; Loretta Gunn, Chapman, Kansas; Jas. P. Slattery, Montreal, Can.; Magdalena Strunk, Shakopee, Minn.; John Griffin, Boston Mass.; Ellen Carroll, Charlestown, Mass.; Margaret Quinlan, Naugatuck, Conn.; Nellie Sexton, Kansas City, Mo.; Richard Sexton, Kansas City, Mo.; Anna Sheehan, Plattsburg, Mo.; Nora A. Henry, St. Paul, Minn.; Robert C. Culhane, Pinckney, Mich.; Bride E. Walsh, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mary E. Guthrie, Bar Harbor, Me.; Nellie McLaughlin, Woburn, Mass.; Maggie May Vale, Decatur, Ill.; Bessie O'Neill, Oakland, Me.; Bessie G. O'Hara, Peru, Ind.; Mary Alice Owen, Portland, Me.; Annie O'Reilly, Parsons, Kansas; Josie Dwyer, Parsons, Kansas; Maggie Walsh, Greenwich, N. Y.; Elly Kennedy, St. Paul, Minn.; Annie G. O'Donnell, Woburn, Mass.; Genevieve A. Hayes, Waterbury, Conn.; Joseph W. Green, Lowell, Mass.; Mary Colgan, Elizabeth, N. J.; Maggie Griffin, Frankfort, Kansas; Francis G. Irwin, Portsmouth, Va.; Mary E. Rigan, Lebanon, Mo.; —— Woliaston, Mass.; Richard J. Kearny, Philadelphia, Penn.; Katie Caslin, Roxbury, Mass.; Josie McNally, New York; Harry M. Hageney, Harbor, Ohio; Irene Carter, Springfield, Ill.; Maggie Doyle, Chicopee, Mass.; Mary McCallan, Kalo, Iowa; Charles Gilman, Mason City, Iowa; Mary Connor, Chicopee, Mass.; Henry McDermot, Iowa City, Iowa; Alice Carberry, Roxbury, Mass.; Maggie Johnston, Mason City, Iowa; Catherine Reade, Waltham, Mass.; Mary Foley, Mason City, Iowa; Mary Colfax, Lawrence Mass.; Mary E. Haley, Livonia, N. Y.; H. T. Harrison, Higginsville, N. Y.; John Murphy, Rock Springs, Wyoming; Eugene Rudent, Washington, Ind.; Agnes Newell, Morris, Minn.; Elizabeth Davis, Roxbury, Mass.; Cecelia McLaughlin, Woburn, Mass.; Etta Brady, Roxbury, Mass.; Frances McLaughlin, Woburn, Mass.; Loretta A. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.; Robert Spratt, Lindsay; Lizzie Walsh, Rockford, Ill.; Charlie Connor, Belleville, Wis.; Rosebud Harrington, Charlestown, Mass.; Louis Quinn, Fort Madison, Iowa; Jos. M. Dawson, New Haven, Ky.; Alfred Hefferan, Springhill, N. S.; Charles D. Dalton, Roxbury, Mass.; Margaret Hickey, Lawrence, Mass.; Lizzie Leary, Lawrence, Mass.; Michael M. Doyle, Milwaukee, Wis.; Daniel Flynn, Mandan, N. D.; May E. Crowley, Meriden, Conn.; Jos. D. Lynch, West Hoboken, N. Y., Mary Lynch, West Hoboken, N. Y.; Maria Welsh Chelsea, Mass.; Ellen Donnellon, West Medford;

Mass.; Charles J. McGilvray, West Quincy, Mass.; Cornelius Callahan, Newport, R. I.; Nellie A. Hamilton, Newport, R. I.; John A. Murphy, Newport, R. J.; Bessie E. Shea, Newport, R. I.; Katie Clines, Lillie O'Connor, Katie Brady, Mary McMullen, Alice Hertz, James Drum, Charles Adams, James Kernan, Emmet Nestor, Dora McKay, Bella Carlin, Mary Lyons, Alleghany, Penn.; Annie Hickey, Amherst, N. S; Katie Cameron, Roxbury, Mass.; Wm. E. G. Donohue, Providence, R. I.; Frank Hotine, Springfield, Mass.; Francis D. Carmody, Roxbury, Mass.; Jennie Rooney, Springfield, Mass.; Catherine A. Linehan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mollie A. Grady, Oldtown, Me.; Nellie Conroy, Gloucester, Mass.; Olive Ryan, Waltham, Mass.; Annie J. Sullivan, Nashua, N. H.; Sarah Wedrick, New Haven, Conn.; James I. Keenan, Ashton, Iowa; Kittie Murphy, Albany, N. Y.; Edith Scott, St. Paul, Minn.; Lizzie O'Neil, Madison, Wis.; Patrick Leo Kennealy, South Boston, Mass.; Eleanor Mellen, Chicopee, Mass.; Dora Foley, Brockton, Mass.; H. McKenna, Montvale, Mass.; Kittie Norton, Brockton, Mass.; R. Redmann, New Orleans, La.; Dennis Healy, Stoughton, Mass.; Ella Carmody, New Haven, Conn.; Ella Haggerty, Jersey City, N. J.; Mamie F. Cassidy, Plymouth, Mass.; Mary Gorman, East Boston, Mass.; Nellie Downey, Worcester, Mass.; Margaret Murphy, Chicopee, Mass.; Daniel McCarthy, Mankato, Kansas; Frank Kane, Gardiner, Me.; William McKenna, Macon, Ga.; Sadie Lane, Norwood, Mass.; Leona McGuire, Berlin, N. H.; Ethel M. McKittrick, Rochester, N. Y.; L. Palmer, Houlton, Me.; John Shannon, Derry, N. H.; Margaret C. Walsh, Franklin, Mass.; Edmund Dwyer, Easthampton, Mass.; Mary Otis Holt, Jamestown, N. D.; Louise Lincoln, Nairn, La.; Edmund G. King, Mahoney City, Penn.; Nellie Curran, Providence, R. I.; Alice F. Stephens, Charlestown, Mass.; Annie Burke, Anaconda, Montana; William S. Hayes, Charlestown, Mass.; Mabel H. Slattery, Adams, Mass.; Agnes J. Kerwin, Chicago, Ill.; Mary E. Coursey, Ansonia, Conn.; Louise McCarthy, Bangor, Me.; Annie G. Daley, Beverly, Mass.; Henry McKenna, Louisville, Ky.; Mary Bennett, North Adams, Mass.; Milton R. French, Virginia; George E. Reynolds, Pittsfield, Mass.; Maggie Cunningham, Danby, Vt.; Alice Schnelker, New Haven, Ind.; John P. Connor, Bradford, Mass.; Rose Tangway, Dover, N. H.; John J. Courtney, Plymouth, Mass.; Alice Fody, Dover, N.H.; Bernard J. Langan, Moncton, N. B.; Edgar Wilson Albany, N. Y.; Francis Langan, Moncton, N. B.; Anna R. Fody, Dover, N. H.; William L. Burns, Keyser, W. Va.; Wm. Francis Adrian, Worcester, Mass.; Mamie Shea, Manchester, N. H.; Marie Grimaldi, Detroit, Mich.; Mary Lorge, Randolph, Neb.; Annie M. Clancy, Augusta, Me.; Paul Newton, St. Paul, Minn.; Katie A. Creeden, Salem, Mass.; John Mahoney, Bangor, Me.; Rose Anna McLaughlin, East Dorset; Wm. M. Griffin, Portsmouth, N. H.; William Green, Anoka Minn.; Mary T. Cragin, Dover, N. H.; Clara Duffy, Grafton, W. Va.; James Leo Gerstbauer, South Bend, Ind.; Mollie C. Moriarty, Charlestown, Mass.; Tracy B. Grady, Belmont, Mass.; Sadie A. Cain, Mollie, Ind.; Charles Duggan, North Adams, Mass.; Ida Smith, Clay Center, Kansas; Philomene Donnelly, West Fitchburg, Mass.; Grace A. A. Cunningham, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.; Frances Thoma, Springfield, Ill.; George Sylvain, Pointe Gatineau, Can.; Rockie Quinn, Los Angelos, Cal.; Eleanor Keefe, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Eleanor M. Gillis, Katherine L. Connor, Margaret C. Smith, Mary Gillis, Marie Ward, Josephine H. Buckley, Catherine P. Canning, Anna M. Loftus, Catherine Burke, Catherine E. Corcoran, Eleanor A. Hurley, Mary E. Gorham, Bangor, Me.; Agnes Sullivan, Agnes Dwyer, Mary McGuire, Rose L. Vallee, Fall River, Mass.; Julia E. O'Connell, St. Louis, Mo.; Jas. J. Breen, Philadelphia, Penn.; Rosie Stefenne, Clay Centre, Kansas; Mary C. Keeley, Wylie, Texas; Hannah Barry, West Quincy, Mass.; Geo. Wm. Hoey, Worcester, Mass.; Mary L. Cunningham, Salem, Mass.; Julia Flannery, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary M. Rahaley, Meriden, Conn.; Eddie T. Conley, Bangor, Me.; Loretta Gray, Lawrence, Mass.; Mary McCarthy, Charlestown, Mass.; Helen Larkin, Roxbury, Mass.; Charles J. Dennehy, New York City; Daniel Cornorton, Concord, Mass.; Mary Riordan, Chelsea, Mass.; Rosa M. Dyer, Medford, Mass.; Nellie O'Neill, Assa, Can.; Clarence O'Brien, Mary E. O'Brien, Winona, Minn.; Mary E. Mahaney, Annie H. Burke, Bangor, Me.; Charles H. Hemp, St. Louis, Mo.; Ella T. Healy, Roxbury, Mass.; Cleary Manley, Grand Forks, N. D.; Bridget McArdle, Omaha, Neb.; Nellie G. O'Brien, Portland, Me.; Anna G. Grady, Belmont, Mass.; Evangeline D. McClements, East Boston, Mass.; Mabel Murray, Dubuque, Iowa; Patrick Ahern, Hartford, Conn.; Margaret F. Mulkeen, Woburn, Mass.; Maizie Connor, Marlboro, Mass.; Cornelius O'Brien, Ansonia, Conn.; Mary G. McMahon, Columbus, Ohio; Nora Hosty, East Centre, Ohio; Bella McGinley, Leechburg, Penn.; Mary Joyce, New Haven, Conn.; Mary G. Devine, Brighton, Mass.; Augustine Mulcahy, Geneva, N. Y.; Catherine E. Conroy, Danvers, Mass.; Agatha Gorman, St. John, N. B.; Mamie A. Crowley, Olcott, Vt.; Agnes Donnelly, West Fitchburg, Mass.; Kittie R. O'Meara, New Haven, Conn.; Henry McDermott, Iowa City, Iowa; Helen Murphy, Wilkesbarre, Penn.; John J. Chartres, Geneva, N. Y.; Rose MacMahon, Hamilton, Ont.; Charles D. McDermot, Leo McDermot, Clontarf, Minn.; J. Faber Goodwin, Haverhill, Mass.; Gerald Jas. Rafter, Grand Forks, N. D.; Elizabeth Welsh, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Mamie Burns, Johnstown, Penn.; Mary A. Madden, Albany, N. Y.; Joseph G. Haggerty, Somerville, Mass.; Rose Gallagher, Philadelphia, Penn.; Jennie Groff, Mary Drury, Nellie Hamilton, Newport, R. I.; Alice C. Sexton, Mary H. Sexton, Bozeman, Mon.; Nellie Cronan, Providence, R. I.; Eva McCarthy, Sioux City, Iowa.

Irish Wolfdogs.

MAJOR O'BRIEN, an Irish gentleman, had two wolfdogs, Watch and Ward. Every night they hunted rats and rabbits on the mountains. One morning Watch returned alone. He moped and pined, and it was noticed that as soon as he was given a meal he would run off with it. When the major came home he was told of Ward's disappearance, and sought out Watch, but he was not to be found. The next day he returned, and, seeing the major, tried to drag him from the house. "What, Watch, my boy," said the master; "where's Ward?" Watch made frantic efforts to show that he understood, and rushed from the house. The major followed away up to the mountain, and was led to a low rock, where lay poor Ward, his head jammed in a hole. He had been there for eight days, and only for his faithful friend must have starved. His hair was worn from his neck in his efforts to free himself, and all around were strewn bones that Watch had brought him. When set free both dogs went nearly wild with joy, jumping on their master and licking his hands.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subject. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A WASHINGTON inquiry stirs up the divorce question in this way: Does the Catholic Church sanction a marriage where one or both parties have been previously divorced? Would it alter the circumstances if the Catholic party was ignorant of the divorce of the other party from a living spouse?

Divorce, in the sense of absolute aration, with permission for one or both parties to marry again, does not exist in the Catholic Church. The marriage tie is indissoluble. Once married, only the death of one of the parties releases the other from the marriage bond. Where the Church has apparently granted divorce, a little inquiry will show that a decree of nullity only has been issued; that is, the marriage upon examination has been found never to have taken place, owing to impediments which destroy the essence of the contract, which is mutual consent according to the proper forms. For example, a man marries a prostitute under the impression that she is an honest woman: discovering the fact and at once deserting her to apply for a divorce, he might get a decree of nullity, as it can be fairly presumed that no man would give his consent to marry such a character had he known of her unfitness to enter into a decent contract. It makes no difference in the case of the Catholic party being ignorant of the divorce of the other party. The marriage is null and void as long as the divorced spouse lives.

A friend from St. Paul asks: Why is it a Catholic priest never marries?

Simply because the Church prohibits marriage to the clergy, and exacts from all candidates for the honors of the altar the vow of celibacy, which includes chastity. This is now the law of the Church, and is practically universal. In the East, among the Catholics of Oriental rites, the discipline is slightly different. A priest is not allowed to marry, but a married man can become a priest; and, as a matter of fact, the Oriental clergy are for the most part married men, taking wives while they are still in the world. However they lose the right of promotion to the episcopate by marrying, as only the unmarried are ever elevated to the purple. The schismatic churches, on the other hand, that is the churches which accept the Catholic faith, but do not acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church universal, allow the clergy to marry. It is a matter of discipline, and not of doctrine, and could be changed as other disciplines are changed. The celibacy of the clergy is not, however, a thing likely to be abolished at any future time. It has worked very well for nineteen centuries in the Church of the west, and is very promising as far as the future is concerned. It is founded on the life and condition of our Lord. As the priest is His representative it seemed fitting to the Church that the priest should be as much like the Master as possible.

1. M. McK. writes: Is it wrong according to Catholic casuists, to say that which is not true when there is no attempt to deceive? For instance, a person calls at my house and inquires if Mr. Smith is in. I tell him Mr. Smith is not in, although the inquirer can plainly see Mr. Smith in the next room.

2. Please name a few writers on the subject.

1. A lie is an expression in word or in act, contrary to the mind of the

speaker. One who intends to deceive, always lies. But neither deception nor the intention of deceiving is required to the essence of a lie. When one has no intention to deceive, there is no lie. The words may sound false, but there will be no falsehood when the speaker knows that he is not going to deceive his hearers, and does not intend to. To say one is not in, is taken by custom to signify not in for visitors — or that the person does not want to be seen. People are not deceived by this language.

2. Generally speaking, any author of Catholic theology.

M. H. O. inquires: Whom did Cain marry?

He married a daughter of Adam, and his own sister; God permitting such marriages in the beginning of the world, since mankind could not otherwise be propagated.

Subscriber asks: Why is Easter celebrated on different Sundays every year?

The time for Easter is regulated by the course of the moon. Easter is always on a Sunday, in memory of our Lord's resurrection on the first day of the week, and that Sunday is the first one after the paschal full moon, which is the full moon of the vernal equinox, on or after the 21st of March. Hence, Easter can be as early as March 22 or as late as April 25.

Subscriber inquires: 1. Is it impossible for first cousins to marry in the Catholic Church? 2. If so, why is it not equally so to marry during Lent, as both are found in the same commandment?

1. First cousins can marry by dispensation of the Holy See, but this dispensation is granted only very rarely and for extraordinary reasons.

2. It is forbidden to *solemnize* marriage during Lent, as joy is not in keeping with the time of penance. The prohibition against marrying in Lent can be easily dispensed with, and it is not to be compared with an impediment like that between near relatives.

R. J. C. wants to know the exact words of the Apostles' Creed from the words, "who was conceived by the Holy Ghost" to the words, "He descended into hell."

"Born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried."

H. M. D. asks: 1. Is dancing forbidden by the Church, or is it only a matter of opinion that makes some priests allow it while others are always against it?

2. Why do the people make the sign of the cross on forehead, lips, and heart when the priest reads the Gospel?

3. We are told that the Church only recognizes two states — the religious and the married. Cannot a man or woman remain single in the world and do as much good as to join an order?

1. The Church tells her children what their own conscience already tells them, that occasions of sin must be avoided. Dancing of itself is not a sin, but some dances are bad, some dangerous, while others are not hurtful. The Church forbids all immodest dancing, and warns her children against dancing that is or may become an occasion of sin, as she does regarding books, theatres, companions, etc. Dancing is in most places tolerated under certain restrictions and with all possible removal of danger. The peril to the individual is to be considered as well as the general character of the dance. A dance in itself may not be bad, but attending circumstances may make it an occasion of sin.

2. To indicate that we believe the Gospel with our minds, profess it with our lips, and love it with our hearts.

3. The Church recognizes the state of those who live singly in the world. Follow your vocation, whatever it is, whether it be to stay in the world or to enter religion, whether to be married or to be single, and by fidelity to the graces given you, and by accomplishing the duties of your state of life, you will do the most good.

Adventist wants to know at what exact time did the Church change the Sabbath to Sunday, what pope then reigned, and what were his words.

Adventist is evidently misinformed. Our Divine Lord rose from the grave on Sunday (Mark xvi. 2), and sent the Holy Ghost to the Apostles on Sunday, in memory whereof the Apostles them-

selves, soon after the resurrection, transferred the celebration of the Sabbath to Sunday.

J. C. C. says: I was brought up to believe that only a Catholic could be saved, but in your March number you say that a person can be saved who lives up to the religion in which he was born and brought up. Please give more facts in this case.

It is not a question of facts. If J. C. C. will weigh carefully each word in the answer for March, he will find what he needs. Our space is so limited that we can no more than indicate a truth, without developing it. There is a saying, "Outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation." This is true, but one may be outside the Catholic Church to the eyes of men, and be in soul and spirit, in the eyes of God, within the Church. God reads the heart, and His is a just judgment. One will not be punished for being outside the Church without any fault of his, but he will be punished if he is outside by his own choice or fault. Some will not investigate or learn the truth, lest they should find the Catholic Church to be the true one. Others who know her to be true, still keep away from her. All such are wrong, and are not living according to the light God gives them.

Inquirer for truth sends the following: 1. Apart from revealed religion or the Church, is there any proof of the immortality of the soul?

2. In the time of Christ were some people possessed by devils, or was it a disease such as insanity?

3. Do Catholics have to pay for Mass; if so, how much for high and how much for low Mass?

4. Does a Catholic deserve hell, if he misses Mass on Sunday or Holyday, according to the Church? If so, give Scripture for it.

1. By reason, we can prove that the soul will not perish at death, that it is of its own nature incorruptible, and that neither itself nor any created being can destroy it; that only God can destroy it; that there is no ground for supposing that He will annihilate it, but good ground for reasoning that He will preserve it in everlasting life for His own extrinsic glory.

2. There was a real possession of some unfortunate persons by the devil.

3. No. You cannot pay for a Mass, as that would be purchasing the spiritual with material money. An offering is made to the priest, and when he accepts it he enters into a contract to offer the Mass for the intention of the donor, and is bound so to offer it. Different offerings are given in different localities, according to diocesan rules.

4. To miss Mass on Sunday or Holyday is a mortal sin. Every mortal sin deserves hell. Our Lord says that he who will not hear the Church shall be as the heathen and the publican. He says, too, that to despise the Apostles and their successors is to despise Himself. "He who despises you, despises Me; and he who despises Me, despises Him that sent Me." You cannot find every detail of religion in the Bible, but you find the general laws and principles.

A friend inquires: Is there any general law, or decision of the Supreme Court, forbidding the reading of the Bible in the common schools? In those states where the constitution does not forbid sectarian instruction in the schools, is there any local legislation prohibiting the reading of the Bible in the common schools?

1. The supreme court has never rendered any decision on this subject, and perhaps could not, except indirectly, because education is a matter that belongs to the individual states. It is not within the jurisdiction of the Federal government. Efforts have been made by enthusiastic educators to inflict upon us a federal bureau of education, but success has not awaited on them. The supreme court of the United States might be asked to decide whether the reading of the Bible came under the head of sectarian instruction; that is about as far as its powers could go.

2. Local legislation in the New England states on this question is more than vague. In the state constitutions there is nothing for or against the practice of reading the Bible, and it seems to be left pretty much to the district authorities.

BOOK REVIEWS.

History.

To military men and students in the art and science of war, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN will be an interesting volume. It is written by Herbert H. Sargent, a lieutenant of cavalry in the United States Army. We are all familiar with Napoleon's first campaign and its unexpected series of victories, but this book makes a study of the battles, and of the causes that enabled Napoleon to triumph over his opponents. It shows the genius of the man, and the power of his intellect to grasp a situation and to make the most of it. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

ENGLAND IN THE 19TH CENTURY is a book rather of gossip than of history. Elizabeth Wormley Latimer, the writer, makes 1822, the year of her birth, the starting-point. She places individuals in the foreground, and about them groups some of the main events of their time. The book does not claim to be more than recollections and impressions. As such, it is good and entertaining. Where it deals with Irish matters, however, there is at times more of imagination and of prejudice than of calm judgment. As, for instance: O'Connell was "swayed more by feeling than by reason, like his countrymen." "He always sought allies among the priests, who at that day possessed little education, but immense power." She speaks of "O'Connell's character for turbulence and vituperation," and says that, unable to enter Parliament, "he returned to Ireland furious." It is a book of pen pictures and of easy running narrative, teaching much of England's ways and of her leaders during this century. It is handsomely issued, with 27 portraits, and is well indexed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Religious and Devotional.

THE Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago prints THOUGHTS ON RELIGION, by George Romanes. There is only one thing to do with this book, and that is to read it. It is its own best commentary and criticism. The author indicates the development of his mind, and to one who possesses the faith it is like a revelation to witness the struggles, the eagerness of an honest scientist after religion. One is angry with his statements until one reads the author's own condemnation of them when the light shines even faintly in upon his soul. One admires his sincerity and earnestness, and wishes the writer had the gift of faith that would have removed so many of his difficulties and have given him such a point of vantage, that the years he spent in groping would have been spent in climbing; but in the end he is in the light, and he writes so truly and in such a Christian-like manner that one feels pleased. One feels the author to be one of those of whom he says: "Although there are numberless individuals who are not conscious of religious development in themselves, yet even these have been influenced to an enormous extent by the atmosphere of religion around them." The book is a thinker's book.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS, by the Abbé Henri Pereyve, contains Meditations that are adapted for private devotion, but are too long for public service. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

A LITTLE book intended for priests is SACERDOTIS VADE MECUM, by Rev. J. L. Andreis. It is a useful and handy compilation in Latin of the general rubrics of the Missal, of prayers before and after Mass, and for special occasions. It is a desirable book for seminarians who are learning the rubrics of the Holy Sacrifice, as well as for priests. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

FROM Pustet and Co., New York, comes THE ROMAN HYMNAL, containing English and some Latin hymns and prayers. This book is well adapted for use in choirs, sodalities, and for the children's Mass.

Criticism.

WE'VE been DOWN AT CAXTON'S with Walter Lecky, and we've renewed our acquaintance with some old friends. His essays on a dozen of the best Catholic writers of the day are pleasant and easy reading. His admiration for books and for literary people is genuine, as is his detestation of the infantile critics of the day, and the "twaddle that passes current as poetry." His quotations from the authors under review are in good taste. In this, as in his other works, Walter Lecky brings in the sweet atmosphere and the open, joyous life of his mountain home; but there may be too much of this breeziness. Some inaccuracies and some things taken for granted have crept into the book. In his essay on "Literature and the Catholic Poor," he speaks with knowledge. It is the best one in the little book. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.,

Poetry and Fiction.

OLD AGE AND OTHER POEMS, by Fred Emerson Brooks, is a collection of un-

classified jingles, wherein much flippancy is supposedly wit. A few of the serious pieces are slightly above the general triviality. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

QUITE different is the volume MELODIES OF MOOD AND TENSE, by Charles H. A. Esling, whose graceful verses allure by their refreshing and musical style. Mr. Esling is original, and not "reminiscent" of by-gone authors. His versatility and ease in the eight different departments of the book are noticeable. The tone of the book is excellent and Catholic throughout. The "Vers de Société" make the reader long for more of such delicate humor. The volume as a whole is the work of one who sings as a true poet, without effort. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated. Philadelphia: Charles H. Walsh.

IT is pleasant and profitable to turn from the generally purposeless literature now prevalent, to a novel like BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE, by Walter Besant. Its strength is its own excuse for being. The writer has a story to tell and tells it cleverly; he has characters to create and makes them so true to life that the reader enters eagerly into their places and adventures; he has a lesson to teach, and he teaches it convincingly. The Catholic reader would prefer that the emotional young deacon had selected another church on which to rest the burden of his vagaries, but Mr. Besant has confined to two sentences what another writer would have prosed upon for a chapter or two. So faithfully did the artist carry out the spirit of the text, that more than passing notice is due the illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros.

TALES FROM THE ÆGEAN are written by Demetrios Bikelas, a modern Greek writer, who deals with scenes and characters that are new to us. He has material, but he does not work it up. He is a realist in details, not trusting that his reader has imagination, but he lacks the quality of lifting one up, of arousing the soul. One can learn something new about Greece of to-day from these eight short and simple sketches. They are scarcely more than that, and are somewhat in the rough, according to the standard offered us by our best writers of short stories. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE FACE AND THE MASK is a collection of some of Robert Barr's short stories, many of which have already appeared in the newspapers and magazines. As this fortunate writer has attained a degree of appreciation where to praise is mere repetition, not much need be said of these sketches, save that all are interesting and a few delightfully humorous. The gruesome theme of anarchy has attractions for him, and he makes it an element of some of his best sketches. If his work appears at times negative, is it not because he prefers to omit the sensational? New York: Fred A. Stokes.

PATCHES of cleverness in a worthless field mark A BUNDLE OF LIFE, by John Oliver Hobbes. If the story has any motive, it seems to be that of proving that adults can signally fail to understand their own minds or interpret their emotions. Instability characterizes the story, which, however, for all its senselessness, serves as the background for a display of much talent and wit by the author. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

INTERESTING plots and a certain amount of ability to sketch character truthfully are manifested in the seven STORIES OF THE FOOT-HILLS, by Margaret Collier Graham; but the plots are not well developed, nor is the general effect of all the stories pleasing. The writer does not introduce us to her characters, and we have an uncomfortable sensation at times of reading backward. It is only in the last chapter at times that the reader is reasonably sure of certain points of identity. Again, the scrupulous attention to non-essential details leads the author to pen some very trivial paragraphs. The story of "Idy" is an exception, being original and well treated; and "Em," though not free from the faults mentioned, is a pretty little piece of pathos, true to common-place, every-day life. Boston: Houghton & Mifflin.

Travel.

MAX O'RELL writes a great deal, and we like to read his catchy, breezy language. We go to him as to a farce-comedy, but goodness! we don't go to him for instruction. To run over a continent or two in a hundred pages is a trifle to him and to the reader. He has a new book, JOHN BULL & CO., THE GREAT COLONIAL BRANCHES OF the FIRM, the "countries that John Bull has acquired at the cost of very little blood and a good deal of whiskey, always converting the natives to Christianity, and their territory to his own uses." If the reader has lived in Canada, and knows the amount of rubbish put into the ten pages devoted to that region, he will doubt many of the statements regarding Australia, Africa, and New Zealand. He will take a long journey, but it will not tire him in the least. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

Miscellaneous.

DR. PARKHURST tells in a graphic way, and in a style peculiarly his own, what he entitles OUR FIGHT WITH TAMMANY. It is a strong recital of labors and of difficulties, of political corruption, and of police malfeasance during the three years that culminated in the victory of Nov. 6, 1894. The doctor well recognizes that the fight is not over, and that the Committee of Seventy has but entered into a contest which may yet bring victory to Tammany. The book is very readable. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

"To show the youth that he must not wait for his opportunity, but make it ; . . . that there is something greater than wealth, grander than fame ; that character is success, and that there is no other," is the aim of Orison Swett Marden, in PUSHING TO THE FRONT; OR, SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Each of the 25 chapters opens with apt and instructive quotations gathered from master minds, and each chapter teems with examples that appeal directly and strongly to every boy and girl. These have been the gleanings of many years, and the author has evidently done his work with high purpose. Any boy or girl or even adult that can read this book and not find inspiration in it, should never read anything. The two dozen portraits are of those whom pluck and perseverance made winners. There is here and there the old prejudice and lack of knowledge that it seems we must always meet regarding the Catholic Church. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

WHEN a man has been clerk of a court for 50 years, we may expect something exceptionally good in his reminiscences. But in his HALF A CENTURY WITH JUDGES AND LAWYERS, Joseph A. Willard rather disappoints the reader. What he says is good enough, but there must be so much more, and better matter, to be set forth. Perhaps it is his own lack of humor that renders the general tone of the book somewhat dry. Some of the anecdotes are not attributed to their originators. Still, there is knowledge to be gleaned of the ways and methods of courts and of men, that will repay for the perusal of the book. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THERE is a style of writing on controverted subjects that tends to embitter rather than to enlighten our adversaries. Such a style seems to have been adopted by Thomas J. Jenkins, in his FOREIGN SOCIETIES AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS. The same arguments and authorities presented with more calmness and more concealment of the writer would convince where many of the present arguments only irritate. Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Union and Times.

A BOOK that is weighted down with information, and through whose pages runs a delicious vein of humor, is THE BOOK HUNTER, by John Hill Burton. Much more profit can be derived by a genuine lover of books in perusing the chapters that set forth The Nature, The Functions, The Club, and the Book Club Literature of the Book Hunter, than from heaps of the inane stuff that is thrown out each year upon the reading public. One hour with "The Book Hunter" will impart a charm to the whole day. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

BOOKS received, to be reviewed next month:

"Woman in Epigram," F. W. Morton, Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.; "Army Boys and Girls," Bonesteel, Murphy & Co., Baltmore: "The Jewel of Yuys Galon, Owen Rhosmyl, New York, Longmans, Green & Co.; "Conferences on the Spiritual Life," Revignan, New York, Benziger Bros.; "An Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles," MacEvilly, New York, Benziger Bros.; "St. Francis of Assisi," Paul Sabatier, New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons; "The Literature of the Georgian Era," Wm. Minto, New York, Harpers'.

New Music.

OLIVER DITSON & Co. Voice: "Dreams of the Ball," medium voice, De Faye; "Wakened Memories," De Faye; "The White Robe," E. St. Quentin; "When Bloom the Roses," waltz song, L. Arditi; "My Pretty Creole Maid," song and dance, T. B. Bishop; "My Darlings," F. J. Smith; "Take my Life," 2 keys, sacred song, P. A. Schnecker; "Where the Alpine Roses Bloom," 2 keys, W. H. Pontius; "My Luve's in Germanie," A. F. Loud; "Wilt Thou be Long," J. Wiegand; Supplication," sacred song, contralto, J. L. Whitney; "Exaltation," Easter song, J. L. Whitney; "God is Love," duett Victor Vane; "Abide with Me," Carl H. Reed; "Hark! My Soul," L. R. Dressler; "Victorious Day," tenor, D. S. Hollingshead; "All for You," J. Wiegand; "The Seasons," J. J. Daynes; "O Rejoice," 2 keys, P. Mascagni; "Phœbe Dill," Bertha Baker; "Bird Song," Annie E. Bosworth; "One Summer Day," C. D. Arnold; "When Day is Done," F. S. Sommers; "O Come Back My Lost Loved," Katherine Kennon; "Ever Safe with God," O. Cantor; "A Song of Black and White," Eugene Cowles; "Come Back, Sweet Gracie May," E. E. Berry.

Instrumental. Piano. "Nellie and I," waltzes, M. E. Clark; "Cheerfulness," morceau, Carl Bohm; "Heroic March," T. H. Rollinson; Salute to Boston," March, T. H. Rollinson; "Meadow Brook," twostep, H. F. Lowe; "The Brook," waltz, J. Wiegand; "Enterprise Cadets," March, J. C. Macy; "Century Run," March, J. L. Whitney; "Mia Dolce," gavotte, two mandolins and guitar, "Flying Fancies," waltz, J. J. Gallaher; "Minstrel's Delight," overture, L. Knight: "Organ: Adagio," W. E. Cheney; Violin, "Cantilene," L. O. Comeltant.

Miss Kate Field,

Editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several states, were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.

False Economy

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

IN THE PASTURE.

JUNE.

Now has nature donned her royal dress,
And shines resplendent as divinest queen,
Who beams on all around her loveliness,
Eager for glory, anxious to be seen.
And I would on her face untiring gaze,
While linger yet fair June's delicious days.

Alexander Macaulay.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

BY DAVID MITCHELL.

MUCH has been written by men who have given careful attention to the workings of building and loan associations, valuable reports and statistics have been issued from time to time by the national and most of the state governments, and yet these institutions, whose number exceeds 6,000 in the United States, whose membership exceeds 1,500,000, and whose assets exceed $600,000,000 are neither well known nor well understood.

This lack of knowledge as to their practical workings is not confined to non-members, for many — it might be safely said a vast majority — of those who are members, beyond reaping the benefits, are utterly ignorant of their conduct or the means by which the results are attained.

And many others, knowing just as little, somehow conceive the idea that all building and loan associations are extortionate and soulless, and not what they are intended to be — valuable aids to home builders and small savers.

There is still another class who believe that such institutions are wrong in principle, and that the facilities claimed by them are better afforded by savings banks, investment and trust companies, etc.

This ignorance and distrust are so widespread that few states have enacted such legislation as will afford them sufficient protection or restrain them from exceeding their proper limits.

Their name is somewhat misleading, as in practice they do not engage in building, but confine themselves to their legitimate objects — accumulating the savings of their members and investing these savings by lending to other members desirous of owning their own homes or engaging in business.

Thus it will be seen that members only can be borrowers, and the profits derived from the latter are shared by all. Let us first contrast these institutions with savings banks.

That the latter afford an excellent means of accumulating money to their patrons, that as a rule they are remarkably well managed, and

that disasters are few among them, cannot be denied, nor can it be disputed that they have aided wonderfully in multiplying homes.

Building and loan associations, however, possess features lacking in savings banks, and these special features prove the superiority of the former in many ways.

It is not to be inferred, however, that savings banks have not their uses, and that their patrons should withdraw and place their savings with building and loan associations.

Each of these institutions has its uses, filling its place well, but it will be seen that many of the advantages heretofore enjoyed solely by the banks are now possessed and improved upon by the building and loan associations.

Experience has conclusively shown that thousands of workingmen and others who would find it impossible by other means, have managed by means of these associations to secure homes.

The bank patron usually deposits what remains after the full payment of his family's expenses; and these expenses, varying from month to month, often leave nothing; or perhaps leaving a small balance, the depositor considers it too trifling to be added to his savings.

Under such a system constant and systematic saving is impossible.

The rate of interest allowed by savings banks seldom exceeds 4 per cent, the profits realized in excess being used in the payment of salaries or dividends, or the creation of a surplus from which future patrons may derive benefits.

The equity of all sharing alike, as in building and loan associations, is missing here, where, very properly, the capitalist profits by the savings of the poor and where the patron of the future profits from the savings of the patron of to-day.

Some savings banks, however, are conducted on a mutual plan, but the result does not materially differ.

The home builder seeking to borrow from the bank often meets with many discouraging obstacles.

Very rigid and proper rules, which, however, sometimes work hardships, often prevent him from securing the loan, and the man who would make an effort to own his own home is denied the opportunity.

The security exacted by the bank is usually very heavy, averaging perhaps more than double the amount sought to be borrowed, and to most workingmen such security is impossible.

But should the applicant be successful, a new and sometimes appalling difficulty, unthought of before, often confronts him.

He must somehow manage to accumulate, against a fixed future date, a certain sum of money, meanwhile paying the interest on his loan regularly.

Not being compelled to set aside monthly a stated amount, and perhaps not methodical in his habits, the result is too often failure.

A man of similar character in a building and loan association would in all probability be a complete success.

Here, if a borrower, his stated monthly payments are fixed, and while he continues to meet these payments he need have no dread of a heavy obligation in the future, but on the contrary knows that each payment brings him nearer the goal — complete ownership of his own home.

Each member of a building and loan association, after a careful

consideration of his circumstances and prospects, decides for himself just what obligations he can safely assume, and so regulates his living expenses as to meet them promptly.

This system of saving, which is in a measure compulsory, begets habits of prudence and frugality in other ways, and proves to many the prodigality of former habits.

Better than this, however, is the effect upon the character of the individual.

It may be safely assumed that among the law-breaking and riotous classes few if any building and loan members can be found; for each, owing to his obligations, is personally interested in the preservation of peace and the uninterrupted continuation of business.

Statistics showing the nationality of members have not been compiled, but it is apparent that those of German birth or descent outnumber any other nationality, and no argument is needed to show that Germans as a class are perhaps the most industrious and frugal people in this country.

These institutions furnish an interesting study to admirers of democratic government, for their conduct is almost perfectly democratic.

No matter how few or how many shares of stock the individual holds, he is entitled to *one vote only;* and the officers, being the choice of a majority of the members, are usually fair representatives of the different classes.

This is a wide departure from the rules that almost invariably govern other corporations, and to many may seem unjust; but it prevents monopoly, and experience has shown that no evils result from it.

Many thoughtlessly assume that none but persons well to do should seek membership, they alone being able to meet payments regularly; but the following statistics from the official records of Pennsylvania, and which will doubtless hold good for other states, disprove any such assumption.

Accountants, book-keepers, etc.....	3 48%
Agents, brokers, bankers, etc.....	1.05
Artisans and mechanics.....	13.88
Corporation officials.....	.43
Farmers, gardeners, etc.....	1.83
Government employees.....	.94
Hotel, boarding-house, and restaurant keepers.....	1.44
Housewives and housekeepers.....	20.86
Laborers.....	23.46
Lodges, churches, and societies....	.84
Manufacturers, contractors, capitalists, etc.....	2.19
Merchants and dealers.....	10.93
Mine and factory employees.....	9.47
Persons in the professions.....	4 40
Salesmen and saleswomen	2.85
Superintendents, foremen, etc.	1.95
	100.00

Artisans and mechanics, housewives and housekeepers and laborers, whose occupations are the least remunerative shown, comprise almost 60 per cent of the membership, and doubtless the same proportion holds good as to borrowers, showing that those who save the most systematically are the ones apparently least able to do so.

The strongest argument advanced by the opponents of building and loan associations is that men lacking in business experience, lacking, perhaps, in ordinary intelligence or education, are not fit to be intrusted with the handling of money, and are by no means capable of making shrewd investments.

The history of these institutions completely disproves such arguments; and a review of the origin, conduct, and results accomplished by an ordinary association cannot but prove interesting.

Some individual, perhaps a barber,

laborer, or merchant, living, let us say, in a community of 5,000 population, realizes the need of an association in his town, or possibly feels that his savings will bring better returns from such an investment, or it may be that he himself needs the very assistance to be derived from one.

No matter whether his motives are selfish or philanthropic, the results are invariably satisfactory.

He communicates his views to a few neighbors, who are readily convinced; and all working harmoniously among their respective friends, in an astonishingly short time a sufficient number are interested to assure success.

Preliminary meetings are held, constitution and by-laws for the guidance of the officers prepared; and although, as has been stated, the members are inexperienced, their judgment in the selection of the president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, director, etc., is invariably good; or should their judgment be faulty, the objectionable officer can be displaced at the following election.

These officers are intrusted with the administration of the association's affairs, the treasurer and secretary being required to give satisfactory bonds for the faithful performance of their duties, and all are held to a strict accountability.

At regular periods, monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or as often as decided upon, reports showing in detail the doings of the organization are prepared, and these reports and all records are subjected to the closest scrutiny by a committee of auditors, who are not among the regular officers.

The membership, we will say, is 300, averaging five shares of stock each, or 1,500 shares, each share of the par value of $100 payable in monthly instalments of $1.

The chief purpose of the association is to accumulate these monthly payments until, with the profits derived from investments, each share reaches its matured value of $200; and this purpose being known, every member bends his energies to its accomplishment.

The dues are payable on fixed dates, and the officers meet usually in the evening to receive and receipt for them.

We find, therefore, at the end of the first month $1,500 in the treasury ready for investment by loans to members only, and the directors meet to pass upon applications for loans.

Each member is entitled to a loan of $200 on each share of stock held by him, so that at maturity the loan of the borrowing member is cancelled and the non-borrowers receive in cash $200 for each share of stock held by them.

Usually several members are anxious to borrow; and discrimination being prohibited, the applicants enter into competition by bidding openly a bonus or premium, the loan being awarded to the highest bidder.

In addition to his shares, which the borrower assigns to the association as collateral security, ample security in real estate is exacted.

All or at least some of the directors personally visit the property, paying the closest attention to its condition and surroundings and its possible depreciation in value; and deciding favorably, the loan is granted and proper mortgage, etc., executed by the borrower.

The habits, occupation, and prospects of the applicant are well considered, and well managed associa-

tions invariably refuse loans to unreliable or intemperate applicants, regardless of the security offered.

The directors, being, perhaps, neighbors or fellow-workmen of the borrower, have no difficulty in obtaining such information; and when it is considered that non-compliance with his obligations must necessarily result in legal force, the wisdom of choosing only reliable and honest borrowers is apparent.

A fine is imposed upon all, borrowers or non borrowers, whose dues are not promptly paid, and these fines add to the profits.

These fines are imposed, however, not so much as a source of profit as a penalty for dishonesty or neglect, and once imposed the member is not so likely to forget in future.

There is justice in this. It would be inequitable, indeed, to permit the neglectful and dishonest to share equally in the profits with those whose obligations are religiously met.

At times these fines are thought to be severe, and opponentsof building and loan associations point them out as oppressive; but where proper care in granting loans is exercised, fines seldom result; and the non-borrowing member, finding himself unable to meet his payments, may withdraw, receiving the full amount of his payments and a proportionate share of the profits.

The following illustrations show the profits and the progress of the association from month to month.

FIRST MONTH.

Dues, 1,500 shares @ $1 each, $1,500, which we will assume has been promptly loaned @ 20% premium, the premium being paid in advance, and held to be loaned during the second month.

SECOND MONTH.

Premium retained from loans of first month	$300.00
Dues for second month	1,500.00
Interest on $1,500 for 1 month, at 6%	7.50
Cash on hand for investment, and $1,800 loaned again @ 20%	$1,807.50

THIRD MONTH.

Premium retained from loans of second month, 20% of $1,800	$360.00
Balance from second month not invested	7.50
Dues for third month	1,500.00
Interest on first month's loans, $1,500 1 mo. @ 6%	7.50
Interest on second month's loans, $1,800 1 mo. @ 6%	9.00
Cash on hand for investment and $1,800 loaned again @ 20%	$1,884.00

FOURTH MONTH.

Premium retained from loans of third month, 20% of $1,800	$360.00
Balance from third month not invested	84.00
Dues for fourth month	1,500.00
Interest on first month's loans, $1,500 @ 6%, 1 mo	7.50
Interest on second month's loans, $1,800 @ 6%, 1 mo	9.00
Interest on third month's loans, $1,800 @ 6%, 1 mo	9.00
On hand for investment during the fifth month	$1,969.50

These illustrations might be continued indefinitely; but they already show that although the monthly dues are but $1,500, the receipts of the association reach almost $2,000 at the fifth month, the excess being made up from interest and premiums.

The continued increase in the monthly receipts, the prompt investments, and the money compounding monthly, fully explain the early maturity of shares and cancellation of loans.

The impression exists that the borrower's and non-borrower's inter-

ests are unlike; but the former knowing that maturity means cancellation of his loan, the latter that he will receive $200, in cash for each share of stock owned by him, shows their interests to be about equal. The difference in the two classes is simply this: —

The non-borrower continues his payments until with profits, etc., each share is worth $200, which amount he receives in cash.

The borrower receives the *matured value* of his stock, less the premium, in *advance*, and pays interest on the amount until maturity.

Actual experience has proven that an association whose money is loaned at an average premium of 20 per cent should mature within 10 years (120 months), and we shall therefore see the actual cost of a loan to the borrowing member and the profits realized by the non borrower.

ILLUSTRATION.

The borrower, having already paid for a lot, value $800, builds a house costing $1,600 and, offering both, $2,400, as security, applies for a loan of $2,000, which is granted, the premium at 20 per cent being deducted in advance, and the balance of $1,600 paid to the applicant in cash.

The payments of the borrower therefore are:—

Monthly dues, $10 for 10 years, 120 months	$1,200.00
Monthly interest, $10 for 10 years, 120 months	1,200.00
Total payments	$2,400.00
Cash received	1,600.00
Actual cost to borrower	$800.00

When it is considered that the monthly rent of such a property would be about $20, we find the borrower has simply applied what would otherwise be paid for rent to the purchase of his home.

Should the rate of rent be less than $20, say $15 per month, his payments are $600 in excess, which is invariably satisfactory to the borrower.

If, on the other hand, the rent exceeds $20 per month, the borrower finds that his loan has actually resulted in the saving of money, and has secured for him a home.

The result to the non-borrower has been even more satisfactory.

His payments were $10 per month for 10 years, 120 months	$1,200.00
He receives in cash	2,000.00
realizing a profit of	$800.00

Formerly, when an association matured its stock, the loans of borrowing members were cancelled and the matured value of each share paid in cash to the non borrowing holder, and the association passed out of existence.

If the members desired to begin again, an entirely new organization under a new charter had to be effected, involving much expense and delay.

The formation of the "Serial" plan, however, obviates this.

Instead of issuing at one time the full number of shares permitted by law, a portion only, usually one tenth, is issued.

At regular intervals, say every six months or one year, the next series of a like number of shares is issued.

The result is that by the time the last series of stock is issued, the first has reached its maturity and passes out of existence, the succeeding series following in regular order.

By this plan, keeping the total shares within the legal limit, the exist-

ence of the association is perpetuated, and new members find admission at each new issue of stock.

The plans of some associations differ somewhat from the illustrations shown, some, for instance, paying to the borrower the full amount of his loan, and collecting the premium in monthly instalments; but these differences are unimportant, as the underlying principles are much alike and good results are accomplished by all.

The wonderful success that has attended local associations has given rise to the organization of gigantic associations, whose ramifications extend over one entire state or many states.

In many respects they follow closely the rules of local associations.

In each locality where their branches exist, a local board of officers is organized who superintend operations in the district, subject, however, to the approval of the general officials.

In a word, they are made up of many local associations, each subordinate to the head.

The main office is usually in some large city, from whence all rules and regulations emanate.

Prospectuses are issued, canvassing agents are sent out to organize branches, well-known men are sought to serve as local officials, and if successful vast sums of money are collected and invested.

These large associations have not been in existence long enough, however, to compare them satisfactorily with locals, but representatives of the former unhesitatingly declare them to be in every way equal and in many ways superior to the latter.

Without more conclusive proof the close observer must doubt this.

The success of locals is due to their economical management, salaries and expenses being merely nominal, and to the deep interest all the officials and many of the stockholders take in their transactions.

The large associations, however, admittedly pay large salaries, purchase or rent expensive offices, etc.; and adding to this the cost of canvassing, it is clear that locals are more economically conducted.

Another feature and a more important one, perhaps, is that every member of a local may, if he desires, ascertain how every dollar is inves ed, whether the officers are neglectful or incompetent, and whether the condition of the association justifies his withdrawal or continuation.

This is impossible in a state or national association. Each member may inform himself of the condition of the branch to which he belongs, but is ignorant of all other branches or the administration of the home office.

An unsafe loan made by one branch or a loss of any kind affects every member, although neither he nor the branch to which he belongs is at fault.

Some careful thinkers contend, therefore, that an association whose business extends beyond a town and suburbs defeats the very purpose of its organization.

However this may be, these large state and national associations are growing in popularity, but hardly to the same extent as locals.

During the past two or three years, state legislature shave paid much attention to the entire system, and some excellent legislation, more closely defining the powers of all forms of associations, has resulted.

Much more, however, remains to be accomplished in this direction.

The laws of New York make them subject to the State Banking Department; and Pennsylvania, within whose borders exist about one fifth of the associations of the United States, will probably enact similar laws.

There are times, unhappily, when unscrupulous men gain control of associations; and while they may apparently conduct them satisfactorily, they are apt to make them serve their selfish or dishonest ends.

Instances of this kind have been found where directors made loans to themselves upon security notoriously inadequate, blaming the disaster that followed upon a "shrinkage of values" or some other absurd cause.

Such instances, however, are not the result of the principles upon which building and loan associations are founded.

On the contrary, they are the result of the violation of them. When members, satisfied with the success of their association, forget that by the most rigid care success was attained, and permit an unscrupulous few to gain control, the members have themselves to blame for the evil results.

Given a community of hard workers and a few willing aids, the organizer of a building and loan association cannot but meet with success; and the organizer whose efforts have brought into existence a well-managed association, causing hundreds of his fellow-men to become frugal and methodical, is certainly a public benefactor, though the world may not know it; nor those whom he has aided appreciate it.

THE SUNFLOWER.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

Mark how the sunflower woos with pensive head
The gladd'ning smile of him whose garish light
Throws o'er the upheaved clouds a radiance bright
Of varied hues from his own lustre shed.

When in the morn his welcome beams are spread,
And Orient skies are with his glory dight,
Thou greetest him, and winsome in his sight
With floral graces wouldst thy Helion wed.

Fair Helianth! I hail with rev'rence due
Such constant love as thine. Sweet, wistful flower!
At eve thou droopest low; yet soon the hour
Shall gladly dawn and thou shalt smile anew.
Happy our lot, if we, like thee, our gaze
From things of earth to heav'nly things would raise.

CREMATION IN THE PAST.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

It would certainly be a singular fact, should what appears to be a fact prove to be one — that cremation was a means of disposal of the dead peculiar to that great Aryan or Indo-Germanic branch of the human family to which we belong. Nor is it a less singular fact — and fact this is beyond dispute — that cremation has never been more than a fashion among those peoples who have adopted it, that has never wholly overmastered and driven out the more ancient and more generally customary usage of interment.

In the Bible, cremation is spoken of as a sharpening of the punishment of death, as something conveying disgrace with it; and the only exceptions were those of Saul and his sons — when the bodies were burnt probably because it was not possible in any other way to convey their bones from the land of the Philistines to that of their fathers; and secondly, in cases of pestilence, when it was done in the hope of thereby arresting the spread of contagion.

As far as we have any evidence from history, the burning of the dead was confined to the Indo-Germanic stock, and was not universally practised even among it. Of the nations of antiquity, the Greeks are those of whom we know most, and the poetical descriptions in Homer of the burning of the bodies of Patroclus and of Achilles have given occasion to the supposition that cremation was the usual method among the Greeks of disposing of their dead. That this was not the case, however, has been revealed by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, where he has found bodies buried of those who were contemporaries of the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, if the interments be not in some cases those of some of these very heroes themselves. In later times, moreover, cremation was by no means universal among the Greeks; and owing to the expense of a funeral pyre, the interment of the dead was usual among those of moderate means and the poor. Cremation was a funeral luxury.

Since the fourth century before Christ, an idea prevailed that the dead required a sort of purification, and that this purification could be effected by fire. It was the same with the Etruscans and Romans. Pliny distinctly affirms that cremation was not the institution of the ancients, but that it arose much as in the case of Saul and his sons — through death far from home, and the impossibility of bringing home to be buried with their fathers those who had fallen in foreign wars, in any other way than in ashes. Some of the noble Roman families refused to adopt the fashion when it spread. Conspicuous among these was the great Cornelian gens; and Sulla was the first member of this family who was burned, and he only because, having cast out of their sepulchre and scattered the remains of his great adversary Marius, he feared lest his own body should be subjected to indignities, and consequently ordered that it should be cremated.

The custom of burning the dead had, however, come in long before this, as we may see from a law of the Twelve Tables that forbade the interment or the burning of a body within the precincts of the city. This law was broken by the populace at the funeral of Julius Cæsar, when they tumultuously seized on the corpse, collected benches and stools, and burnt it in the Forum.

Among the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, cremation was customary, and the Anglo-Saxons brought the usage over into Britain. In *Beowulf*, an Anglo-Saxon epic of the eighth century, there is a description of the burning of the dead.

In Scandinavia, both kinds of burial

were in usage: the "Brunaöld," or age of burning of the dead; and the "Haugaöld," or age of interment of the dead. Baldur and Brunhild were both burnt on funeral pyres; but, on the other hand, numerous notices in the Sagas relate to the burial of the corpses in mounds. Moreover, the cairns and tumuli tell the same story — that both methods of disposing of the dead were in use. Some old chiefs were laid in their ships and mounds heaped over them; and some were first consumed to ashes.

Among the Celts, another great branch of the Indo-Germanic family, according to both Diodorus and Cæsar, the burning of the dead was customary; and Cæsar relates how that with the deceased were burned whatever he had most affected, as his horses and dogs, and formerly clients and slaves. It was the same with the Slavonic peoples. St. Boniface tells us that the Wends at the beginning of the eighth century burned their dead, and also that wives committed suicide so as to be burned along with their deceased husbands.

In Babylonia are the burial-places of the dead who had not been subjected to fire; but, curiously enough, there has been discovered of recent years a necropolis of burnt bodies. Whether these are the remains of foreigners of the Aryan race, settled in Babylonia, preserving their peculiar usage, or whether they represent the destruction of bodies by fire after a plague, — an exceptional case in which alone cremation was endured,— cannot be told.

The countless barrows and cairns dispersed over the downs and hills of Scotland, England, and Ireland tell of both cremation and inhumation. Not only so, but of both having been in use at one and the same time. In the same barrow, at the same interment, one corpse was reduced to ashes, the other not. Dr. Anderson, in his *Scotland in Pagan Times*, says: "With regard to the burial customs (in the Bronze Age), it is apparent that we have no evidence sufficient to separate the custom of cremation from the custom of burying the body unburnt. We have frequently found the burnt interments and the interments unburnt in close juxtaposition in the same group of burials, and in point of fact the two modes of burial are occasionally present in the same cairn."

It has been a matter of debate among antiquaries and ethnologists as to the race or races that erected the cairns and barrows and left their inhumated and incinerated remains in them. It has been conjectured that some belong to a pure Celtic race, others to the swarthy Ivernian stock which first occupied the British Isles, and is possibly of Turanian origin, represented now by the Basques, Lapps, and Finns. But as far as is known, incineration was a specialty of the Aryan stock though never a permanent practice, one that appeared and disappeared, that prevailed and was then abandoned by the branches of that great stock. And this fact, if fact it be,— and it seems to be well established,— goes far to make us believe that the barrow and cairn builders, at all events such as burnt their dead, were of the same Aryan race as ourselves.

But again the fact, and fact it is, that at one and the same time, and in one and the same interment, both fashions of burial are found, is probably explained by the conduct of the mighty men who rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines. When a chief had died at a distance from home, then he was incinerated, so that his body might be brought to the same necropolis where were buried the unburnt dead of his family or tribe. We find this explanation of the burning of the dead in the first book of Samuel, and also in Pliny, as explaining the introduction of the fashion among the Romans. Moreover, in some interments — though of an earlier age — the bones are found to be scratched, as though the flesh had been removed from them before burial. These were probably cases of dead warriors at a distance from their family resting-places, who were thus treated so as to enable their remains to be conveyed home.

THE MODEL'S STORY.

BY G. M WARD (Mrs. Pennée).

From the French of Jules Claretie in Le Monde Moderne.*

THE little model looked charming in her big Directory bonnet, her clinging gown with its rose-colored stripes, and jet black, frizzled and somewhat untidy hair. She shook her head while the painter was transferring to his canvas her slight, yielding form, whose juvenile curves were but half hidden by the semi-transparent tissue of her old-fashioned garments, and said: —

"Mons. Georges, this costume is *preety*, very *preety* indeed, but it is not thus that I want to be painted." She said this with a sweet creole accent, somewhat drawlingly, with tender inflections of voice, and her large melancholy eyes shone from a babyish and slightly copper-colored Arab face.

"Not thus? Then how would you have liked to be painted, Miss Cora?"

The sad eyes of the little model suddenly lighted up, as if some past dream had been reawakened in her soul, and Cora replied in a trembling voice: "How would I wish to be painted? Why, as a Sister of Charity."

"As a Sister of Charity!"

"Yes, with white wings on each side of the face. That head-dress is ever so beautiful! And it must be so lovely to be a Sister of Charity. Far rather would I be a Sister of Charity than" — She stopped suddenly and tears gathered in her black eyes.

"My dear Cora, if you cry, you will no longer resemble a fine lady of the Directory!"

This scene passed in the studio of my young friend Georges, a few steps from the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, whose towers were visible from the large bay-window, their gray outlines standing out life-like against the beautiful blue sky of a day in May. Little Cora's expressive eyes rested on the gray towers, whose clock was then sounding out the hour, and her little African head nodded beneath her Directory bonnet as the painter continued his picture, representing a flowery arbor in which a company of fops and fine ladies were seated before a table loaded with refreshments. There were green chairs, gaudily striped stuffs, a mass of bright colors, fair hair, daintily clocked stockings, scarfs, fans, smiles, and in the background, Paris, murmuring, ominous, revolutionary Paris, half hidden in the vaporous atmosphere.

The little model's mind was far, very far, from the scene in which she was figuring. Her wandering and infinitely sad gaze fixed itself again and again on the towers of the church.

"A Sister of Charity!"

Her lips, red with the flush which betokens anæmia, her large, well de-

*Illustrations from the same publication.

fined lips that added so much to the classical purity of her profile, kept on pronouncing in a low voice the words to which she had given an expression of such intense regret — a "Sister of Charity."

"How is your health now?" asked the painter, seated on his stool and going on with his picture.

"My health, Mons. Georges? Well, my health is not too bad. I think I shall soon be well. The doctor has given me some stuff mixed with ether and it does me good. I sleep better." She coughed slightly and then hastily added, as if asking pardon or as if blinding herself to the reality, "I still have a cough, but only a slight one — as regards health I am all right. What is not right is" —

She stopped short, trying to smile, her childish face expressing a touching sadness under the effort.

"It is my head which is not quite right."

"Perhaps it is your heart. Are you still thinking of him?"

"Always, yes, always! And I always shall think of him," replied the little creole.

Alas for poor Cora's romance! for there had been a romance in her life. A dream, a suffering dream, had hovered over that pretty head, and had penetrated into the heart of the woman-child. The life of the little model had been overshadowed, and the breath of love had blown none too gently on her. In some corner or other of the world, there existed one being who for her was all in all, and towards whom her thoughts were forever turning — a being who doubtless had forgotten her, or cared no longer for her, but whose name, so often repeated, so sweet to her ears, was all that remained to her of the past.

II.

In answer to the painter's request to hear something of her career, and of the man whose love had led her across seas and continents, Cora began her story: —

"What was he, this Mons. Pierre? [She still called him Monsieur, as she had done when he had first addressed her at Réunion.] What was he? A lieutenant of the Marine Infantry, and so nice! so good! He was small like me, very fair, with a slight mustache. We loved each other from the first. My parents were dead. I lived with an old aunt who wanted me to become a milliner; but I was still free, and I loved him with all my heart, with all my might. There are some of the Marine Infantry in the barracks of Poissonnière Faubourg. When I pass there on my way to the Rue Lafayette, I stop, Mons. Georges, to look at their uniforms and yellow epaulettes, saying to myself, 'Perhaps I shall see him!' Although he is not in Paris, I hope on always, and when I have taken a good look at the *Porpoises*, — which, as you know, is the name they go by; it was he who told me so, — the past comes back to my mind, and I see once more the island, the sea, the boats of our country, our lovely skies, our trees. All this I see every time a Marine Infantry soldier passes. And I dream, and say to myself, 'How foolish you are, my poor Cora! what you are dreaming is of the past and will not return; it is at an end; you are no longer in your own country, you are in Paris; and all is sad in Paris, and it is hard to get a living there!'

"Ah! how I look back to the time when I served him as interpreter, for I have made a campaign. I was with the column of Marine Infantry at Madagascar, and I loved campaign-

ing, with its dangers and its fatigues; at Farafate he had the Réunion volunteers under his command, and I marched against the Hovas and was not afraid. The cannonading at Majünga amused me, as did also the attack made by the Marine riflemen on the shore of the Bonnamary. You should have heard the bullets whistling; but what cared I for the bullets — was I not with him?

"The captain who authorized me to follow the column, as interpreter, died of lock-jaw one evening. He had received a wound, but had bravely kept on. Pierre took as good care of him as a surgeon could have done. The captain died, saying, 'It is horrible! horrible — to die here. It is face to face with the Germans that I would have wished to die. Ah! this cursed country! Lieutenant, I confide the men to you. Take back to France as many of the brave fellows as you can!' I still hear the captain's agonizing cry, 'To die here! To die here!' And as I whispered low to Pierre, 'This is horrible,' he who was always laughing, replied gravely, 'What would you have? This is duty!'

"I still think of all that, and I say to myself: 'In spite of all the fatigue, the bullets, the want of water, the bushes where death was ever lurking, the nights when the enemy were forever on the watch, I would like to live over those hours again!'

"One fine day the column returned to Tamatave. Pierre was in command and returned joyously, quite as black as I was from the sun, and the governor complimented him in the highest terms, just as you read of in books! I was mad with joy at Pierre's success. I said to him, 'Surely they will name you colonel!' 'I, a lieutenant! why, what are you thinking of, my little foolish Cora?' Certainly I was foolish, but if they had named him general on the spot, I should have found it only just. How could I ever have thought that that campaign would separate him from me and that he would be recalled to France, to Paris, under the pretext of promotion! This is what happened, however. He told me this in the greatest glee, one morning, without perceiving how sad the news made me. He was astonished at seeing my eyes fill with tears. He told me that probably immediately on his arrival he would find his nomination for the cross of honor on the Official Gazette. I was glad of this because he was so glad, but I was also in despair because he did not guess what sorrow I felt in spite of his joy — perhaps even on account of his joy, who knows?

"It appears that there was no possibility of his taking me with him. A government transport is not like the bush: one cannot hide there. Then I said to myself: 'The bush, with its dangers, its guns firing, the Hovas, the lock-jaw, is preferable!' But at least, if he could not take me with him he would write to me. He promised me that. Could he forget his little Cora?

"And then the day came when the frigate was to bear him away. The last moment arrived and the last kiss, the last murmured prayer in his ear: 'You will write to me! you will write to me!' Once more he exclaimed: 'Yes, dear, dear little Cora, I will write to you!' and then I saw nothing but the frigate on which he was embarking. He sent me one last wave of his hand, and disappeared from my view as if a shark had gobbled him up; and then the boat gradually became

smaller and smaller, the smoke was no longer visible, and the boat itself became but a point on the horizon, a point steadily diminishing till at last there was nothing, nothing left. No more Pierre, no more love! Little Cora was all alone in the world, and had no longer any being on earth whom she could care for! At first I kept on saying to myself, 'He will come back.' But the days passed on and he came not. You can hardly imagine how sad I became. I had no taste for anything; a weight was on my heart, an oppression like that we feel in my country before some terrible storm. I would have liked to die, my grief suffocated me. To die! yes, indeed to die! for living without him was too terrible. Then there came into my head a fixed idea, a foolish one if you will, to start for that France to which he had gone and there to seek him. Working, as best I could, at making bonnets, I economized every sou till I had saved enough to pay my passage to Marseilles. Of course I went in the cheapest class, among the baggage and the very poorest of the poor. What difference did that make to me?

"Of course you will laugh at me when I tell you that I was perpetually saying to myself, 'The Marine Infantry is at Paris! it is there I shall find him!' And do you know how and where I thought I should find Pierre? Why, on the market-place. I figured Paris to myself as a large village where, as with us, there was a large central market-place where the market was held, where bands played, where people promenaded and met one another. When I would say on the boat, 'I am going to the Paris market-place in search of some one,' every one laughed at me and thought I was joking; but I just let them laugh. I held on to my idea and, from afar, beheld Pierre walking on the market-place, his sword at his side and his pretty white linen cap on his head.

"And that is how I came to Paris, not even staying a day at Marseilles, but coming on at once and asking at the little hotel near Mazas, where I had alighted with my scanty baggage in my hand, 'The market-place if you please — where is the market-place?'

"You may imagine how the mistress of the house and her servants opened their eyes. The market-place? but there were several: that of the Place de la Concorde, of the Place Royale, of the Madeleine, of the Republique, and many others. The immense number of houses, of market-places, of streets, of boulevards, made me feel quite afraid. Paris itself frightened me. My God, where had I come? How was I to find Pierre in this village which was a world in itself? I wandered hither and thither, I sought, I interrogated. I perceived that I was taken for nothing good. At the offices they would ask me, 'What is the name, the surname, the employment of this Pierre?' No, I knew nothing of all that. His name was Pierre and I loved him; that was all that I knew. I applied at many offices, even at the barracks called New France; but everywhere I was so badly received that I did not dare go back to them. Even the yellow epaulettes, when I questioned them in the street, either laughed at me or wanted to laugh with me, which was the worse of the two. Then I said to myself, 'Just wait a little and count on chance.' Poor Cora! All this seems sheer madness, does it not? However, it is true I had thrown myself into the

midst of this great Paris with nothing in my pockets but 65 francs, and that was soon run through.

"When of an evening I would go back to my little dull room, with its torn wall paper, I would often regret Réunion and even Tamatave, and then I would weep. Drying my tears after a time, I would say to myself, 'No matter, Cora, you did well to come; you will find him yet. One day or another you will perceive him among these crowds that are forever passing.' And then I would take courage. In the midst of all these people of whom I knew nobody, I felt like a pebble that has fallen into the water. And how was I to live when I should have spent my last sou? By making bonnets? But I did not know how to make such pretty ones as those I saw in the shop windows.

"At last I found myself without enough to pay my lodging, and yet I had not found him, either on the market-place or elsewhere. I began to ask myself with what I could pay for a dinner to-morrow and if it would not be better to throw myself into the water that night. Really, Mons. Georges, I was reduced as low as that. I told this to my landlady, excusing myself for not being able to pay and asking her to wait a little while. I decided on applying to the different milliners, and doubtless I should find work, for after all I was tolerably skilful in that branch. But as for leaving Paris without having seen him, no, that I certainly could not think of. Not for any amount of money!

"My landlady was a good-hearted woman, and told me to count on her. In fact, it was she who prevented me from dying of hunger. But how? Among her boarders there was Mons. Castelbiel, a former director of the theatre at Cherchell, or Bledah, or Biskra, of some town or other in Algeria. He had come to Paris to organize an Algerian concert troupe, in imitation of the Tunisians exhibiting in the Rue de Caire.

"Would not I accept an engagement from him and perform at the old brewery in the Faubourg St. Martin? Five francs a day and the choicest costumes, while all I had to do was to dance.

"I was not a little astonished at the proposal, but Mons. Castelbiel spoke incessantly of it. 'Do you realize what I am offering you, my child? Not only money to support you, but a position that may prove to be the first step on the ladder of fame. In Paris any heights may be reached if only a good commencement be made. You are pretty, you have a certain style — yes, a style of your own; who knows whether by dancing at the Prophet's Concert you may not be making your first steps towards dancing on the opera stage? Marie Sasse — surely you have heard of Marie Sasse — left a concert-room of the Faubourg du Temple to enter the Imperial Academy of Music! Who knows that you may not do likewise? [How well I remember all he said to me!] You say you do not know how to dance? That is an error! All women know how to dance, just as all ducks know how to swim. Dancing is one of women's natural charms. You have never danced these new dances? That is no matter. Whatever you do will be attractive. And then you shall have such a pretty costume! A gauze robe with a golden girdle and rose-colored slippers! You are seeking in Paris some one who is dear to you? Why, this is the very way to find him. Your

unknown friend probably loves art. When he will see your name announced at the opening of the Prophet's Concert he will attend, he will applaud, he will perhaps spring upon the stage, he will embrace you, and you will have found him.' I still hear all that Mons. Castelbiel poured into my ears, as if I were still listening to him! What a honeyed tongue! The idea that simply by putting my name on a bill I could find Pierre and attract his attention carried all before it. I decided to dance.

"Mons. Castelbiel appears to be right; all women must be able to dance well, since I did not dance too badly. I danced every night, and the applause I earned was deafening, but I cared not for that. I gazed down at the crowd from the stage to see if I could not perceive him, attracted thither, perchance, by the way my name was figuring in big letters on the bill. But amid all the up-turned faces, never did I descry that of Pierre! In vain did I scan one face after another. Never did I see him, never!

"Ah, no, the dancing, the tambourines, the Algerian songs, all went on every evening, but that was all. No Pierre came, and each midnight I reëntered my little room which I had hired in the Faubourg St. Martin, still more sad at heart than when I was at the hotel in the Rue de Lyon, where I often went to question Mme. Jouverain whether, perchance, he had been there to ask for me.

"I was not happy, as you can well believe. All this buffoonery fatigued and displeased me. But what would you have? One must live. This is what was remarked to me by Mons. Brichauteau, who had been engaged by Mons. Castelbiel to recite pieces of poetry between the dances. Mons. Castelbiel called that the classic act.

"It was there that you saw me, Mons. Georges, still dancing, and still looking to see whether he was coming. When you met me, I was in utter despair; besides, I was suffering from a bad cough which I had contracted at the Prophet's Concert. Then, again, I was thoroughly sick of eternally dancing to the sound of the tambourine. So when you proposed to me to sit to you, you saw how pleased I was; yes, indeed, it has been a great change for me. I am breathing a very different air. Down there I was suffocating, and then I have a pain here in my chest, a burning pain. I do not like winter and the fogs of Paris; I need sunshine, as you can understand. The heat of your stove is delightful, is it not? It warms my back well, but it burns my throat a little. I wish that the winter were finished, so that I might go to the country and sun myself, although this French sun is nothing much when compared to that of my country! But no matter what it may be, I must have sunshine; I need it."

While she was speaking, poor little Cora's eyes flashed and lighted up. The hope of once more seeing her beloved luminary brightened her gaze, for that sun was intimately connected in her mind with the officer who had disappeared, that Pierre whom she had sought in the market-place. It also brought to her mind those beloved days, now long past, which she had lived beyond the immense sea.

Then a childish smile flitted across her frail face, and another childish idea came into her head.

"Oh! what I most desire, yes, my very dearest wish, is that I could be

painted as a Sister of Charity. How I would have loved to have been a sister to the poor!"

"Dear little Cora, you shall have what you so much desire; you shall have a picture of yourself with the white wings."

"In real truth?"

She clapped her hands together with joy, like a child who has just been given a new plaything.

"Yes, in real truth you shall have it."

"How strange we are," she said, falling back into her melancholy mood. "As for Pierre, I feel sure now that I shall not find him, that I shall never see him again! Ah me! the idea of seeing myself as a Sister of Charity is a consolation to me. Far away, over there, there were Sisters of Charity who tended the French soldiers dying from sunstrokes, from colic, or from wounds. I shall fancy it is I who am tending the sick."

"The little model looked charming in her big directory bonnet."

III.

I had always retained a tender remembrance of little Cora, with her deep, sad eyes, and frail body dressed in the silken garments of a Directory dame. There was a tender charm about this pretty little creature, with her fatalist resigna-

"Little Cora was all alone in the world." *Page* 637

tion. Innocent and confiding, she had fallen into the whirl, the crowds, the machinery, of that monster calling itself Paris.

One evening, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in "Cleopatra," among the slaves surrounding the queen, stretched on her couch like a serpent that is sunning itself, I thought I recognized my little friend the model. On looking at her more carefully through my opera glasses, I did indeed see that there was my little Cora, no longer robed in striped silk, but swathed in the transparent folds of an Egyptian dancing costume, with golden ornaments on her brow, her wrists, and her ankles; and while the languishing queen, gazing with sad eyes on the blue heavens, seemed to be following the track of her insatiable dreams, like the flight of an ibis, the Egyptian was dancing to a slow, monotonous air the dance which she had formerly performed in Castelbiel's smoky show.

"Do you realize what I am offering you?"

Cora, little Cora! the little model whose whim it had been to be painted as a Sister of Charity! There she was, transformed, with her brown skin lighted up, yet paled, by the glare of the footlights, and dancing for the pleasure of the public, which little suspected the dream of love which had filled her heart.

And I said to myself: "Ah, well! now that she is fairly embarked in Paris life, that she is in the whirlpool of theatrics, she will forget. Adieu, then, to our friend Pierre. Doubtless she was no longer the ignorant little thing who had come to the big village to seek for her beloved; she was now the famous danseuse in "Cleopatra," and ere long I should certainly see her photographs decorating the shop window. Again months passed on, and I had forgotten the little dancer when a letter arrived and recalled her to my mind. It was a touching letter, which she had written very sweetly, asking of me to give her a recommendation to be made use of in a petition she was addressing to the Minister of Marine.

Sick and consumptive, she said, she feared dying in Paris. She wished to return to Réunion, to see her own country once more, to gaze once more on the blue sky and glorious sun of the old days, to seek life. She had had enough of Paris, which had been her death. She was afraid of poverty and of all its miseries. To get home! She was now as feverishly anxious to get away as she had formerly been to come and seek Pierre. But in order to get home she must have money. She trembled at the thought of finding herself between decks with so bad a cough and such racking pains!

"Swathed in the transparent folds of an Egyptian dancing costume."

See page 641.

The boat was to leave Marseilles on the 3d of April, and it was during the cold January days that she sent in her petition, for doubtless she was aware how long it takes for officials to reply. The young girl's petition did not concern the Minister of Marine, but — as they replied to her in the usual administrative style — "the subject of her communication was one to be submitted to Monsieur the under secretary of state for the colonies, to whom she is referred." And hidden away in an obscure chamber, little Cora waited, living on the small savings she had made since her evenings at Porte St. Martin. And she would ask herself whether her resources and her strength would hold

"Rest in peace, little Cora."

out till the month of April. She had no longer any desire to sit for her portrait as a Sister of Charity. No, she was too fatigued and too thin. "I would be so ugly! No, no," she said, "I will leave you a photograph of me taken when I could believe I was *preety*. You can put on it the white cap with the wings. You can paint me from memory, and then send it to me over there."

I often think of her, of her delicate childish head, of her dreamy eyes, of her rich, caressing creole voice, of the little request she was always making to me: "Oh! Mons. Georges, it would be so *preety* to be taken as a Sister of Charity! That is how I have always wanted to be taken."

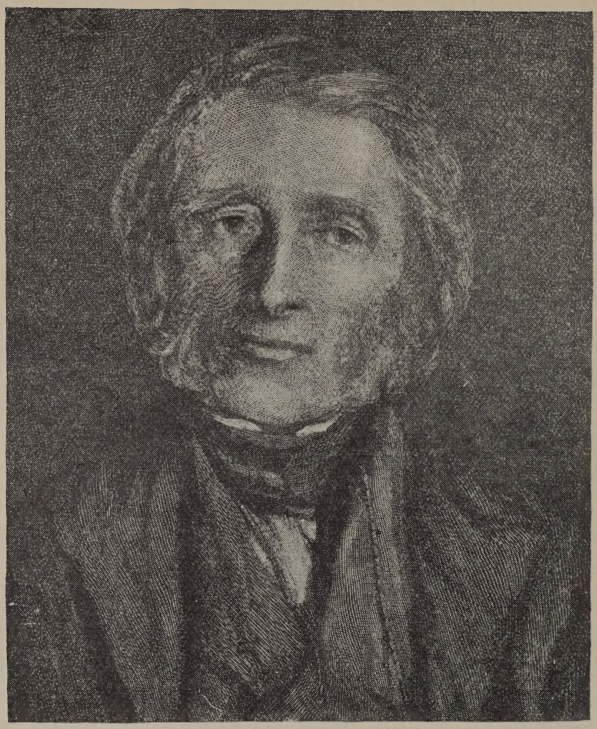
And I say to myself that perhaps over the white pillow where our little creole had laid down her tired little brown head, had bent some Sister of Charity with the white cap and the wings.

Rest in peace, little Cora!

INDIRECTION.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

THOU may'st not ever lift thy voice in song,
But since my life has seen and felt and known
The height and depth and purpose of thine own,
One poet's verse shall be more deep, more strong.



IS RUSKIN A POET?

BY REV. JOHN CONWAY, A. M.

THE late Lord Beaconsfield, prime favorite of Queen Victoria and life-long opponent of Mr. Gladstone, began public life by startling London with his novel *Vivian Gray*, while the author was yet an exquisite youth of only 22. This policy of surprises the famous phrase-maker kept up to the end. Two years ago, the staid and stately yet proudly passionate and picturesquely masterful prime minister of England was supposed to have taken a leaf from his dead enemy's book, and to have surprised the world by conferring the laureateship upon gentle John Ruskin. At first, Mr. Gladstone's supposed action seemed to be singularly audacious, for the world had forgotten that Mr. Ruskin ever wrote a line of poetry, at least in the technical sense of the word. If there were question of decking with laurels the brow of the best prose writer of to-day, this quiet country gentleman would have no rival, at least since the death of

Newman and of Matthew Arnold; but it is quite another thing when we consider him as a poet.

When Tennyson died, in October, 1892, critics grew clamorous as to the successor of the singer of *Locksley Hall*. Men of letters knew well that not one living poet was fit to fill the vacant place. A poet whose writings are rich and strong, clear and classic, equal in many respects to those of Homer or Virgil, is found only at long intervals in the history of literature. By way of tribute to the great one who was gone, some writers advocated that the laureateship be left vacant until a new Tennyson should arise. Others thought it would be well to allow the office to lapse altogether, while a few put forward the claims of their respective poet friends for official recognition.

There is no lack of modern singers, but many of them are the merest mocking birds. They have become so saturated with the ideas of those who have gone before, that they reproduce them with ease and almost in the same form. For such poets as these, there is only one hope of improvement. It is this: take away their books. Send them to live on the prairie or in the forest, and let them commune with nature directly, rather than through the medium of books.

Past writers give aids and suggestions. Cædmon, an ignorant old Anglo-Saxon of the seventh century, wrote of Lucifer and Paradise lost, and, according to the late Brother Azarias, his writings suggested to Milton the great epic. While condemning mere imitation and reproduction, we must not be too quick to accuse poets of plagiarism. There may be coincidences

Entrance to Brantwood, John Ruskin's Home.

of thoughts, of expressions, and of impressions. Tennyson says that it is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything, in this late time, to which in the rest of the literature of the world a parallel to be acceptable to the English people. At all events, he put himself outside the pale of consideration for a court official when he published his poem *Tyrannicide*, in which he glorifies the murder of a tsar.

Scenery in the vicinity of Brantwood.

could not be found. A Chinese scholar told the late laureate that in an unknown and untranslated Chinese poem two whole lines of Tennyson's occurred, word for word. A writer is always justified in following the example of Virgil and Milton, by adopting the creations of by-gone poets and re-clothing them with his own fancy.

Swinburne is easily the ablest poet in England to-day. He is past master of English rhythm, but too lawless in passion and art. Were Newman's standard of poetry applied to him, he would not stand high, for he sometimes poetizes vice and casts a halo of beauty about that which is in reality hideous. He is too pagan in his propensities ever

William Morris, who has been absurdly compared to Chaucer, stands reasonably high in the rank of singers. He is chief of what is known as the pre-Raphaelite school in England; but he has been branded as a socialist in the worst sense of the word, and could not be consistently honored by any recognition from a monarchical government. Sir Edwin Arnold, who has done more to beautify Buddhism than to bring out the beauties of Christianity, was also mentioned for the office of laureate. So was the other Morris, who is often classed with Arnold. But the latter was spoken of only to be quickly set aside. The wags put forward T. D. Sullivan. A pretty figure the author

of *God Save Ireland* would make, spinning out stanzas for an English queen! While Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang write pretty rondos and taking ballads, they were not seriously in the race for the laureateship. Queen Victoria has allowed the laureateship to lapse in spite of the fact that Walter Lecky and Churton Collins and Professor Blackie and Sir Theodore Martin and Sir John Lubbock have put themselves on record as being strongly in favor of its continuance.

When Ruskin's name was mentioned as a successor to Tennyson, people began to ask about the verses written by the world-famed art critic. Mr. Ruskin began to write poetry when a mere boy; he stopped verse-making in his 27th year, just about the age when he might reasonably be expected to do some good work. Tennyson wrote the chancellor's prize poem at Cambridge in 1829; 10 years later Ruskin wrote the prize poem of Oxford. *Timbuctoo*, the poem which won the prize for the late poet-laureate, is now absolutely forgotten; it was when Ruskin was supposed to have received his new honor that people began to look for merit in his Oxford prize poem, *Salsette and Elephanta*. A few lines from this lugubrious production will serve to illustrate Ruskin's poetic powers when he was 20 years old.

"'Tis eve, and o'er the face of parting day
Quick smiles of summer lightning flit and play
In pulses of broad light, less seen than felt.
They mix in Heaven, and on the mountains melt;
Their silent transport fills the exulting air.
'Tis eve, and where is evening half so fair?
Oh! deeply, softly rolls the Indian sea
O'er thy dark sands, majestic Dharavee,
When from each purple hill and polished lake
The answering voices of the night awake
The fitful note of many a brilliant bird;
The lizard's plunge, o'er distant waters heard;
The thrill of forest leaves — how soft, how swift,
That floats and follows where the night winds drift;
Or, piercing through the calmness of the sky,
The jungle tigers' sharp and sudden cry."

Thus does it drag its slow length along over 16 dreary pages. The monotony of the heroic measure adds to the insufferable dulness of the piece. There are no moral forms of beauty in it; there is little soulfulness and less imagination. Be the object of poetry what it may, — pleasure, instruction, or both, — it is not attained in this youthful effusion of the Brantwood squire. Almost any young man with only a hazy idea of metre and a not too cultured ear for rhyme could make "poetry" of that sort.

They tell of Lord Tennyson that his grandfather asked the youthful bard to write an elegiac poem on his grandmother. When it was finished Tennyson the elder gave the youth 10 shillings, saying, "There, that is the first you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be your last." On the other hand, Ruskin's father was a firm believer in the poetic powers of his precocious son. Even in 1850, several years after Ruskin had given up the idea of being a great poet, his father collected and printed all of his poems. When offering an apology for his limitations as an artist, he gives a reason for his failure as a poet: he says that he has no imagination. Of course he exaggerates; but in spite of his rural environments, his love of country pastimes, and his life in the old ivy-covered stone house at Brantwood in the Lake country, it is true to say that

the imaginative faculty is largely lacking in his poetry.

Editors, who have to go through the torture of reading the poems which each successive spring calls forth, and readers who turn fearfully yet lovingly to the poets' corner of their paper, may learn with interest that Ruskin actually wrote a poem on *Spring* which is also a spring poem. The following specimen is sufficient:

"Infant spirit of the Spring!
On thy fresh-plumed pinion bring
Snow-drops like thy stainless brow —
Violet, primrose call them now,
With the cup of daffodil,
Which the fairies love to fill,
Ere each moon-dance they renew,
With the fragrant honey dew;
Bring them, Spirit! bring them hither
Ere the winds have time to wither;
Or the sun to steal their dyes,
To paint at eve the western skies.
Bring them for the wreath of one
Fairest, best, that time hath known."

Ruskin's poems did not influence the youth to become Ruskinesque, as the young men of Byron's day had become Byronic and those of Tennyson's Tennysonian. In the days of Byron, when his popularity was at its height, young men wore their hair after the fashion of their favorite poet, and like him they affected to be consumed with an all-devouring sense of some mysterious wickedness. The next generation became ultra-sentimental, supposedly after the fashion of Tennyson or the hero of *Locksley Hall*. But Byron was handsome and Tennyson was dreamy, while Ruskin is short, thick-set, slow of speech, and affects an unpoetic carelessness of dress.

A train of wintry thoughts runs through almost all his poems. He is not often happy in the selection of his subjects. Herodotus tells us that the Scythians were wont to set up corpses round the tombs of their kings, to use the skulls of their enemies as drinking-cups, and to place the dead master of a family at the head of a feast with his kinsfolk. These, and such as these, are the ghoulish subjects which young Ruskin tried to poetize. It is a pity to have to think of him at all as a poet; for while all his prose is poetry, he can hardly be called a poet in the technical sense of the word. How could he be? He gave up making verses at the age of 27.

Tennyson published a couple of volumes before he had completed his twenty-second year. But his first volume, as was natural enough, is mostly about girls: "Claribel," "Lillian," "Isabel," "Mariana," "Madeline," "Adeline." He writes of "Airy Fairy Lillian," and he throws off soft nothings which gladden the heart and soften the intellect of the girl not fully 15. It was only after men had read the poetry of his more mature years, *The Idyls of the King*, *The Princess*, and *In Memoriam*, that they began to see promise of power in his second volume.

In spite of his great descriptive faculty, recalling that of Newman or Byron, Ruskin discovered in time that verse-making was not his vocation and that art criticism was. From the standpoint of literature, the world would not have lost much had Ruskin's volume of poems never seen the light; from psychological and autobiographical standpoints, these poems have their value. Most diary writers are painfully self-conscious. There is not a shadow of self-consciousness in Ruskin's poems. They reveal him as he really was. Here and there occurs a youthful prettiness of word, such as "Yesternight," recalling Gabriel Dante Rosetti's expression, "Yester-year." Again one meets with a forceful phrase like the following, —

"The deep silent surge of sorrow."

As I have given a specimen of Ruskin's worst work as a poet, it is only fair that I should also give a sample of his best. I quote the following stanzas from his poem entitled "Awake! Awake": —

"Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east
is russet gray;
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that
keep the gates of Day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the
golden streets be free,
The morning watch is past — the watch of
evening shall not be.

"Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and
beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your
hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break
the helmet bar, —
A noise is on the morning winds, but not the
noise of War!

. . . . . .

"For aye the time of wrath is past, and
near the time of rest,
And honor binds the brow of man, and faith-
fulness his breast, —
Behold the time of wrath is past, and right-
eousness shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the
Dragon in the sea!"

There is a long distance between an episcopal throne and a seat high up on Mount Parnassus. Certain it is that very few bishops ever succeed in wooing the muses successfully. Yet Ruskin's father, while maintaining his belief in his son's power as a poet, used to say that he should have been a bishop. Ruskin the elder came to this conclusion because everything seemed to have a moral as well as a meaning for his gifted son.

The tastes of the recluse of Brantwood are sufficiently simple either for a poet or a bishop. Even his very name savors of severe simplicity. Plain John Ruskin! How quietly that simple form compares with the numerous and burdensome names we find so freely heaped upon patronymics by pretentious or by feudalistic people! His manner of life could not fail to develop poetic instincts in him. If Ruskin the rhymester be a flat failure, Ruskin the exponent of soulful thoughts is a singular success. He has lived so long among woods and hills and lakes and fresh breezes, that all his prose is poetry, and even his very shadow has become sunshine.

Who but one with a poet's soul would pay one who lied to him and robbed him for years, lest, as the liar and robber could not be given a character, he and his should starve? Who other than a poet would say that a good clergyman needs no church, for he can preach in the parlors of his parishioners, and if these be too small he can preach in the harvest-field or in the market-place? And who but a lover of warmth for his fellow-man, a rambler in mountain breezes, and a worshipper of running streams, would contend that the use of steam power is a cruel and furious waste of fuel, doing what every stream and breeze is ready to do? If his poems be dismal, the glamour of an undiminishing enthusiasm continues throughout to light up all his prose writings. He is the best modern expounder of artistic beauty and the equal of any of the by-gone masters of English literature. He gave early evidence that his true vocation was not for poetry in the popular sense; he furnished in boyhood sufficient proofs that his real powers were in art criticism. A few sentences in defence of his idol Turner, written when Ruskin was only 17, will serve to illustrate his ability in this direction. Referring to Turner, he writes: —

"His imagination is Shakesperian in its mightiness. Had the scene of Juliet and her nurse (Turner's famous picture) risen up

before the mind of a poet and been described in 'words that burn,' it had been the admiration of the world. . . . Many-colored mists are floating above the distant city, but such mists as you might imagine to be ethereal spirits, souls of the mighty dead breathed out of the tombs of Italy into the blue of her bright heaven, and wandering in vague and infinite glory around the earth that they had loved."

Ruskin has all the honest fearlessness of a poet. He does not temporize nor suppress nor hold opinions which he would not teach. If he be wrong, he is willing to accept the consequences, and he changes his opinions when he is shown that he is not right. This is true consistency — the consistency of genius. Stupidity from unexpected quarters stirs him to the very depths of his soul. When in 1880 the students of the University of Glasgow asked him whether he sympathized with Disraeli rather than with Gladstone, Ruskin's forceful and truthful reply caught the admiration of the thoughtful. In Carlylian fashion he wrote: "What in the devil's name have you to do with either Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students of the university, and have no more business with politics than you have with ratcatching."

The cursory reader of Ruskin's prose would easily lead himself to believe that the author of *Modern Painters* must be a great poet. His very mode of life suggests the poetic instinct. His singular fearlessness, his delicate honesty, his refusal to read newspapers, his aversion to a crowd, his love of sunlight, lakes, and woodlands, his unflinching fidelity to the lovable and the true, his total disregard of the disappointments of life, his power of seeing whatever of glory and beauty there are in the world, all point to the sensitive soul of the poet. His vivid imagination, his glowing descriptions, his wealth of words, his powerful passion, still further heighten one's expectations. He is even a clever critic of poetry. The late laureated singer of England, supreme as he was in his chosen calling, did not escape the strong censure of the Brantwood hermit. Ruskin expresses a wonder whether of late years Tennyson had read any poetry except his own; he finds fault with the laureate's steam-craned rhyme of "wills" with "daffodils"; he thinks the 19th century may be described as a "roaring moon," but does not see what it has to do with "daffodils."

Ruskin is more; he is an artist in speech. For instance, in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* we read: —

"I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of the waters rose suddenly from beneath, mingled with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above, but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew."

He could see more beauty in a leaf or in a curve of driven snow than any man living. Through the medium of crystal prose he could make others see that beauty, but not through the instrumentality of poetry. He liked simple singing for heart's delight, yet he himself could not pour forth poems worthy of the name.

Acrostics are literary tricks which change the poet into the artisan. They have been called shackles upon the feet of the poet which

prevent him from climbing Parnassus. Poetry seems to shackle Ruskin just as acrostics tether a poet. Rhyme and rhythm do not afford full scope for the broad play of his boundless powers. The rich affluence of his artistic speech is not of a nature to keep within the laws of either rhyme or rhythm. This, however, is only another way of saying that Mr. Ruskin has not wooed the muses successfully; for it has been truly said that verse cramps the rhetorician but inspires the poet. His poems lack unity, they are without passion, without fire, without heart. There is no standard known which could induce literary men to recognize him as a poet, nor should his admirers try to prove him such. Almost half a century ago he himself had the good sense to discover that he was not a poet, and having made that discovery he had the good judgment not to entertain further designs upon the muses. His so-called poetry has won him no fame; his prose has gained him a first place among this century's men of letters. His *Modern Painters* has insured for him a safe immortality.

BEREFT.

BY GILBERT L. EBERHART.

THE Robin sings in the apple boughs,
The Bobolink trills in the grass,
And blossoms sweep like drifts of snow
O'er the meads where the south winds pass.

But birds and blossoms are naught to me;
Not a joy their beauties impart,
For Love and Hope have gone with my dead
And left me only a bleeding heart.
I call in grief through my tears all day
To the lazy, old, wrinkled sea,
For a loving voice and tender form
He can never bring back to me.

CATHOLIC POINTS FOR PROTESTANT THOUGHT.

BY A NON-CATHOLIC.

IT is worthy of much comment, indeed it is a matter that should be emphasized instead of forgotten, that on all the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity there is a perfect harmony of belief between the orthodox Protestant churches and the Roman Catholic Church.

Their conception of God's nature is the same; they believe equally in the inspiration of the Bible, in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of Heaven and Hell, in the efficacy of prayer, in the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, in the Trinity of the Godhead, in that essential, distinguishing feature of Christianity — the Divinity of Christ and the potency of His death to work the salvation of sinners. The differences between them, while radical in a few points, are in the main matters of detail, of ritual, ceremonials, and rites. Yet so long and bitter has been the warfare over these minor matters and so completely have the disputants lost sight of the great mass of important items on which they agree, that they have come to look upon each other as enemies, and anything proceeding from the others' camp is an object for their violent attack. Protestants have ceased to examine candidly and fairly the propositions of the Catholic Church. From force of habit they regard everything originating in that church as, of course, diametrically opposed to their own opinions, and therefore do not bestow on the doctrines of Catholicism that calm and unprejudiced consideration which they ask for their own ideas, and which, indeed, they freely give to theories of a non-Catholic origin. Very few Protestants have studied or even read a Catholic exposition of Catholic points of faith. They do not get, they cannot get, from Protestant critics either a fair statement of what is believed by the members of the Catholic Church or a clear, unprejudiced presentation of their reasons for so believing. This is unfair, unjust, illogical. They set up a warped and garbled statement of a Catholic tenet, support it on weak and trembling legs of their own fashioning, and then proclaim the ease with which they overthrow it. It is an insult to the keenness of intellect which has ever characterized the leaders of that Church, and to the great minds that have found a congenial abode within its walls, to ascribe to them some of the senseless and wild notions which those who either wilfully misrepresent or ignorantly misunderstand Catholic points of faith are accustomed to charge upon the followers of the Pope.

For instance, it is generally believed that Catholics claim that the final destination of a soul may be altered after death by the prayers or masses of the Church, and that Purgatory is the place where souls await the decision of that question. This is a mistake; their belief is that judgment as to the ultimate resting-place of a soul is made at the time of separation from the body. If a soul is destined to Hell it goes there at once without passing through Purgatory. No soul goes from Purgatory to Hell. If, on the other hand, it is finally destined for Heaven, but is deserving of punishment for certain sins not sufficient to cast it into Hell, it receives that punishment in Purgatory and remains there until due atonement has

been made. Then, when the soul has been prepared for the joys of Heaven, it is permitted to enter there. You ask, then, what is the object of Masses over a soul in Purgatory? The Catholic answers that intercession may partially or entirely remit the punishments of Purgatory, so that the entrance of the soul to fellowship with Christ in Heaven may be materially hastened. You ask, Is that a logical belief? I answer by another question: If you are orthodox and believe in the efficacy of prayer, if you believe that God's intentions toward any being can be altered by the petition of a prayerful mortal, why should not His intentions to punish that soul for a certain time in Purgatory be affected by prayer? You are asking Him to affect or alter for good the life of your friends here on earth, and you believe, else you would not pray, that your prayers have some influence. Why, then, should not God answer your prayer about your friend in Purgatory? Is His power not as great there as on earth?

But you question the existence of such a place. So do I; and yet the Catholic idea can well stand a comparison as to justice and logic with the orthodox idea of Heaven and Hell. The latter sends a soul directly to one place or the other; it is destined either to suffer forever or to sing hallelujahs of joy forever; eternal misery or eternal happiness, no other alternative. Catholics believe completely in the doctrine of reward and punishment. Great and unrepented sin dooms a soul to Hell. A lesser degree of sin merits less punishment, and it is received in Purgatory. That is right; punishment and reward should be apportioned according to our good and evil deeds. Theosophists and Esoteric Buddhists believe that every good deed helps to advance the soul along toward Nirvana, and every bad deed helps to retard the soul in its struggle after that heaven. That is the very essence of justice; the great desire of every soul is to return to Nirvana and perfect happiness there; every bad deed receives its punishment because it keeps the soul away from happiness and in misery so much longer; every good deed receives its reward, for it hastens the time of return to that place of joy and cuts short the stay in this place of sorrow. So with the souls in Purgatory under the Catholic belief; their good deeds have earned for them the right of ultimately reaching Heaven, but they are kept away from there by the effect of their evil deeds; the length of time that they must remain in Purgatory, away from the sight of their blessed Lord, is determined by the number and nature of these sins. Under the Buddhistic idea, each sin is punished and each good deed rewarded with inflexible certainty; under the other, punishment may be remitted by the concession of God. The difference arises from the different conceptions of Divinity, the Buddhist regarding Him as unable to break the laws of the universe and the Christian as both able and willing to do so. Punishment and reward are thus apportioned according to our good and evil deeds.

I claim, then, that Protestants generally misunderstand the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and change of doom after death, and that, when understood aright, it is not incompatible with the Protestant idea of the nature of God and the effect of prayer upon Him.

Again, it is generally believed by non-Catholics that according to that religion no one can be saved but its followers. This, when taken with certain other parts of the Catholic creed affecting it materially, is a correct statement; but the other parts are not generally known to Protestants, or, if known, are kept in the background during discussion. It is true that Catholics believe none but members of the Church can be saved, but they believe that the Church is composed, not only of those in open communion with it, but also those who, through "invincible error" or lack of opportunity to know the Church, are kept out of Church communion, yet nevertheless

live uprightly and according to the precepts of God written on their hearts. A careful investigation of this point and a little close questioning of any well-informed Catholic will discover the fact that they are ready to admit that any man living such a life as would entitle him to salvation, if within the Church body, would be saved, provided he has wilfully done nothing to prevent his enlightenment as to the Catholic faith. It is held that the "invincible error" mentioned in the Bull "Unigenitus" includes, (a) those who have never known of Christ nor the Catholic Church, (b) those who have known of it, but by reason of the influence of their environment have been led to pay no attention to it, (c) those who have candidly tried to overcome this error, but failed. So that the old statement that Catholics believe that "grace is not given outside of the Church" is false.

Equally erroneous is the statement that they believe that all members of the Church will be saved. They believe that mortal sin on the part of one in as well as out of the Church will, if not repented of, result in the loss of salvation; and they do not believe, as is so often reported, that an excommunicated one cannot for that reason be saved. It is not the excommunication that damns one, but the sin that calls for the excommunication. If there has been sin, and the excommunication is just, then that sin, unrepented of, condemns to punishment. If repented of, the repentance, as with other sins, entitles the sinner again to grace. If the excommunication was unjust, its effect with God is null.

Do they believe that the sacraments are necessary for salvation? Yes and no. While that is a part of the Catholic creed, they explain it as follows: They tell the people that they must be baptized, must partake of the Holy Sacrament, and must repent of their sins, otherwise they cannot be saved. Yet they admit that the effective desire for these sacraments, if accompanied by actual and sincere repentance on the part of the dying one, will be sufficient when circumstances render it impossible to receive the sacrament. It would seem from this that the gates of Heaven, according to the Catholic idea, are open wider and permit the entrance of vastly more of the world's unfortunate inhabitants than can crowd through the straight and narrow way of our orthodox denominations.

While my readers may agree with me that time, spent in consideration of proceedings purely ceremonial in their nature and affecting none of the vital principles of religion, is wasted, yet so much has been said by the enemies of the Church, in their attacks on that body, on the subject of Catholic rites, that perhaps it will be worth while to stop for a moment and examine the most important of them. Nothing need be said on Baptism, because the attacks do not extend to that ceremonial. It is not to be supposed that Protestants would attack that which they themselves believe in, and believe in practically as do Catholics. The ceremonial of the Lord's Supper is performed by both; but while one believes that he is eating bread and drinking wine symbolic of the Lord's *body* and *blood*, the other believes that, by a miracle, the bread and wine are changed into the actual body and blood of Christ. As by a miracle the few loaves and fishes were changed into food for a multitude, and as at the wedding Christ changed the water into wine, Catholics believe that through the instrumentality of the priest He actually changes the wafer and wine of the sacrament into His body and blood. It is but an example of the strength of their faith in the miracle-working power of the Lord that brings it down to our time, and of their steadfast belief in the exact truth of the words of the Bible. When a section of the Bible says, "This is my body," they believe it is, and when it says, "This is my blood," they believe it is. Protestants explain it away by calling these passages symbolic; and yet, believing as they do in miracles and the inspiration of the Bible, they

can cast no blame at the Catholic because his belief in those things is more complete and literal than their own.

I have but little to say on the subject of confession as practised in the Catholic Church. It must at least be admitted that the outward manifestation of repentance may be of value, subjectively, to the penitent; there can be no doubt that a great deal of good is wrought through the confessional, and that, to the sincere believer, the comfort and relief produced by unburdening the mind of sins, real and imaginary, to one who, as the representative of Christ, is firmly believed to have the power to forgive sins, is genuine, and executes a great power in restraining evil tendencies. All good practical Catholics regard it as one of their greatest boons; and who is there to deprive the millions practising this rite of the comfort, rest, and peace which they derive from it? Who is there to say that it is all wrong and should be crushed out of existence? Has not the past, with its army of religious martyrs, taught us that there is no universal rule of faith against which to square the minds of all men?

The statement so often heard that Catholics pray to the saints and Virgin Mary is, if properly understood, a correct one. Catholics address certain of their supplications to certain saints or to the Virgin, but in these supplications they never ask for any direct bounty, always for the assistance of the saint or Mary in obtaining from God what they desire. Prayers addressed to the Deity say "Give us," or "Bestow upon us," or "Grant us, O Lord" etc.; those addressed to any other inhabitant of Heaven say "Lend us thy influence" or "Pray for us." The fact that God alone is able to grant what is desired is never lost sight of; but they believe that the intercessions, the prayers, the supplications, of the blessed ones surrounding His throne, added to their own, may aid them in obtaining their hearts' desire. It is the influence which God's beloved in Heaven may exert upon Him that is asked. The Church *commands* prayers to God, but only says that it is "good and useful" to invoke the assistance of the saints. Nothing is detracted from the glory of God; the Catholic doctrines all teach that whatever glory or lustre the saints have is derived from God, is merely reflected and not original. As an orthodox Protestant you regard God as receiving and weighing your petitions; you ask for the prayers of your friends and pastor to aid you in matters of importance; you expect that those prayers will be of some effect. Will the influence of their prayers cease when they have gone to Heaven and are close to Jesus' side? Why should you not ask the assistance of friends already there as well as those on earth?

When we come to consider the question of the infallibility of the Church, and of the Pope as its representative, it is necessary to enter upon a brief view of the claim of Roman Catholics to the divine institution and perpetuation of their Church. Catholics attach so much importance to the origin of their Church, so many of their distinctive doctrines rest upon it, and the question has been so fiercely debated, that it is necessary to give more time to the consideration of this question than its real importance deserves.

They place great weight upon these two passages from Matthew: —

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." — Matthew xvi. 18–19.

"Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." — Matthew xxviii. 19–20.

This latter quotation is the last speech of Christ recorded by Matthew. Now the Catholic, believing completely

and literally in the absolute truth of the Scriptures, needs no other assurance for the genuineness of his religion than these passages. On Peter is founded a church, and when you find the church founded on Peter you have found Christ's Church. And he needs no other assurance of the perpetuity of his Church, for does not Christ say that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"? And does He not promise to be with it "all days even to the consummation of the world"?

They emphasize three points: First, Christ is *with* it. If He is with it what does it matter that the whole world be against it, and of what avail are the struggles of its enemies? Second, Christ is with it *all days*. There has not been an interval of a single day when Christ was not with it. This is used as an argument against the claims of all Protestant churches to be Christ's church. Since these churches are of recent origin, there must have been many days when He was not with them; hence none of them can be His Church. Third, Christ will be with His Church all days, *even to the consummation of the world*. This is a promise of the Church's perpetual duration. Now they say if you grant the absolute truth of the Scriptures and *find* that church founded on Peter, you have found Christ's Church, you have found a church that must endure through all time to the end of the world, and you have found an infallible church. Then they ask, as among all churches now in existence, is it difficult to find the church founded on Peter? Is it possible for any church except the Catholic to claim that it traces its beginning back to that source? They claim, of course, that the Roman Catholic Church is the one Peter founded; that shortly after the death of Christ he went to Rome and reigned as bishop for 27 years, when he and Paul suffered martyrdom under Nero; that he was succeeded by Linus, he by Cletus, and so on down through a list of popes without a single break in the succession to the present time. While the records of the early times are not in the clearest condition and there is room for disputing the positive proof of these statements, yet it seems probable from history that Peter was in Rome at least part of this time and that he was killed by Nero at the same time that Paul was. And it is rather a strange commentary on human nature to find that those who will contend most strongly against the possibility of any alterations or mistakes having been made in the Epistles of Peter will yet claim that the records of that time are too poorly authenticated to base any positive statements as to his life upon them. Be that as it may, the Catholic Church rests serene in the strength of her foundation on the rock of Peter.

Following out this line of argument, they say that their Church, being founded on Peter, is the true one. It is Christ's Church, and must be the true one; all others must be wrong, because there can be but one true church. Christ said "My church," not "churches," thus showing beyond possibility of dispute that He intended only one organism to represent His cause on earth. Then consider the almost numberless branches, denominations, and divisions among the Protestants, differing among themselves in everything except their antagonism to the Roman Church. They cannot all be right; if any one be right all the others must be wrong; and how will you select out of the multitude that one which is without error? They not only differ among themselves, but the belief of each branch is continually changing. Catholicism is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Can truth change? Can any doctrine that was once true be false or that which was once false be true? Must not the teachings of Christ's Church be the same throughout all the ages? He is "with it," and if His presence means anything it must be that He will guard it and protect it from all possibility of error or mistake. If it is not infallible then His promise that "the gates of hell shall not prevail

against it," has not been kept. He not only commanded His followers to teach all nations, but all nations to listen and obey those teachings. If, then, the precepts of His followers are not the absolute truth without any admixture of mistake, Christ is instrumental in spreading falsehood and error throughout the world, and is jeopardizing those souls that He gave His life to save.

Such is their doctrine of the Church's infallibility, to which they attach so much importance and which is so little understood by the outside world. They are ready to defend it and fortify it by the necessary scriptural quotations, by early church customs, and by the facts of history. They challenge the world to show a doctrine or bull officially promulgated by any of the popes that has since been renounced or that does not remain to this day as the accepted teaching of the Church. They admit that a single error of doctrine brought home to the Church would overthrow their entire theory, but they stand up boldly with the scroll of their Church history open in their hands and ask you to point out such an error.

We marvel at the very audacity of the proposition claiming for the Church absolute infallibility, but in doing so we forget that the orthodox Protestants claim as much for the Bible, and indeed it is only one step beyond the position taken by other religious bodies, who are willing to admit mistakes in their past statements of belief, but not in their present ones. Catholics admit mistakes in neither, so that the difference is only one of degree.

The only comment that the writer cares to make in leaving this matter, is that if we take our stand on their ground of literal faith in the Bible, vicarious atonement, the divinity of Christ, and the possession by Him of a nature that would permit His personal care and influence in directing and assisting the progress of His teachings on earth, in other words, if we believe in the great orthodox scheme of salvation, whereby Christ came on earth for the purpose of establishing a religion through which the souls of men might be saved from the effects of sin, these premises granted, we stand but a poor chance of combating their conclusions.

Such in a general way are the main points of the Catholic belief. They constitute a creed of remarkable strength and wonderful power in retaining its hold upon the minds and hearts of the people, the most refined and cultured, as well as the simplest and most ignorant. Catholicism is not alone for those without education or intelligence, as we are so apt to maintain, else were there not such a long and brilliant list, extending through all the centuries, of truly great men, clerical and lay, who have given their sincerest allegiance to Catholic doctrines. There never has been a time when the intelligence of the Catholic Church was not able to meet and grapple successfully with the strongest minds the outside world could produce. The oft-reiterated charge that the Church tries to hold its members in ignorance and darkness is not true. That there are priests of that Church who, to maintain the supremacy of their own influence, try to hold back their flocks from seeking outside information, is admitted by all; there are Lutheran priests doing the same; but the Church does not advocate such procedure. She never has been and is not afraid of investigation in the fullest light of intelligence, but has always struggled to educate the people; her schools, colleges, and universities are found all over the world. Cambridge and Oxford were built by her; the three greatest universities of Scotland were founded by her; and the first college in America, that of Quebec, was her work.

The old charges of religious persecution by Catholics are neither to be denied nor extenuated. They are heartily and sincerely deplored by the Church, and that body is very careful to claim that no bloodshed was ever by it ordered, sanctioned, or approved. Be that as it may, the Church passed through many centuries when the shedding of blood could alone atone for a difference

of religious belief. That was a universal law and was obeyed by all alike; Protestants burned Catholics and Catholics burned Protestants. It was only a question of which party was in the minority to determine which one had the longest roll of martyrs. There was no superiority of one over the other in that respect; Protestants throwing stones at Catholics should remember the prominent position occupied by their own glass house.

It is an authenticated fact of history that over 200 Catholic priests were put to death by Queen Elizabeth; and the total number of other Catholics put to the rack, the thumb-screw, and stake, by England's virgin Queen during her long reign, was as much greater than those similarly persecuted by Mary as the reign of Elizabeth was longer than that of Mary. This is perhaps a startling statement, but is supported by Hallam, by Buckle, and by Macaulay. It is new to us because the historians of that age were Protestants, in whose breasts still rankled an intense hatred of everything Catholic, and it is not to be expected that those who made the literature of the age, and were under the fostering care of Queen Elizabeth, would dwell upon a subject so disgraceful to their patroness. Calvin himself burned Michael Servitus at the stake, and was instrumental in the execution of many others. Luther was particularly bitter in his denunciation of the Jews, and his tirades against them drove thousands of them from home and country, and resulted in the death of countless numbers. The persecutions of Quakers and those accused of witchcraft by our Puritan ancestors, both in Europe and this country, lacked nothing of the cold-blooded, fiendish, diabolical outrage that is so characteristic of religious warfare wherever found.

The most recent persecutions have come from Protestants. Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* does not exaggerate the wholesale destruction of Catholics in the riots against them in 1780. In the great French Revolution, whatever of religious feeling entered into the mobs that swept with fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of that beautiful land was directed against the Catholic Church. In 1844 in our own Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, riot ran mad in destruction of Catholic property and Catholic life. Ay, within the last decade, in Germany and Russia the blood of peaceful Jews has been shed by Protestants because, forsooth, their ancestors nearly 2000 years ago were selected by God to aid Him in carrying out His scheme of salvation.

It is a fact that for many generations past, whatever religious persecution has stained the name of Christianity has sprung from the Protestant branch. It is a fact that in Maryland, in 1649, the Catholic authorities passed the first law in America guaranteeing to all men liberty of conscience; and it is equally a fact that when the Protestants gained the ascendancy in that colony, they amended that law by excepting from its operations all Roman Catholics. For every Protestant martyr that you can name, the Church can show you a hundred devout Catholics who gave up life, rather than their religion.

The Roman Catholic Church, although shorn of much of her temporal power, stands to-day in the full possession of her ancient ecclesiastical majesty. Never has she numbered more members, and never has the proportion of her followers been larger compared to the population of the world. It would seem as if the claim of her children were true, that she is the rock against which the swelling waves of the world's eternal sea shall break forever in vain. She has combated foes without and within with hardly an interval of rest since the cry "Christianos ad leones" rang through the streets of Nero's Rome, and yet she stands proudly erect in the full strength of unimpaired vigor. Time and time again has the world gathered its forces together for grand and determined attacks upon her strongholds, and as many times has

it fallen back, only to behold through the clearing smoke of conflict the reappearance of that majestic structure in undiminished glory and prestige.

Imperial Rome could not crush out the organization of the infant church. She bowed not her peerless head before the sweeping hordes of Goths, Visigoths, and Huns. The great Arian and Albigensian heresies struggled in vain to undermine and overthrow her supremacy. The Saracen armies, marching in their unbrokenly victorious career from Asia, across Africa, and far into Europe, were met by her soldiers of the Cross and hurled back once and for all time. For 150 consecutive years after the Reformation nations and confederations of nations surged around her walls and dashed with all the concerted power, might, and vigor of Europe at her embattlements, only to sink back at last, leaving her covered with scars but with unimpaired vitality. Then dawned the Age of Reason, and, before the sun had set on that terrible day, the republic of Holland was no more, the German Confederacy had ceased to exist, the ancient council of Venice was a thing of the past, the great Helvetian league, the House of Bourbon, the French Parliament and aristocracy, had all disappeared. The rights of property and society itself had been subverted, and everything that was ancient and time-honored was ground into the dust. Everything but the great, unchangeable Catholic Church. In the light of her past, what of danger has the future?

W. W. CLARK.

St. Anthony Park, Minnesota.

DISCERNMENT.

BY ALBERT DOYLE.

SHE bade me go.
  Her tongue spoke not the word,
But well I know
  That in my heart I heard
Her bid me go.

She spoke to me,
  In sweetest accents spoke.
How fair was she,
  When she my idol broke
And banished me!

She bade me stay;
  The word it was not meant,
Her eyes said nay;
  I from her beauty went,
I could not stay.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY E. SURRATT.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

TWO events have recently occurred to revive popular interest in the tragic fate of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, whose guilt or innocence in the assassination of President Lincoln is likely ever to remain a mooted question in American history. The occurrences referred to are the late destruction by fire of the important papers in the possession of her counsel, Col. John W. Clampitt, of Chicago, tending to establish her complete innocence, and the publication, by David Miller De Witt, of a volume entitled, *The Judicial Murder of Mary E. Surratt*, the trend of which is sufficiently indicated in the book's title.

Since Mrs. Surratt's summary execution with the trio of male conspirators, 30 years ago, Colonel Clampitt had been assiduously collecting data and evidence which he believed to be so convincing in the unfortunate woman's favor, that its publication would satisfy every one of her innocence. He was about ready to give it to the public, when his residence with all it contained, including these precious papers, was consumed by fire. The press reports of the catastrophe would indicate that Colonel Clampitt's evidence was largely based upon the disclosures of Father Walter, the priest who prepared Mrs. Surratt for death, and who, he says, though firmly convinced of her guiltlessness, prevented her from asserting it on the scaffold, in keeping with the promise he had made to the War Department, as the price of his being permitted to afford her the last consolations of her religion. Whether or not the publication of this evidence would have succeeded in making Mrs. Surratt out a martyr to the frenzy which prevailed in Washington upon the murder of Lincoln, cannot now be predicated; it is certain, however, that Colonel Clampitt's projected publication, appearing almost simultaneously with Mr. De Witt's book, if it did not convert those who have hitherto been satisfied of her guilt, would at least strengthen the opinion of many who look upon her as the innocent victim of an unfortunate combination of circumstances and a martyr to the delirium that dominated the public mind.

In the calm, clear light of the present, the storms of passion and of vengefulness subsided, it is hard to realize the state of the public mind as the immediate result of Lincoln's assassination; the feverish mental excitement produced by a long and bitterly contested civil war; the general rejoicing over the triumph of the Union; and then, while the public jubilation was at its height, the shot of the assassin, changing the cheers of exultation to mingled cries of lamentation and execration. Little wonder that in the panic precipitated by this national calamity men's minds should

lose their equilibrium, reason give place to a wild clamor for retribution, and even the scales of justice be deprived for the time of their perfect equipoise.

The question of Mrs. Surratt's guilt or innocence must ever remain a matter of discussion; but viewed in the impartial light of the present, the evidence upon which she was convicted is by no means such as would to-day convict her of connection with the conspiracy, while it is an open question whether, if accorded then a trial by jury, rather than by an extraordinary military tribunal, notwithstanding the inflamed condition of the public mind, a verdict could have been obtained against her. It is a lamentable fact that the authorities at Washington, under the impulse of the prevailing panic, were led to create this military tribunal, for which there was no warrant other than the frenzied state of the official mind. The courts were in perfect working order, and the majesty of law needed no surer interpreter. There was no exigency that demanded the creation of this extraordinary tribunal, and no authority for depriving the accused of their constitutional right to a trial by jury. A state of war, the only justification of military usurpation of the civil power, did not exist at the time in Washington; nor were any of those to be tried by it members of the army, and thus subject to military law. Particularly repugnant is it to every tradition of the country and to all the nobler instincts of humanity to have a woman dragged before such a tribunal and subjected to its drastic and pitiless methods.

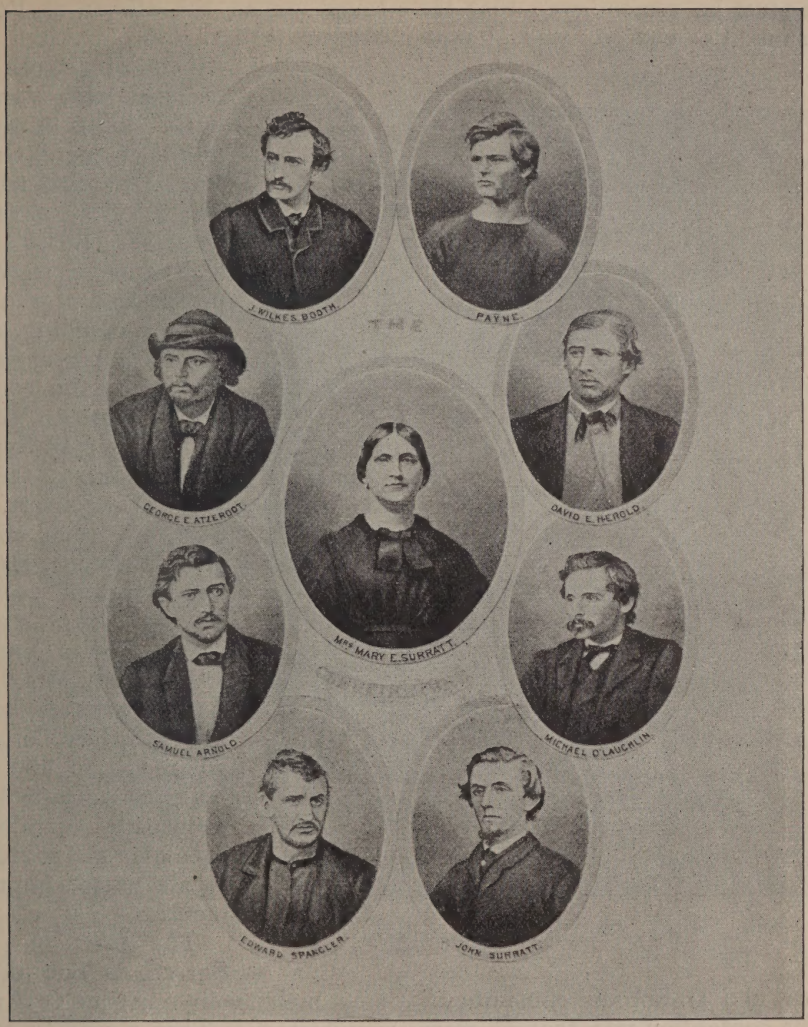
Unfortunately, the one man who would have otherwise been a power to calm the official madness of the time, Secretary Seward, had himself been done almost to death by one of the conspirators; and the direction of affairs devolved upon Secretary Stanton, one of the most arbitrary and autocratic of men, by nature ill constituted for the discharge of any judicial function, too rash in his judgments to reach a reasonable conclusion, too imperious to invite or accept the opinions of others. President Johnson, overawed for the time by the calamity that had thrust the presidency upon him and by the belief that he, too, had been marked for assassination, left the matter of bringing the conspirators to justice to his aggressive secretary of war; and the latter, thus clothed with extraordinary powers and in a frenzy that conceived a plot to which the leaders of the now dismantled Confederacy were a party, ran riot in his abandonment to the craze of the hour, discrediting the civil power and the laws by which the constitution safeguarded the rights of the meanest criminal. By him was created this military tribunal, before which a woman was dragged with the rest of the accused, and by which she was refused her inalienable right in any court of a separate trial; by him, was set in motion all the machinery to secure her conviction; by him and his henchman, Judge Advocate Holt, was the recommendation to mercy, which was signed by five of her judges, kept from the eyes of President Johnson; and by him was the daughter of the hapless woman denied even the satisfaction of committing to consecrated ground the remains of her mother.

The pathetic interest surrounding the fate of Mary E. Surratt loses little of its force with the flight of time. Thirty years have

passed since she was laid to rest in a felon's grave in the grounds of the old Arsenal at Washington, and those years have witnessed the passing away of the President who signed her death warrant, the secretary whose heart was adamant to every impulse of mercy, and most of the judges who decreed her doom. The matter of her guilt or innocence so far as it affects herself, as well as the justice or culpability of her judges and accusers, has passed for adjudication before a Tribunal, the judgments of which are unerring and eternal. Those 30 years have also contributed much to at least call in question the worth of the evidence through which her life was sacrificed, as well as to put in the pillory the conduct of that military tribunal, to impugn its fitness for the exercise of judicial power, and to expose methods on the part of the prosecution at variance with every idea of justice or humanity. It remained for the failure, later, of the government to convict John H. Surratt, to convince many of the weakness of the testimony upon which his mother was subjected to an ignominious death. His conviction was necessary to put the seal of justification on the acts of the military commission that had encompassed the doom of his mother, and the government strained every effort to secure this justification, but signally failed. A reaction had set in in the popular mind, and John H. Surratt had the good fortune to be tried by a jury, instead of by a court-martial where the judges, whatever the laurels they had won on the battlefield, manifested little of the qualifications necessary for the judicial bench, and the very closeness of whose relation to the martyred President and ill-concealed desire to visit dire retribution for his taking off, would have disqualified them as jurors, even if the civil authority had not been ignored.

Had John H. Surratt been tried by that same military tribunal, he would unquestionably have been a prey to its thirst for victims. Before, however, he was apprehended and brought to this country, the wild hallucination in regard to the extent of the conspiracy had vanished; justice, and not blind and unreasoning revenge, was demanded. It was shown by Booth's diary and other matter that had come to light that the initial conspiracy was to abduct the President, not to harm him, and that the tragedy that plunged the nation in grief was the result of chagrin, as was the assault on Secretary Seward, at the failure of the previous plan, an afterthought, put into execution a day or two after its conception. This diary of Booth's was suppressed before the military commission, where its appearance would have been destructive to the charge made against Mrs. Surratt of possessing a "knowledge of the murderous and traitorous conspiracy"; for according to this diary of the dead assassin there was no "murderous conspiracy" of which she could have had a knowledge. That diary was produced at the trial of John H. Surratt, and it was not without its effect upon the jury.

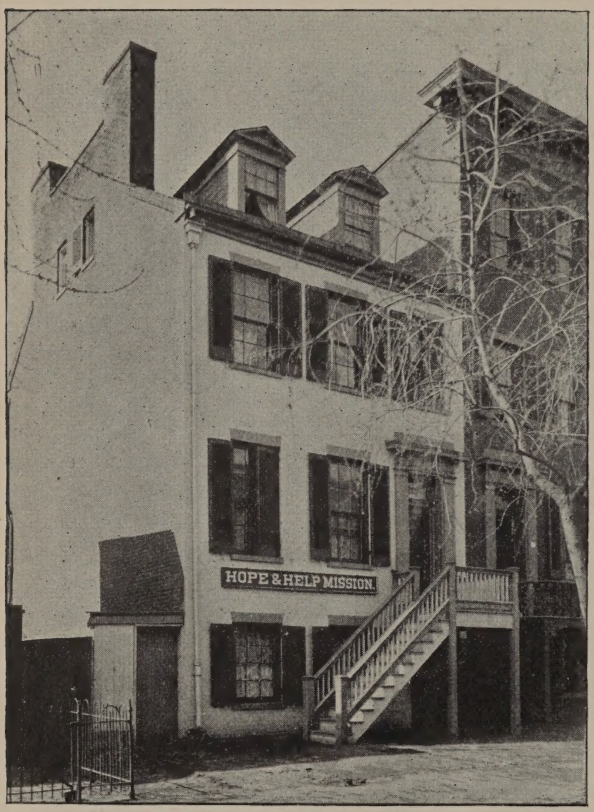
Mr. De Witt, in the book to which reference is made at the beginning of this article, dramatically pictures the way in which a vote of two thirds of the military commission was secured for the death of Mrs. Surratt; how Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham pleads "that the President will not allow a hair of her head to be harmed, but that *terror*, TERROR is necessary, in this



instance, to force the son from his hiding-place; the life of the mother must be the bait held out to catch the unsurrendering son. We will hang him and then free the woman's neck." What a commentary upon the sincerity of this announcement! The mother is hanged, and the son, when subsequently tried, escapes conviction and goes free He who was charged with being one of the arch-conspirators, against whom the informers who swore away his mother's life were even more damaging in their testimony, could not be convicted. What would have been the result of his mother's trial if she had been similarly tried, and not by a tribunal established without proper authority, destitute of the judicial temper for the administration of even and exact justice, and organized and conducted in a spirit of vengeful malevolence?

Tried at the same time with Mrs. Surratt and for the same crime —

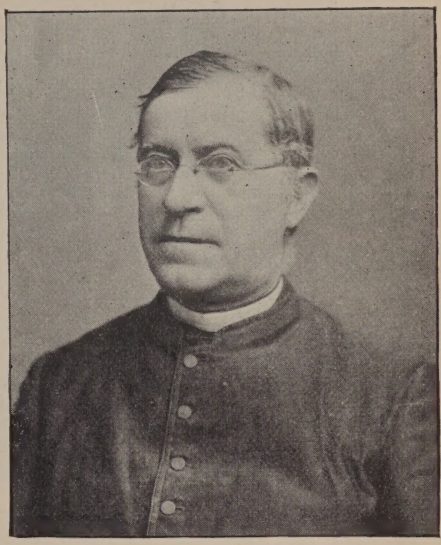
for it must be remembered that the government's charge was "murderous and traitorous conspiracy," and its contention was that all were equally guilty with Booth in the assassination of President Lincoln — were Lewis Payne, the assailant of Secretary Seward; David E. Herold, the companion of Booth in his flight from Washington; George A. Atzerodt, the man charged with being assigned the task of assassinating Vice-President Johnson; Edward Spangler, a scene-shifter at Ford's Theatre, who had been a menial attendant on Booth; Samuel Arnold, a letter from whom had been found among the effects of Booth; Michael O'Laughlin, arrested as a friend of Booth and charged with "traitorously" lying in wait to murder General Grant; and Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, the physician who set Booth's leg, who was charged, in prosecution of the conspiracy, of aiding, advising, receiving, assisting, harboring, and concealing Booth, Herold, Payne, John H. Surratt, O'Laughlin, Atzerodt, Mary E. Surratt, Arnold, and their confederates. Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt perished on the same scaffold with Mrs. Surratt; O'Laughlin, Mudd, and Arnold were exiled for life to the Dry Tortugas, where O'Laughlin died, his two associates being eventually pardoned; Spangler was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.



The residence of Mrs. Surratt in Washington.

The fate of Mrs. Surratt is one of the most melancholy episodes in American history. That a woman of refinement and of the Christian character testified to by clergymen who appeared at her trial, could be a party to the conspiracy with which she was charged, seems as preposterous as it does to think that men engaged in such a desperate enterprise would trust a knowledge of their plans to a woman. Particularly is this the case where her son is alleged to be one of the master-spirits, for ordinary mother love would stand aghast at the peril her

son was inviting, nor is it consistent with this maternal love that she would give utterance to the statements attributed to her by the informers whose testimony sent her to the scaffold. That Booth and the others might have met frequently at her house without the hostess being taken into confidence, is not only natural but most reasonable; while her failure to recognized Payne when he came to her house in the guise of a laborer, covered with mud and his face mainly concealed, is not suggestive of untruth on her part. Nor should the mere denial, even if it was made to discredit any knowledge of the man, connect her with any personal knowledge of the conspiracy in view of the excited state of public feeling, and the fact that her son, who was an acquaintance of his, might be encompassed in the official drag-net that was being so industriously employed. Again, she was charged with a "knowledge of the murderous and traitorous conspiracy," while the diary of Booth, which was at that time in the possession of Secretary Stanton, but was not permitted to figure in the trial, showed that there was no such "murderous conspiracy" with which she could have been conversant, for the execution of the latter followed too closely upon the inception of the idea, nor was it within the bounds of reasonable conjecture that the secret of so desperate a measure would be trusted



The late Father Walter.

to a woman, had there been the opportunity so to do. Then there is the testimony of Father Walter, who prepared her for death and was convinced of her entire innocence.

These are the facts and the conclusions to be drawn from them. Mrs. Surratt was hanged, John H. Surratt had the good fortune not to be tried until fairer conditions prevailed, and is alive to day and a free man. Need anything more be said?

FAREWELL TO KILLARNEY.

BY J. H. KELLY.

I.

KILLARNEY! on thy vine-clad shore
I've rambled when the sun rode high;
Have watched the leaping torrents pour
In deafening flood and turn awry;
I've seen the moonlit showers fall
Athwart and down thine emerald breast,
And harkened to the curfew's call
When day kissed night and drooped to rest.

II.

Killarney! in the broadened noon,
I've waked the spirits of thy groves
And heard their whispering voice attune
To one deep trill of gladsome loves;
In crimsoned eve I've roamed thy glen,
Becked on at own sweet fancy's will.
O peerless! how I loved thee then,
Alone with nature, dreaming, still.

III.

Killarney! I have swept the deep
  Pellucid waters of Lough Lene,
Till where the cradled islets peep,
  All decked in gold and shimmering sheen;
Where full on high the mountain kings
  In dented grandeur proudly soar,
And shrill the echo piercing rings
  In answering chord from shore to shore.

IV.

Killarney! fairer spot to me
  Than e'er my footsteps yet have trod,
With all thy sylvan luxury,
  And hills and dales and flowering sod,
Farewell to thee, oh, fare thee well!
  This tribute at thy shrine I lay,
For I have breathed thy mystic spell,
  And felt thy calm, majestic sway.

V.

Killarney! 'tis ordained that I
  Must hie me o'er the deathful deep,
To that fair land and silver sky
  Far, far beyond thine echoing steep.
But though between us billows roll,
  Remembrance will thy grace renew,
Time will but knit us soul to soul.
  Killarney! loveliest, best, adieu.

Colleen Bawn Rock, Killarney.

WANTED: A NEW HISTORIAN FOR NEW MEXICO.

BY JAMES MADISON FOLEY.

NOT until within the last 10 years can New Mexican history be said to have been fairly lifted from the domain of romance and fable, and to have been set before the world in anything like its truth and fulness. We do not allude to the earlier myths which enshrouded it before the advent of its first discoverers and conquerors, Father Mark of Nice and the gallant Coronado, when it shared the marvellous with all untried countries; but in our own day the gravest professors and most careful historians have encumbered its chronicles with a host of traditions, which more thorough and scholarly students have since proved to be utterly baseless. The prospect is cheering, at last, to one like the writer, who has lived long in the territory and has seen how little the outside world has understood its history and institutions.

How many a tear has been shed, for example, over the extinct and imaginary races who peopled the cave-houses and cliff-dwellings along the Rio Grande and its tributary cañons! What a wealth of conjecture has been wasted over their doings and extermination! To-day we know that these cliffs were only the whilom refuges of the ancestors of our modern Pueblo Indian. The race and its doings were exactly the same as we witness now at Cochití, San Juan, Taos, and all the homes of the sedentary red man. Before the time of Coronado, the Pueblo had simply been driven ever and anon to dwell in these cliffs to secure himself in their unscalable fastnesses against his murderous brother who knew no house but his wigwam, no means of subsistence but plunder; but he made the same Oriental pottery, wore the same garments, tanned the same hides, and irrigated the same farms as his descendant of to-day. Cliff-dweller and Pueblo were one and the same.

Then we had the oft-repeated claim that these marvellous men of the Pueblos were of Aztec or certainly of Toltec origin. Peaceful, town-dwelling Indians, farmers and manufacturers, moral, well clothed, and industrious, they seemed to have nothing in common with the ungovernable and bloodthirsty nomads around them, but must claim kindred with the more civilized tribes who had apparently preceded them in emigration to the kingdoms of Mexico. The theory no longer holds. The closet historian has been replaced by active workers who have left their libraries and gone to dwell for years in personal contact with these Indians, to visit and measure all their past and present abodes, to learn their languages, and to saturate themselves with all their traditions and folk-lore. Bandelier, the foremost of this new school, speaks fluently several of the Pueblo tongues, and has personally investigated every place and tradition of interest. Lummis dwelt for four years in the pueblo of Isleta, and made himself an authority in all their tribal laws and customs, and

Ancient Pyramidal Pueblo of Taos.

unveiled a dozen of their long-cherished secrets. Cushing has done a similar work at Zuñi, and patient students have followed these original investigators along a dozen different lines, till we find the Aztec theory no longer tenable. To the fact that the Aztecs knew nothing whatever of the New Mexican Pueblos, may be added insurmountable difficulties in the way of language, architecture, and religion. Really radical differences exist in the first, and the few resemblances which do obtain prove only a similar but remote origin in both, without any immediate connection. The architectural contradictions are equally striking. The utter absence of ornament among the Pueblos is in vivid contrast to the elaborate work of the Aztecs. The pyramids, the sculptures, the arched ceilings, the cut stone of the latter, are totally wanting in the former. In religion, too, the Pueblos are ignorant of altars, burial mounds, and the long sacerdotal ritual so peculiar to the Aztec, while they know nothing whatever of the horrible human butcheries which were an indispensable feature of worship in ancient Mexico. Missionary, soldier, and settler alike found themselves in contact with an entirely new people once they entered New Mexico.

The fable of Montezuma was long devoutly cherished as a link between the Pueblo and the Aztec, and even so pretentious a professor as Blackmar discusses it at considerable length, without a moment's thought of its falsity. This Montezuma was not the Mexican cacique of the days of Cortez, but a hero chief of the pueblo of Acoma, who, it was said, after living long with his people, and teaching them all they knew, disappeared one day with the promise to return in the distant future, after his people should have been subjugated by another race, and restore them to their old independence and glory. We are told that to this day the Pueblos mount their terraces before the dawn and eagerly

await the rising sun and scan the horizon in the hope of beholding their hero return. Touching as the fable is, and source of many a romantic picture of Pueblo life, it had its origin no earlier than the year 1847. Recent investigations prove that it was then invented by the fertile-minded Mexicans, and industriously taught the simple Pueblo till he fain believed it, merely as a weapon against the threatening American, whose long hands were then reaching out for New Mexico. With the hope of Montezuma in his heart, it was fancied the Pueblo would scorn the overtures of El Gringo. Not a trace of this name, or anything approaching it or its associations, can be found any earlier in the chronicles of the territory. Rather do a hundred well-proven facts militate against it. The Pueblos of the days of Coronado, Espejo, Oñate, and Vargas knew nothing of Montezuma. His birth was reserved for the brain of a 19th-century New Mexican. His upstart origin, however, has been detected, and he is now banished from reputable books.

Leaving the domain of conjecture and deduction, the legend of Cabeza de Vaca, the alleged first white man to set foot on New Mexican soil, fades away and is extinguished under the fierce white light of our later and more critical students. Like the story of Montezuma, it had its powerful supporters, no less an authority than ex-Governor Prince giving it credence and pages without end in his *History*. This brave veteran, de Vaca, was one of the shipwrecked soldiers of Narvaez off Florida in 1528. Paddling away with a few companions in a crazy canoe, he crossed the Gulf of Mexico and landed in Louisiana, and there began a series of adventures and appalling sufferings without a parallel in history. The ingenuous and pious story of all he underwent makes a wonderfully picturesque and captivating record of nine years' wandering up and down Louisiana and across Texas and Old Mexico, till he finally reached Culiacan on the Gulf of California. His allusions to tribes that had permanent dwellings and dressed in cotton made hasty writers conclude that he had visited the Pueblos; but the patient Bandelier and others, on examining his work more critically, and visiting many of the scenes which he describes later on, find that he must have crossed the Rio Grande about where the Conchos flows into it from the south. This places him much to the southwest, beyond the limit of New Mexico. His permanent dwellings correspond exactly to those of the Pimas, Opatas, and other tribes of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico; while the cotton garments are realized better in the costumes of Sonora and Chihuahua than in the pueblos of New Mexico.

He tells us, furthermore, that the natives of these permanent dwellings used to exchange parrot feathers for green turquoises. Now parrots have never been known in New Mexico, while they are quite abundant in the Sierra Madre. Turquoises, on the other hand, are common enough in New Mexico, being obtained near Santa Fé, where, it is said, the only mine of the kind exists outside of Persia; and to the present day the travelling Pueblos often buy parrot feathers with these gems in Sonora. Convinced by these and other proofs, historians have become unanimous in conceding the honor of the discovery of New Mexico to the humble and ardent friar, Mark of Nice. To

the credit of de Vaca, however, it must be said that it was his story which inflamed the soul of the Franciscan with a desire to penetrate the unknown north; and one of de Vaca's companions, the negro Estevanico, was Father Mark's helper and vanguard on his awful tramp to Zuñi (or Cíbola), where he first set up the cross of Christ.

Pueblo Dancers.

The next great historical fault that confronts us is the alleged expedition of Peñalosa to Quivira. Here the lamented Dr. Gilmary Shea, in spite of his usually rigorous methods of study, suffered himself to be led astray; but he went wrong in goodly company with Prince and a host of earlier students. The record of Peñalosa is simply a plagiarism of the account of the expeditions made to that delusive town by Coronado in 1541 and Oñate in 1601. It is a brilliant forgery of things unseen and deeds never attempted. As it was written 134 years after the expedition made by Oñate, and was published in Paris, its fraudulent character was not detected at the time of its appearance; and by and by, as the ages wore on, it was accepted as veracious history. Peñalosa was a typical Spanish adventurer, who was governor of New Mexico from 1661 to 1664. His violent character was shown while in this office by his throwing into jail the *padre custodio* of the missions, for daring to oppose some of his high-handed proceedings. He was afterwards compelled to do public penance for this and other acts of tyranny. Later on he made an unsuccessful effort to interest the viceroy in a grand new expedition to Quivira, and then in a rage left for London and Paris and attempted to enlist a force of filibusters to make war on New Spain. He published his forgery in Paris in 1675, in order to win recruits to his traitorous plans, and gave out that he bore the title of the Count of Santa Fé. All his wild schemes failed, however, and he died in obscurity in 1687. His forgery was successfully exposed by Fernandez Duro in Spain and Hubert H. Bancroft in America.

The latter gentleman thinks it probable that this story was responsible for the somewhat similar book of Admiral Fonte's voyage along the northwest coast in 1640, in which Peñalosa is described as vice-admiral of the fleet.

More serious but equally unfounded are the fables of Spanish cruelty in the conquest of New Mexico. Especially are reckless writers eloquent here when they repeat, without one single fact to support them, the story of dreadful slavery deep in the bowels of the earth. Ritch emphasizes the slander by giving a picture of such an alleged scene in his *Illustrated New Mexico.* The charges of men of his ilk, who, thank God! are growing fewer in the territory, may be dismissed with the contempt which Lummis heaps upon them. There is not a scintilla of evidence in any document of Spanish days to give color to their assertion. It is as modern as the fables of Montezuma, a pure invention of Gringo days. The fact simply is that the mines were never worked at all during the Spanish occupation. The Spaniards never suspected the presence of such mineral wealth as has been discovered at Cochiti and elsewhere during the last 20 years. Hence it was that Coronado turned homeward with disgust; hence, too, that Oñate's colonists were only peaceful farmers and artisans, and hence it was that New Mexico was for three centuries only a land of shepherds and sheep-owners, peones and amos. The only serious instance of cruelty occurs in the attack on Tiguex by Cárdenas, when that officer slaughtered a number of the Pueblos after they had surrendered; but he claimed in defence that he was not aware of their capitulation. He was promptly punished, however, by Coronado, being sent back to Mexico in advance of the regular army and being afterwards imprisoned for his cruelty. Other deeds of violence were few and slight and only such as seem to be inseparable from even the most humanely conducted warfare; but all of them were in direct violation of the orders of the viceroy and the proclamations of the king. Best proof, however, that the Spaniards were not cruel towards the Pueblos, is the astonishing and unique fact that the Pueblos are as numerous to-day as when Coronado first found them. Three hundred years of contact with the Spaniard, far from destroying these Indians, have left their numbers intact and immeasurably improved their social, moral, and spiritual welfare. Where else in all the United States can anything be found to parallel this record of humanity?

In religious matters, finally, it is hard to convince the average American that the Spaniard did not employ force, the lash, confiscation of property, and death itself, in order to win the Pueblo to the doctrine of Christ. This is something, he fancies, that goes without saying whenever the Spaniard is under discussion. He knows that the Inquisition existed in New Mexico, and in his mind that institution never could have been anything but a huge and merciless system of torture. Alas! for his pet theories, imbibed with his mother's milk and nourished all his life by his favorite novels and newspapers, history will not bear them out in a single instance. The Holy Office of the Inquisition in New Mexico never burned or so much as tortured a single Indian. It is a downright

lie to assert that the Plaza at Santa Fé witnessed many an *auto da-fé*. Investigation by impartial students like Hubert H. Bancroft shows us that no man was ever put to death here except for crimes which are

Foot races in the Pueblo of Taos.

recognized as capital all over the civilized world. No Indian was ever whipped for obstinacy in things spiritual. The Inquisition here was strictly a spiritual institution, for the greater help of the missionaries and for the protection of themselves and their neophytes against the constantly threatening encroachments of the civil authorities. To this institution the Indians looked for their security. The history of the territory is full of instances where it was bravely employed in resisting the oppression of the governors and military, in defining the rights of the Indians, and insisting that they be observed. To the influence of the Inquisition more than aught else, the Pueblo owes his rise in the trades, and social comforts, and his undwindling numbers. The knowledge of gold and silver, the employment of the horse and the cow and other domestic animals, the establishment of a healthy and happy family life, and countless improvements in farming, are all due to the beneficent presence of the Holy Office.

In conclusion, it is easy enough to prove also that the sword did not go hand in hand with the Cross. Most of the missionaries lived lives of appalling isolation. They were absolutely alone in the pueblos. Hundreds and hundreds of miles of the most forbidding deserts and the most inhospitable mountains cut them off from intercourse with the whites. They took their lives in their own hands when they went to spread the Gospel, and were seldom accompanied by a single soldier or other companion. At the famous *junta*, or universal meeting of the

Pueblo of Laguna (modern).

whole country, held by Oñate at San Juan in 1598, chieftains came in from all the pueblos and asked to have priests sent to their towns, and Father Martinez at once apportioned these towns among his 10 companions without a single request for military protection. When the chieftains returned, the friars went with them, with absolutely no reliance except on the providence of God. Many of them, it is true, paid dearly for this confidence, or rather were rewarded with the crown which they coveted, but fresh recruits were always found to take the place of the martyrs. In 1696 a few of them saw that their lives were in danger and besought Vargas, the governor, to send them assistance; but when, by a strange fatuity, this brave and usually far-sighted officer refused, they quietly remained at their posts, where five of them were soon afterwards butchered. In other cases, we even have petitions from the friars that they be released from service among the whites or near the forts, and be sent to the distant pueblos, where they may labor without interference. The missionary in New Mexico was worthy of his brethren the world over, who have been renowned for their fearlessness and independence, exalted virtues begotten of the spirit of the Psalmist: 'God is my helper; whom shall I fear?"

In view of this heroism and the many corrections which modern research has made of long-seated errors and prejudices, a new historian is sadly wanted to paint in its real beauty the story of the conquest of New Mexico.

A ROMAN UNIVERSITY.

BY B. MORGAN.

It is a far cry from Boston to Rome, yet at one point at least they are very close together — closer, perhaps, than any other two great cities of the world. People nowadays are prone to think of Rome merely as the echo of a glory that is gone. She is visited and explored and written about for her history, her archæology, her art, and her traditions; but never a word is spoken of her work in the present as a centre of education and culture.

Yet it is precisely here that Rome and Boston touch. While the modern city is known far and wide for her appreciation of all that concerns the higher side of life, and while Harvard every year throbs its life blood of learning through the empire republic, Rome, now as ever, is a focus of burning light for the whole world.

They are alike in this, these twin sisters of greatness, and yet not wholly alike. Unlike Boston, Rome is not and perhaps never will be a leader in mere natural science and modern discovery. She has, it is true, her seats of secular learning and she has thousands of students from all parts of Italy to fill them; but beyond a certain keenness in bacteriological investigation, they have done little for fame, and in their spirit and system they differ little from similar institutions elsewhere. Her strength and greatness as a teacher lie chiefly and characteristically in her universities of sacred learning, of which she possesses some half a dozen, with a membership of over 6,000 students.

Looking out from this inner unregarded circle, you see Rome in a new light. She is not a dream of the past or a nightmare of the present. Art has departed from her, politics has not elevated her, modern thought has not glorified her, but you know her at once as the fruitful mother of sacred truth rather than as the "lone mother of dead empires."

It is a strange blending of harmonies and contrasts — this university system of Rome. The moment you cross its threshold you breathe an atmosphere which is neither of the past nor of the future, but of an unchangeable present. Your greatest lights shine from the borders of the ages that men call dark — modern prophets have no glory here; but Augustine and Thomas of Aquin raise their voices and are heard, and Scotus, with the other forgotten schoolmen, is held in reverence. The language you hear is at once strange to the ear and familiar to the mind, the old Latin of your school-days still living on, though you thought it dead centuries ago. Everything is old, and yet not old, for age is written here in strength and not in weakness.

The college life of Roman students is very simple and to modern notions will seem severe. The day is divided almost equally into three parts — one for sleep, one for study, and one for prayer, food, and recreation. Every college, with its alumni, numbering usually from 20 to 100, forms a little world in itself,

revolving round its own university as its sun. Beyond an occasional visit to the booksellers or a chat now and then with a friend of another college, the students' associations are almost entirely confined within the circle of his college companions. Nor, indeed, does it always include all of these, as the larger colleges are divided into distinct cameratas, with a student prefect at the head of each to represent authority, and one camerata is rigidly excluded from intercourse with the others, unless on special occasions. Thus the student's social boundary is very close. He has no intimate friends outside the college walls ; and therefore, during the four, seven, or nine years of his university course he is obliged to cherish his friendships because they must be few, and to be tolerant of differences and defects in others. Bodily comforts, to say nothing of luxuries, do not abound in Roman colleges. The food is not always as good as it might be. Lent is not shorn of its severities ; there are an unusual number of fasting days, and two days every week — Friday and Saturday — are days of abstinence. The academical year begins with a 10 days' retreat, during which no unnecessary word is spoken, and the outside world is as though it were not to the student. There is another retreat to prepare for Easter, and a third for those who are to receive sacred orders during the year.

The student has his own room as a rule, but it is too much his own to be pleasant, as no friend of his must ever cross the threshold, and yet not enough his own to be altogether private, as there is generally— excepting perhaps in the English, American, and one or two other colleges — a little grating in his door, through which the passer-by may see him at his work. It is the very reverse of a luxurious room, with its bare brick floor, its pictureless walls, its hard bed in one corner, and furniture of plain deal, generally scanted to the merest necessities. Outside this room the student knows no solitude ; his recreations within the house and his walks outside are always shared in the same body of companions.

But if this aspect of his life seems "cribbed, cabined, and confined," there is another side which makes him forget its monotony if he does not grow to love this, as he generally does. His path is strewn with every element of mental culture. If he loves literature, he has libraries without number at his service. If poetry snares the fancy of his leisure hours, he may study Dante under one of the most learned and appreciative of living commentators, or read the *Gerusalemme Liberata* under the very oak where Tasso wrote it, or strain after the inspiration of Shelley's *Skylark* from the broken arch of the baths of Caracalla. If painting is his choice, church and palace walls and ceilings are living with pictures for him, from the crude beginning of Christian art in the catacombs, to the consummate blending of soul and body by the young Raphael. Greece has preserved her sculptures for him to admire, nor has time swallowed up all traces of Roman architecture when Rome in this was the faithful echo of Greece.

Bramante and Michael Angelo are here to bridge the dead and nascent centuries ; history speaks to him from the dumb stones and with articulate voice from the original manuscripts of the Vatican. There is endless store of Christian archæology in the catacombs and of pagan

antiquity in the Forum. These are a few of his great opportunities, but they are not the raison d'être of his presence in the Eternal City. He has come here to learn at first hand the truths that concern his faith; and having said so much of what may be called the private side of his life, we may turn now to look at the great heart of the system in which he lives and moves — the university itself, and for choice we select the Gregorian.

There is a little street, very narrow and somewhat mean (even in these days of modern improvement a street may be very narrow and far from mean in Rome), which is known to the tourist as the shortest way of passing from the Pantheon to the Church of Sant' Ignazio. Here you will discover the famous Gregorian University. It has a record of over 300 years to look upon since the day of its founder, St. Francis Borgia, the second general of the Jesuit order. During that time it has given to the church eight popes, numerous saints, hundreds of cardinals and bishops, with doctors and priests by the thousand.

The present building is no more imposing in its architecture than in its site. Indeed, 25 years ago it served merely as a college for the German students in Rome. In those days the university was still lodged in the handsome pile known even yet as the Collegio Romano, built by Ammanati in 1582, A. D., with its large and valuable library, its Kircherian Museum, stored with the rarest treasures of Christian and Pagan antiquities, and its observatory, famed for the researches of the great Jesuit astronomer Padre Secchi.

The new Italian government has changed all that, however. The university has been hunted from its old home, with the silent piazza in front, where the noise of traffic was never heard, to its present quarters in the lane. It would perhaps suggest a passing thought of the early Christians driven into the catacombs were it not that the rumble of carts and the piercing cries of the Roman costermonger vending his wares dispelled the half illusion. For all that, the Jesuit university has thriven apace, the students have increased until they number over 1,000, and the great teaching order of the church is always able to choose from its 12,000 sons men worthy to fill the place of Suarez and Bellarmine and Franzelin. Of the present professors, Corneli will certainly be known to posterity for his work in the Scriptures, Billot for his treatise on the Eucharist, and many of the others are familiar by their writings wherever theology and scholastic philosophy are studied.

There are few more interesting sights to be seen in Rome than that presented by the Via del Seminario almost every morning between November and July. A few minutes before eight o'clock the little lane literally swarms with bands of students from all parts of the city. The Germans and Austrians are conspicuous here in their picturesque dress of scarlet. They are nothing if not solid, these Germans, and almost every pair of them is now engaged in discussing some moot point of philosophy or theology in guttural Latin and emphatic gesture. Then you notice several cameratas, containing in all some 150 students with a sash of pale blue binding their cassocks at the waist and a lining of the same color showing in the opening folds of their sopranos or outer garments. These are children of the South American

republics, with the dark eyes and the soft tongue of their Spanish fathers, but leavened here and there with a dash of Indian blood. Every moment the throng thickens, the French appear in goodly numbers, there is a blending of Italian blood from sturdy Piedmont to dreamy Naples, the picked students of Belgian seminaries come along side by side with the English and Scotch — and these are more than half Irish. The monastic orders, too, are well represented in the moving crowd: the Trinitarians, with black cloak half covering the white woollen habit, with its little cross of blue and red at the breast; the Franciscans in habit and cowl of ascetic brown; Olivetans, and Oblates, and Missionaries, all come to join the band of Jesuit scholastics within the walls. Stray students, too, unconnected with any college mingle with the rest, and there are little detachments of twos and threes from the Accademia dei Nobili, most of whom will one day be nuncios or diplomates of the church.

Before the clocks have struck eight they have all passed into the university, and you are at liberty to follow them if you will. The past joins hands with the present before your eyes as you mount the stairs. St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus, and St. John Berchmans look at you, as you pass, from the picture-hung wall. St. Leonard, the prince of zealous preachers, holds his cross up before your eyes, and St. Camillus, the meek, is side by side with Blessed Campion the martyr. In their time they were units of such a crowd as you have just seen.

As you enter the theology hall and look around you at the hundreds of heads, each with its tonsure of shaven crown that varies in size from a half-dollar piece to a saucer, more contrasts meet your eye. You notice that the students are not all in their youth. In the narrow, uncomfortable little benches, each holding its three occupants, old men with gray hair are sitting side by side with mere youths. The greater number are clerics in minor orders, but there are many priests, a few monsignori, and we have known an archbishop, exiled from his diocese by a Freemason government, and a preacher famed for his eloquence through the length and breadth of France, to sit here unnoticed during the years of a theological course.

It is a wonderful gathering, surely, and one above all others to bring home to the mind the ideas of Catholicity and unity. The Slav and the Teuton are there blended with the Celt and the Latin, the force of the North and the fire of the South, children of republics and children of despotisms, ripe age and budding prime, blood of the prince and blood of the peasant, different in all things but in their human nature and their Catholic faith.

Meanwhile the professor enters. He wears the Jesuit cassock embellished by no insignia of professorship. His lecture lasts for an hour, and, like all the academical exercises, is in Latin, fluently delivered and as readily understood, as you can see by the intent faces around you, and by the ready appreciation of the occasional witticism which seasons the discourse, and which sounds very quaintly in your unaccustomed ears, making you imagine for the nonce that you have alighted upon some living fragment of ancient Rome. One lecture is followed by another in dogma, history, or Scripture, as the case may be. By noon the university is empty again and the stu-

dents are dining at their respective colleges.

The afternoon lectures begin about three hours and a half before sunset, changing with the changes of the "Ave Maria" or vesper bell. Indeed, not the universities only, but much of Roman life is ordered by this vesper bell. The common people still reckon the time of day by the setting of the sun, an hour after the Ave being one o'clock and an hour before it 23 o'clock. Roman students are under a general law to be within the college walls before the quick darkness sets in, and lectures are accordingly so arranged that a margin of an hour and a half before sunset is left for the daily "passegia," or walk, a characteristic feature of the students' day.

Again the university gives up its throng, the cameratas of the different colleges fall into line at their chosen positions immediately within or without the gates. There are hurried deliberations as to the direction the walk will take, a scattering of double files through the neighboring streets, and in a few minutes the little Via del Seminario is empty. If there is a "festa" of importance at one of the churches, many of the cameratas will wend thither; but many more will be found strolling through the Villa Borghese, outside the Flaminian gate, or in the Villa Pamphyli, beyond the Janiculum. The Pincian gardens are, however, the favorite evening resort of the Roman student as well as of the leisured Roman and the barbarian from abroad. There the cameratas disband into couples, who stroll through the walks famed for their marble rows of the world's great men (with an occasional small one), from Plato down to Minghetti.

But the time is short. The sun has well nigh done his day's work, and the sky behind Monte Mario is glowing with purple and amethyst and gold, in the glory of his going, or if it be winter, his red eye glares at you through the lofty windows of St. Peter's dome. Then the cameratas form again; and while the tints are fading from the heavens and the shadows are growing longer and fainter in the streets, and the chill, unseen miasma ghost creeps around in search of fever victims, the students are making their way homeward. Soon the air is resonant with the clanging of a hundred bells ringing the "Ave" and the close of day. Before they have finished it will be a rare chance if you find a Roman student in the streets.

Sufficient has been said to give an idea of the students' life, but a word will not be amiss in illustration of the scholastic method of study, which forms so remarkable a feature of his training. The alumni of a Roman university are generally destined to be, not only teachers of Catholic doctrine in different parts of the world, but also defenders of the truth whenever it is attacked. Hence their studies are so directed that they may be most forcibly used in controversy as well as in exposition.

The study of logic naturally receives much attention, as the basis of study, and is accompanied by a course of mathematics, to give an edge to the reasoning faculty, and by a study of the Greek classics, as an aid to explanatory grace. Throughout the course of philosophy and theology, which takes seven years, there is a regular system of exercises in what may be termed dialectic fence, in the university itself and at the several colleges. The degree examinations

are not conducted in the simple question and answer form, but in the proposing and solving of difficulties. A description of an examination for the doctorate will serve to illustrate this.

The examination is twofold —written and oral. The written comes first and is merely a test of the candidate's eligibility for the oral. On the appointed day, the aspirant doctor appears with his writing materials and a copy of the Scriptures, which he is allowed to consult. He selects three folded slips of paper from a little basket, and on opening them finds the titles of three theses, any of which he is at liberty to select as the subject of his paper. Six hours are allowed for the writing of this, and it is then submitted to the examiner who is to preside at the final ordeal. If found satisfactory, three or four days after, the candidate is seated at a little table in the presence of four professors. Visitors or students may be present if so minded, and as a rule there are groups scattered here and there through the hall.

The trial is surely a severe one, lasting for an hour and a half, of severe mental strain. To sit down before a paper of questions in insignificant print, with all your wits about you, with plenty of time to think out your answers, to gather your knowledge to a focus, and to correct any mistakes you may have made, is one thing ; but it is another to take up your position within about three feet of four Jesuit professors, learned, subtle, and precise, who are there to harry your answers with difficulties and objections, from Scripture, tradition, and reason. You have a little respite during the first 20 minutes occupied by the reading of the paper. You find no difficulty in answering the first difficulty or the objection to your solution, but you feel that each moment is taking you down to depths more or less unknown, and it is a great relief when the 20 minutes allotted to the first examiner has passed by. Three more periods of the same duration drag themselves out endlessly, and by the time you have finished you are little fit for any more efforts at reasoning for some days.

THE POET'S LYRE.

BY E. R. LATTA.

THE poet's lyre, what skill hath pow'r to paint?
But his who strides Apollo's wingèd steed,
To marshal language equal to his need ;
Unhorsed, his touch would seem but poor and faint.
Let others, then, beware, nor make complaint.
With coursers not of the Medusa breed,
The bard's depiction could not be their meed ;
In their attempts would be so much constraint.
Such minstrelsies as else could ne'er have been
From poet's lyre, spontaneously have sprung.
More musical than songs by sirens sung,
Than organ-peal or strain of violin.
Oh, wondrous lyre, by which the world is stirr'd,
Unframed, unstrung, invisible, unheard !

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April Number.)

XII.

"Travellers are always in a hurry to get to rest, so I will be off. Just one word, however: is not Gizella prettier than ever?"

"I think so, dear mother," replied Charles Garnier calmly. "I think too that hers is the true beauty, that shows a lovely soul."

"She is not the sole possessor of that style of beauty," whispered Mme. Garnier in his ear.

"And you are not the only mother who is blind concerning her son," he replied, smilingly.

"I blind! let me see about that," she said, laughingly, and drawing him nearer to her. She gazed long at him, with infinite contentment, and ended by kissing him and saying, "I am not blind; you are too saucy, my son."

In her own mind she was saying that many an angel who has descended to earth and taken a human form was not fairer to the eye than was her son, and indeed the mother did not greatly exaggerate.

Charles Garnier had that noble and radiant beauty usually ascribed to the heavenly messengers. It was evident at a glance that he was full of animation, and also that an angelic peace of mind reigned within him. No shadow seemed to have ever rested on his brow, and his bright blue eyes had a wonderful charm.

But this evening his eyes were heavy with sleep; and Mme. Garnier, on perceiving this, rose from her seat and tenderly kissing him, said, "Till to-morrow, my dearest."

He accompanied her as far as the door and was about to retire for the night, when he heard his name called from an adjoining room.

"What is it, Reginald?" he asked, and, crossing the room, he raised the heavy curtain that hung over the doors dividing the two rooms.

"I would like to speak to you, if you are not too tired," answered a young man who was standing by the side of a table on which were a light and some books.

Charles suppressed a yawn, and without a word entered the room of his travelling companion, Reginald de Brunand, who pointed to a sofa in the corner of the room.

The young man, who was slight, dark, and graceful, appeared to be about 25 or 30 years of age, and wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the Cuirassiers.

He seemed troubled, and, remaining standing, was nervously opening and shutting the books before him.

"If you have nothing to say," said Charles, "would it not be better for us to go to bed? It is past midnight and we have travelled a long way to-day."

"What does that signify now that we are here?" replied the soldier. "Were I in your place I should not be in any more hurry to get to my pillow than if I were one of the blessed who had just entered heaven."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said Charles, rubbing his eyes. "You do not seem too wide awake yourself, and there appears to be something amiss with you."

"There is nothing the matter with me — only I seem to have a sensation as if snow and fire were running through my veins."

"In ordinary language, Reginald, you feel feverish; is that not what you mean?"

"No, I am not feverish," said the officer, seating himself by his friend;

"but — I find you very fortunate — what a charming life is awaiting you!"

"I have no reason to complain," answered Charles, somewhat astonished at the way his companion spoke.

"I do not see what you could possibly have to complain of here — unless, indeed, your little cousin should take a dislike to you. However, her reception of you did not look like that. What do you think of your 'little sister' Gizella, as you call her?"

"I find that she has grown a good deal, and is prettier than ever; in fact, I find that she is very charming. And you, Reginald, what do you think of her?"

"Mlle. Méliand is very nice," replied the soldier coldly.

"Very nice — is that all, only that?" repeated Charles, laughing. "Why, Reginald, you must indeed be very, very tired, quite exhausted."

"You are right," interrupted the officer, laughing to cover his embarrassment. "Speaking of Mlle. Méliand as *very nice*, is expressing my idea of her very inadequately."

He rose abruptly and, approaching the window, drew aside the curtains. The night was clear and calm.

"It is a fine night, Garnier," he went on; "let us take a turn in the garden."

Somewhat astonished at the request, Charles opened the window, and the two young men went down into the garden. The moon shone brightly; and behind the shadows cast by the lofty trees, the flowers stood out distinctly in the beds on the lawn. The air was laden with the odors of lilies of the valley and lilacs, while the profound silence was broken only by an occasional, far-off sound.

"How lovely it all is, and how peaceful," murmured Charles, looking round him with emotion. A light that shone fitfully through the foliage around the balcony arrested his attention, and he remarked that it must be in Gizella's room.

The lieutenant made no answer, but remained gazing at the light as at some bright star.

"Now," said Charles, taking his arm, "what is it that you have to say to me?"

"You will probably be surprised," replied the officer, rousing himself from his reverie, "but I have decided on leaving here to-morrow."

"You think of leaving to-morrow?" exclaimed Charles Garnier, hardly believing his own ears.

"I must, I must absolutely leave," replied the lieutenant, dragging him towards a walk that bordered the lawn, "and I trust to you to assist me in making good my retreat."

"What on earth is the meaning of all this, Reginald?" asked Charles in astonishment. "You are not generally capricious."

"This is no caprice; a sense of right is making me act as I am doing."

"Please explain that to me."

"Charles," said the officer, with sudden emotion, "you are the best fellow I have ever known; and although you are so young, you are my dearest and most trusted friend."

"That does not explain why you want to be off so soon. You have not received any message calling you away, and it was long ago decided that you were to pass some time at Bois Belle."

"When I made that arrangement I did not know to what I was exposing myself. It is an instinct of self-preservation that is making me hasten away."

"Do speak seriously."

"I am speaking seriously," said the officer, a light shining momentarily in his brown eyes. "I am afraid of Mlle. Méliand; I am going away so that I may not become enamored of her."

"But why not do so?" exclaimed Charles. "Why not stay here and strive to win her, since she has made so strong an impression on you?"

"Why do I not stay?" repeated the other young man slowly. "Why, because it would be useless, for she already loves you."

"Certainly she loves me," replied Charles tranquilly; "and I, too, love her dearly. We are brother and sister."

"Sister, as you call her, she is barely related to you, and will soon be your wife."

"You are making a good many assertions this evening."

Reginald de Brunand not replying, Charles continued: "Mlle. de Méliand deserves some one very much my superior, as I well know. However handsome and accomplished she may be, you know well that I aspire to a higher state of life, and do not wish to entangle myself in any earthly love."

"I congratulate you, my friend," said the young officer satirically.

"I accept your congratulations," said Charles gravely, "and assure you that some day you will see me a religious."

"Your father has other things in view for you. He has imparted to me his resolution of marrying you to his ward. Let me add that it seems to me as if Mons. Garnier gave me a warning by taking me into his confidence."

"I shall never marry," said Charles Garnier, perfectly calm.

"You will speak differently when you have known what it is to struggle against love."

Charles listened to him quietly. Suddenly he resumed the conversation by saying: "Do you remember, Reginald, our last evening at the Coliseum and all that we said concerning the happiness of those who give up everything for the sake of Jesus Christ?"

"I remember what you said, certainly. But you cannot help yourself; you are literally condemned to taste of earthly happiness, and you will have to resign yourself to your fate. All your prayers and entreaties will be of no avail. You cannot flee from her, and therefore, necessarily, you will love her. No human heart could withstand her beauty."

"No heart that is not already filled with another love, I grant you," said Charles, raising his eyes to heaven; "but when the heart is already full"—

"The flame of love penetrates everywhere, as you will find. Let us go in," said the soldier sombrely.

Once more alone in his room, Charles, instead of lying down, seated himself at the table and, resting his head on his hands, remained for a long time absorbed in thought. Then rising, he cast himself on his knees before an ivory crucifix that was hanging against the wall and, raising his eyes and hands towards the sacred image, exclaimed: "Savior, Jesus, let me not be faithless to Thee! May I fulfil Thy adorable will."

XIII.

Lieutenant de Brunand had just taken his leave, and the carriage bearing him away was disappearing on the high-road.

Motionless and absorbed, Charles remained on the spot where he had bidden his friend adieu. Gizella, who was watching him, approached.

"This departure pains you, does it not? you are greatly attached to Mons. de Brunand it would seem," she remarked in that sweet and gentle tone which rendered her voice so delightful and impressive.

"Poor Reginald!" murmured Charles involuntarily.

A smile parted the young girl's lips and she said, "One might almost think he was going to his death."

Charles looked at her with a strange, earnest look, but made no reply.

"Are you going in or will you come with me to the garden?" she asked.

Standing on the steps, Mons. and Mme. Garnier were following the young people with their eyes.

"Youth and spring-time are lovely, there can be no doubt about it," said Mme. Garnier after a pause. "Do look at those two young people! Is it not charming to see them together there in the garden? Charles has improved much by his journey. He has thrown off all remains of the schoolboy, and has assumed the graceful bearing of the man of the world. His figure has attained its full growth and elegance now, but perhaps not its greatest strength."

"Only think," said the magistrate in a deep, intense voice; "he has ven-

tured to renew his foolish request that I would permit him to enter the Jesuit Order. He no longer says, 'I am thinking of it, and would like to know all about it and to try' — no, he now says, 'I am decided.'"

Tears rose to Mme. Garnier's eyes.

"Still he appeared very happy when he arrived here."

"I mastered my anger as I best could, and told him we would speak of the matter again in six months' time. Meanwhile, I have forbidden him to bother you and Gizella with his plans for the future. Rest at ease; before six months are over, he will listen to reason and I even think he is already fearing for his resolutions. Look at that young girl! How entrancing is her gayety! He may as well make up his mind at once. He cannot possibly withstand her attractions for long."

While Mons. and Mme. Garnier were discussing the subject they had so much at heart, Charles and Gizella were walking up and down one of those long, straight paths, then the fashion in French gardens.

To Mlle. Méliand it seemed that Charles took his friend's departure a great deal too much to heart. His manner towards her puzzled her greatly and made her ill at ease, so that she found but little to say to him in spite of her desire to speak confidentially with him.

As the days succeeded one another, the great joy she had felt was mingled with sadness. Although it was certainly an ever-recurring happiness to have Charles near her, to see him, to listen to him, it seemed to her sometimes that he was farther from her than ever.

"One would almost say he is living and breathing in some higher atmosphere," she would say to Mme. Garnier. "He often inspires me with a sort of fear, a strange and overpowering respect."

XIV.

The idea now often presented itself to her that Charles was thinking of imitating his brothers' example and entering a religious order. To this, however, she knew his father would never consent; for Mme. Garnier had assured her of it over and over again, constantly reminding her young charge that God had disposed events in a manner to contribute to the greatest happiness of all concerned.

"Charles has no vulgar mind and soul," she would say, "and is tempted by the very greatness of the sacrifice he would have to make. However, he will have to resign himself to walking in the simple, every-day path."

Gizella allowed herself to be persuaded, and enchanting dreams of the future chased away for a while all her gloom; but a journey that they once took to Havre disclosed to her that Charles possessed indomitable firmness, and once more sadness took possession of her heart.

Either through the desire of seeing things exactly as they were, or through some secret inspiration which made her look her future in the face, she herself wrote an account of this journey in her diary.

"We had gone to Paris," she wrote, "to bid farewell to Mons. de Champlain, who was suddenly struck by the thought that I had never seen the ocean.

"'My dear Garnier,' he exclaimed, 'I must insist on Mlle. Méliand seeing what the ocean is like; so you had better all of you come with me to Havre, and then you can bring Mme. de Champlain back to Paris.'

"My uncle does not like travelling. He is attached to his own habits and to his quiet home. However, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and the following day, he, Charles, and I were following Mons. de Champlain.

"If I mistake not, Charles did not wish to make the journey, and a formal command from his father alone induced him to do so. At first I felt sad about this; but his presence soon produced its usual enlivening effect, for when he is with me all my troubles disappear. The journey, therefore,

was a source of unmixed pleasure to me.

"Five days after our departure from Paris, we arrived at Havre, where we found Mons. and Mme. de Champlain awaiting us for dinner.

"During the dinner, Mons. de Champlain told us from which parts of the cliff overhanging the sea we could have the best view, and my uncle sent for a carriage.

"When it arrived, my uncle, feeling fatigued, took his dressing-gown from his travelling-bag and said: 'Please excuse my accompanying you, my dear. Charles is well able to take care of you.'

"Charles always avoids being alone with me, as I had often remarked, and I felt ill at ease. Mons. de Champlain looked at us in a puzzled way, and said that for his part he was not at all tired, and would much like to accompany us, but that he had too much to see to.

"Charles and I then set out alone. The weather was fine, the roads very tolerable, and I was inexpressibly charmed with all I saw, though I can hardly tell why, for the side of the road towards the ocean was shut in by trees, and along the other side there was nothing to be seen but a few scattered cottages.

"Our coachman had been told to drive fast, and we rode along rapidly. When we left the carriage we went along the sands which bordered the high-road. In many places the rocks projected from the sands; the herbage was short and scant, and the trees were miserable and stunted in their growth, so that the landscape seemed depressing, as is so often the case in the vicinity of the sea.

"We walked on briskly without exchanging a word.

"The high rocks along this part of the coast shut out the sea; but we inhaled the briny perfume of the ocean; and the sound of the waves, with their constant, solemn, regular surging, reached our ears.

"This voice of the yet unseen waves acted powerfully on my imagination: and a sort of unknown disturbance, an extraordinary dread or fear, made my heart beat faster than usual.

"We climbed up the cliff along a cool, shady walk, and at last we reached the summit, crowned by dwarfed trees which had been twisted into all sorts of fantastic forms by the wind. Raising my head, I perceived the ocean — the beautiful, terrible ocean!

"As long as I live I can never forget the overpowering sight that met my gaze! Surely there are some impressions which are never effaced!

"We advanced as near to the edge of the cliff as prudence permitted, and remained there long, gazing at the ravishing sight, at that fearful plenitude of life and strength!

"Three hundred feet beneath us, the sea was dashing its waves, white with foam, against the solid rock, which they seemed to shake to its foundations. It seemed as if we had thunder under our feet.

"I felt a sort of delicious stupor, a wonderful expansion. It seemed to me as if all this indescribable magnificence, all this life, were within myself, as if the sea were but the image of my own heart.

"As for Charles, he gazed and listened in evident ecstasy.

"No one can gaze long at the ocean without feeling a sort of sadness which seems to rise from the depths, and I saw a gloomy look steal over his face.

"Suddenly an enormous wave from the west struck against the long, regular rolling wave from the south, producing a formidable shock. Showers of water flew upwards, darkening the sky, and a sprinkling of rainbow-hued foam reached where we stood.

"A foolish terror took possession of me, not unmixed with an indescribable sensation of exultation, and, feeling the ground tremble beneath my feet, I laid hold of his arm.

"What passed within him at that memorable moment, I shall never know; but when his eyes met mine, a strange pallor overspread his face. I

no longer beheld either the ocean or the sky. Everything disappeared from my sight except his strangely disturbed countenance.

"I asked him if he were in pain, but he did not reply to me. He turned alternately pale and red, and his face was for a moment lighted up by a look of happiness that, for the time being, completely changed its ordinary expression.

"I felt that he loved me; that all his good resolutions were being put to flight; that he was about to speak to me of his love.

"'Gizella, may God forgive me!' he commenced in a nearly inaudible voice, and looking at me in a strangely troubled way. 'I'—

"At that moment a lark, taking its flight from the rock, struck his face lightly with its wing and then soared upward singing.

"The words died away on his lips. He turned frightfully pale, and with a fixed and almost solemn gaze his eyes followed the bird in its flight. The lark mounted rapidly, and even when the clouds hid it from our view we could still hear its song. 'It is bearing earth's joys up to heaven,' said I, not well understanding my own thoughts.

"He turned his eyes away, withdrew abruptly from my side, and, leaning his head against a rock overlooking the sea, commenced to weep.

"Sorrowful and surprised, I let him weep on for a time, and then I approached him; but he made a sign with his hand which kept me at a distance. I cannot say how long he remained thus.

"When he rejoined me, his face still showed traces of tears, but he appeared calm and decided.

"Without entering on any explanation, he said: 'We will go back now, if you do not object. The night is falling, and it is time to turn homewards.'

"These commonplace words, quietly pronounced, sounded in my ears like a funeral knell. It seemed to me that I was being gradually surrounded by a dark, cold night, to which there would be no end, so that, unconscious of any danger and in a sort of delirium, I approached the utmost edge of the cliff.

"'My God!' exclaimed Charles, 'be careful!'

"He took me by the hands and held me fast. This action on his part recalled me to myself, and, unable to restrain my feelings, I burst into tears. He did not appear to take any notice of my weeping, and after a time I made a great effort and repressed my emotion. Without looking at me, he said: 'Giddiness is often brought on by gazing such a distance downwards. Let us return.' I took his hand to aid me in descending the cliff, as I had done in mounting it.

"'The air is growing cold,' he said; and withdrawing his hand from my clasp, he took the ends of my scarf and passed them twice around my neck.

"We descended in silence, along the same path by which we had ascended.

"It seemed to me as if my youth had forever departed, and as if all my dreams of happiness had faded forever. I would have given much to have wept. I tried to appear calm, however, and he walked beside me, grave and attentive.

"I had no desire to converse, yet I found his silence oppressive. I felt an absolute necessity of hearing his voice again; and when crossing the sandy plain, I said to him: 'Charles, I seem to be forever seeing those waves when they dashed into each other. How beautiful yet how terrible was the conflict between those enormous bodies of water, each of irresistible force!'

"'There is no force irresistible but one,' he replied in a troubled voice.

"When we had again entered the carriage, he leaned back in his corner, keeping perfect silence. I saw that he was suffering and wished to hide it from me, so I did not dare look at him.

"When we arrived I found they were waiting supper for us. The repast seemed endless, and the questions they all addressed to us kept me in a

state of torture. I also was in a hurry to be alone.

"We retired early. Mons. de Champlain wished to start early next morning on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Grace, and we were all to accompany him.

"That night I slept but little. I had constantly before my eyes Charles' trouble and tears, as also the meeting of the two waves. I tried not to blind myself to the real state of things, and to judge of them dispassionately; but in spite of my endeavors, I could not help feeling thrilled with a certain joy when I called to mind the events of the day. I felt I was beloved, and I prayed to God to leave me this love.

"Before sunrise we were afoot. Mons. and Mme. de Champlain wished to walk the whole distance like real pilgrims, and it was decided that Charles and I should do the same. It was also decided that we should keep along the shore, and we all four set out, following a little guide who was to lead us by a cross path.

"I can hardly say what strange and overpowering emotion took possession of me, but burning tears often streamed from my eyes. From time to time Mons. de Champlain paused to give his wife a little time to rest, and on those occasions we also would halt.

"Once when we were seated admiring the greenish waves sparkling in the sunlight, I asked Charles, perhaps somewhat meaningly, if the sea were not the truest and most beautiful emblem of the human heart.

"'The truest and the most beautiful, indeed,' he replied, reddening violently.

"I asked him to develop his ideas on this emblematical resemblance, and these were the points which he made us remark: 'The ocean is immense, deep, and never at rest. At one moment it bears on its breast the vilest refuse of the earth, at another that breast reflects heaven itself. It soon wearies of even the loveliest shores and sometimes, when it would seem to be about to dash onward, a few grains of sand will impede its course.'

"His words saddened me, but he tranquilly asked me in what way the sea did not resemble the human heart.

"I could find no answer and he resumed: 'The sea is never troubled to its lowest depths; it soon calms down altogether, so that the fiercest storm leaves no trace behind it.' He continued in his even, low, pleasant voice: 'It is thus that the sea bears a faint resemblance to the human heart, and a strong resemblance to the Christian heart.'

"He had risen, holding his hat in his hand to prevent its being carried away by the wind. He looked handsomer than ever, but I found him hard and cruel. I know not what echo brought back to me Mother Angélique's words, 'You will be but too well loved, which is a great misfortune.'

"The chapel of Our Lady of Grace is on the heights of the cliff, and is approached by a colossal stairway in the full blaze of the sun, and in sight of the ocean.

"This chapel, so dear to all the country round, is evidently of old date, and is entirely built of rough stone. Thousands of swallows have built their nests about the buttresses.

"Over the principal entrance, an arched and pointed niche contains a very fine statue of the Blessed Virgin given by Richard Sans-Peur, Duke of Normandy.

"Some of the crew of the flotilla had followed us on our pilgrimage; and Mons. Garnier, who had driven over, had preceded us in the chapel.

"The Mass soon began, and it seemed to me as if a sort of sacred poetry emanated from the old walls hung with numerous *ex votos*, and breathed from the tapers that were burning in profusion before the picture of Our Lady of Grace.

"In this picture the Blessed Virgin is represented between two angels, her eyes raised to heaven, but her arms stretched out to earth. Grace and mercy seem to flow from her lovely, transparent hands.

"Mons. de Champlain, surrounded

by his sailors, knelt before the altar and prayed with the greatest fervor.

"Charles, kneeling near the group of sailors, prayed with his face hidden in his hands; I could see only his fair head bowed over the altar-rail.

"My uncle and I were the first to leave the church. The sun was already high in the heavens. On the uneven tableland round the church, the heath and furze were alive with the hum of mid-day.

"At Mons. de Champlain's request I had sung the *Ave Maris Stella* during the Mass. He thanked me warmly, and told us that Columbus, when sailing to discover the new world, made his crew sing every evening that most poetic of prayers, the *Salve Regina*.

"Mons. de Champlain spoke of Columbus with unbounded admiration. He called him the greatest of explorers and the most unfortunate of men.

"During the day we went to see the tower of Francis I., and at low water we went out to the lighthouse. There I perceived a ring-dove which was lying on the rocks, and pointed it out to Charles. He took it in his hands, and, showing me its bleeding head and soiled white plumage, said with great emotion, 'Poor little bird! It had wings and it knew all the paths of the sky, and yet it was troubled, fascinated, led astray by the brilliancy of the lighthouse.'

"My heart seemed to grow cold at his words, which often produced that effect on me. 'Come, Gizella,' he continued, 'let us go round the lighthouse; let us see how they have solved the problem of attaining to absolute solidity, how they have managed to resist the inroads of the ocean.'

"Nothing could be more solitary and lugubrious than this tower in the midst of the sea. I would have liked to converse with the keepers, but something, I know not what, seemed to restrain me. Besides, the sea was coming up, and we wanted to visit Mons. de Champlain's vessel.

"Captain de la Ralde did the honors to us most courteously. It was the first time I had ever set foot on a vessel. The captain showed me Mons. de Champlain's cabin in the poop. A few books, some arms, and an astrolabe* were thrown carelessly on the cot.

"The time of departure had been fixed for four o'clock, and the vessels were preparing to weigh anchor. Seated on a stone bench at the end of the jetty, we watched the crew at work. Around us every one was in movement, hurrying, laughing, and hustling the others. At the name of Champlain, repeated from one to another, silence was immediately restored. He saluted those present, who all raised their hats to him, and he pressed the hands of several of them as he passed. To us, his adieu, though very cordial, was very brief. I watched him descending the upright stairway composed of bars of iron let into the stone. An instant afterwards he reappeared on the poop of the vessel. The lily-strewn flag floated over his head. The crowd cried out: 'Long live Champlain! Long live New France!' The ship returned the salute by the mouths of its cannon, and then, under full sail, it gained the offing.

"Mme. de Champlain awaited us in a fisherman's hut on the shore. We found her gazing from the little window that looked on the sea, keeping as much out of sight as she could, and hiding her tears. Her attitude struck me with the greatest admiration, as I like to see grief retire modestly from sight.

"The wind had chilled me and I was shivering. Charles searched around the humble hearth, on which were the smouldering remains of a fire, and remarked that there was not a scrap of wood or a fagot to be found there. He went out and soon returned with an armful of broken boards.

"'Here is some wreckage,' he said, throwing the boards on the fire.

"The flames soon rose warm and bright. It was a delicious moment for me! I was warming myself at a fire which he had made on purpose for me! I could have passed my life in that hut

*An old-fashioned astronomical instrument now quite out of use.

with its simple clay floor. On his knees before me he was keeping up the flame; without, the waves beat regularly, formidably, and the pebbles they had washed up made a noise like thunder as they receded along the inclined plane of the shore."

XV.

The days which followed her return from Havre were troubled ones for Gizella. Charles remained nearly all the time in his room, never descending into the garden, but taking long solitary walks in the woods about Auteuil.

Mme. Garnier's eyes were nearly always red and swollen with weeping, and her husband grew every day more stern and taciturn. He often spoke harshly to his son. It was evident that there was some trouble between them; and although pretending not to notice anything in particular, Mlle. Méliand was very unhappy.

She had lost all taste for going out and looking around her, no longer caring for anything in the shape of amusement. Her love absorbed her entirely, and she was indifferent to everything except what concerned Charles. He had never said a word to her about what he desired nor about the opposition he was meeting with. In this he was following his father's strict injunctions, but he every day felt more and more the difficulty of complying with them, and found his position more and more painful. Gizella, feeling that he avoided her, kept proudly aloof from him, and therefore Charles was the more surprised when, one morning while he was reading before his open window, he saw her make her appearance on the balcony and, approaching him, say: —

"Will you not come and take a little walk with me?"

"Certainly," he answered, rising, but feeling ill at ease. He went for a moment into his bedroom, and there he knelt for a short space before a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Then, taking his hat, he rejoined Gizella.

"How can you remain shut up in your room such a lovely day as this?" said she, descending the garden steps. "It is a positive sin."

"I was reading," he replied.

"That is not a good excuse. You ought to have been reading the book of nature, the weather being so fine. Only look around; even in this garden alone there is wherewithal to gladden the eyes."

A look of pain stole over Charles' face.

"Work must certainly occupy some portion of our time," he said; "a man ought not to idle away all his life."

"Certainly not. What was that large book you were reading so attentively?"

"The *Acts of the Martyrs*," he replied in his sweet, sad voice. "Ah, Gizella, what a splendid book that is! Jesus Christ has indeed been well loved on this poor earth of ours, and what wonderful sacrifices have been made for Him."

Something in his words made Gizella turn pale and look up at him in silence.

"Not to speak of young girls like you, how many men have preferred suffering and dying for Him to living in all the enjoyment and pleasure of life! Truly is He enchanting," he added in a rapt tone.

"Those who love but Him are indeed most happy," said she in a low voice. "They have nothing to suffer from coldness and indifference."

"There are other advantages to be gained," he went on, smiling. "It is He alone who can satisfy our longing to be drawn onwards, to be subjugated, to be taken out of ourselves. You know well, Gizella, that all earthly fires after making much smoke end by dying out completely."

"Do you believe that?" she asked in a strange voice.

"I believe that the heart has needs and longings which God alone can satisfy. That is why the saints are the happy ones of this earth, although they have so much to contend with."

"You have singular notions as to

the happiness to be attained in this life, it seems to me."

"Not so singular as you appear to think," replied he. "Certainly the saints live a life of renouncement; but whatever is sacrificed for God's sake always brings us a thousand-fold more happiness than the object sacrificed would itself have bestowed. St. Louis de Gonzaga has made this remark, and St. Francis Xavier found that men must be perfectly blind when they did not understand how by refusing to mortify their natural desires, they deprive themselves of the greatest happiness to be found in life."

"That is altogether above me," she exclaimed. "It seems to me that God, like the good Father that He is, loves to see us enjoying what He has Himself given us. I cannot believe it to be His will that we should renounce all that constitutes the sweetness and the charm of life."

"Not in a general way, no doubt; but you know well, Gizella, happy and a thousand times happy, are those whom He asks to give Him back everything."

Gizella made no answer.

An inexorable fact was becoming clear to her and every hope she had fostered was fading from view. She understood now that a simple ordinary Christian life would not suffice to such a heart as his. She perceived that some day or other she would have to give him up entirely to God.

They walked on in silence. She held down her head, and irrepressible tears ran down her cheeks. Was there any hope remaining for her? Perhaps she thought there might be, for she stopped, and, raising her head, said with sudden energy: —

"Tell me, Charles, do you really intend leaving us? Is it only the opposition of your parents that is retaining you in the world? Are you still hesitating?"

She looked at him fixedly, and he turned pale, but he answered firmly: — "No, Gizella, I am not hesitating; my resolution is taken. I am longing for poverty, for suffering, for the Cross. I wish to give myself to Jesus Christ even as He gave Himself to me; and but for my father's commands, I would have told you this long ago."

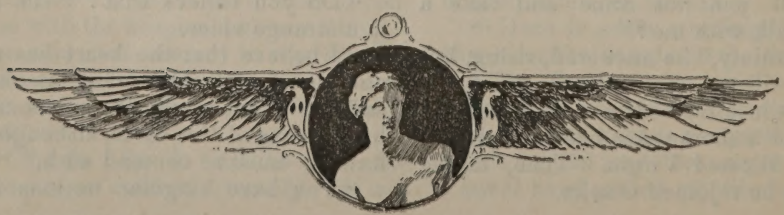
She did not speak, but her already pale face became perfectly livid and her features seemed to shrink. Charles Garnier's eyes filled with tears as he murmured, "Dear little sister, it is very painful to me to make you suffer; but I will unceasingly pray for your happiness."

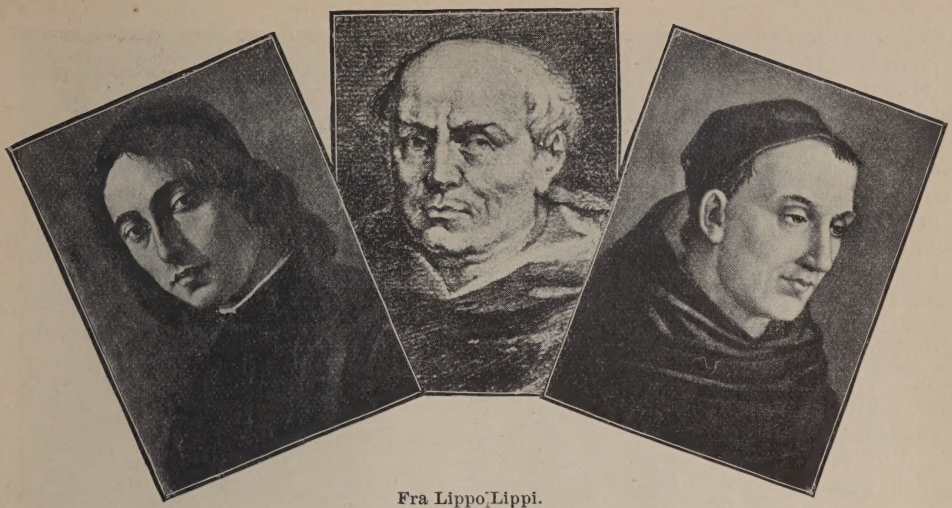
"My happiness!" she said, with a look that pierced the young man's heart like a sword thrust.

"It is God's will," he replied, weeping. "Say those words with me, Gizella."

There was a convulsive contraction of her lips, and with a sob and despairing cry she sank to the ground. He, as pale as death, remained a few moments contemplating her strange immobility, and then he attempted to raise her up from where she had fallen; but motioning him away with her hand, she turned her face to the ground.

To be continued.





Fra Lippo Lippi.

Fra Bartolommeo. Fra Angelico.

THREE ARTIST MONKS OF FLORENCE.

BY JULIE CAROLINE O'HARA.

DURING the Middle Ages, the monasteries were the cradles where art, in its infancy, was fondly nurtured. While the restless outside world was agitated with war and empire, the monks were storing up treasures for the future enrichment of the world.

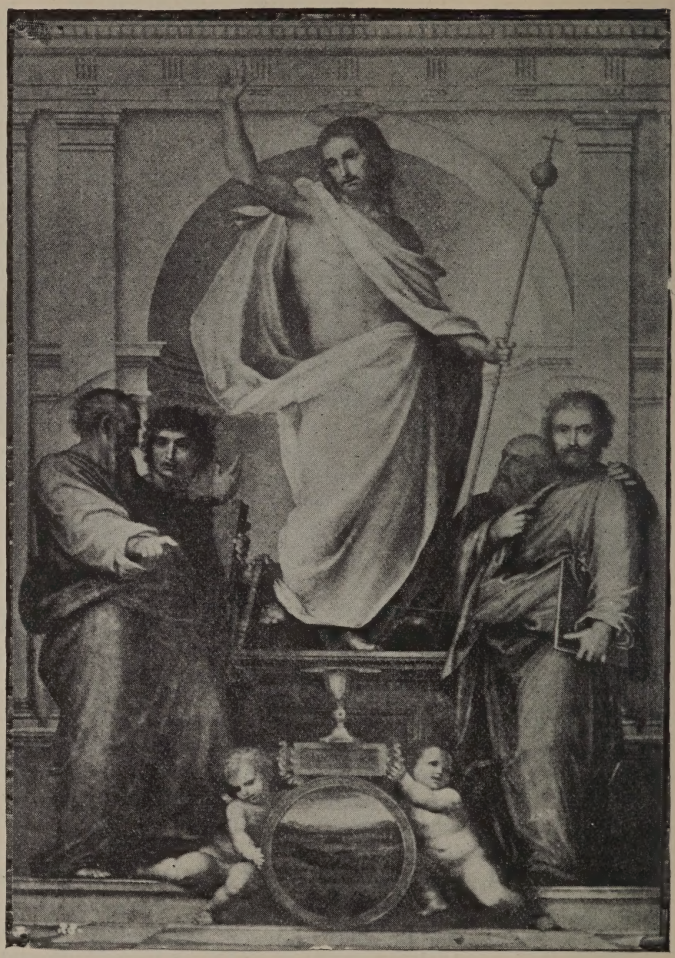
Art is so sacred and wonderful, it seems but natural that it should be consecrated to a high, ennobling purpose; and therefore it is that in this age of materialism and unbelief we turn back, with invigorated faith, to the time when religion was the main-spring of all that was noble; the inspirer of poetry, of music, of architecture, of painting, and even of war, for the Crusades were the result of religious enthusiasm.

Of the three Florentine artists, the subjects of the present sketch, we will begin with Fra Bartolommeo, the one who lived most recently, and go backwards in point of time. Bartolommeo's life is not quite so interesting as that of Fra Angelico, the "angelic brother," nor as that of Fra Lippo Lippi; because Bartolommeo was neither a saint nor a sinner. As far as his life was concerned, he was simply good, not angelic, as every one unanimously declares Angelico to have been, nor unexemplary, as Fra Lippo Lippi is represented in history.

Bartolommeo's life was comparatively of a neutral tint. Afterwards, when describing the other two, striking contrast must be called into play — dark shadows, relieved with light as pure as from a heavenly vision.

Fra Bartolommeo di San Marco was called "de la Porto," because he resided near one of the gates of Florence. When he was nine years old he was apprenticed to Cosimo Roselli, meanwhile studying the frescoes of Masaccio and Filippino and the works of Leonardo da Vinci. On leaving the studio

of Roselli, where Bartolommeo had formed a life-long friendship with Albertinelli, the two entered a partnership which ceased in October, 1499. The eloquence of Fra Savonarola produced at this time the most extraordinary effects throughout Florence. The best artists of the day were among his followers; and such was his influence over their minds, that many of them were induced to burn their studies of pictures and statues publicly. Bartolommeo was among these. In obedience to Savonarola's command, he destroyed his drawings from the nude; and in the following year, when the convent of San Marco was besieged, where Savonarola and several hundred monks had shut themselves up, Bartolommeo vowed that if he survived he would join the Dominicans. He kept his vow, and in 1500 became a friar of the Order of St. Dominic; and to devote himself entirely to religion, he gave up painting. He was treated with the greatest kindness by the monks, and was assured that the practice of his art in no way interfered with his religious duties; he therefore, after four years' abandonment of his pencil, was induced to resume it. The first work he painted as a monk, was an altar-piece, representing the Madonna appearing to St. Bernard. He then painted a fine series of devotional pictures and frescoes, and spent the remaining years of his life in decorating the churches of Tuscany, and more especially those of his own monastic order. When Raphael visited Florence, he cultivated the friendship of Fra Bartolommeo, and was constantly in his company, being desirous of acquiring the monk's manner of coloring.



Resurrection of Christ. Fra Bartolommeo.

After Leonardo, to whom he was much indebted, he was ranked the greatest painter of the Florentine school, and was considered unexcelled in dignity of style and in the management of drapery. Vasari says that Fra

St. John the Baptist and six Saints. Fra Lippo Lippi.

Bartolommeo gave to his pictures such admirable coloring, and enriched them with such original beauty of character, that he well merits to be numbered among the benefactors of the art. He was the first artist to use the lay-figure for the arrangement of drapery. Among his many paintings are the "Madonna della Misericordia," "St. Mark," "Marriage of St. Catherine," "The Resurrection of Christ," "The Annunciation," "Christ Bearing His Cross," "The Holy Family," and a very interesting picture historically, the "Portrait of Savonarola."

Sudden contrasts are always effective! In music the change from the sudden forte to the most delicate pianissimo is very expressive, and in painting, the judicious blending of light and shadow always produces a striking effect. And thus, in delineating the outlines of Fra Lippi's career against the pure white background of the saintly Angelico's we gain the contrast, as it were, of a silhouette to an illuminated representation.

Fra Lippo (the short for Filippo) Lippi was the son of Tomaso Lippi, a butcher of Florence. By the time he was two years old both of his parents had died, and he was left to the tender

Portrait of Savonarola. Fra Bartolommeo.

Madonna del Cardellino. Fra Lippo Lippi.

mercies of an aunt. A good description of him is found in Robert Browning's poem. His life, up to the time he was eight years old, was full of hardships and hunger, when his aunt took him to the Carmine Convent to be made a friar. Browning makes him say:—

"I was a baby when my mother died —
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
My stomach being empty as your hat,
The wind doubled me up and down I went.
Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,
(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew),
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six words, there,
While I stood munching my first bread that month:
'So, boy, you're minded,' quoth the good fat father,
Wiping his own mouth, — 'twas refection-time, —
'To quit this very miserable world?
Will you renounce' . . . The mouthful of bread? thought I;
By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me.
'Let's see what the urchin's fit for' — that came next.
Not over much their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do! they tried me with their books.
Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste!
But mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
The soul and sense of him grow sharp alike.
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonitions from the hunger-pinch."

He was a coarse-featured lad who, though he did not take kindly to school, was ready enough to draw; in place of studying, he used to make caricatures on his own copy-books, and on those of other boys. This monk's life was full of romantic adventure. He was one day sailing with a few of his friends on the sea, when they were all captured by a Moorish galley, and taken as slaves to Barbary, where Lippo was held for a year and a half, suffering many miseries.

It occurred to him one day to draw the picture of his master at full length, in his graceful Moorish costume, which he did on a white wall with a piece of charcoal taken from the fire. In

that country the arts of painting and drawing being unknown, this sketch so pleased his master that he gave the friar his liberty, and enough money to return to Italy, where he could practise his beloved art.

But to return to Browning's poem. The prior of his convent recognized the monk's wonderful talent in painting the beautiful in life, and his truth to nature, but felt the lack of something more elevating in his work. He tells Fra Lippo: —

"Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as *flesh*.
Your business is to paint the souls of men.
Give us no more of body than shows soul.
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our heads
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!"

Fra Lippo Lippi was the greatest colorist and the most complete master of the technical difficulties in art of his time. He was among the first to introduce the element of sensuous beauty into sacred pictures, by taking the prettiest faces around him as models for his Madonnas. His sacred subjects, too, are often treated in a realistic style that detracts from their dignity. His work shows a passionate boldness in his conception of life. Fra Lippi was simply human, and the comparison between him and Angelico da Fiesole has been well expressed by a critic in the following words: —

"A very different sort of man is this eager-eyed, roving-glanced Carmelite friar from that blessed artist-saint, the Dominican, Fra Angelico, in whose works every design is an edifying sermon, and each human face an eloquent prayer! True! Humanity appears admirably and grandly depicted in Fra Lippi's works. They live; and the life with which they are instinct is a noble and beautiful

Descent from the Cross. Fra Angelico.

Angel playing the Violin. Fra Angelico.

life. But there is nothing more! There is nothing transcendental here. The Carmelite friar was a different sort of man from the ascetic Dominican artist; a flesh and blood man, who painted flesh and blood as he saw it, very far from blind to the noble manifestations of human character as they incarnate themselves in men and women, and are shown forth in the lineaments of face, limb, and garment — but with no mystical meanings or feelings in him."

His best frescoes are considered those representing the histories of St. John the Baptist and of St. Stephen, in the choir of the cathedral at Prato. Among the best of his many easel pictures are the "Coronation," the "Nativity," "The Madonna del Cardellino," the "Madonna in the Wood," the "Crucifixion," and the "Vision of St. Bernard."

We now pass from the consideration of this erratic but gifted monk to one of the most beautiful characters in the history of painting, an artist whose goodness was radiant in every aspect of his life.

Fra Angelico da Fiesole was the earliest of our three painters, and his works spread a higher and more rarefied atmosphere of soul than either of the others. Fra Angelico cannot be measured in the same balance with the realism of this age — a being so unworldly, so saintly; well called "Il Beato" (The Blessed). In studying his life we grow to love and reverence his simplicity and his gentleness. It is related of him that he never put pencil to wall or panel without first imploring the blessing of God upon his work, and according to his custom never painted the head of our Savior but on bended knees, nor the crucifixion, without weeping bitterly. He painted incessantly, but never any subject that was not saintly. Fra Angelico might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should be with Christ. A critic has well said: "In Michael Angelo we find power, in Raphael form, in Angelico the religious ideal."

He was born in Vicchio, near Florence, in 1387, and died in Rome, 68 years later. It has been said that "his celestial creations seem to want power; not the less do we feel that they need it not; that before those ethereal beings, power itself would be powerless. Such are his angels, resistless in their soft serenity; such his virgins, pure from all earthly stain; such his redeemed spirits gliding into Paradise; such his sainted martyrs and confessors, absorbed in devout rapture."

The decoration of the cells in the convent of San Marco, Florence, is

one of the best illustrations of this master's humility and disregard of fame. He put his utmost skill into these works, although the strict rule of the convent hid them from the view and admiration of the world, and they could be seen only by the brethren of the order. The cells of San Marco are severely simple, narrow and low, dimly lighted from little arched windows, and arranged in two lines, under an open timber roof. They contain barely room for a table, a chair, and a narrow bed; and on the walls this saintly artist painted his frescoes.

A few among his numerous works are his Angels, the "Madonna della Stella," "St. Peter, Martyr," the "Descent from the Cross," the "Annunciation," and the "Coronation of the Virgin."

We are loath to leave this gentlest of painters, than whom "no man ever conceived more heavenly visions of spiritual loveliness and purity." Our pen lingers round this tonsured saint, and we fain would picture him, in the peaceful monastery at Fiesole or San Marco, clothed in his pure white serge gown, no purer than the gentle heart it covered, with the black scapulary outside of it!

To the perfection of his life, we owe as much as to the beauty of his works. He was born with the same frailties and proneness to evil as the rest of mankind, with trials and temptations as numerous and as heavy, but he surmounted them bravely and triumphantly. It is the *realized* ideal in the man that we love so much, the attainment of a higher earthly existence that strikes a chord of wonderful sympathy in our hearts.

The feeblest glimpse of art in the old monasteries will reveal treasures of incalculable value, stores that could never be replaced, if once destroyed, for they are the life blood, or better, the soul essence of the saintly spirits that worked there.

Reverently, then, should we regard these religious masterpieces of the past, and feel thankful to the great masters who created them silently in the old monasteries. We should feel grateful for the knowledge of the possibilities of achievement which they unfold to us, for the charm their work throws around it, and for its uplifting influence. It is to such men we owe the highest debt; for they, by their lives and labors, open to our eyes a vision of the attainment on earth of the sublime.

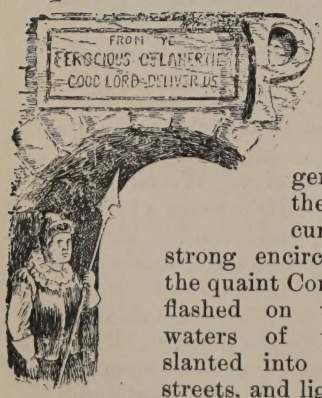
"The Madonna of the Stars." Fra Angelico.

Sir Henry Sidney holding court.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY AND THE CONNAUGHT CHIEFS.

A PICTURE OF ELIZABETHAN IRELAND.

BY P. G. SMYTH.



PLEASANT autumn noonday in old Galway. A genial sun gilt the turrets and curtains of the strong encircling wall of the quaint Connaught city, flashed on the rushing waters of the Corrib, slanted into the narrow streets, and lighted up the imposing façades, sculptured with the devices of the Fourteen Tribes of the famed Galweygian mansions — "all of hewed stone," as an observer of the period describes them, "upp to the topp, and garnyshed with fayer battlements in an uniform course, as if the whole towne hadd been builte upon one modell."

Ever a brisk hive of commerce and industry, the thoroughfares of the city were filled with an animated, ever-changing throng, picturesque in the garb of the day: merchants in flowing robes, and mechanics in close fitting jerkins, gallants glistening in silken doublets, and damsels with their fair faces framed in the latest style of ruff, members of the city guard shining and sweltering in their steel corselets. To and fro they went, in sun and in shade, forming all manner of lively and colorful tableaux, while with the hum of their conversation came mingled the clink of the hammer, the thud of the loom, and other voices of peaceful labor.

Suddenly the throng seemed to come

to a standstill, to pause as if in surprise and attention, while each turned to his neighbor as for explanation. Clearly and musically on the calm air came swelling the tones of the bell of St. Nicholas.

"Methinks yon dotard of a sexton is drunk or mad," growled an old burgher; "the angelus hath rung already, yet here the varlet repeats it."

"Not so, my worthy master," remarked, with a laugh, a spruce glover who from his threshold had overheard the remark. "No angelus that, I vow — 'tis the voice not of Church but of State."

"Read me thy riddle, good glover."

"Art not aware that the deputy of our gracious lady, the Queen, holds audience to-day in the Cathedral? Well, 'tis e'en so, and the bell summons the folk to witness a sight fit to cheer every loyal heart — the right humble surrender and submission of a horde of wild Irish chieftains."

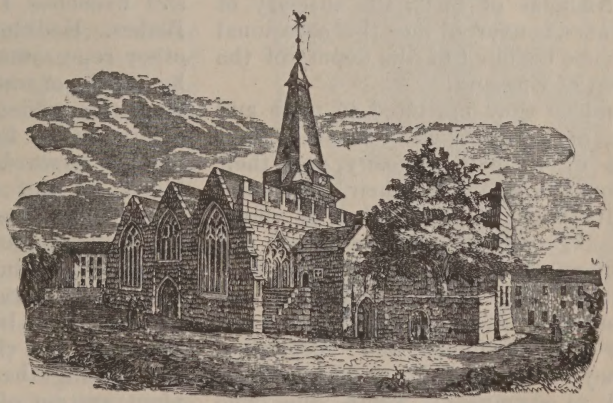
"And who, prithee, are those repentant Irishry?"

"In faith, the most powerful chief in Connaught, the lower Mac-William, with a goodly number of his vassals, and also some of the fierce pirates from the western isles, who have given so much trouble to our good port."

"Rogues of Beelzebub! their submission is sorry return for our burnt villages and plundered barks. Were I the honored deputy, I'd speedily make their submission complete and effective by virtue of the ax or rope."

There was now a general movement towards the collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, — the chief temple of the civic-ecclesiastical district, which was established, 90 years previously, with its warden and vicars, for the accommodation of the "modest and mannerly men" of the English colony, ennabling them to worship "according to the English decency, rite, and custom, and isolating them, even in the matter of religious observance, from their detested Irish neighbors, described as "mountainous and wild people," the O'Flaherties, Joyces, and others.

The scene exhibited outside the chief portal of the sacred building was more *apropos* of a feudal castle than of a place of worship. A large number of mounted men-at-arms, the lord deputy's guard, brilliant in glittering armor and nodding plumes, and bearing long lances, and standards emblazoned with the red cross of St. George and the green dragon of Queen Elizabeth, formed a wide lane, through which the crowd of Galway cits, with their buxom dames and sprightly daughters, were filing into the church, in loyal response to the summons pealing forth from the belfry.



Old Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Galway.

Within the edifice the scene was also more military than religious, more lay than clerical; for the time being the place seemed to have wholly changed its character.

In consideration, probably, of their stanch and unswerving allegiance to the English throne, "the Reformation" had trodden with comparative lightness on the religious sensibilities of the loyal Catholics of the Citie of the

Tribes. Since, about 40 years previously, a rapacious deputy, Lord Leonard Grey, had plundered the collegiate church of its jewels and ornaments, its golden crosses and candlesticks, no specially severe shock had been given the feelings of the bluff burghers, who endeavored to combine the clashing tasks of following their religious belief and obeying the mandate of the throne. It was, of course, annoying and humiliating to see their fine church itself — the grand old fane erected by the munificence of their prince merchants, the Lynches and Blakes, and others, whose coats of arms were graven upon its walls — taken away from them and handed over to the members of the state-approved creed; but the pang of that deprivation had long since dulled, and now they experienced but small surprise or scandal at seeing the temple of their patron, St. Nicholas of Licia, the tutelary of mariners, converted into the occasional audience chamber of the deputy of the Queen of England.

And so they mustered in nave and aisle, in transept and chancel, their faces intent with curiosity, and their persons bespeaking their respectful loyalty with lavish display of velvet and silk, jewels and feathers, ruffs and farthingales, for they dressed to a high point of magnificence and *éclat*, did these proud Galweygians, and on a par with their opulence and hospitality. "They keepe good hospitality and are kind to strangers," wrote one who noted their habits, "and in their manner of entertaynment and in fashioning and appearllinge themselves and their wives doe preserve the ancyent manner and state of any towne that ever I sawe." But under the head of strangers, these distinguished citizens did not include their obnoxious neighbors, the "Irishry."

Up the centre of the nave gleamed the weapons of a double row of halberdiers, making a lane from the doorway to a dais covered with crimson cloth, erected on the site of the altar.

Presently there was a blare of trumpets, a ruffle of drums, and all eyes were turned towards the door, where a procession was now entering.

Foremost came halberdiers in the mayor's livery, — light blue, embroidered on the breast with a shield, displaying three golden shamrocks, — heralding Mayor Lynch himself, his chain of office glittering beneath his bushy white beard, amid the sable and crimson of his robes. Then appeared a party of English "shott," or musketeers, in buff coats faced with scarlet; and then, the cynosure of all eyes, the rubicund face and portly form of Queen Elizabeth's deputy in Ireland, Big Henry of the Beer (*Henry Mor, na Beorach*), as the Irish nicknamed Sir Henry Sidney.

Casting interested glances to left and right on the multitude of intent faces, and bowing at intervals in courteous response to the salutations of Lynches and Frenches, D'Arcys and Skerretts, Blakes, Bodkins, and Martins, and other representatives of "the Tribes," he strode onward with heavy but firm step, the golden hilt of his rapier affording a rest for his large hand, that hand afterwards reddened with the blood of the 400 Irish, entrapped and slaughtered in cold blood at Mullaghmast; onward he moved towards the crimson dais, the man who, scorning the creepy policy of promoting dissension between the Irish princes, with the view of weakening and subjugating them, adopted the broad plain system of "flat fighting" and wholesale massacre, priming his soldiers with ale — whence his sobriquet — to increase their zest in the grim work of cutting down the Irish enemy.

"Down they go in every corner," he had written, nine years previously, in one of his official despatches, "and down they shall go, God willing."

Beside him, with light step and courtly bearing, walked a young man of 22, of handsome and delicately chiselled countenance. He was dressed spick and span in the rich garb of a courtier, exhibiting splendor and correctness in its every detail, from the

large jewelled ruff round his neck to the huge pink rosettes on his satin shoes; his attire at once attracting the keen scrutiny of the dress-loving Galweygians and forming a marked contrast to the much plainer one of his father — for this was the lord deputy's son, Philip Sidney (afterwards knighted), the poet and *preux chevalier* of the Elizabethan court.

"Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady,
With courteous courage and with loyal loves."

But attention was soon diverted from the young courtier poet, with his handsome face and splendid raiment, by the next item of the procession — the most powerful noble of southern Connaught, the great Earl of Clanrickard himself, Richard Sassenach Burke, stalking gloomily along in the midst of a guard, hatless, swordless, disgraced, a prisoner!

Next came the chieftains whose "submission" was to be the event of the day. Principal of these was the MacWilliam, or head of the warlike and powerful Bourkes of Mayo, men described in a contemporary despatch as "noble in mind and of good courage." The MacWilliam, Shawn More Bourke, was a tall, white-haired man of noble appearance, dressed in the voluminous, many-plaited Irish linen tunic and long mantle. Behind him walked his henchman, i. e., "haunchman," or body-guard — a functionary always in close and vigilant attendance on the persons of Irish chieftains. This was a stalwart gallowglass, whose robust frame was encased in a glittering suit of ringed mail descending to the calves of his legs, his head covered with a conical helmet, or "skull," from which depended a *pesanta* or tippet of the same mail surrounding his swarthy and rugged countenance and protecting his massive neck and shoulders; with one hand he held ready poised on his shoulder, a broad-bladed ax; with the other the *bratach* or pennon of his chief, which displayed a red cross, with a hand and a lion in the two upper quarters.

The MacWilliam and his henchman.

Also with the MacWilliam were his son and grandson; the former, Walter Kittagh, or the Left-handed, a sinewy man in the prime of life, the latter, a bright-faced lad in the Irish youth's dress of the period, a wide-sleeved, many plaited tunic of white linen, over which his brown hair fell in glossy ringlets.

"The mountain-cat and his brood!" hissingly muttered some of the spectators, in reference to the not inappropriate crest of the MacWilliam, whose fierce clan had often burst over the Clanrickard border, carrying fire and sword into sundry districts and villages owned by loyal subjects of the Queen.

The procession next showed representatives of five of the principal Anglo-Irish septs of Mayo: the chiefs MacWattin of Tirawley, MacEvilly of Carra, MacJordan of Gallen, MacCostello of Clan Costello, MacMorris of the Brighs of Clanmorris — for under these Celtic surnames they sunk their old Welsh and Norman ones respectively of Barrett, Staunton, D'Exeter, Nangle, and Prendergast. They wore close fitting buff coats of gilded leather, graceful Irish trews or *bracca*, which sat like hose on their shapely limbs, Irish shoes strapped, not at the instep, but at the heel, and broad-brimmed Spanish hats — the latter, a recent introduction, being their only attempt at modifying the Celtic costume, which, with the native manners and customs, their ancestors had adopted nigh three centuries before. Like the MacWilliam, each of these, his vassals, was accompanied by his guardian henchman armed cap-a-pie. Seven stalwart men, in gallow-glass dress, chiefs of the fighting Clandonnells of Mayo, — the mainstay of the MacWilliam until Sidney had astutely drawn them over to his side, — closed the picturesque cortege.

A bugle call announced that the lord deputy had taken his place on the dais, and enjoined silence and attention, and respect for the majesty of English law. As the brazen notes swelled and reverberated through the church, the sunlight streamed in through the stained-glass windows, falling upon flashing halberds and helmets, foamy plumage and rich mantles, and all the other details of pomp and circumstance which marked the lord deputy's audience that September day in 1576.

A deep look of displeasure, almost a scowl, darkened Sidney's face as he proceeded to address the assemblage.

"Ye good loyal people of Galway, well aware am I that you truly share my feelings of bitter grief and anger to-day. When last I visited your fair city — which Providence keep — I had h satisfaction of placing this country of Connaught in loyal peace and civility. Last March, here in this church, you were gratified to note the submission of the landlords and chiefs of Mayo, — that submission which some of them have come here to-day to renew, — they seeming desirous to live in loyalty and under the laws and subjection of the crown of England, detesting and abhorring their degenerate and inveterate barbarity. Hither also came the troublous Mac-an-Iarlas, the two wicked sons of the Earl of Clanrickard, whom I took with me to Dublin, and treated with the greatest kindness, entertaining them at mine own table in the Castle, and exacting from them only the terms that they would not re-enter Connaught without my permission — a precaution I took lest they might create fresh discord and rebellion here. How has my clemency — the clemency of her gracious Majesty — been requited?"

He paused ominously. Curious glances were cast towards the captive Clanrickard, who stood amid his guards pallid and depressed, his eyes cast upon the floor.

"How has it been requited, say I? Answer the smoking ruins of Athenry, the wasted and ravaged country, the slaughtered corpse of many a loyal subject. Ay, scarce had I set forth from Dublin, to quell a rising in the good county of Waterford, ere those two impish Clanrickardines fled from Dublin, tore off and cut to pieces on the bank of Shannon the decent English garments wherewith I had presented them, insolently saying that should be their pledge for remaining east of that river, then re-crossed it into this province and lighted anew the flames of rebellion! But you have heard of their diabolical work — how they laid the country desolate; how in their evil fury they set the torch to the church of Athenry, used by us as a place of garrison; and how one of them, John of the Shamrocks,—he who swears to live on shamrocks rather than submit to the Queen, — when remonstrated with because his mother was there

buried, made retort that even were she alive and in it he would burn the church, and his mother, too, rather than the place should be a dwelling and a fortification for any English churl!"

A murmur of horror rose from the loyal burghers. Clanrickard suddenly raised his eyes and lifted his hands in entreaty.

"As I live, my lord deputy," he commenced, "I solemnly swear" —

"Silence, sir earl!" said Sidney sternly. "Not here, but before the Privy Council — for thou must with me to Dublin — shalt thou have opportunity of answering the charge of inciting thy traitorous sons to revolt.

"And whence the cause of their revolt?" continued the lord deputy bitterly, "whence but that they preferred a savage Irish chieftaincy to a noble English earldom, that they scorned the rank and title which their father holds by the good grace of government, and would forsooth revive feudalism, and the ruling of the brehons, and the law of kincolgas, which would enable them, by male-gavel, to divide and subdivide the land among their adherents so that in fine every acre of land would have its miserable lord, save the mark, ruling in feudal pride and poverty — wretched barbarian notions which these present lords of Mayo are now about to renounce and abandon, as becometh good and loyal subjects of her gracious Majesty."

Such of the "good and loyal subjects" as understood English glanced uneasily at one another, Sidney's announcement making them feel awkward and uncomfortable. They might, as he proposed and demanded they should, pose as owners and landlords of the various feudal territories they occupied, and profess to hold the same of the Queen, on payment of a specified rent, but they felt they had no individual power to ignore and barter away the rights of their clansmen. In the eyes of the latter, whose claims of mutual ownership of the land were now sought to be set aside, they felt they should soon be as mere traitors and robbers, to be deposed and expelled in case the English power failed to shield them in their usurpation.

"A bad business this, MacWilliam," whispered MacWattin, speaking in Irish to his superior; "others than ourselves shall hereafter have a voice, and a stormy one, in this matter. Think on the Gaelic saying, 'Stronger than the chief are his vassals.'"

"Ay, do I," retorted the stately old ruler of the broad lands from the Moy to the Robe; "but think thou on the day, six years ago, when we Bourkes struck hard for brehon law against President Fitton, and reddened the waters of Shrule with the gore of his English and of his Irish mercenaries.

Costumes of Ladies in Old Galway.

Thou wert in the Sassenach ranks that day, MacWattin Barrett; therefore well thou knowest how strongly and firmly we would hold our old state, how brehons would still sit on hill and on bridge, and how no English sheriff would ever dare cross our borders but for treachery like thine and that of yon wretched mercenaries."

He glanced angrily towards the seven chiefs of the Clandonnell gallowglasses.

"Rascals," he muttered, "whom we cordially welcomed to our country, enriching them with plenty of land for their *bonnaght* [pay], so that they might be our right hand in the field of

battle, but who basely desert us in our hour of need, going over to the foe and pretending that the *bonnaght* given them by the Bourkes is held by them of the English Queen!

"A thousand curses on this Sassenach jargon!" exclaimed he, again turning his attention to the orating lord deputy; "I know scarce a word he utters. Why does he not get an interpreter, or else converse with us in the Latin?"

Shawn More's complaint was well founded: so thoroughly Hibernicized had his race become in the course of generations that to him, the descendant of the Anglo-Norman conquerors of Lower Connaught, the English was as a lost language, his native and natural one being the mellifluous *Gaedhilic!*

Consequently it was now found necessary to adopt Latin as the language of diplomacy, and that observant young courtier-poet, Philip Sidney, and the starchy Galweygian burghers listened in astonishment to the well-rounded classic periods which fell from the lips of this stately old "barbarian," as, in reply to the lord deputy, he described the extent of his territory and named the many strong castles of the proud Clan William, bristling throughout the fair land from Belleek Castle, on the silvery Moy, to the Hag's Castle, rising from the blue bosom of Lough Mask.

"Thanks for thy information, my good friend Sir John Bourke."

Thus Sidney ostentatiously addressed Shawn More, whose Irish title of "the MacWilliam" the English government had long and persistently sought to abolish, with the object of annexing the Bourkes' wide territory. With this view Sidney had at their first meeting, six months previously, conferred the accolade upon the distinguished chieftain; the golden spurs of English knighthood were even now gleaming at the heels of Shawn More.

"Thanks for thy information. Verily thou art the makings of a leal and trusty subject. And now this fair country of Mayo, having dutifully surrendered the same unto me, thou art prepared to receive at my hands by way of seneschalship for her gracious Majesty?"

Shawn More gravely bowed assent.

"Good. Then shall I confirm thee in thy worthy trust. But this may be disputed by other claimants. To the form, then. All those who would challenge the right of Sir John Bourke, seneschal of Mayo for her most gracious Majesty, let them stand forth. Ho, herald, thy duty!"

A herald, gorgeous in a tabard emblazoned with the royal arms, placed to his lips a trumpet from which depended a small banner fringed with gold, and blew a blast which echoed thrillingly through the church, as a preliminary to crying in stentorian tones: —

"All those who would challenge the right of Sir John Bourke, seneschal of Mayo for her most gracious Majesty, let them stand forth."

As if in prepared response to this formal invitation, there was a sudden movement among the crowd at the door, and a new and singular procession entered. At sight of the foremost figure, the faces of the spectators assumed a startled and even scared look, and an exclamation of awe passed around like the murmur of a breeze.

"Grana O'Malley!"

A tall and robust woman of queenly bearing; her hair, partly covered by her spiral *fileadh* of white linen, dark as night; her countenance, and even her bosom — left partly bare over her saffron bodice — red and roughened as from constant exposure to the sea breeze; a woman of eye and aspect well described by the Jacobite poet: —

"Restless and dark — its sharp and rapid look
Show'd a fierce spirit prone a wrong to feel,
And quicker to revenge it. As a book
That sunburnt brow did fearless thoughts reveal;
And in her girdle was a skene of steel.
Her crimson mantle her gold brooch did bind,
Her flowing garments reached unto her heel;

Her hair part fell in tresses unconfined,
And part a silver bodkin fastened up behind."

Bitter cause had the staring Galway merchants to know the fearless and enterprising she-pirate who, issuing from her castle-lair on Clew Bay, was wont to swoop down upon their barks, ruthlessly plundering them, and pursuing her "trade of maintenance," as she coolly and confidently termed it, almost within range of the cannon of Galway. She held by the hand her little son, Tibbot-ma-Long, or Theobald of the Ships, so called from his having been born on board a war-galley during one of his mother's piratical expeditions. Disdaining to glance on the array of eager faces on both sides of her, she paced majestically onward to the dais, her flashing eyes fixed on the surprised deputy.

By her side clanked along a sinister-looking man in plate armor, her second husband, Richard Bourke, called Risdiard-an-Iarainn, or Iron Dick, from the warlike harness which he constantly wore. Behind walked her brother, O'Malley, chief of the country around Croagh Patrick, and "powerful on land and sea," as the family motto went — and the rear was brought up by a retinue of desperate-looking characters armed to the teeth, wearing sundry portions of armor over their yellow shirts, and their shaggy hair in the wildest-looking of glibs and coulins.

"Infamous sea robbers!" burst out an exasperated wine merchant whose caravel had suffered sore at the hands of these rough retainers; "no life or property is safe while they are about! Whoever has allowed this miscreant rabble within the walls of our city?"

"Silence there, malapert," commanded an officer of halberdiers. "I trow there are loyal blades enow in Galway for the protection of such as thee."

"Opine as thou wilt, sir captain, but thou know'st not the mettle of Grana's accursed fiends."

"Order! Silence!" thundered the herald at the dais.

Iron Dick strode haughtily to the front, and raised his glittering arm in appeal for a hearing.

"Here is one, my lord deputy," he said, "who will oppose, ay, to death if need be, the right of Shawn More to be treated as Chief Bourke of Mayo. No true MacWilliam he, but a base usurper. To his teeth I now tell him so — I, the truly inaugurated MacWilliam, wielding chief power till deposed and deprived through the wiles of this insolent pretender!"

Grana O'Malley and Iron Dick.

Shawn More's eyes flashed; his henchman made an ominous movement of his ax; the hand of his son, Walter Kittagh, flew instantly to the hilt of his dagger.

"Spare the lies and malice of thy black heart, Iron Dick," retorted the old chieftain. "Say, rather, that thou wert deposed and deprived by the voice of the people and the edge of the sword on account of thy tyranny and rapacity; for to thee, merciless plunderer, might apply the saying, 'A cormorant over his tenants — cess and

coyney cut upon the country where he rideth!'"

A very picture of sullen and disappointed ambition was Iron Dick. His stormy career was written in the deep wrinkles of his rugged face. Son of a former MacWilliam (David Bourke) by his second wife, Finola O'Flaherty, he had succeeded to the title, 24 years previously, through the criminal instrumentality of his mother, who instigated her brother Donal to murder her stepson, Walter the Tall, Iron Dick's elder brother,— a fearful deed which was perpetrated in Iveran Castle, near Minna, in Galway,— and Iron Dick became "the second captain of most power in Connaught." His *régime* was but brief. Defeated in one of his plundering exploits by his kinsman, Lame Thomas, and the men of Gallen, he was afterwards deposed and a more popular head of the clan installed in his stead. His marriage with the piratical seaqueen, after the death of her first husband, Donal O'Flaherty of the Wars, gave him a congenial helpmate and served to increase his power and prestige. He was now intent on a desperate effort to regain his lost ground.

"How is it, my lord deputy," he demanded, "that you have received into your favor a traitor who, but six years agone, slaughtered the Queen's forces at the battle of Shrule?"

"I ween the less queries anent the past the better," replied Sidney, with a frown. "Sir John is not the only one who has unfortunately borne arms against the crown, but he of all others seems best inclined to make amends for his errors."

"Amends! He! His power is small — wretched — a few paltry *caths* of gallowglasses. Even now he is atoning for the wrong he did me; he himself is a deposed exile from his country, and a new MacWilliam, *a clan's Mac William*, Edmund of Castlebar, rules in his stead, joined by the revolted sons of yon earl, and supported by some thousands of mercenary Scots."

Shawn More turned pale. His dynasts, MacWattin Barrett and the others, looked deeply concerned.

"It matters not," said Sidney; "the power of the Queen shall soon crush this new revolt; the upstart MacWilliam and the vicious Clanrickardines shall dangle from some of your Mayo trees." As he spoke he darted a malevolent glance towards the earl, whose face was buried in his hands.

And now, still leading her child by the hand, Grana O'Malley — according to the Irish custom she retained her maiden name after marriage — proudly advanced and delivered a brief but vehement address.

"Lo, here have I at length come to submit to the power of England, to become the friend and the ally of your Queen. You would say I am a pirate, that I have wronged those white-faced Sassenach traders around me, stolen their goods, plundered their cargoes. Some years ago your government proclaimed me an outlaw, offered 500 pounds for my head, sent troops from here to besiege me in my castle of Carrickahowla — ay, troops who scattered and fled like hinds before the thunder of my cannon, the axes of my clansmen. Pirate forsooth! Am I more of a pirate than your buccaneers Walter Raleigh and Francis Drake? No — by virtue of our good longships the sea is the O'Malleys' possession, and our right was tribute from those we found thereon. Wherefore not? Land rents and services were too confused to yield the lady's third; to support my clan I had to pursue my trade of maintenance. It is now over; Spanish galleons and Sassenach barks may come and go in peace in Loch Lurgan [Galway Bay]; and here, deputy of Queen Elizabeth, I offer you my services, with three galleys and 200 fighting men, wheresoever you may command me, in Ireland or Scotland."

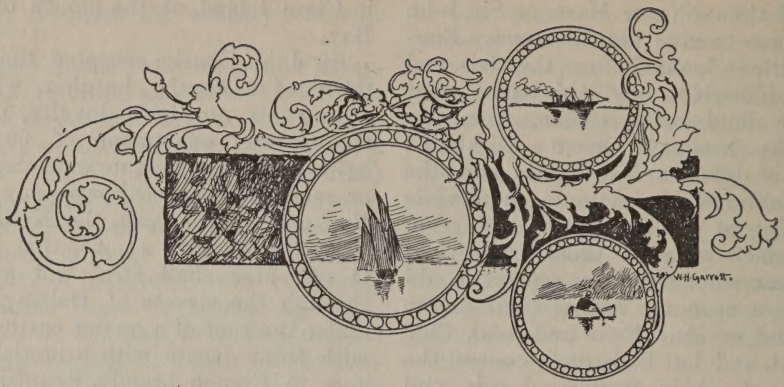
Sidney, on all this being interpreted for him, expressed his thanks, but wavered not an iota in regarding Shawn More, the MacWilliam, as the chief Bourke of Mayo; he even expressed his hope of soon being able to reward his services by creating him an earl, which made Iron Dick gnash his teeth with rage.

And then Shawn More, or Sir John Bourke — to give him his uneasy English title — knelt before the dais and bound himself to hold "his lands," that is, the lands of his clan, from her gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth; and his dynasts, MacWattin and the rest, followed his example, meanwhile shivering at the thought of the reception which awaited them from their clansmen when this arrangement would transpire at home among their native hills and woods. Poor and weak they seemed, and but little fit to control the wrath of their people. Lords and barons in the Dublin Parliament had they been in their pre-Celtic days; "and surely," said Sidney, in his official account, "they have lands sufficient for barons, if they might weeld their owne quietlye. But so base and barbarous barons are they now, that they have not three hackneyes to carry them and their train home." A pitiful plight for barons; but to artfully belittle their possessions and resources, they may have imposed upon Big Henry of the Beer as the Gibeonites outwitted Joshua.

The audience closed, and the throng poured out of St. Nicholas'. Grana O'Malley wrapped her crimson mantle around her, fastening it with her gold brooch, took her son Tibbot by the hand, and, with her sullen consort clanking beside her and her swarthy rovers trailing behind, marched haughtily to the Claddagh, where her longships lay waiting to convey the fierce party to their eyry in Craggy Castle, in Clare Island, at the mouth of Clew Bay.

Sir John Bourke accepted the hospitality of a worthy burgher, who, admiring his new-born loyalty, ignored the Galway enactment of 60 years before, to wit, "that no man shall host or receive into their houses any of the Burkes, MacWilliams, the Kellies, nor sept else, on pain of £5, that neither O nor Mac shall strut nor swagger through the streets of Galway." So, under the roof of a quaint castle-house, with front ornate with armorial bearings, in French brandy, Spanish wine, and Irish usquebaugh the Galway host pledged and plied his guests, ay, and the hostess too, if we may credit the gossipy writers of the period who aver that Anglo-Irish ladies "would, kneeling upon the knee and otherwise, carouse health after health with men."

And Big Henry of the Beer sat down complacently to write the high-ruffed Virgin Queen an account of how he had brought the chiefs of Lower Connaught under her gracious yoke, unaware that the same was virtually as far removed from their uncertain necks as ever. And the two little Tibbots, the white-clad children who had played on the steps of the dais, went their way homeward, the one to the cliffs of Clare Island, the other to the banks of the Moy, little dreaming in their childish minds that in future years they would cross swords with each other in the desperate conflict for Irish independence, the one striking for Queen and the other for Clan.



HINTS FOR VACATION.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

ALMOST every man has an inherited love for woods and fields; for dreamy ponds and lakes, where gossipy branches lean down and whisper secrets into pellucid depths; and for rollicking streams that come racing from the hillsides, over moss-draped, slumbering bowlders, and on through shadowy forests and quiet, grass-sweet meadows. It is an inheritance from primeval ancestors, and so strong that no artificial life or surroundings can eradicate it.

To some is given the privilege of spending their days in the shadow of murmuring trees, and within sound of running waters and singing birds; but to others these things come only as brief glimpses through the narrow embrasures of their world-driven lives. They may affect to scorn the simplicity, the primitiveness, the dull horizons of such an existence; but cavil as they may, there comes a time when every one of them is bound to throw off the shackles of conventionality and stumble forth in search of the possession he has despised. And there, in the woods or fields, along the banks of the lakes or streams where he goes a-fishing, he feels, for the first time in his life, it may be, the care-free thrill and bounding pulse which by all right of inheritance should have been his daily portion.

After the dreary confinement of winter, this impulse comes to us stronger and more imperious. If our business is exacting we may be able to put it off until May or perhaps June; then we yield to the inevitable, and hurry away to make our selection of rods and lines and flies, and such other paraphernalia as experience has taught us are necessary.

Split bamboo is the toughest material for fly rods, either for single or double-handed casting, and we select a single-handed one of eight or 10 ounces, nicely balanced and with perfect taper from the butt to the end of the tip. But as we may have occasion to fish in wide and rough banked streams, we also purchase a double-handed one of 25 or 30 ounces, and about 18 feet in length. We are very particular about our rods, and spend considerable time in making the selection. Old anglers say there is only one rod in the world that is suited to each man, and with which that man can do his best work. It is not necessary to buy a high-priced article, but it must be perfect in taper and balance, and without a flaw or blemish that may cause a break at the inopportune moment of some important capture. A cheap or poorly balanced rod is an

abomination to an angler, and something to be disposed of as soon as possible; and on no account should the selection be left to a friend. A rod is like a suit of clothes or a hat; each angler should fit himself.

Thirty yards of fine silk waterproof line, with a 9 to 12 foot casting line of gut nearest the flies will be sufficient for trout; but if we expect to try salmon or striped bass fishing, we shall want at least 150 or 200 yards of braided silk, with a somewhat longer casting line. The best floats are made tapering at each end, and consist of quills or a short piece of reed, with a cap at top and bottom. They are buoyant, drop lightly into the water, and dip below the surface with the faintest pull at the bait. However, an ordinary cork from a large bottle will make a good substitute.

For trout, a click reel of bell metal with handle set in the barrel is best, although bait anglers prefer a multiplier. Two reels, each holding 160 yards of line, will be needed in salmon fishing; and for bass and sea fish, have a reel carrying 200 or 300 yards of fine linen. This reel should be a triple multiplier without a check or drag, the bearings being finely constructed and mounted on jewels.

A well-selected book of artificial flies is also of prime importance, and should include white and red Ibis, Lord Baltimore, Professor, Grizzly King, Hackles, King of the Waters, and also a judicious assortment of bright medium sized flies. Occasionally trout refuse artificial lures, and then natural bait can be tried. Sometimes midge bait, or a tempting cricket, or grasshopper, or white grub, or common angle worm will be taken in preference to anything else. Flies that are snapped at eagerly in April may be refused in May and June, and those that are taken in June may be ignored in July. Often they seem to be mere creatures of impulse, and take at one moment what they refuse the next.

Much depends upon whether the day is bright or overcast. Dark-colored flies are best for sunny days, and bright ones for dark, cloudy days. Sometimes trout rise to almost anything falling on the surface of the water; at other times they do not seem to be in the humor to rise, and then it is that the angler must exercise his judgment in selecting tempting bait. When the trout refuse one fly he should try another; and if he carefully studies the colors of the flies about a trout stream or lake he will be enabled to match them closely from among the many artificial ones in his book.

If the duration of our trip permits, it will be well to go back into the country where anglers are less plentiful than fish, and where we can make a camp on the bank of some clear mountain stream or forest-enclosed lake. Or if some of our party are fastidious, we may perhaps be able to get lodging with some hunter or fisherman who will act as our guide, or even at some rambling old farmhouse. There will be less camp-work to do, and in many ways it will be more comfortable; and if several days' rain should descend upon us, there will be a tight roof between us and the weather.

For my own part, I will always choose the camp, even though it include the extra work and rain. Swaying back and forth in a hammock slung between two trees, with the whispering pines to put me to sleep, and the singing of birds to awaken me in the morning, I can look forward or backward with equanimity to an occasional wetting or hot hour over the camp fire with pots and kettles. The best sleep I ever had was in such a hammock, where I could see the stars peeping down at me through the foliage, when I opened my eyes, and where my dreams were sweetened by balsamic odors and murmuring leaves, and the best appetite I ever had was when I came into such a camp, tired and hungry, but buoyant with the recollection of my day's jaunt.

There are few men who can resist the fascination of whipping a clear moun-

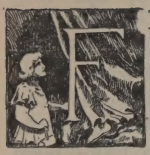
tain stream where half a dozen trout break the surface at the same time, and where the weakest among them will not succumb without making a fierce struggle for liberty; or of lingering hour after hour on the bosom of a lake from which the wild geese have not yet been driven by pot hunters. But even more than the fishing and the hunting is the mere fact of being away in the forest, far from everything that has grown drearily familiar. The very air is a tonic, and the birds and the trees, and the vistas of forest and lake, will be a pleasant memory to us through all the long years to come.

Fishing calls for patience and perseverance, and a knowledge of the haunts and nature of the game; and there is a charm about it which attracts the wisest and most eminent of men, as well as the careless and unthinking. There are various ways to fish. With some it is to secure a holiday, basking lazily in the sun on a river, or floating comfortably upon the surface of a lake in a great safe tub of a skiff, and in that position enjoying the scenery and the drowsy influences of the summer's day. But the real fisherman is a man of action as well as a philosopher. He studies the habits of fish and their favorite haunts; he explores and experiments, and trains his arm and hand to delicacy and skill in the management of rod and line; and he is not satisfied with himself on any occasion until he has employed every resource at his command to circumvent the wary game. Real fishermen are not oblivious to the charming influences of nature, but they do not go to sleep over their work, and always bring back a string of fish if the conditions are at all favorable to their capture.

Young anglers are apt to do their fishing in a desultory manner, without much regard for the habits of the fish or the proper tackle for taking them. It is a good rule not to seek game blindly. Find out where they live, and do not be afraid of the small outlay required to secure proper rods and lines. With fishing or with most pursuits, cheap methods are generally the most expensive. Good points to remember are that a fish is governed by a voracious appetite, which he is constantly seeking to appease, and that he is timid and must not be alarmed. Though more active at certain hours of the day than at others, he is as a rule always hungry, and seizes upon his favorite food the moment it is presented to his view. Of this fact the angler takes advantage.

Everything must be concealed which will make him suspicious of the bait. Sight is the one sense which in fish is well developed, and an angler must govern himself accordingly. The hook should be concealed beneath the bait as far as possible, and the lure must be attached to the line by a foot or two of fine catgut, which is nearly invisible in the water; and the line itself must be as small as possible, in order not to attract too much attention. Furthermore, when fishing in shallow water, like running brooks, the angler must conceal himself from view, for a strange moving object on shore will alarm the alert little creatures and send them pell-mell into deep water, or into their retreats among the bowlders.

A CHAPTER ON WORDS.



EW subjects possess greater charms, or have had more attention bestowed on them of late years, than the study of language. For the philologist it must always be a source of the highest interest to trace the laws by which whole languages have diverged or disappeared, and the principles which have guided the formation of particular words and expressions. Among the general laws, however, which govern the formation of words, many curious perversions are to be found. Indeed, a whole chapter of the history of every language might well be devoted to an account of the odd freaks and whimsicalities to be traced in the history of certain words. It may be of interest to give a few instances of the curious shifts to which people have been put to account for the connection between words, and especially of the many cases which occur where, from a similarity of sound or sense, or both, between two words which are really quite distinct, an unconscious association has been formed.

The examples to be given may be divided into three kinds. Our first list of words is taken from that large class which, whether by accident or error, have become so like other already familiar words as to be unconsciously associated with them in derivation and meaning. Nine persons out of 10 would probably give the derivation of 'blind-fold' as coming directly from 'blind' and 'fold,' from the practice of 'folding' a cloth round the eyes, as in the game of Blindman's Buff. The word has, however, nothing to do with 'fold,' but means 'felled,'' or struck blind, and might be written 'blind-felled.' In the same way the word 'buttery' is easily confused with the common term 'butter,' with which, however, it has no connection, save in the minds of those who do not know it to be a contraction for 'bottlery,' a place where 'bottles' are kept, and over which the 'bottler' or 'butler' presides.

To speak of a person acting in a 'gingerly' fashion would certainly convey a clear enough idea, and we easily connect the word in some vague manner with the word 'ginger,' perhaps from the association in our minds of the sparing use made of that condiment. The word, however, is innocent of any such roundabout derivation, and comes directly from the old word 'gang,' to go — still preserved in the Scotch phrase, 'gang that gate' — and thus originally means with cautious, faltering, or 'gingerly' steps. Again, in using the word 'blunderbuss' we unconsciously imply a sense of disparagement for the shooting powers of our forefathers contrasted with the precision of the modern rifle. The word itself has, however, a terrible enough meaning, and disdains all connection with 'blunder.' 'Blunderbuss,' in fact, as we have it, is a strange corruption — perhaps not altogether untinged with the sense and sound of 'blunder' — of the old Dutch word 'donderbus,' which can be literally translated into the English 'thunder-box' or 'thunder-barrel.'

Two such simple words as 'grey-hound' and 'humble-bee,' oftener in America called 'bumble-bee,' seem the last to cause difficulty as to their meaning in ordinary use; yet few people would guess that the first part of the former is unconnected with our name for a common color, and is in reality an Icelandic word signifying a 'dog,' the whole word thus becoming 'dog-hound.' In the case of 'humble-bee,' guesses would probably preponderate in favor of deriving the word from 'humble,' meaning 'lowly,' as opposed to the correct derivation from the 'humming' sound which is the distinguishing point about this insect. Perhaps, however, the popular derivation may be partly attributable to the well-known fable where a contrast is drawn between the plodding and contented bee and her

gay and thriftless cousin, the wasp. This word 'humble,' curiously enough, gives rise to another popular fallacy. In the phrase 'to eat humble-pie' there seems little ingenuity required to connect the word 'humble' with the ordinary use of the word. But with this in reality it has nothing to do, the 'humble-pie' being, properly speaking, a dish made from the 'numbles' or inferior parts of a deer's carcase, which would naturally be the portion of menials or 'humble' folk.

The help of an historical dictionary of the language would surely be necessary to bring us to believe that the easy looking word 'shame-faced' is unconnected with face. The term is, however, a corruption of 'shamefast,' an old word meaning 'fast,' firm, or steadfast in shame or modesty; and the last syllable, 'fast,' being pronounced so like 'faced' or 'face,' the part of the body most expressive of the feeling of shame, the transformation of the word into its modern form becomes easy of explanation. Quite as legitimate as this transition seems that between paying off a man and 'cashiering' him; yet the verb 'to cashier' has nothing to do either with 'cash,' meaning money, or with 'cashier,' a person who looks after it. The verb comes from an old French word meaning to break off or discharge, and thus is unconnected with 'cash,' which, though now used in the sense of money, was originally applied to the box in which it was kept.

Two words, 'purblind' and 'parboil,' are interesting as showing how a false derivation or association of sound can change the meaning of a word. 'Purblind' originally meant 'purely' blind; but probably, through confusion with the verb 'to pore,' it has now the meaning of 'partly' blind. In the same way, to 'parboil' at first signified to boil 'purely' or thoroughly; but through confusion with the word 'part,' the meaning has been modified to that of boiling 'partly.'

Perhaps few would venture to seek a connection between 'oakum' and 'oak'; but fewer still would be happy enough to give the correct derivation, and connect it with 'comb,' the tool with which the substance is teased out.

The verb 'gang,' to go, which we saw lay at the root of the word 'gingerly,' is also of use to distinguish the two terms 'gauntlet' and 'gantlet,' which seem in some way to have been confused in sense as well as sound. The term 'gauntlet,' in the phrase 'to throw down the gauntlet,' is evidently a diminutive of the French 'gant,' a glove, and refers to the old feudal practice of the challenger in the lists throwing down the mailed glove, which was picked up by the accepter of the challenge. But in the expression 'to run the gantlet,' we have a word of totally distinct derivation, coming from 'gang,' to go, and referring to the space over which the culprit or fugitive had to 'gang' before he was clear of danger. Once more: many people nowadays connect the expression 'train-oil' in some way with locomotives and railroads. There was no danger of this mistake 60 years ago, when trains were little known, and train-oil (compare tear, something squeezed out), or the expressed fat of whales, was a common article of domestic use.

We now pass to a second class of words which illustrate, from a slightly different point of view, the vagaries of popular etymology. No philological principle is found to hold with greater consistency and completeness than this, that words which, though originally perfectly understood, have come to lose their first clear meaning, very frequently undergo a change, whereby they become connected in form and sound with others totally distinct. People must have words which they can understand and recall; and in order to gain simplicity and ease in remembering, they do not scruple to mutilate an offending term beyond recognition. In Scotland, for example, the popular ear found nothing to attract it in the term 'lilac,' a word of Persian origin; but by changing the foreign name into 'lily-oak,' familiarity and ease in recog-

nition were gained at the expense of strict terminology.

It is said that the manifestly corrupted word 'isinglass' owes its change from a foreign to its English dress to the popular fancy, which, finding the Dutch term 'huizenblas' (sturgeon-bladder) meaningless in English, quietly changed it into 'isinglass,' and secured its easy remembrance from association with the 'icing' purposes for which it is used, and the 'glassy' appearance it presents. In the same way, 'Bocage' Walk in London, being unmeaning to the ordinary ear, soon became transformed into 'Birdcage' Walk, not because there ever were any birdcages there, but in order to have a word which might be familiar and easily recalled. The two terms, 'crayfish' and 'causeway' singularly exemplify the same ready method of treatment to which words are subjected when they fail to convey their meaning with the requisite ease. The last syllable of the French écrévisse would necessarily be without sense to us; and the ingenuity which converted it into 'fish,' and the whole word into 'crayfish,' at once gave the name an English look and a sound which might suggest the thing signified. In the case of 'causeway,' again, we find popular etymology overdoing itself. We have the modern French word 'chaussée,' which, through its progenitors, was represented in English by 'causey.' A vulgar ingenuity, however, stepped in and accounted for the last syllable by supplying what it considered the original spelling 'way,' and thus left the first part of the word quite unaccounted for, though the word, as a whole gained a form which rendered it more familiar to the English eye.

A still more remarkable instance of this tendency to change and even mutilate a word in order to give it a familiar and suggestive appearance is found in the expression 'jerked-beef,' which is a ready English substitute for 'charqui,' the Peruvian word for meat cooked in smoke, or 'jerked.' Such a liberty taken with a foreign word may readily be pardoned when so happy in result; but the necessity for changing 'lustrine,' a French word for silk, into 'lutestring,' may be questioned, seeing we have many words, such as 'lustre' and 'lustrous,' from the same root. But there is no accounting for fancies.

Another curious instance of the false ingenuity of the popular mind when put to the test is to be seen in the simple-looking word 'titmouse.' The first part of this word is very easy, and means something small, as we see in 'titlark' and 'tomtit.' The Middle-English form of our word was, however, 'titmose,' the last part of which means a small bird, and has nothing to do with 'mouse.' Not only, however, did the popular fancy seize on the form 'titmouse' as more familiar and suggestive, but it was so captivated with its own cleverness that the plural of the word became 'titmice!'

The explanation of the word 'belfry' is interesting in this connection. The word had originally no connection with 'bell,' an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is 'watch-tower,' from the Middle English 'berfry,' a watch-tower. The first part of this word is connected with 'borough,' the second with 'free.' As the practice grew of hanging 'bells' in such towers, people reminded themselves of the fact by changing the word 'berfry' into the modern 'belfry.' In modern times, with our wide diffusion of education, the spread of books, and the steadying influences of printing, the tendency, illustrated above, to sacrifice accuracy in terminology to simplicity in form and sound, cannot much longer hope to find illustration. Yet in the word 'sparrow-grass,' a corruption of 'asparagus,' we can still trace the striving of the popular ear to find a word which will sound less unfamiliar and unmeaning. Were the counteracting influences of education and printing to cease, this vulgar substitute might possibly find a place among the acknowledged vocables of the language.

There is still another class of words to which it may prove interesting

to draw attention. The tendency to throw unfamiliar words into more intelligible form is often supplemented by a striving to account for them as they stand by some fanciful and generally fictitious explanation. The ancients were unaccountably ignorant of the principles of word-formation, and even so late a writer as Justinian derives the word 'testament' from 'testis,' a witness, which is right, and 'mens,' the mind, which is nonsense. Every one has heard of the famous derivation of the Latin 'lucus,' a grove, from 'lux,' light, the connection between the two words being explained by the fact that in groves there is little or no light!

The Greeks, when put to it to explain the word 'Amazons,' a tribe of female warriors excelling in archery, broke the word up into two, 'a' and 'mazon,' which in Greek mean 'without a breast,' and, to give color to this derivation, invented the absurd story of these warriors cutting off their right breasts to enable them to draw their bows more easily! The writer was taught that the word 'barbarous' came from 'barba,' a beard, because such people did not shave; and that 'Scot-free' meant as free as the Scots when returning from a marauding expedition across the Border! This latter word of course really means free from contribution, 'scot' being a payment which is 'shot' into a box.

The famous story of the word 'sirloin,' or, more properly, 'surloin,' is of more recent creation. A king of England — the 'Merry Monarch,' most likely — coming in hungry one day from the chase, had served up to him a savory loin of beef. So delighted was the famishing king at the sight of his favorite dish that he knighted it on the spot, and is it not known as 'Sir loin' even to this day? The story is of course a mere fabrication. The first part of the word, which seems to have tickled the fancy of talemongers, is a common component of words in our language, and appears in the common term 'surface.' 'Surloin' or 'sirloin' will therefore mean simply the upper part of the loin, just as the *surface* is the upper face of anything. This word suggests another which has more recently been stripped of the tale that hung thereby. To an ordinary reader the term 'beef-eater' presents no difficulty either in signification or form, and the first meaning that suggests itself — a person who eats the beef of another, that is, his attendant — has now been acknowledged as the correct one. Yet the term has been the subject of much subtle though futile ingenuity. Mr. Steevens, for example, takes the word from 'beaufetier,' one who attends at the side-table which was anciently placed in a 'beaufet,' the business of the beef-eaters being to attend the king at meals. Mr. Skeat in his larger Etymological Dictionary dismisses this explanation in these words: 'When the French "beaufetier" can be found with the sense of waiter at a sideboard, in reasonably old French, or when the English "beef-eater" can be found spelt differently from its present spelling in a book earlier than the time of Mr. Steevens, it will be sufficient time to discuss the question further.'

Another word to which popular fancy — always attracted by what is unusual and out of the way — has attached a story, which, though not baseless, is yet inconsistent with fact, is the term 'cabal.' The vulgar derivation which gives it as coming from a combination of the initials of the five statesmen who formed the British Cabinet of 1671, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, seems ingenious enough to be true, were it not for the awkward fact that the term is really of Hebrew extraction, imported into the language and used a century earlier than the date given above.

Two other words will suffice to bring our list to a close. What is the etymology of the term 'cockatrice'? It is a lineal descendant of the English and Greek word 'crocodile'; but the 'r' — a frequent offender in this respect — dropped out, and the word then

became easily confounded with the English 'cock.' But the word, through this confusion with the name of a familiar bird, had lost much of its original terrible significance. To regain for it its lost association of terror and 'uncanniness,' while retaining its familiar sound, the hideous story was invented of the cockatrice being hatched from a cock's egg! Lastly, in the expression 'Jerusalem artichoke' we have a curious turnabout of words which would require a lengthy explanation. Suffice it here to say that originally the word had nothing to do with the Holy City, but comes directly from 'girasole,' the Italian name for a sunflower. This blunder is now doubly irreparable. People will always connect this vegetable in some way with Jerusalem, and we are even taught to call the soup made from it 'Palestine Soup!'— One other word and we are done. Many people must have wondered where all the briars are grown from the roots of which are cut the pipes so well known to smokers as 'briar-root pipes.' It need scarcely be said that no pipes are made from the briar. The word briar-root is undoubtedly a corruption; and the derivation of 'Beirout' (a town which is said to export large quantities of the wood used in the manufacture) has been suggested. Most people would, however, prefer to side with Kingsley, and ascribe it to the French word for heath (bruyère), the tough woody fibre of which is most peculiarly adapted for the purpose required.

MY IDEAL.

BY MARY F. M. NIXON.

Among bright things which round me gleam,
I see thy face as in a dream,
What is there that is like to thee,
My knight of purity?
A flower, perhaps, for every grace
Is gathered in thy radiant face.
But no, a flower is not strong,
Like thee, against the wrong.

A tropic day, for warmth and light
And glorious, sunny beauty bright,
Alas! in warmth oft passion lies,
But never in thine eyes.
A snow-capped mountain, lofty, grand,
The noblest work of Nature's hand,
Not so — there's coldness on its brow,
Thou art not cold, not thou.

The flower for sweetness, elm for grace,
The sunny day for thy bright face.
The mountain peak for every thought
With lofty meaning fraught.
Ah! spotless soul, thou'rt all in one,
My strength, my sweetness, perfume, sun,
Yet best of all, I find in thee
My Grail of chastity.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

MAY 16, 1895, will be remembered in the archdiocese of Boston as the date of the greatest Catholic event in its history up to the present time. The last quarter of a century has not been without its days of consolation and triumph for the Church on New England soil, and the minds of our readers will readily recall such grand events as the Columbus Day celebration, the dedication of the Cathedral, the solemnities attending the conferring of the pallium upon the city's first archbishop, the commemoration of his Episcopal silver jubilee, and many other occasions of Catholic pomp, festivity, and rejoicing. In none of the many solemnizations that have gone before, however, was there quite the glory, the thrill, the enthusiasm, the heartfelt gladness, that characterized the celebration of Archbishop Williams' sacerdotal golden jubilee. Of all Catholic local occasions, this was the climax and the crown. It carried along with it the earnest spirit of Boston's Catholic past, the fervor and energy of its expanding present, the bright hopes of its destined future. The central figure around which the day's events were grouped, was one whose life was both a history and an active agent of New England's Catholicity; one in whose memory still lived the Church's early struggles and first successes; one whose unreckonable services during half a century were the chief means by which the Catholic faith was brought to its present preëminence in the religious life of New England. The ecclesiastical pageant in his cathedral in the morning, the gifts and congratulations of his clergy during the day, the combined magnificent tribute of clergy, laity, the American hierarchy, the Holy Father, the state and the city, at the banquet in Music Hall in the evening, were successive events in a day of personal happiness, reward, and triumph such as few men can be the inspirers of, and but few can hope to participate in as spectators. A special providence has been vouchsafed to the Catholics of New England in the opportunity of celebrating Archbishop Williams' golden jubilee. It has united all hearts in a common cause of jubilation and gratitude; it has brought the several branches of the Catholic body, the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity into closer touch and union, it has inspired all with a new impulse of faith, with love of church, and prompting to duty, and it has proved, beyond admission of doubt, that a noble life self-sacrificingly consecrated to the service of God and the uplifting of humanity is the strongest appeal that a man can make to the love, devotion, admiration, and encomiums of his fellow-men. Archbishop Williams retires into the twilight of life with the halo of love and well-earned reward placed upon him by his fellow-men; and the church for which he labored so zealously and so unceasingly for half a century will reap the fruits of his career for generations to come.

THERE is an article in the April *Forum* which writers of the Ross and Saltus brood, and other American imitators of the European literary decadence, would do well to take to heart. The article is by Richard Burton, and it declares in unmistakable tones that there is danger ahead for American literature, unless the criterion so widely adopted by cotemporary writers be purified of many of its vicious sophisms.

"The paramount temptation of the newer generation of literary makers in this country," says Mr. Burton, "is the acceptance of the 'art-for-art's-sake' doctrine, that legacy of the French naturalistic school, already, by the confession of its great leader, Zola, waning away after 30 years of dominance. In a sentence, this creed would sharply dissever art from ethics; it concedes no morality to litera-

ture save the morality of the fine phrase: it is the artist's business to reproduce nature, and he is in no wise implicated in the light and shade of his picture except to see to it that the copy is faithful. Taken over into fiction, poetry, and the drama from the sister art of painting, this banner cry has resulted in a literary product whose foulness and lack of taste (accompanied often by great ability) one must hark back to the decadent classics to parallel."

It is a sad commentary on American talent that, notwithstanding its rich, as yet untouched, mines of literary treasure, native writers turn to the canons and methods of a set of European authors whose false theories have worked incalculable injury to morality and society, and which to-day stand discredited, on the admission of their own high-priest.

Is there not inspiration enough in our young, vigorous, many-sided, and teeming life for the pens of our novelists and poets? Have we not sufficient material in any line in literature to spur us to lead the world to true standards, instead of following at the heels of a disgraced and passing school? In the absence from the world of the greatest creative genius, why cannot American writers act upon the stimulus afforded by their own limitless resources, and place themselves solidly upon the basic principles on which alone a truly great literature exists. As Mr. Burton forcibly states: —

"A mere glance at world literature proves beyond peradventure that the moving and permanent forces are those which are healthful, vital, positive, optimistic. Homer, Dante, Shakespere, Cervantes, Milton, and Browning are not decadents; men, all of them, cognizant of life's depths as well as heights, but never forgetting that accomplishment, aspiration, and peace are articulated into our living quite as truly as doubt, denial, and death. Hence these masters are open-air influences and a tonic to distraught humanity. The history of any puissant nation teaches the same thing: its athletic evolution and crest of power mean a literature which is bracing and splendid, its devolution a product into which the minor note has crept and through which runs the self-questioning of decay."

We have no Homers, Shakesperes, nor Miltons in the world to-day; but the principles they embodied in their deathless works are as living and forceful at the end of this century, as they were in the Middle Ages or in the centuries before Christianity. It would augur better for our future existence and character as a nation, if many of our littérateurs were drawing their inspiration from Homer, Shakespere, and Milton, rather than from Zola, Ouida, and Oscar Wilde.

The Marquis de Castellane, who spent two weeks in this country on the occasion of the purchase by Miss Anna Gould of his son and his family position, has contributed to the Paris Review, his "impressions" of America. Poor America! One of her misfortunes is her inability to escape the notice of every "impressionable" idiot who chances this way, and falls foul of a newspaper man for a half hour on his return home. The Marquis is intensely amusing in his fortnight's review of us, particularly when he reminds us of our mushroom origin, and our absorbing quest of wealth.

"On arriving in New York," he says, "one does not have the sentiment of arriving among a people; no expression indeed is more false than that of 'American people.' The American nation is not one that has grown out of its own soil, developed gently and gradually from tradition to tradition. It is a reunion of men without ancestors, an agglomeration of individuals who have brought to the same country the same love of independence, the same thirst for wealth."

It is a terrible arraignment of our American conditions and ambitions which the Marquis here makes, and he follows it up with a few naive queries, which are clinchers to his arguments. "Where is the European sentimentality?" "Where the refinement of taste?" "Where the religious happiness to be found among a society born in this fashion?" "Where, indeed, Marquis?" It is only when such philanthropic noblemen as you come among us, to supply our plebeian lack of forefathers, and remove our temptations to fortune-seeking by transferring our millions to the depleted hoards of your

own ancestral vaults, that we can be brought to a realization of our unæsthetic, unsentimental, and unrefined ways. Our religious happiness is, of course, dependent somewhat upon the same missionary work. The history of marriage, as between the European nobility and the American fortune, contains so many instances of ideal unions, spreading happiness and blessings upon society at large, that were all marriages contracted upon the sentiments that usually prevail between the titled foreigner and the native heiress, religious happiness would flourish throughout the length and breadth of two continents, and divorces would be relegated to the unholy ranks of the daily laborer. We should indeed be grateful to the Marquis for his "impressions" and the deep moral lessons they contain. Our heiresses will undoubtedly take them greatly to heart.

A recent caricature represents John Bull with his right foot hard pressed upon the town of Corinto, and his left raised to the level of his ponderous stomach, in the act of kicking a football labelled the "Monroe Doctrine" high into the air. The cartoon well illustrates the jingo sentiment called forth by certain anti-administration journals, republican, and alleged democratic, during the late unpleasantness between England and Nicaragua. It is a grand characteristic of the American press that it is thoroughly patriotic and keenly alive to the traditions of the past in the republic's relations with foreign powers; but it is the height of bravado and buncombe, as well as a menace to our peace-loving country to attempt to entangle the government in a controversy with another power by a forced application of an existing principal of international action. A correct knowledge of the matter at issue between England and her Central American disputant, and a clear perception of the purpose and intent of the Monroe Doctrine would have saved a great loss of ink and type in the fighting newspapers, besides preventing an abuse of public opinion, which should be safeguarded against misleading editorials. England's quarrel with Nicaragua was far outside the scope of the Monroe declaration, which was directed only against the establishment, on American soil, by a European power, of any of the political systems of Europe, and did not commit the United States to uncalled for intervention in the wars or other quarrels of an American republic with a foreign government. So long as England did not hold Nicaraguan ports longer than was necessary to secure the payment of the stipulated indemnity, the United States had no business to interfere, and the course of the national administration throughout the affair had common sense as well as the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine on its side. Impartial sentiment will applaud the president and the state department for their dignified, firm, and considerate course in the controversy, and even if the full honors of the settlement do not fall to us, the indirect influence exerted by the administration through the agency of the Salvador republic, was the chief factor in bringing the growing imbroglio to a peaceful conclusion.

The lecture of Archbishop Ireland, in Boston, recently, on the subject of American citizenship was just such a declaration of patriotic principles, as was to be expected from his penetrating, broad, vigorous, and fearless mind. To have sat under the spell of its delivery was to become inspired with the fervor of true love of country, and of contempt for the forces which are at work to undermine it.

To have read the lecture in type after the inspiration of the man and the occasion had gone, was to be impressed with its depth of thought, its pertinency to the needs and perils of the time, its beauty and pithiness of expression, its intrepid denunciation of bad political elements wherever they may exist. Such a speech would, of itself, suffice to give any man an

honored name, wherever in the world the principles of popular liberty are established and revered. In Archbishop Ireland's case the speech was but the expression of his entire life, the soulful avowal of sentiments to which he has consecrated his public career as a citizen and a leader of the people.

American patriotism has been one of his guiding principles throughout life. It has influenced his thought and action everywhere and always, in the councils of his fellow citizens, in the battlecamp, on the platform, in the pulpit, before foreign bodies of representative men, and in audiences with the Holy Father. His love for American institutions and his devotion to true American progress are a basis of citizenship upon which every class of Americans can and should take a firm, unyielding stand. There is nothing in his declarations which Washington himself would not receive as a slogan of war against the enemies of freedom without, or political corruptionists within, and it is doubtful if the utterances of the founders of the republic contain ideas more worthy the subject of American citizenship or more helpful to its perfect attainment. In John Ireland the spirit of Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, is again revived, and is grandly fulfilling its mission to foster and advance the cause of an ideal, liberty-loving, virtuous, and honorable people. With him as an example of the Catholic American citizen, why bother about the maudlin mouthings of brainless zealots.

The issue of Police Inspector McLaughlin's trial in New York gives force to the arguments used against trial by jury; so far, at least, as that system necessitates a unanimous verdict for conviction. Three weeks were taken up in selecting the jury for this case from more than 300 talesmen examined. The witnesses for the prosecution were many; the testimony for the defence was confined to a single one, and yet, in the face of these facts, two of the jurors refused to bring in a verdict, one of them going so far as to decline even to consider the evidence. The court warned the obstinate juror that his course subjected him to legal punishment, but to no avail. The result after several hours more effort on the part of the majority to bring over the two dissenters, was a failure, the final vote, like the first, standing 10 to 2 in favor of conviction. The jury was discharged, after weeks of time and a great deal of money had been fruitlessly expended. This case and others easily recalled, prove that it is high time for a radical change in the conduct of trials by jury.

The Massachusetts Legislative Committee recently returned from a visit to the cotton mills of the South, has made a report embodying the opinions it formed as to the probable future results of Southern competition with the northern mills. In the opinion of the committee the tendency is toward the South. Since 1880 the South has increased the capital invested in cotton mills 400 per cent, while the increase in New England during the decade was but 75 per cent. The committee, however, sees no present or real danger to the interests of New England. The advantages of the South, such as cheaper labor, proximity to the cotton fields, absence of restricted legislation, etc., are counterbalanced by important disadvantages, such as lack of banking facilities. The general conclusion of the committee seems to be that New England will not lose anything it has, but that in the future the Southern cotton-manufacturing will grow at a faster rate and absorb most of the capital seeking investment in that industry.

Ninety journalists have petitioned the Tsar to allow more liberty to the Russian newspapers, by abolishing the drastic Press Laws now in force in the Empire. The censorship of the Russian journals abides with the Press Department, a governmental body, which is continually persecuting writers

to please persons of high rank. If one minister demands that nothing should be said about the cholera, another that no mention should be made about the liquidation of a bankrupt insurance company, the Press Department is ever ready to accede to these personal wishes, under pretense that the welfare of the state demands such a course. The result is the ruin of the Russian press and of Russian literature generally. The petitioners, therefore, beg that the publication of a newspaper should not be made dependent upon the permission of the Press Department, but that every citizen may have the right to issue a journal whenever it pleases him. The pity of it is, there is not much hope that the petitioners will be successful, particularly since they are mostly writers of unfavorable political reputation, from the government standpoint, and have not been able to find a very influential person to present their petition. A ruler or a government that is afraid to allow full liberty to the expression of popular opinion through the newspapers, is an anomaly in the world to-day, and a just object of suspicion and aversion to more liberal nations.

THE ceremonies of Holy Thursday in the imperial palace at Vienna, were as edifying as they were replete with interest and solemnity. The rite of washing the feet was performed by Emperor Franz Josef on 12 old beggars, in the Hall of Ceremonies, amid most impressive surroundings. On a platform raised slightly above the floor was a long table with 12 covers, a plate, knife, wooden spoon, folded napkin for each, with a piece of bread, a pewter mug, and a little blue pitcher filled with water. At 10 o'clock 12 old men, the youngest 89 and the oldest 96, entered the hall, and were supported each by two relatives to the platform, which they mounted with difficulty, and were placed in their seats; their relatives, most of them women, standing behind them. Then entered 20 Knights of the Teutonic Order, headed by their master, Archduke Eugene, dressed in white, with a long black cross on the breast of their doublets and another on the back of their long white cloaks. They marched around the hall, and then, forming a line on either side, made way for the ministers, with Count Kalnoky at the head, and the Emperor's staff. They were followed by the Primate of Austria, Cardinal Gruscha, with priests and acolytes bearing candles and burning incense. Then came the Emperor, dressed in the white uniform of an Austrian General, and wearing the order of the Golden Fleece. He advanced to the table and addressed a few words to the old men. At a signal from the master of ceremonies 12 guardsmen stepped forward, each bearing on a tray the first course of a sumptuous repast; the Emperor now took off his helmet, gave it to an officer, and, passing down the line, arranged the dishes before each guest. Twelve archdukes then approached and removed the Barmecide banquet from the guests' eyes, handing the dishes to the guards. This was repeated for three courses, and with the last the plates, knives, and other objects on the table were also taken off. They were all packed later with the food in wooden boxes, and sent to the homes of the old men.

The table was then taken away, and the "washing of feet" began. A priest approached with a towel and a golden basin full of water; their slippers were taken from the old men's feet, and the Emperor, on his knees, beginning with the oldest, moistened his feet with water and dried them with the towel. Without rising, still on his knees, he passed on to the next one, and so on to the end of the row. When he had finished he rose, and placed around each man's neck a chain, attached to which was a small white bag containing 30 pieces of silver. That ended the ceremony; the Emperor and his suite withdrew, and the old men were taken home by their friends.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Word on Honesty.

The penal institutions in this country, though rather overcrowded, have not received their full quota of public malefactors. If justice were done, there would be a large addition to the ranks. Every man or woman who deliberately and wilfully contracts unnecessary debts, knowing that he or she can never discharge them, is simply a common thief, and should be punished as such. It is the refinement of absurdity to make any distinction between the unfortunate who steals bread to sustain life and the well-dressed individual who orders for his table luxuries for which he has no intentions of paying. The votary of fashion who dresses at the expense of merchants and modistes is one with the shoplifter, who expiates her offence in the House of Correction; and yet the law carefully protects the former, while it punishes the latter. The balance of justice was better adjusted in the beginning of the century, when honesty was a recognized principle, an essential part of character. To-day, elegant dress, showy manners, and lavish expenditure are more potent than an honest name. People who pay their way are often sneered at for their simplicity, and generally regarded as well-meaning simpletons woefully behind the times.

Now and again when some trusted official stoops to the folly of vulgar theft, the press voices public sentiment in deploring his fall, and dwells with pathos on the prestige of his position in life, palliating his offence with the excuse that he has lived beyond his means. The same issue may record the misdoings of a tramp who filched a pair of cowhide shoes from a doorway or helped himself from a baker's stock. There is no bail in his case, no pathos wasted on his need of boots or bread. Why should there be? He never had a position that enabled him to live beyond his means, so he is summarily immured, while his favored prototype receives the full benefit of legal acumen and public sympathy.

The fact that sentiment is becoming maudlin has much to do with the decadence of honesty. There should be no pity wasted on people who live beyond their means and come to grief in consequence. The pity is that they should have had the opportunity to exceed their income. The plea "consideration for his family" lightens many an offender's sentence, where, if justice were impartially administered, in many cases the family would share his punishment. Women are largely responsible for driving men to extremes to supply their demands, rivalling in dress and display the wives and daughters of wealth.

They scout the idea of keeping within the bounds of a limited income, and plunge into debt with a reckless disregard of consequences. The credit system is a national calamity. Its disastrous effect on character is demonstrated in the growth of dishonest practices. Children are reared in the belief that debt is not discreditable, and from the indirect dishonesty of using unpaid-for property easily progress to doubtful transactions and actual theft. The children of 20 years ago saved up their pennies for months to purchase a desired treasure; the children of to-day get possession on the instalment plan and, wearying of their purchase, shirk further payment. It is not an unusual occurrence for children of eight and 10 to have a standing account for candy, fruit, fancy-work and other juvenile needs. The practice is permitted by indulgent parents. Mothers are particularly indiscreet in this respect. They do not wisely restrain their little daughters' innate love of finery, or question their boys closely enough about the possession of certain articles.

To inculcate strict honesty in the

smallest details of daily life is the duty of every parent and teacher. The mis-appropriation of a marble or a penny is not too small a trifle to engage serious attention, and debt should be dwelt upon as a last resource in dire necessity, never as a means of satisfying luxurious desires. M. B. O'S.

Madame Craven.

In the Revue de Paris for April there is an interesting sketch of Madame Craven, all the more graphic and life-like because it is written rather in a spirit of criticism than of sympathy.

"The powder of Time enhanced the brilliancy of her eyes and accentuated the arched eyebrows. Her quick glance struck you at first as a little critical and questioning, and then from beneath the lowered lids came a side-long look that belied slightly the frankness of her welcome.

"As she knelt at Mass in some dim chapel, unconscious of observation, her pale complexion and finely cut features made one think of an ivory carving of the Renaissance. . . . In the evening the ivory became alabaster lighted from within; her eyes flashed, topic followed topic; she was all life, animation, ardor, and the talk went from Downing street to the Vatican, from cardinals to Mr. Gladstone, from the Faubourg St. Germain to Khartoum, with a rush of news exact in every detail, and of emotions always fresh, for she had friends in every land, and a passionate interest in every historical drama of the day."

For 20 years, the writer tells us, Madame Craven was the centre and inspiration of a group of eminent men. At five o'clock the door of the apartment in the rue Barbet de-Youy was opened by Luigi, an Italian "Caleb Balderstone," who ushered the customary guests into the presence of his mistress as if the little ante-chamber leading to the salon were the halls and galleries of her home of happier days, Chiata Monte.

On the new walls hung in their broad, tarnished frames, fine pictures of the Flemish and Italian schools, and told the story of altered circumstances. But to these modest rooms came the same brilliant assemblage that had loved to visit the beautiful villa of Chiata Monte: Russians, Italians, French, English, and, in these later days, Americans too, for Madame Craven had friends in this country, and her books are as much valued here as in Europe.

She who wrote so tenderly and nobly of her friends has found already three sympathetic biographers. Mrs. Bishop's life of Mme. Craven is already well known; the Duchess Ravaschiera has published in Naples a volume of Madame Craven's letters to her, and letters written by Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Augustin Cochin to Madame Craven. Now the Count de Mun promises us the Life and Correspondence of his aunt; and as the letters will not pass through the process of translation, I think this book will be the most valuable of the three. The Count de Mun is well fitted by sympathy and ability to fulfil the affectionate duty.

It has been said for the encouragement of belated genius that Madame Craven's first book, *Le Récit d'une Souer*, written after she was 60 years old, was crowned by the French Academy. It is true that this famous book was her first publication; but her correspondence, so voluminous and interesting, now brought to light, shows that her whole life had been a preparation for the work which placed her at once before the world as a writer of the first rank. She had three homes, France, Italy, and England, and had perfect command of three languages. Habit had given her a facility of expression and a vocabulary only acquired by long practice. Her excellent abilities were trained by the companionship of men and women noted for distinction of mind and education.

Twice afterwards, in the biographies of Lady Georgiana Fullerton and of

Adelaide Capece Minutolo, Madame Craven drew portraits as beautiful as the subjects; higher praise could not be given. The Italian lady was, after the manner of her race, a fascinating and amusing saint, full of a tender gayety even when passing through great sorrows. With her sister Clotilde, she founded what she called "the order of old maids" in Naples, where every woman had been expected to marry or enter a convent. The little romances written for young people would not alone have made their writer's reputation. It is now to Madame Craven's extensive correspondence that we must look for the confirmation of her fame. We see her in these various versions of her career as one of the noblest women of this century, perfect in every domestic relation, a loyal friend, and full of deep and hidden piety. She had no worldly pettiness, and was as easily a *grande dame* while eking out a slender income with enforced work, as in her brighter days at Chiata Monte. There is more genius in Madame Craven's life than in her writings.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

A Besetting Sin.

WHY will women talk aloud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life. Family matters are openly discussed, the good qualities of relatives and their defects commented upon freely, and names mentioned with the utmost indifference to the fact that chance listeners may recognize them. The other day, in a crowded car, a young woman was expatiating upon the many charms of a male acquaintance, who lacked only one essential of the model husband — means of support. "But what does that matter?" she asked. "They love, and isn't love everything?" A hush fell on her audience, — hungry people, homeward bound from their day's work, who looked their appreciation, — when her practical companion made answer, "It can't fill the bin or keep flour in the barrel." And then ensued an animated debate, during which the family affairs of the unfortunate young man and his bride were made known to all who cared to listen.

Another woman, past the age when gush is pardonable, compelled a carful of passengers to hearken to her loud-voiced praises of a needy friend dependent on the charity of relatives. How that poor girl's ears would have tingled if she had heard her simple efforts to make herself useful described as tactics to ensnare the widowed head of the family!

"It would be such a good thing for her," proclaimed her eulogist; "and really she is so amiable, such a good housekeeper, and so fond of the children, that he might do worse."

All this in a voice that reached both ends of the car, making men look up from their papers, and causing sensitive women to wince for the failings of their sex.

Public conveyances are not proper places for ventilating domestic grievances, indulging in personal gossip, or compelling strangers to listen to tales of woe anent disordered digestion, baby's croup, or grandpa's rheumatism.

The sooner some women learn that all the world loves not an over-long tongue, the better will it be for the race in general, and for one sex in particular.

M. B. O'S.

Out of the Rut.

THE wonder of it is that women, having remained in it so long, can step out of it so easily. Every day they are seeking new roads to independence, and finding them, too.

The professional marketer is a valuable factor in the menage of the Philadelphia household. Miss Lilly Marshall, of New York, by long, patient labor produced the beautiful iridescent brass work exhibited at the world's fair. The minister of instruction at St. Petersburg has presented a scheme

to the Council of State to permit women to practise medicine. The fact that this is the third or fourth effort of the same kind proves the conservative trend of Russian thought.

In New Haven a woman genealogist earns her living by finding out for people who their ancestors were. To do this she spends her days in libraries, and among church records, land and probate records, and tombstones. Strong eyesight, good memory, a clear brain, and quick perception are some of the requisites of this novel profession. Architecture has already a respectable showing of women followers, whose plans and specifications show a keen insight into the requirements of their employers. A hospital in San Francisco, said to be one of the finest on the Pacific coast, was built by women graduates of the Applied School of Design, New York.

The woman upholsterer and decorator is an accepted feature of the furnishing trade, and the woman embalmer has summoned up courage enough to appear as funeral director in general. She will hardly become numerous; there are too many grewsome details in her art.

One young woman makes her living by entertaining children and conducting their parties. Her resources are unlimited and range all the way from dancing and fairy tales to such homely games as "Going to Jerusalem" and 'Old Dan Tucker."

In the laboratory of the Board of Health in a certain city, a young woman spends hours every day in patient scientific research. She is a professional bacteriologist. Nor is she alone in this uninviting field of labor; several other women are engaged in it, and are quietly forging ahead to success and merited renown.

In London and New York women serve writs, and are put in possession in preference to men. Their pay is $1 a writ.

Instances could be multiplied to encourage young girls about to grapple with the question of self-support, but it would perhaps be well to warn them not to be deceived by the glamour of printed reports, or to accept as practicable all the suggestions thrown out for their benefit.

A notable newspaper woman gives columns of advice to those of her sex seeking work, and advises them to try unbeaten paths, such as furnishing agents' supplies or personally vending antique embroideries, rare bric-a-brac, and exquisite old laces.

Now this editorial writer may know a good deal about the rare old bric-a-brac encumbering her desk, but she can hardly have looked beyond it, or she would know that antique Persian vases cannot be bought two for a quarter, or that rare old lace does not sell at a dollar a dozen yards, and the woman thrown on her own resources has not the money to buy such costly stock, and will scarcely get credit to the necessary amount.

Women needing work snatch eagerly at every suggestion thrown out, and it is wrong for any woman who knows nothing of her subject to write columns of stuff as valueless as Dead Sea fruit. Another writer advised chicken raising, and, after raising hopes as fluffy as the chickens, squelched them with the remark that success could not be hoped for on a smaller capital than $1,500, and even then it would be doubtful.

Still the rut is widening, and every year the graduate has a wider choice. A right beginning is very desirable, but all the most of us can do is to accept what opportunity offers and from that work out and upward. M. B. O'S.

Holiday Suggestions.

THIS is the time of year when the woman who has saved up $25 begins to show interest in everything treating of travel. Her mind wavers between the Adirondacks and the Alps; but there are limitations even to the colossal sum of $25, so the holiday time generally finds her in some quiet farm retreat, or on a lonely strip of beach not fashionable enough to be expensive. Here she will at least have rest, and

such rest! dreamless nights, long sunny days spent in hammocks, or lying on the warm sand with blue sky overhead, and the ripple of the water soothing her strained nerves. A gingham or blue serge does duty all day long, and with a bathing suit, an extra skirt, and a couple of shirt waists will be all-sufficient provision for dress requirements.

After the first week distaste for food gives place to a ravenous appetite, and lolling on the sand or grass is varied by long trips into the country, berrying excursions with the farmer folks, and occasional rowing exploits in a fishing dory.

There will be no company, no excitement, except when the stage comes up from the city, with the weekly mail and a stray passenger, who is regarded with as much interest as if he or she were a North-pole explorer.

When the $25 fund is quite spent, a new woman blithely mounts the returning stage, and again takes up life's labors, but scarcely feels the burden, she is so strengthened and invigorated.

The wonder of it is that more people do not seek out these quiet nooks; there are hundreds of them where little parties of tourists, congenial friends, could enjoy a delightful holiday.

M. B. O'S.

ONE of the best sanitary reasons for using rugs instead of carpets fastened to the floor is that the dust loosened in cleaning them is gotten rid of outside our houses instead of in. In getting rid of the dust of our carpets inside, an English scientific writer reminds us that the dry-sweeping only stirs up the dust to resettle again, and be held most firmly by the roughest surfaces. The wet tea leaves, damp sawdust, coarse salt, or moistened sand cause the dust dislodged by the broom to cling to their moisture, but the matter used must not be too wet, nor of a nature that will stain the carpet, so finely grained as to sink into the fabric, nor so clinging as to resist easy removal by the broom.

Southern Railway.

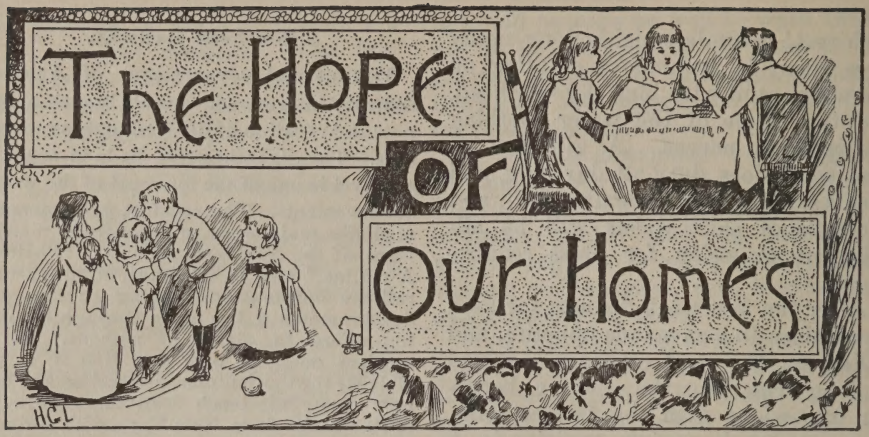
THE natural advancement of American industry in every conceivable branch of business and vocation of life is something marvellous. The gigantic stride made in the mode of travel is one of the foremost of the world's advancements. The comfort and interest is made the main study of the railway management of the *Southern Railway*, "Piedmont Air Line," and is the envy of many older railway corporations, owing to the great developments it has made through its untiring efforts to please its patrons. By the services operated over this line it is possible for the tourist, pleasure-seeker, and business man to reach most any principal southern city from New York with only one night's travel upon one of the most luxuriously appointed vestibuled trains, the Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4.30 P. M. For grandeur and solid comfort there is nothing in the world that surpasses it. This train is composed of Dining and Parlor and Drawing Room Cars, New York to Atlanta, New Orleans, Birmingham, Memphis, Jacksonville, Tampa, Asheville, Hot Springs, and Chattanooga.

The approaching Cotton State and International Exposition, which takes place at Atlanta, Ga., September 18 to December 31, will attract a large travel from the east, and the contract for handling its patrons upon quick and prompt schedule could not be bestowed upon a line more capable of complying with all requirements of a first-class passenger line than the Southern Railway."

THE newspapers devote half their space nowadays to recording the hundred and one casualties which daily beset human life in the city, the country, the sea, the place of business, and the railroad trip. No one can feel safe against accident; but the person who has provided himself with a policy in the Massachusetts Mutual Accident Association can rest easy, as far as the consequences of a physical injury are concerned. This association pays every just claim promptly and in full, and issues a clear, concise, and liberal contract. The management is conservative and never seeks to increase its membership by artificial expedients or by encouraging speculative insurance.

Recalled Stormy Times

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."



Tommy's Kindling.

"Will my dear bring his mamma some
kindling
Right now? for I've something to bake,—
Something good, and we'll have it for dinner;
It might be a big ginger cake."

"'Es, I'll b'ing oo a load in my 'aggon,"
And away in a twinkling he sped;
But the wagon was set for a horse power,
So he started in search of his sled.

But the calves in the orchard were racing,
So, tying the sled to the bars,
For an hour he made one in the frolic,
And then with the baby played cars.

Asleep he was carried from dinner,
But the nap was a short one, and then
Round a tortoise and toad in the garden
He built a commodious pen;

After that dug a well with the penknife
His uncle had sent him from town;
Then chased all the cats up the maples,
And waited to see them come down.

. . . . . .

That evening, when twilight was falling,
A sled clattered up to the door,
And a wee, tired boy was unloading
Five green little chips, and no more.

Mary T. Ferron.

Londonderry, Penn.

A Little Talk.

Did you ever think how much thoughtlessness hurts?

There is a serious question suggested by a letter from a little girl whose heart was very sore on the subject of dress.

But there, before we go any further the boys may leave; this talk is not for them. With all their faults no one can accuse them of being devoted to dress. And no one ever heard of a boy cutting a classmate because his clothes were shabby or his boots disreputable. If the same were true of girls the school world would be much happier.

This brings us back to our woe-begone little friend whose sobs can be heard through the words, "I would dress better, but my papa is poor." And she adds in a burst of resentment, "I don't call any girl honorable who laughs at another girl's clothes."

Perhaps this is saying too much. A girl may be honorable and yet thoughtless enough to be unkind occasionally.

Of course it hurts dreadfully to have one's clothes laughed at, and the dress difficulty is always a trouble to girls; but if we didnot have little trials to bear, we would never grow strong enough to grapple with greater ones, and moral courage and self-reliance are the most valuable lessons learned in school. Will it help our sensitive girl any to be told that she will yet laugh at the memory of these taunts?

The writer knew a girl who was very much afflicted by having to wear a polonaise when no one else appeared in such attire. Of course she had a best dress, but in her school you would be considered a very slave to vanity if

you wore your best frock for any less formal function than a visit from the bishop.

Well, that polonaise wore so on its owner's mind that one day both garment and girl disappeared; and though the child came back, the polonaise was never seen again. The next morning a trim little girl in belted waist and apron overskirt dropped into school elated and happy, but alas! before recess even her pride was levelled to the dust by an envious classmate's whisper: "It's the same old polonaise. She just cut it off at the waist and twisted it round, and aren't the tabs stringy!" They were indeed; the amateur dressmaker was painfully conscious of their defects, and perhaps that helped her to take her revenge. She can laugh now at the hurt to her vanity, but is sorry even yet for securing her enemy's downfall by prompting her to say that goat was poetic gender. After all it is the things we do ourselves or leave undone that hurt most.

When that same girl grew older she went to another school where the girls who couldnot learn and those who wouldnot learn were very unjustly classed together in a group known as the "brilliant coterie." Among the number was one girl who had reached the ripe old age of 20. She was very shabbily dressed, very slow in lessons, but one of the brightest, bravest souls that ever endured school martyrdom to please a widowed mother. We all liked her, but none of us were as kind or helpful as we might have been if we had known all.

When we did know it was too late; the struggle was over, the stupid pupil had risen beyond the knowledge of her class.

Have thought for others, children. Don't bring your little troubles home; learn to speak kind words, to give a helping hand, and to say bravely, "I can't afford it." False pride and sham make more sore hearts than poverty, and the girl who makes a vulgar parade of her father's wealth is much more to be pitied than is our sensitive little friend whose "papa is poor."

Apropos of our subject. A generous little contestant from Chicago lost no time in bewailing her defeat, but hastily penned a cheery letter just to say, "I'm glad you won," to the victors, and to add with commendable pride, "I was proud to see my name in the list."

The little girl from Treybay arrived too late for the contest, but her story was much appreciated.

M. B. O'S.

A Puzzle in Pronunciation.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the blackboard at a teachers' institute in Vermont and a prize of a Webster's dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, as 12 was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made.

"A sacrilegious son of Belial who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie-knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The débris were removed by the coroner."

The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, chameleon, suite, coadjutor, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular, and débris.

Familiar Signs.

When the war vessels of Sweyn the Dane swept the seas, they bore at their mast-heads great ravens with flapping wings, to terrify the enemy, and show how the wind blew. Goths and Gauls used the cock-vane as their symbol of war. On Queen Matilda's famous Bayeaux tapestry the cock is seen on the spire of Westminster Abbey.

Pope Gregory made this bird a symbol of Christianity, and in the 9th century nearly every steeple was surmounted by this cock-vane. We are told that the object was to remind Christians to be always watchful, unlike St. Peter, who denied his Master. A writer of that time says: "Every spire was surmounted by a cross, surmounted by the cock; at the foot of the cross is a globe," typical of the power of the cross over the world.

In the 15th and 16th centuries the custom spread through England, impressive ceremonies accompanying the erection of the weathercocks.

The statue of Faith, on the Giralda tower of Seville, is among the most noted vanes in the world.

On the angel tower, at Canterbury, is the figure of an archangel, and a grasshopper adorns the Royal Exchange, London, and the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. The grasshopper was the crest of Sir Thomas Graham, founder of the Royal Exchange.

St. Michael's Queenhithe had a ship, afterwards removed to St. Olave's. The Church of St. Edmund's has an arrow; on St. Lawrence, Jewry, is a gridiron, and St. Clement of the Danes has an anchor; crossed swords surmount the spire of St. Antholius, and crossed keys top the spires of many churches dedicated to St. Peter.

The earliest vanes in New England were cocks, disks, arrows, the codfish, and numerous other devices. In Boston, cocks or broad arrows were on all the old churches.

The Golden Mean.

A LEGEND OF THE ORIENT.

In the Orient there is an adage that neither at Bagdad nor Bozrah is happiness to be found. As all know, at Bagdad is the palace of the caliph, and the legend was that the angel of life was sent there in search of happiness. But he found the caliph groaning under the burden of manifold cares, and flew swiftly away, saying, "It is not to be found here."

Then he entered the hut of a beggar at Bozrah, and the starved, destitute creature was crying for bread. "It is not to be found here," murmured the angel; "where, then, shall I seek it?"

"Measure the distance between Bagdad and Bozrah," commanded a voice heard only by the angel, "and mark the spot by planting there a beautiful lily."

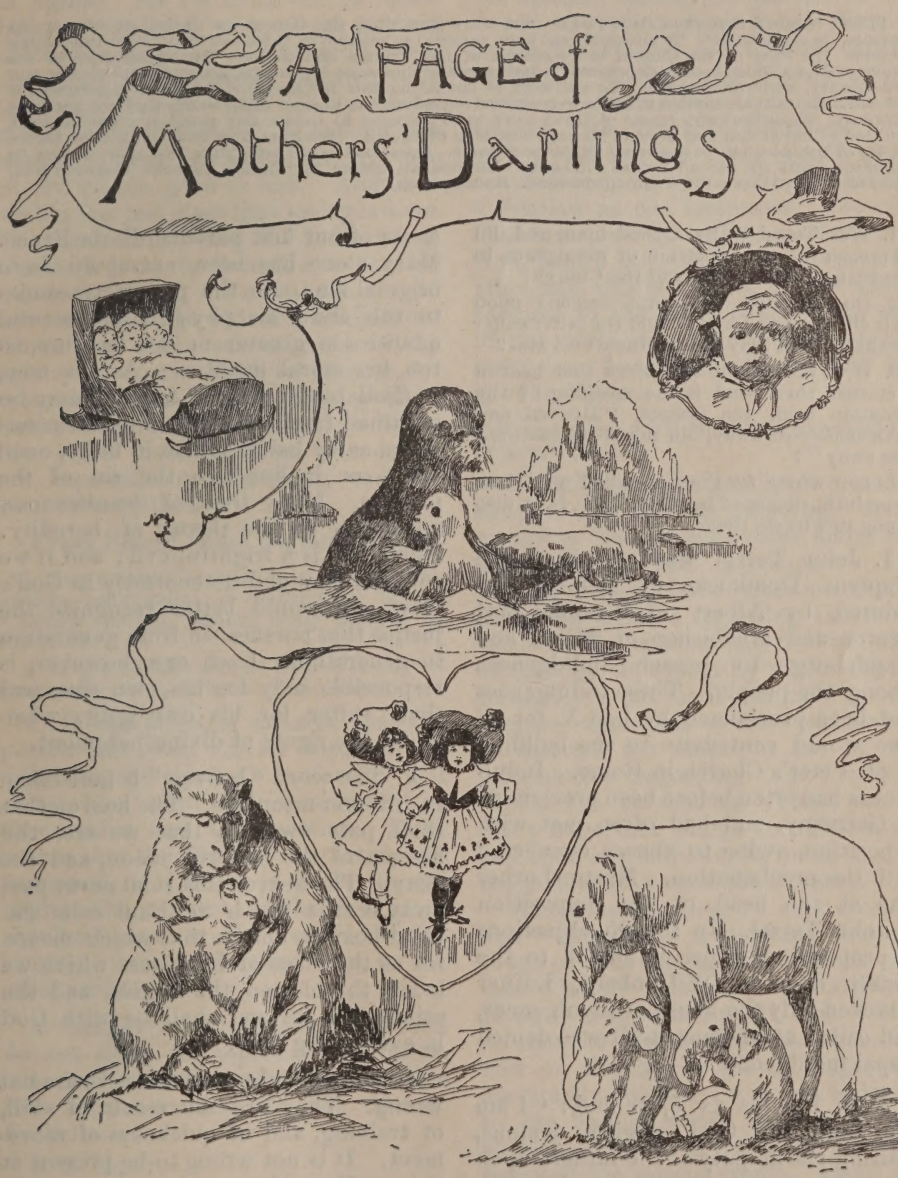
The angel did as he was ordered; and then the caliph was told to travel to Bozrah, and the beggar to Bagdad, and they met midway by the beautiful lily, and lived there together in great peace and happiness.

And the moral is that neither in Bagdad nor Bozrah — in great wealth or dire poverty — is true happiness, but in the golden mean where blossom the lilies of peace.

M. B. O'S.

Soap Bubbles.

Cut one ounce white castile soap in small pieces, and boil three or four minutes in ¾ pint of water. When cool add ¼ oz. of glycerine, bottle, and cork tightly. Let rest for 24 hours. The bubbles will be brilliant in color.


A PAGE of
Mothers' Darlings

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subject. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

1. Was Tetzel really a good man, and did he preach the true doctrine of indulgence in accordance with the laws of the Church?

2. Do the sins of parents descend upon their children, and why should the latter suffer for them when they are not their own sins?

3. If we are taught to believe that heaven is eternal, then what is the meaning of the quotation from the Gospel. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away"?

4. Is it wrong for those so-called magicians to perform sleight-of-hand tricks? Is it also wrong to witness them?

1. John Tetzel was a learned and eloquent Dominican of Leipzig, appointed by Albert of Brandenburg elector and archbishop of Mintz and Magdeburg, to preach indulgences among the people. These indulgences had been proclaimed by Leo X. for all who would contribute to the building of St. Peter's Church in Rome. Indulgences had often before been proclaimed in Germany, and had often met with opposition, owing to abuses connected with the proclamation. Martin Luther was at the head of the opposition to John Tetzel. In the 95 objections or propositions which he affixed to the church door in Wittenberg, Luther attacked only the abuse of indulgences, and called anathemas on all who denied Papal indulgences.

2. In Exodus xx. 5, we find: "I am the Lord thy God, mighty, jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Consult also Numbers xiv. 18, and Deuteronomy v. 9. Again, each one of us is born in sin, not committed by us, but by Adam. We all suffer because of our first parents' disobedience. Mary alone has been exempted from original sin. As the parent transmits to the child his physical and mental qualities in greater or less measure, so too, his moral qualities. As the tree, so shall be the fruit. A child may be punished for the parents' sins in various ways, as by being infirm in body, or in mind, or inclined to the sin of the parents. Many treat of drunkenness, nowadays on the theory of heredity. Again, sin is a frightful evil; and if we could understand its enormity in God's view, we would better recognize the justice that pursues sin from generation to generation. Each one, however, is responsible only for his own sins, and shall suffer for his own guilt, when under the rigors of divine judgment.

3. The word "heaven" is here taken in different meanings. The heaven that shall pass away is that we see, the heaven of the sun, the moon, and the stars. The heaven that shall never pass away is that which St. Paul calls the third heaven, and is that which means for us the place of happiness where we locate the blessed, the angels, and the saints who are and shall be with God in everlasting bliss.

4. Mere sleight-of-hand tricks are not wrong. They are the result of skill, of training, and of quickness of movement. It is not wrong to be present at them. But this question opens a field of inquiry. There are three forces to be reckoned with: the natural, the preternatural, and the supernatural. Our knowledge of nature and its forces, and the power of man over these

forces is still only in its infancy. Many things that once seemed wonderful or magical are shown by the development of science to be within the limits of nature. So we must not be overhasty to condemn what seems beyond our comprehension. Other things there are surely supernatural, possible only to Divine Power. Still others can be classed as preternatural, as beyond the control of man, yet within the province of the angels, good or bad. And it is within this last class that wrong is done. There are times when the influence of the devil is to be feared, at others his action is evident. No Catholic should have any dealings with such exhibitions, where any doubt can arise as to the agency at work. Spiritual séances, for example, should be absolutely avoided. Some things about them may be harmless, some mere humbug, but others are superstitious, idolatrous, and dishonorable to God.

From Blanid come the inquiries: —

1. Can a person baptized in another church receive communion or confirmation in the Catholic Church, without being baptized by the priest?

2. Is the Greek Catholic Church in any respectunder the jurisdiction of the Pope?

1. If the priest is satisfied that the person has been rightly baptized, he will hear the convert's confession, and admit him, after due instruction, to Communion and Confirmation. If he is sure that the Baptism was not rightly conferred, or if he be in doubt, he will baptize the convert, in the first place absolutely, or in the second, conditionally, before admitting him to the other sacraments.

2. Certainly. The Greek schismatics do not allow the supremacy of Rome, but the Greek Catholics acknowledge this supremacy, as do the Roman Catholics.

S. S. inquires: —

Why does the sub-deacon hold the paten at Solemn High Mass?

The paten is hidden under the corporal at the Low Mass, and under the humeral veil worn by the sub-deacon from the offertory till near the end of the Our Father, during Solemn High Mass. This hiding of the paten has many significations, as the hiding of the apostles during the passion of our Lord; the hiding of our Lord's divinity under the veil of His human nature, especially during the Passion; the blindness of the Jews who would not receive Him for the Promised One, and would not see Him, though present before their eyes. At the words, "Forgive us our trespasses," the sub-deacon uncovers the paten, and takes it from before his eyes, so he can see the altar, and this is a figure of the vision to come to the Jews towards the end of the world, when they shall see the truth, our Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Him.

We are asked for information regarding the ex-priest Slattery.

We take occasion from this question to say that we are receiving many questions that scarcely come under the intentions of this department. The general object of the Question Box is to answer queries regarding the faith, the laws, the customs, and the discipline of the Church, especially where the information is not readily at hand for the people. Questions of mere curiosity or on matters too simple or not of real information regarding our religion should not be sent us. There are so many important things to which space and time can be better devoted than to the history of a man like Slattery.

When an ex-priest or an "escaped nun" appears in a city, any one can judge of such baggage for himself. To take Slattery — he says he is a priest. If he is not, he is a public liar. If he is, then he has broken his voluntary vow of chastity by his marriage, and his equally voluntary vow of obedience to his bishop, whose diocese he has abandoned, or from which he has been expelled for serious crimes. Such being his present condition, is it worth while to investigate his past? We drop a slimy serpent quickly from our fingers, and we scarcely care to investigate its antecedents.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Fiction and Romance.

Daughters of the Revolution, by Charles Carleton Coffin, describes in the form of a romance the condition of affairs in the colonies 1769–1776, and furnishes much pleasing information as to now famous landmarks, chiefly of Boston and its vicinity.

The reader is introduced to such good patriots as Joseph Warren, Paul Revere, John and Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and particularly to the mothers, wives, and daughters of the sons of liberty. From their informal conversations is obtained an intelligent understanding of the colonists' grievances against England and of their retaliatory actions. There are many good illustrations of historical persons and localities. [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

A MODEL little story of 172 pages is Walter Raymond's *Tryphena in Love.*

The tale of the queerly assorted trio occupying the house in the English village of Stow, wherein tradition states that "the King hid" and "burned the gudewife's cakes" is told in a quaint, charming manner.

The reader is brought closely in touch with the personality of John Pettigrew, the crippled lad living with his garrulous mother and her pretty niece Tryphena, who by her unwaveringly kind attention atones for the fact that she has unintentionally caused her cousin's bodily injury.

Tryphena's sweet cheerfulness and her deeds of self-sacrifice to gratify her cousin's love for books, find their reward in his marrying her when he has recovered his health.

There are a half-dozen pleasing illustrations by I. Walter West. [New York, Macmillan & Co.]

IN *The Story of Christine Rochefort*, by Helen Choate Prince, there is lavish use of good material.

The picture of a peaceful village stirred to scenes of bitterness and riot by the phrases of labor agitators is strongly drawn, and with the writer's knowledge of both sides of the labor question and of the fickleness characteristic of the French populace, should in itself be sufficient material for strong fiction.

But in no way secondary is the story of the manufacturer, Gaston Rochefort, and his beautiful wife, Christine, who seem to have been mutually congenial only on the occasion of their first meeting.

Gaston loves Christine; Christine is in love with "Suffering Humanity" in general and, unwittingly, with the leader of the labor agitators in particular. L'Abbé, a gentle and sweet character, plays the role of peacemaker between Gaston and his striking workmen as well as between Gaston and his visionary wife. The touch of absurdity to be here expected of a Protestant author is supplied by her making the Abbé fall in love with Christine. His friendship for Gaston restrains this affection and leads him to continue to labor to promote an understanding between the two.

A striking workman who has seen his child die of hunger, murders the agitator, de Martel, who has duped him with bright promises. Christine stumbles upon the dead body and identifies the fleeing murderer. The fact that she loved de Martel becomes clear to her then, and in confusion of spirit she seeks the Abbé for advice. He receives her statement of love for de Martel indifferently, and then delivers so thrilling a plea for Gaston, in his youth, loneliness, and sensitiveness, that Christine is moved to pity for her husband.

In mercy for the wife of the murderer of de Martel, she keeps his secret and aids them to leave France.

Over the grave of the workman's child she tells Gaston the story, and the husband and wife "find each other." [New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The Jewel of Yuys Galon, by Owen Rhoseomyle, is a story to gladden the heart of the average boy with a fondness for tales of pirates' buried treasure, hand-to-hand combats, and the like.

The scenes are laid on the Welsh coast; and the story, starting innocently enough with the home life of a country squire, develops excitingly in 23 chapters, ending in a blood-curdling climax.

The story is very well written, and no attempt is made to color falsely the adventurous happenings. The boy whose fondness for reading leads him to brave the unpronounceable names of persons and places and the rather "grown-up" style in which the book is written, ought to be old enough to avoid being influenced by the story's hair-raising qualities. [New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

Army Boys and Girls, by Mary G. Bonesteel. These nine simple stories for children deal with army life in the West and describe some interesting events in the lives of the children of regiments. The stories are written in a Catholic spirit; but the careless-

ness manifested in the construction of sentences, the questionable grammar, and the generally verbose style of treating simple matters are serious faults of the writer.

Adult readers would never tolerate stories, however entertaining, if clothed in faulty English; and when the impressionable minds of children are subjected to such an influence, the fault is doubly objectionable.

The book is cheaply gotten up and has seven remarkably crude illustrations. [Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.]

Literature.

The Literature of the Georgian Era. This book comprises 19 lectures delivered by William Minto (late professor of English literature and logic in the University of Aberdeen) to a special audience in Music Hall, Aberdeen, and three essays which were ready for the press at the time of his death. The editor is Wm. Knight, LL. D., who has written a short preface and a lengthy and most pleasing biographical introduction. The lectures have to do with every writer of importance from Pope to Shelley and Keats, inclusive. Personal opinion is strongly set forth in these lectures, but with the author opinion amounts to conviction, and one must respect the firmness of his stand, even if inclined to differ with his conclusions. Perhaps the remarks on Thomas Moore would excite the greatest amount of opposition.

The essay on Burns is admirably worded and full of matter.

The book on the whole is essentially instructive. There is not a dull page in it. [New York: Harper & Bros.]

William Shakspere, by Barrett Wendell, assistant professor of English at Harvard College.

This book grew out of a series of lectures given to students who were systematically reading the works of Shakespere, and it pre-supposes the use of a text of Shakespere.

There are 12 chapters, embracing the poet's works in what the author believes to be the order of their production.

The writer deplores that the plays treating of English history have usually been presented and considered in the order in which those sovereigns ascended the throne, resulting in a confusion of impressions.

He believes that "Henry VI." is chronologically first of that series and "Henry V." the last, and he traces the probable development of Shakespere's mentality from the publication of one play to another, with regard also to the dramatic taste of the people and the various circumstances under which he wrote his plays.

We recommend this book to all who appreciate intelligent, conscientious criticism. It has, too, the advantage of being charmingly written. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

History.

HIMSELF a man susceptible to the influence of what is noble in humanity, history, and art, it has been to Walter Cranston Larned a labor of love to share with others his impressions of the beauty of France's historical monuments, and of the place they hold in the past history and the present regard of the French people. *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, while teaching the reader the name, location, and historical significance of those relics of France in the 12th and 13th centuries, principally, also leads him to distinguish between the two predominating styles of architecture — the Gothic and the Norman.

While the book does contain a slight amount of matter that is objectionable to Catholics, it is in no sense a work of bigotry. On the contrary, the writer recognizes and treats with an intense reverence the religious spirit underlying the erection of many of those beautiful structures. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the volume splendidly gotten up. [New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.]

IT is a rare faculty of mind which is required in a writer of history, and this faculty is possessed in a rare degree by President Andrews, of Brown University. In his *History of the United States*, he knows how to record facts, and to let them speak for themselves. He does not intrude himself as the arbiter of mooted questions. But when he finds it his duty to express an estimate of a man or an event, he does it in a straightforward, fearless manner, that wins the reader's admiration if not his conviction. Catholics, who generally complain of being misrepresented, may rejoice at the attitude here shown them. To quote: "One of the most beautiful traits of early Maryland was its perfect toleration in religion. . . . All sorts of dissenters indeed flocked hither out of all European countries, including many Huguenots, and were made welcome to all the rights and blessings of the land." "Catholicism in America is no longer a mission church, as it has been until quite recently, but has a full national outfit, as in the other great nations of the earth. Nor is there any evidence that, as a class, American citizens of Irish birth and descent prize the free institutions of this nation a whit less than the rest of us." A valuable element of this history is in the frequent summary of the country's progress in various directions, indicating many points of information that are too often omitted from histories intended for popular use. The index, as it should be in a book of this nature, is of exceptional completeness. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Theology.

THE Jesuit scholars are ever abreast of the times, and in pursuance of an admirable plan they have given out within a few years past six excellent volumes in English on Catholic Philosophy. Uniform with these books, we are now promised three volumes on Dogma in English. The first volume has appeared. Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J., is the author. He claims no originality for matter or method; he calls his book an *Outline of Dogmatic Theology*, and his aim is to lay down the principles which can serve as a sure guide to an honest inquirer. Not only the seminarian and the priest will be thankful for finding the truths of Dogma in an English garb, but the layman who scarcely knows where to seek a needed information will rejoice to have this book at his hand. The first volume embraces six treatises on Christian Revelation, Tradition, Scripture, the Church, the Roman Pontiff, and Faith. The book is excellent, and the demand for the first volume should be great enough to encourage the speedy appearance of the other two. [New York: Benziger Bros.]

Biographical.

A BOOK that has secured much attention is *St. Francis of Assisi*, by Paul Sabatier. The writer devoted himself earnestly to his task, made personal studies and investigations, and obtained much valuable information of his subject. To one unacquainted with the genesis and developments of a religious order, the book may appear satisfactory; to one imbued with prejudices against Rome and her ways, the book will be agreeable; but to the Catholic who has learned to admire and to love St. Francis, and to pray to him, there will be much of sadness and of disappointment. The conclusion will force itself upon the Catholic reader that St. Francis is not understood by his biographer.

If the writer could have made abstraction of his personal views and preconceived opinions, he would have given a better work.

This apart, the book can be read with profit and enjoyment, while the knowledge of the saint and his times will repay a careful perusal. The writer is to be applauded for his labor, and for the introduction of an ideal man into the material spirit of our age. [New York: Scribner's.]

Miscellaneous.

THE value of a book is not indicated by its size. *A Lady and Her Letters* is a dainty little volume of 67 pages, by Katherine E. Conway. Its worth should insure its generous reception by the public. The matter is practical and of every-day use. The style is simple, direct, instructive. Every lady should know how to write a letter and a letter appropriate to different occasions and circumstances. The book will be very helpful. [Boston: Pilot Pub. Co.]

The Advanced Fourth Music Reader. For upper grammar classes and high schools. By James M. McLaughlin, instructor in music Boston public schools, and George A. Veazie, supervisor of music Chelsea public schools. With two-part and three-part studies composed expressly for this work by W. W. Gilchrist, Philadelphia, Penn.

From year to year, music is justly securing a more prominent place in school studies. The books intended for the children should keep pace with their progress. The volume before us has been prepared by practical men, who have been eminently successful as teachers. They have adapted their work to the advanced grades of grammar schools, to high schools, colleges, and seminaries. The melodies are well chosen from among the old masters, as also from the choicest of our modern composers, and the words are in many cases excellent poems from American and English writers. The songs of home and patriotic songs are more numerous than in the ordinary run of text-books. The three-part studies will be especially pleasing to teachers. These are arranged for 1st soprano, 2d soprano, and alto; or soprano, alto, and bass; or for a combination of all these voices. The price is 94 cents, and at this figure this excellent volume should secure a large circulation. [Boston: Ginn & Co.]

St. Paul of the Cross is a name dear to all possessed with the deep spirit of sacrifice. His beautiful and instructive life possesses many a charm for true devotion, and furnishes many a lesson against the spirit of luxury and unnecessary comforts of our day. The little book entitled *Visions of St. Paul of the Cross*, will serve to the reader as an introduction to his holy life. The visions tell in simple verse of God's manifestation to His servant of his own future, and that of the Passionist Congregation which he was to found. From his call to religion, through the trials and temptations that beset his path, to the acceptation of his mission, and to his final glory in heaven, the visions lead us on. [Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Union and Times.]

Hoffman's Catholic Directory, for 1895 contains a complete report of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, the Vicariate-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, and the Hierarchies in Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Germany, Great Britian, and Oceanica. The Directory shows improvement in its present number over preceding volumes. The enterprise of the publishers to facilitate research is commendable. In two particular features notice is deserved. These are the parish reports and the alphabetical list of all places in the United States where there are churches or visiting priests.

JUBILEE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

That our readers may be able to preserve in a convenient form for reference the magnificent utterances made by the orators of Archbishop Williams' golden sacerdotal jubilee celebration, in Boston, May 16, 1895, and His Grace's noble response, we take great pleasure in appending a synopsis of them in the following pages.

Sermon of Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, N. H., at the Solemn Pontifical Celebration in Holy Cross Cathedral.

"And the people were joyful in the sight of the sanctuary, for the Lord hath made them joyful with great joy; their wives and their children rejoiced; and the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." — Judith xvi. 24. Esdras (II.) xii. 42.

My Beloved Brethren: You are to-day joyful in the sight of the sanctuary, and the Lord hath made you joyful with great joy; and your wives and your children rejoice; and your joy is heard afar off. And why do you rejoice? You rejoice and are joyful in the sight of the sanctuary, because enthroned within the sanctuary of this church, and affectionately enthroned within the sanctuaries of your hearts, is one who is at this time commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the sacred priesthood of God's Church; and for this reason the Lord indeed makes you joyful; and your wives and your children rejoice with you, and the joy of Jerusalem, the joy of Boston, is heard afar off, because Boston is engaged in celebrating the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Boston's parish priest — we will presume so to designate him at this time when we are not dealing with his many and well-deserved more exalted titles and dignities.

Boston's parish priest! What do we understand by a parish priest? We may be permitted to define a parish priest as one to whom is entrusted by competent authority the governorship of a province in Christ's kingdom upon the earth. What in turn do we understand by Christ's kingdom upon the earth? By it we understand His Church founded and guided by him, and comprising within itself mankind, redeemed at the price of His precious blood. This kingdom, then, is that established by the Second Person of the adorable Trinity made man. In the days of those kingdoms, says the prophet, the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed and it shall stand forever; it shall never be destroyed and it shall stand forever because its founder, the God-man, hath promised to abide with it unto the consummation of time, and hence the powers of error cannot prevail against it. But now this kingdom of Christ, composed as it is of men, must have, and in reality has, certain laws for its government, and these laws must be interpreted and executed, and the treasures of the kingdom must be safe-guarded and dispensed. The Divine Founder, were He to remain visibly upon the earth among His subjects, might in His providence and power have dispensed the treasures of His kingdom, and might have been a law and guide to his people; but we know that soon after His resurrection, having ascended into heaven, He ceased to appear visibly among men — while they looked on He was raised up and a cloud received him out of their sight. Good order, then, yea, justice, required, since He Himself was not to remain visibly in the kingdom to be a law and guide to His subjects, that He should leave in it some authorized representatives of Himself. And such representatives of Himself Christ did leave. Who are they? The representatives of Christ in this, His visible kingdom, are the members of His perpetual priesthood, whose duty it is to teach men what they must do and what they must avoid in order to attain to citizenship in His heavenly kingdom, and whose further duty it is to dispense from the treasure-house of the kingdom, through the sacraments, the merits of the redemption.

. . . . . .

But, my beloved brethren, let us not delay longer with the parish priest as it were in the abstract; let us consider him in the concrete; let us contemplate him nearer home, let us turn our gaze for a moment on Boston's parish priest, whose golden jubilee we are to-day celebrating. As a citizen, his coming in and going out among you cover the whole period of his life — more than three score and ten years — as a parish priest his coming in and going out extend over two score and ten years. If to-day the stranger within your walls were to ask what means this elaborate celebration, this universal joy, this manifestation of general good-will, you would promptly and properly answer, "Boston is to-day engaged in celebrating the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Boston's parish priest." But were it further asked, "What are his claims to this striking expression of affection and esteem?" you would unhesitatingly answer, "Behold his works, they give testimony of him; they tell you why we rejoice, and why our wives and children rejoice with us — these works declare that the life of our prelate-parish priest is faithfully shaped after the life of the model of parish priests, Jesus Christ. The asylums for the orphans and the foundlings, the hospitals for the afflicted, the homes for the aged poor, the reformatories and houses of refuge for the wayward and the homeless with which his parish is dotted, proclaim that under his care the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the lepers cleansed. And, moreover, the poor have the gospel preached to them, preached in the Christian schools and colleges of every grade with which the portion of Christ's kingdom entrusted to his supervision is provided, schools which, while aspiring to give, and in reality giving, the highest secular training, insist that as the heart as well as the head, is a component part of the human being, the training of the heart must receive its due share of attention, if Christian education would be what it should be — a harmonious

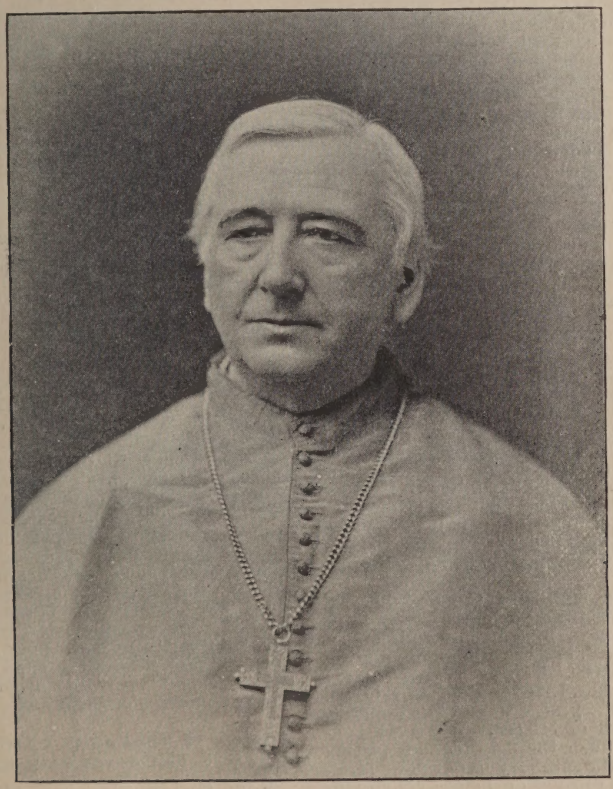
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

development of all the faculties of the entire man. Yea, the poor have the gospel preached to them, mediately if you will, yet in a special manner in that institution, fitting monument to the pastoral foresight and zeal of its devoted founder — the grand ecclesiastical seminary of St. John, whence issue forth each year a goodly procession of God's anointed ministers whose duty it is to preach the gospel to the poor and the rich, the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young, in the numerous, beautiful and well-appointed church edifices found at every turn. And this gospel teaching, whether heard in the higher or lower school, in the college or in the seminary, in the chapel or in the cathedral, has for its object the bringing of men to the faithful observance of the great command — Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Yes, my brethren, say you with honest pride: "Behold his works, they give testimony of him," and you add, "Blessed are those who are not scandalized in

him." ¶ Blessed are his fellow-citizens who in contemplating his works — church edifices, educational institutions, charitable and reformatory establishments, well-organized congregations, bodies of orderly and law-abiding citizens — blessed if, while contemplating these, the work of his hands, all of which, or nearly all of which, 50 years ago had no existence, they will conclude, as doubtless they have long ago concluded, that the labors in season and out of season, the anxieties, the perplexities, the sacrifices incidental to the establishment and carryin g on of these works, had no other end in view in the mind of Boston's parish priest, than God's glory and the welfare of his fellow-men.

Yes, beloved brethren, you rejoice to-day, and the sound of your joy is heard afar off, as assembled about this sanctuary you offer hearty congratulations to and earnest prayers for your great and good prelate-parish priest. And may we not say that the sound of your joy has penetrated even to the heavens, and that the refrain is there taken up by the prelates who have received consecration at his hands, by the priests who were exalted by him to their sacred dignity, by the consecrated religious who have pronounced their vows in his presence, by the orphans whom he has sheltered, by the afflicted whom he has comforted, by the penitents whom he has absolved — all singing their hosannas and thanksgivings, and sending up to the throne of grace petitions for the happiness and peace on earth and the eternal peace and happiness in heaven of Boston's parish priest.

And, wise and venerable prelate, united with your devoted clergy and devout laity and esteemed fellow-citizens, permit us, your brethren in the episcopate, some of us your children in God, and the venerable clergy of every jurisdiction, to offer sincere congratulations on this memorable occasion, and to pray the Prince of Pastors whom you so faithfully serve and imitate, to spare you yet many years, and to grant that when the time will have come that in His providence He summons you to lay aside the pastoral staff, you may merit to hear from Him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy Lord."



MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D.D.,
Archbishop of Boston.

AT THE BANQUET IN MUSIC HALL.

Address of Rev. Thomas Magennis, P.R., of Jamaica Plain, for the Clergy of the Archdiocese.

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP: The priests of the Archdiocese of Boston avail themselves of this happy occasion, — the fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood, to offer to you a renewal of their pledge of love, gratitude, and loyalty.

Our experience tells us that our implicit confidence in you as our leader has never been misplaced. As priests of this great archdiocese, we assume to ourselves the glory accruing from your deeds. You have fulfilled the great trust imposed upon you with a fidelity, a zeal, and an earnestness that has ever commanded, and does now, the esteem and good will of all your clergy. We know, as nobody else can know, that in conquering difficulties that appeared almost insuperable, in the day of victory you ceded all the glory to us. When these difficulties seemed practically insurmountable, it was then that we felt your strong arms around us, urging us to renewed effort and ultimate success. If to-day the Diocese of Boston enjoys a degree of temporal and spiritual prosperity far surpassing the most sanguine expectations of those who, with you, 50 years ago, began to labor here in the ministry, we cannot but attribute that success in great part to yourself.

Your career has been marked in indelible character as one of sincerity, integrity, and courage. Assiduously devoted to the advancement of the diocese in every good work, you have labored with a vigor, a discretion, and a consequent success that marks the careers of great men. None so well as we know how you have neither quailed nor failed in the performance of any duty, nor, what is of quite as great importance, ever found it necessary to step outside your sphere to perform your whole duty as either priest, bishop or archbishop.

In the present limits of the archdiocese, there were at the time of your ordination 25 priests, 13 churches, 2 schools, 5 religious, 1 asylum, 16 orphans, and a Catholic population of less than 50,000. To-day there are 421 priests, 187 churches, 1,208 religious, 97 schools, 35,800 pupils, 10 asylums with 1,230 inmates, and a population of 590,000. When we consider that not one of the 337 diocesan priests now exercising the ministry under your jurisdiction dates his ordination before your own, and that of the 1,053 diocesan priests now in the province of New England, you are the sole survivor of those who 50 years ago were working here for the salvation of souls, the greatness of your work appears before us in all its magnitude. We are not surprised to hear that these great and good works have made you well known, far beyond the boundaries of your own archdiocese, even at the throne of the Vicar of Christ, and have placed you here at home on a pedestal of at least equal plane with that of the most distinguished of the American hierarchy, as your colleagues in the Archiepiscopate attest with unanimous voice to-day.

We are aware that you have always shunned public recognition of your services. But we feel that this is the time, and this is the place, to impersonate you, and, taking a retrospective glance through the past half century of your life, and noting well what Boston was then and is now, to say, as seldom it has been given to man to say more truthfully, "I have built me a monument more lasting than bronze." A monument that shall outlive the days of this generation; one which shall inseparably link the name of Williams with that of Boston. Most earnestly do we pray that the ore is not yet mined from which shall be forged the chisel that shall inscribe your epitaph. And even after it is written the bronze will corrode, the marble will crumble, the pigment will fade, and the inscription become dim with the lapse of time, but the deeds of your half century of priesthood will still survive, and tell to future generations of the noble characteristics of the first Archbishop of Boston.

Threescore years and ten have very naturally lessened, but not enfeebled your indomitable energy. In the exercise of filial love, we pray that many years may elapse ere we may be called upon to part with you. These added years we wish for you — pray God they be not few — can do little more, in our estimation, than burnish to a dazzling lustre the already phenomenal life, not alone of years but of works, whose golden jubilee we celebrate to-day, with hearts that vibrate with emotions of filial joy. You are in truth our father, our beloved, reverend, and venerated father. As loving children we gather round you to-day, to crown your venerable brow with a wreath of laurel, symbolic of the victory earned by the long and arduous work of half a century of priesthood, and also with a garland of love expressive of our undying affection for you.

Your priests, all of them, penetrated with these sentiments, are ready now, as always, to follow wherever you may lead. With hearts overflowing with thankfulness that we have been permitted to take part in the festivities of this jubilee day, — praying that He whom you have served so well has in store for you a crown of glory, in comparison with which these expressions of affection and esteem, however sincere and heartfelt, must appear but as tinsel, — accept, dear archbishop, the renewed and earnest pledge of the love, the reverence, and the loyalty of the priests of the Archdiocese of Boston.

Address of Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Esq., on Behalf of the Catholic Laity.

YOUR GRACE: It is a consciousness of the dignity of the great event commemorated to-night, and the responsibility of fittingly representing the Catholic laity of the Archdiocese of Boston in their relation to it, that causes me to regret my own incapacity to do either of these considerations that measure of justice to which they are entitled; and were it not for my confidence in your own kindly forbearance, and my dependence upon the charitable judgment of my fellow-laymen, consistency would urge me to shrink from a position honored with such environments and such great obligations.

It is with this feeling that I accept, with grateful acknowledgments, the honor of presenting to you, in behalf of the Catholic laity, the affectionate congratulations and sincere good wishes which fill all our hearts to-night, bidding us rejoice and thank God for His

goodness in preserving your life to celebrate this fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood, and prompting the prayer that you may be spared to your faithful people for many years yet to come.

We are fully aware that during your long and faithful stewardship you have received too many evidences of the lasting esteem of the Catholic laity to need any formal assurance of the joy and thanksgiving which animate the hearts of nearly 600,000 Catholics in your archdiocese on this occasion, but it is natural that these loving sentiments has been the constant inspiration and solicitude.

This span of time, while marking an important chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in New England, is rich with its treasures of experience and suggestion for Catholic effort in the future. In it, we, of the Catholic laity, recognize our share of the responsibility reflected by the lessons of the past, and by the duties and opportunities of the present and future.

We realize that the Catholic faith is a common inheritance, intended by its Divine

MOST REV. FRANCIS SATOLLI, D.D.,
Papal Delegate.

should seek and find expression in this grand jubilee, and be mingled with the tributes of affection and devotion lovingly tendered you by the hierarchy, the religious orders, and the representative Catholic societies.

Need we wonder that these expressions of loyal devotion are so universally manifest, when we reflect upon the sources which imperceptibly prompt them?

Fifty years of labor and self-sacrifice; 50 years of faithful service ministering to the spiritual needs of the people; 50 years of patient study, of unremitting toil, of constantly increasing responsibilities and patiently borne trials; 50 years earnestly devoted to the strengthening of the spiritual edifice in which the care of salvation of souls

Founder to serve a common end, and that it is the most priceless legacy we can transmit to our children and their posterity. Accordingly we recognize of what inestimable value it is to the entire Catholic body and indirectly to the whole community to have its affairs administered with wisdom and zeal, qualities we are happy to say which have signally characterized your official connection with the Church from the very outset to the present day.

The faith has come to us through trial and sacrifice, — the victor of a thousand battles, being at once the source of conflict, and the shield of defence, and meriting from all its adherents a love and unflinching devotion that should not be shaken by the storms of prejudice or grow dormant through personal

apathy. ' So closely are its triumphs interwoven with this glorious event that it is impossible to speak of one without making direct reference to the other, but we are aware, your Grace, that it is in keeping with your spirit of self-sacrifice to seek your delight to-day, not in any merits of your own, but rather in the victories of the Church you have so zealously and wisely labored to serve, and to consecrate these memories entirely to its glory.

We congratulate you that this auspicious event takes place at a time when our glorious country is favored with the blessings of peace, and when the inseparable bond of the Union of States — typified by one flag and one Constitution, is stronger than ever. As the permanence of this bond of union depends upon the integrity of American citizenship, and as this quality of citizenship is hopeless without religion and morality as a basis, we can appreciate the wholesome influence of the Church in its relations to the best interests of the country, as well as in its relations to the eternal affairs of man.

In measuring the responsibilities of your sacred office by this high standard of requirement, knowing how heroically you consecrated your life's work to it, how faithful you have been to duty, to God's holy service, and to the betterment of society, we rejoice that you have been spared to see this day, and to pray that our Heavenly Father may grant you many more years of life and health, to continue your ministrations in your chosen field of labor.

To one whose life has thus been sanctified in the Master's service, well might we utter the sentiment so beautifully expressed in the words of Longfellow: —

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent."

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' RESPONSE.

I MUST say that this is the noisest time I have had in 50 years. As the addresses made to me came from the clergy and the laymen in the first place, I have to say to my clergy what I have always said to them, and as the speaker has so well expressed it — I have always had confidence in them and have relied upon them; and they, I believe, have had confidence in me, and could rely upon me. They know that my companions were among the clergy; I seldom had time to make other acquaintances. My usual company was my clergymen, and it was with them I found my happiness.

On the different occasions when they found an opportunity to give expression to their feelings, these same thoughts have been expressed. And I also have expressed myself the same then as I express myself now. But still these expressions may be made stronger as years go by, and my feelings of sympathy and union with the clergy are stronger as I grow older; and if I may have a few years longer, I think I shall be able to say then, with full confidence, as I say now, that my clergy will have my full confidence and support.

Without the clergy, what could the bishop do? Without officers what can a general do? He has to work through them; and unless they have his confidence, and unless they know that he relies upon them, no good work can be done. But where the head worker has good men under him, and when they will trust to his fairness and justness and assistance in need, they will do good work, as all of you who have work to do know well.

And the laity seeing the work going on well between the head and the clergy, and finding that nothing is asked of them but what is fair and just, they work likewise in union with the clergy, as does the clergy with the bishop. And that has been the way in this diocese in my time; and I say without flattery, honestly, that I have worked well with the clergy, and I have worked well with the laity; and all three together have worked in union for the work that has been done during these last 29 years.

We have asked nothing of the laity to which they have not responded; we have not asked the clergy to do anything to which they did not give zeal and energy. And the greatest trouble was not to hold them back, but to prevent them from going too fast.

As it is said that it is easier to steer in swift water with a good wind than when the wind is sluggish and the water dull also, so it is in the diocese. If you have men who are sluggish, without energy, and who are not desirous to work, it is hard to have your work well done. But when you have officers who are simply looking for an occasion to do good work, and all the men under your lead are helping and assisting them in every way, then it is not hard to carry on work easily and successfully; and if you simply have a cool head you can do your work successfully.

To both the laity and the clergy I can give full meed of praise, without flattery to both of them, for the offering they have made to me at the time of this celebration, of which they have said nothing in their modesty, but which I shall treasure and I shall consider it a trust to dispose of, as I know both the clergy and the laity will be well satisfied that I should dispose of it.

And I have to thank my old friends in the name of the diocese, all of whom come to do us honor. In the first place, I have to thank His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. He has given us very strong exhibitions of his friendship; he has shown his friendship before in a great many ways, but on this occasion he had taken his passage to go to visit the City of Rome and our Holy Father; yet when he received his invitation he put off his voyage for 15 days.

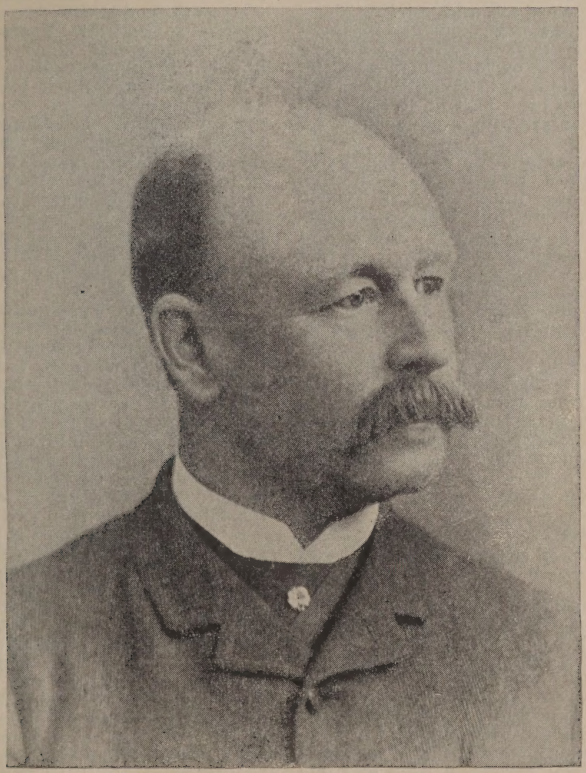
He left Baltimore at the beginning of the week, he comes here to our celebration, and sets sail from New York, without even seeing again his friends in Baltimore. We are, therefore, indebted to him, as also the diocese with me; and his conduct toward us, his conduct toward the Diocese of Boston, will always be held in grateful remembrance.

To our distinguished guest, the Most Reverend Delegate, beside being honored for his personal work, for his talents, for his dignity, he comes to us, representing him who to us is the highest on earth — not only the highest, but the dearest; and to him, therefore, as representing the Holy Father, we wish to pay all the respect and affection which we can present to him.

In addition to all we have to thank the Holy

Father for in years past in this Diocese of Boston, we have to-day to thank him in a more special manner. You all have heard how he was kind enough to consecrate the chalice which the bishops of this province intended to give me. But he also said Mass himself with it before it came to me; and now to-day, this afternoon, we have received from his hands a letter especially addressed to myself, and also a letter from his Cardinal Secretary and with it a golden medal in honor of our celebrations of this day.

Our hearts, therefore, must be full of gratitude for his gracious attitude towards us, and



HON. FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE,
Governor of Massachusetts.

we all must ask his illustrious representative to present to him, our Holy Father, our filial affection and thanks, with gratitude for the honor he has conferred upon this diocese, and myself personally, for his graciousness to me — unworthy, so far as I know, of anything I could have done more than all these surrounding would. Yet he has shown it, and our gratitude will ever go forward to him, to-day and to-morrow, and in the future.

We thank, also, through His Excellency, Gov. Greenhalge, the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts — a Commonwealth which has made itself memorable in our country, a Commonwealth with its own peculiarities, somewhat cold, stern, but to those who know her she is found warm of heart. Whatever qualities she may have she has inherited one from old times, and that is respect for religion. Men may deny the existence of God, or of any providence in this world, they may not belong to any denomination, but it has not yet become fashionable in this state of Massachusetts to proclaim to the world infidelity, and no man need be ashamed anywhere in Massachusetts to declare that he is a Christian.

Like in the human body, there are times when humors take possession of it, so even in the good old Commonwealth the humors of the political body will show themselves. But remember, the old Constitution of Massachusetts is too strong to let them grow up and prosper. And as the strong constitutional man will in time — in a few days — throw off the humors that are troubling him, so it has been in the past, and so I trust it will be, in our own state of Massachusetts.

Again, we are happy to have our city of Boston represented, the old city of Boston. I was born in the town of Boston.

When I first remember it, it was a city of lanes, alleys, courts, and crooked streets; now we have the greater Boston, turned out into a

beautiful city. I have always lived in it, except the years I was in college, studying. From the time I was born, up to the present, I have never left it, and love it above all cities. I am accustomed to its ways, I know many of its people, though I am not acquainted in the last few years with many of those who govern the city, yet I remember when I was a boy, I knew all the Catholics of the city—they all went to one church.

When I was in the Cathedral, afterward when I was in other churches, I knew everybody who was a Catholic. When I went to St. James, I knew them all there; but since I have been a bishop it has been impossible for me to know one-hundredth part of those for whom I care for, work for, and love.

And at the end of this glorious day for me, I have heard a great deal more than I think I deserve, a great deal of the consideration of what has been done by attributing it to me, when I have only been part of it, and I am only a standard-bearer, and have been, for 29 years.

And when you salute the standard-bearer you salute all those who fought with him. He helps them, but he did not do all the work. They did it with him. But as he represents the whole of them and gets the honor and they sometimes are forgotten, still, if he is a sensible man he will know how to take his part of it, and give due measure of praise to those who were not known at the time, but yet took part in the work which has made his work fruitful.

And now having kept you so long, I have also to ask of Almighty God to save the whole country from future disturbance, to preserve it in union, to look down with favor upon our province of New England, to save our good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and one word more, to give especial grace to dear old Boston.

Address of Most Rev. Francis Satolli, D.D., Papal Delegate, in Reply to the Toast, "Our Holy Father."

I do not believe that I ever better fulfil the intention and desire of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., than when participating in the joyous festivities attending the celebration of the jubilee of an American archbishop or bishop, and representing by my presence the Supreme Pontiff and giving voice to the sentiments of loving congratulation with which he rejoices in the happy completion of so many years spent in the service of God and his Church.

How deep and sincere is the affection of the Holy Father for the venerable archbishop of Boston, I myself can bear witness. Five years ago, when for the first time the Pope sent me to this country, after having charged me to bear his paternal salutations to the most eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and to all the bishops who should be united in that city for the celebration of the centenary of the American hierarchy, he added that there also I would meet Archbishop Williams, and in words of love and deepest affection bade me express to him his highest regard and special esteem.

To me this special sympathy and love which the Pope feels for Archbishop Williams is most natural and reasonable, when I consider in how many ways the work and life of Leo XIII., when he was Archbishop of Perugia, were similar to the life and work of the Archbishop of Boston.

Archbishop Pecci governed the Diocese of Perugia from 1846 to 1878. His administration covered a period filled with the vicissitudes of war and revolution, and consequently with the gravest difficulties. Through them all, like a good navigator, he guided the bark of his diocese, saying little, but doing much, guarding always the best interests of his charge, promoting its welfare, improving its conditions, both temporal and spiritual, caring for every parish, watching over its seminary, increasing the number of institutions for the education of youth of both sexes, as well as those dedicated to the works of sweet charity, so that his diocese abounded in all these good works, most of which he either founded or enlarged and improved.

I myself have often been visited by him and found myself helped over difficulties by his unlooked-for assistance. The success of his relations with his clergy came greatly from his careful regard of that rule given by St. Bernard in his letters to Pope Innocent II.: "Let the bishop be careful, as he should be, that his clergy be not deprived of their just rights. Let peace reign among them. Let them curb those of ill will that they may not rise against their own pastor. Above all, let there be peace."

Thus Divine Providence, by 30 years of episcopate, prepared him to be the Supreme Pontiff for this ending of the nineteenth century, and from the narrow limits of a diocese has transferred him to a field of action which embraces the entire world. It is the opinion of the wise that one of the greatest blessings of God is the raising up of men specially fitted for urgent necessities when they present themselves, and there could be no more striking proof of the truth of this idea than that furnished by the life of Leo XIII.

It would be difficult to say whether he had been prepared for the Church at this particular period, or whether the Church had been specially prepared for his wonderful activity.

Briefly, then, such was Leo XIII. as bishop; and is it strange that such a bishop should feel a special regard for Archbishop Williams? They are two men in whom we see developed to the highest degree all those qualities which go to make up the character of the true Christian pastor of souls. It is most natural, then, that between them there should exist the strongest bonds of sympathy and affection.

To me, therefore, it is an honor and a pleasure—one to be remembered all my life—to be here to-night and to offer, while offering my own sincerest and warmest congratulations, the loving and paternal salutations of Leo XIII. and his fervent good wishes that God may continue to bless and to preserve to the Church of Boston her beloved Archbishop Williams.

Governor Greenhalge's Address.

Friends and Fellow-citizens: I consider it eminently fitting that I should bring the congratulations of the Commonwealth to this day of Golden Jubilee of your beloved Archbishop.

It is true that the legal bonds between State

and Church have been long since severed, but it would be a sad day for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts if at any time every Church of Christ, Catholic or Protestant, Methodist or Baptist, were not a citadel of the principles of God's truth and of the ever-living principles at the foundation of this fabric of our government. So, my friends, while it is difficult for one man either to tell what the creed of another man is, or to understand it when it is declared, we at least know what a man's character is, what his life is, and what the fruit of the tree is.

And so, coming here to-night, I can say that an earnest heart, 50 years of a godly, righteous, and sober life, which you have met and recognize, is something which comes home even to the narrowest bigot — to the meanest mind.

I have found the great and good archbishop a true citizen of the Commonwealth in the actual affairs of government. He has given ready aid to the authorities in difficult matters, and his broad spirit and liberality have never been found wanting. So I want to say here that I have found him always loyal to the true spirit and principles of civil liberties, as we understand it under the Constitution of Massachusetts and the United States.

My friends, this is truly an occasion worthy to go into the past and to illumine the future. I remember that the last time I stood in this historic hall it was on a memorable occasion, too. It was upon the occasion of the celebration given in honor of the author of the national hymn, "America."

As I look into these eager and earnest faces, as I contemplate these crowded galleries, as I look at these decorations, as I see the old flag, with the same red incarnated by the blood of citizens and patriots, without distinction of sect or race or any narrow difference; as I see the white, representing the stainless purity of the blameless lives, and the blue of that heaven which protects and defends and unites us all, — I say, why is there not a patriotic occasion here present at this time as well as then? And where is the difference?

To the Most Reverend Archbishop I give my warmest congratulations, my deepest and best wishes for the future; and as this day floats into the past, freighted with the prayers and blessings of all good and earnest men and women, may the fragrance that comes from it sweeten and make musical and beautiful the future, from generation to generation.

Cardinal Gibbons' Address.

Cardinal Gibbons responded for "The American Hierarchy." His Eminence said: —

I am invited to respond to the toast, "The American Hierarchy." I am sure that my venerable colleagues will forgive and even thank me if, instead of speaking of the American bishops in general, I confine my brief remarks to one prelate in particular, who is the centre of attraction to-day, and who is so distinguished and honored a representative of the American Church.

It is a grand and rare privilege vouchsafed to a minister of God to have passed the fiftieth milestone of his priesthood. It is a still greater privilege, for which he should be devoutly thankful, to have spent these long years in innocence and blamelessness of life, with a record untarnished, and without a single stain to sully his sacerdotal garments.

But the blessing and happiness are still augmented when the pilgrim of irreproachable life stands upon the summit of 50 summers, and from that eminence looks back and contemplates the great works accomplished in his day. "Quorum magna pars fuit."

One year before your venerable archbishop was ordained there was but one diocese in all New England, for the first Bishop of Hartford was not consecrated until 1844. There were then only 53 priests in New England, with a Catholic population of 75,000 souls. The archbishop, though not yet a very old man, remembers the time when New England contained only four priests, and in 1816, when a coadjutor was proposed for the See of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Mareschal wrote to Bishop Flaget recommending Bishop Cheverus of Boston for that place, and the reason he assigned was that the illustrious Dr. Cheverus had nothing to do in Boston.

To-day the Archdiocese of Boston is one of the most flourishing metropolitan sees in the country, with six suffragan sees, like six brilliant satellites revolving around it.

New England has to-day 1,200 Catholic clergymen, with a Catholic population of nearly a million and a half. And nowhere can a Catholic community be found more devoted to the faith of their fathers, or more loyal to their grand old Commonwealth, more loyal to the flag of their country, and to her civil and political institutions.

The crowning work of our honored guest it is the erection of St. John's Seminary at Brighton, whose salutary influence on the diocese will be felt not only in the present generation but also for many generations to come.

And now allow me, most reverend brother in Christ, to offer you my most sincere congratulation on this auspicious occasion, in the name of the most reverend Apostolic Delegate, in the name of the most reverend and right reverend colleagues, and in my own. I well know how distasteful to you is any personal allusion to yourself; but there are times and occasions when private and personal feelings must be sacrificed to the imperative demands of public recognition. And this is one of the glorious moments of your life, when you are placed in the hands of your friends.

We have learned to admire and love you for your sterling honesty of purpose, for your candor and straightforwardness of character, and for all those qualities of mind and heart that make the man. There is no prelate of the American church in whose judgment we have placed more implicit reliance than in yours. Even when you were younger in years, we looked up to you as a judicious counsellor. But now we claim you as our Nestor in years as well as in wisdom.

May your years be prolonged like those of your namesake and patron, St. John the Evangelist. May you live to celebrate your diamond jubilee. May you long be spared to be the ornament of your clergy, the guide of your people, and the pride and glory of the American Episcopate.

Alderman Allen for the Mayor of Boston.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you for this more than cordial welcome. It simply shows your loyalty to the representative of a city which is so dear to you all. I regret on your behalf, that a previous engagement of the mayor made before your invitation came, prevented his being here to-night.

After deprecating the fact that the statistics he had prepared had been given by the speaker preceding him, Mr. Allen referred to the occasion of honor, to the venerable prelate, and to his 50 years of priesthood, and said: —

Fifty years ago! What strides Boston has taken since that time! Our population was then only 114,000. We have been growing in everything since then, and your Church has not stood still; and your archbishop has been growing all that time, with the same fundamental idea — the teaching of a high living, of a pure and noble life by precept and example to all those dependent upon him as a teacher. His Church has increased, his parishes — and yet he would have you believe by his talk to-night that he was not responsible for all the progress. He would persuade you that all he had to do was to keep a cool head, as his officers, his assistants, were the efficient workers. But I think this element of cool-headedness, of the desire for peace and harmony, has won for him the respect and love, not only of his immediate church, but of those outside of it.

I think the prosperity of his church may be attributed to his sound judgment and that one quality of his — conservatism.

He picks no quarrels. He believes that there should be harmony — harmony in the plan of good citizenship.

And now, as requested by the mayor and as I am very glad to do, also, in my own behalf, permit me to extend to you the congratulations of the city of Boston. She is honored by your being her citizen; she is honored by the devotion you have shown to all matters which go to make up good citizenship. You have taught the ignorant, you have led the clouded mind, you have healed the sick, comforted the weary and the broken-hearted, you have lived a pure and upright life. A man that can do that and do all these things 50 years without a blemish is entitled to all this glory and publicity, and I believe always will have the respect and admiration of the city of Boston.

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